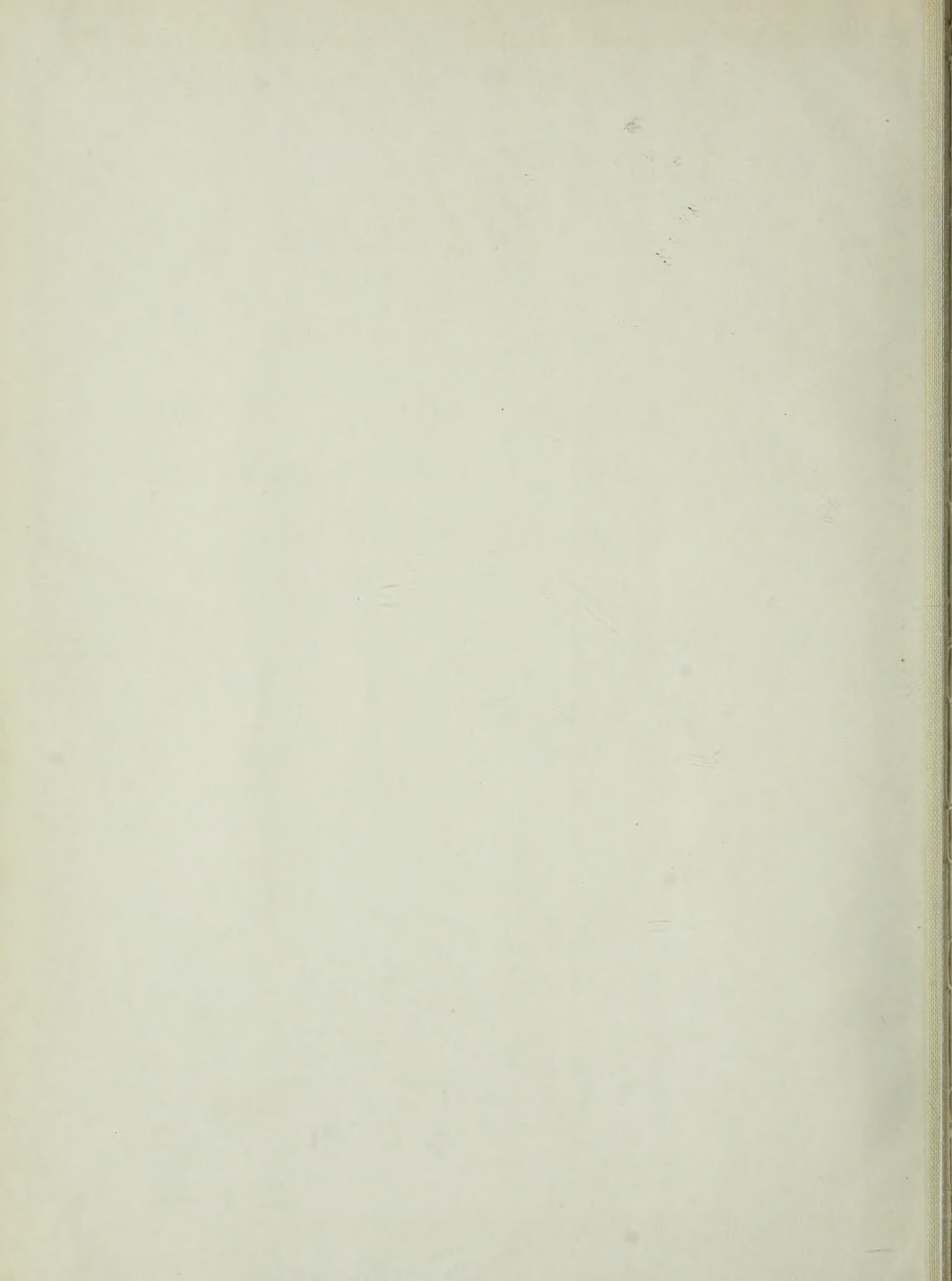


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- "Are you quite sure this is the Soviet delegate?" Low..... 584
 Beginnings of fellow-feeling Low..... 10
 "Can I interest you in life insurance?" Low..... 549
 Correlation of strategy Low..... 129
 Fighting a doubtful enemy..... 237
 Gather ye rosebuds while ye may Low..... 733
 Generals and Hitler, the A. Hoffmeister..... 55
 "Goebbels invites—sunbathers and visitors." Low..... 766
 Hitler comes to power G. Schreiber..... 202
 Hitler's three favorite war horses start a peace drive A. H. Bernal..... 344
 "I see der British talk of putting on an offensive." Low..... 667
 Inside Hitler's fortress A. Hoffmeister..... 632
 Labor-management relations Low..... 857
 Last bullets, the Derso and Kelen..... 703
 "Look what our fellows brought in today." Low..... 267
 No franksteins please Low..... 229
 Occupied areas Low..... 829
 Patient is immune, the Low..... 443
 Reconstruction plans, 1919-1943 H. F. Kraus..... 92
 Solving the transportation problem Rivero Gil..... 809
 Spanish republican prisoners, the A. Hoffmeister..... 164
 Still on and on and on Low..... 481
 "The Straightening the line" Low..... 300
 Sudetenland today, the A. Hoffmeister..... 525, 526
 Undermining the foundations of victory Low..... 650
 Waiting for the leavin's Low..... 334
 "We're coming, Joe!" Low..... 451
 What about the Spanish republican prisoners? Low..... 511
 Carver, George Washington, death; EP..... 75; see also C..... 286
 Casablanca, J. Agee; MP..... 283
 Casablanca conference, See Franco-American relations—North Africa
 Casals, Pablo, arrested in German-occupied France and returned to Spain L. Kaufman; C..... 36
 Castillo, Ramon S. See Argentina
 Catholic church. See Roman catholic church
 Catroux, General Georges. See Franco-American relations—North Africa
 Censorship
 Newspapers excluded from the conference on post-war problems of food and agriculture; EP..... 542; see also EP..... 794
 North African, clouds military and political situation; EP..... 74
 Of moving pictures by government, proposed J. McDonald; S..... 484
 Chamberlin, William Henry
 Historical background of the Russo-Polish friction; C..... 790; see also E..... 653
 Chandler, Albert Benjamin. See War, Pacific
 Chase, Stuart
 Jobs and unions on demobilization day; S..... 855
 Chiang Kai-shek, Generalissimo. See China
 Children
 Care of refugee, in Europe H. Pauli; S..... 437
 Schools and juvenile delinquency A. E. Benedict; S..... 51; see also C..... 144; C..... 178
 Chile
 Breaks relations with the axis powers; EP..... 148
 Hails Wallace as advocate of a real people's peace; EP..... 470
 Wallace's visit M. Secano S..... 634; see also EP..... 470; E..... 615
 China
 And Great Britain
 Relations between the two countries are strained..... 693; see also E..... 689
 And the United States. See United States—And China
 Industrial cooperatives can produce war materials with slight assistance; EP..... 723
 Political breakthroughs; Chiang Kai-shek keeps Kuomintang troops in position to oppose the Red army; E..... 220
 Present internal conditions..... 693; see also E..... 689
 Wanted: a political strategy for Asia Lin Yutang; S..... 91
 Chinese exclusion act
 Hearings on repeal of, open; EP..... 759
 Chinese-Japanese war
 Burma and our Pacific strategy D. W. Mitchell; S..... 189
 Casablanca conference promises sharp increase in and to China; EP..... 254
 China fails to understand the United Nations' decision to "beat Hitler first" E..... 689; see also..... 693; see also E..... 760; 763; 764
 Chinese views on the post-war fate of Japan..... 689; see also E..... 689
 Churchill intimates that an effort will be made to reopen the Burma road; EP..... 254
 Churchill's visit to Washington may pre-empt offensive action in the Pacific; E..... 725
 Japanese battle technique G. Cooper; S..... 731
 Japanese divisions routed at eastern end of Yangtze gorge; their advance base at Ichang menaced; EP..... 794; see also EP..... 823
 Japanese open offensives to drive China out of the war; fighting flares in Yunnan province, north of Shanghai, and at Changsha; EP..... 290
 Japanese offensives lack strength; EP..... 362
 Wanted: a political strategy for Asia Lin Yutang; S..... 91
 War from Madame Chiang Kai-shek's resistance may collapse without increased American aid; EP..... 220
 Christenson, Reo M.
 Whose taxes does the Ruml plan forgive? C..... 467
 Church, Roman Catholic. See Roman Catholic Church
 Churchill, Winston. See Great Britain
 Ciano, Count Galeazzo. See Italy
 Civil rights
 Supreme court holds incommunicado detention unconstitutional; E..... 402
 Civil service
 McKellar bill seen as effort to replace, by Senatorial patronage; EP..... 398
 see also EP..... 398
 Clark, Granville
 Proposes a compulsory war-service act D. A. Saunders; S..... 323
 see also EP..... 323; C..... 323
 Coal
 Facts behind the hard-coal strike; E..... 114
 German view of the American coal strike Argus; S..... 778; see also EP..... 821
 Miners seek a \$2 a day increase; E..... 446; EP..... 506; EP..... 821; E..... 568
 EP..... 650; EP..... 821; E..... 568
 Mines closed by strike again; Lewis' action provides an excuse for labor legislation; EP..... 877
 Servicemen's view of the miners' strike; EP..... 851
 Softcoal miners seek wage increase; EP..... 219
 Steelman, Dr. J. R., proposes guaranteed six-day work week to raise miners' annual incomes..... 580
 Strike closes steel blast furnace; EP..... 822
 Strike looms as operators reject proposals of the conciliation service; EP..... 614
 Why the miners follow Lewis S. C. Menefee; S..... 477
 see also C..... 718; C..... 753; EP..... 877
 Colleges. See Education
 Comfort, Alex
 Hoc est corpus; P..... 313
 Communist. See Communist International
 Communist strike at dawn, the J. Agee; MP..... 139
 Commerce. See Business
 Committee on fair employment practices. See Negroes
 Commonwealth federation
 In Canada F. Underhill; S..... 447
 In England T. E. Withering; C..... 542
 see also EP..... 542
 Communications. See Federal communications commission
 Communist international
 Dies' reaction to dissolution; EP..... 759
 Dissolved by Stalin F. Kirchwey; S..... 762; see also..... 779; 834
 Reaction of British Labour party to dissolution K. Martin; S..... 808; see also..... 889
 Communist party
 And the Negroes J. Boyd; S..... 884
 Browder, E., claims the line after executions; EP..... 507; see also EP..... 362; C..... 466
 Convictions reversed in the Oklahoma criminal-syndicate case of 1940; EP..... 291
 Post-war relations between Russia and the western democracies R. Niebuhr; S..... 323; 324; see also..... 323
 Confederation of workers of Latin America. See Labor unions
 Congress
 Anti-New Deal coalition continues Dies committee, votes investigation of the FCC and a new agency-investigating committee under H. Smith; E..... 256
 Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill resolution for post-war international cooperation pending in Senate; EP..... 878
 Democrats against the party J. Farmer; S..... 412
 Eight hopefuls R. H. Rovere; S..... 294; see also C..... 431
 Goes gunning for the New deal I. F. Stone; S..... 7
 House passes Hatch-Hill plan for giving support to appropriate postwar international machinery; EP..... 878
 Its "unity" behind the President R. G. Gores; C..... 719
 McKellar bill would replace civil service by Senatorial patronage; EP..... 327; see also EP..... 398
 Republican anti-New Deal Democrats will fight measures for inflation control; EP..... 38
 Republican isolationists bloc names J. J. Davis to Senate foreign relations committee; EP..... 74
 Roosevelt seeks to jockey support among the various blocs I. F. Stone; S..... 115
 Congress in industry
 Submits report of mismanagement and inefficiency in handling of ships and cargoes; E..... 510
 Connolly, John
 Reviews of art exhibitions:
 Avery, Milton..... 871
 Bayer, Herbert..... 499
 Bush, Mrs. L. C. H...... 786
 College..... 643
 Cali, Salvador..... 643
 Diego, Julio de..... 643
 Ernst, Max..... 780
 Foran..... 817
 Gaige, Richard..... 871
 Klee, Paul, and A. Masson..... 391
 Matter, Herbert..... 750
 Maurer, Alfred H..... 871
 Model, Evsa..... 643
 Mondrian..... 499
 Moore, Henry..... 750
 New acquisitions at the Primitives gallery..... 391
 Raskal, Helen..... 714
 Rauter, Abraham..... 572
 Seligman, Kurt..... 572
 Smith, David..... 572
 Soutine..... 499
 Spring salons, young artists..... 786
 Tanguy, Yves, and Calder constellations..... 786
 Urruchau, Demetrio, and L. Herrera Guevara..... 714
 Vertes..... 499
 Zadkine..... 714
 Connolly, John
 Conquer by the clock J. Agee; MP..... 139
 Conscript. See Selective service
 Contracts, defense. See War effort
 Cook, Eliza
 Comment on the letter of F. E. DuBoisson against "mongrelism in the south"; C..... 467
 Cooper, Gordon
 How our enemies fight:
 1. Styles in strategy; S..... 696
 2. Germany: Blitzkrieg and blunder; S..... 805
 3. Japanese battle technique; S..... 731
 Cooper, Kent; his role in the Associated press; S..... 190
 Coordinator of inter-American affairs:
 Latin Americans feel that the agency supports the interests of American companies in South America; E..... 615
 Copland, Aaron B. H. Haggin; M..... 872
 Corporal
 Comments on M. D. Zabel's suggestion to name a New York square for Henry James; C..... 718; see also..... 596, 599
 Coudenhove-Kalergi, Count Richard N. See Pan-European conference
 Council of forty-nine. See Republican party
 Counterattack J. W. Krutch; D..... 248
 Cox, Edward Eugene
 His lobbying services for a Georgia railroad should be investigated I. F. Stone; S..... 753; see also EP..... 148
 Named head of a House committee to investigate the Federal communication commission; EP..... 148; see also..... 256; EP..... 290
 Culbertson, J. W.
 World federation plan la Fischer; S..... 727; see also..... 582; S..... 723; C..... 788; C..... 818; C..... 846
 Czechoslovakia
 Czech government in exile; United States opposes Benes' Russian policy E. Bolley; S..... 408; see also EP..... 721
 Moravec and the St. Bernard..... 57
 Schweik serves the Germans..... 57

- Slovakia; collapse of a satellite. F. C. Weiskopf; E. J. Stone; S. 891
- Sudeteland today, the. F. C. Weiskopf; S. 524
- D
- Daily News, New York
- Defends J. L. Lewis; EP. 851
- Dali, Salvador. J. Connolly; A. 643
- Dance (articles by B. H. Haggin)
- Afternoon of a faun, the. 872
- Aldo. 464; 817
- Balanchine's "Apollo". 677
- Ballet russe de Monte Carlo. 454
- But the kid. 716
- Capriccio espagnol. 572; 817
- Coppelia. 872
- Dance index. 750; 872
- Dark legends. 464; 817
- El café de Chinitas. 845
- Elves. 872
- Gaité parisienne. 872
- Helen of Troy. 572
- Izrouchi. 872
- Le beau Danube. 872
- Lilac garden. 464; 817
- Magic swan, the. 872
- Nutcracker, the. 872
- Oklahoma. B. H. Haggin; S. 750; 872
- See also D. 572
- Petrushka. 464; 572; 611
- Pillar of fire. 464
- Rodeo. 872
- Romantic age. 464
- Roses and Juliet. 611
- Specter of the rose, the. 817
- Three-cornered hat. 677
- Wanderer, the. 817
- Danzon, Max D. 750; 872
- Danish
- Protests The Nation's editorial on the Ehrlich-Elmer executions; C. 466; 507
- See also EP. 176
- Dark eyes. J. W. Krutch; D. 176
- Darlan, Admiral Jean François. See Franco-American relations—North Africa
- Davenport, Peter
- Sikorski's opposition; S. 163; 466
- See correction. 347; C. 466
- Davis, Chester C.
- Boomer as food czar; E. 879
- Davis, Elmer. See War information, office of
- Davis, James J.; named to Senate foreign relations committee; EP. 74
- Davis, Stuart; exhibition. C. Greenberg; A. 284
- Defense, national. See War effort
- De France, Charles Q.
- Need for a genuine two-party system; C. 34
- De Gaulle, General Charles. See Franco-American relations—North Africa; Free French
- Democratic party
- Democrats against the party. J. F. Farmer; S. 412
- Denmark
- Election reveals Danish resistance to the Nazis; EP. 471
- Department of justice
- Maloney, W. P., replaced by O. J. Rogge as special prosecutor in government's session cases; EP. 254; 754
- Promotion of T. Arnold to the circuit court removes him from prosecution of the monopoly complaint against the Standard Oil Co.; EP. 255
- Should investigate Representative E. E. Cox's lobbying services for a Georgia radio station. I. F. Stone; S. 735; 754
- Also see EP. 148
- Derso and Kelen
- Last bullets, the; Ct. 703
- Desert victory. J. Agee; MP. 642; 827
- See also. 527
- Deutscher, Julius
- Program for Austria; AS. 345
- Diaz Escobar, Felix
- Spread of sinarquismo, the; S. 487; 827
- See also. 827
- Diego, Julio de. J. Connolly; A. 643
- Dies committee
- Administration must provide real leadership for the fight against its demagoguery. I. F. Stone; S. 223
- Attempts to stop payment of salary to W. F. Fickens, treasury employee; EP. 219
- Congress votes two-year extension; E. 256; see also EP. 181; 290
- EP. 290
- Dies' reaction to the dissolution of the Communist international; EP. 759
- House refuses to accept its charges against 38 government employees with special investigation; EP. 219
- Issues its report on Nazi activities in this country; EP. 579
- Its latest report on "subversive" activities; E. 40
- Voorhis, H. J., declares no meeting of the committee was held to discuss report issued by its chairman; E. 40
- See also Kerr committee
- Diffident invitation to a rationed dinner. I. Edman; P. 556
- Dilweg, LaVerne R.; liberal in Congress. R. H. Rovere; S. 294
- Dittmar, General Kurt. See Germany
- Dockery, Joseph H.
- Landau, A. attacks the New deal as fascist; C. 431
- Dodd, William E., Jr.
- Kerr committee upholds Dies's charge that he is unfit for government office; E. 761
- Retained by FCC despite Kerr committee findings. I. F. Stone; S. 662; 761
- See also E. 617; E. 761
- Dos Passos, John
- Tresca, Carlo, death; S. 123
- Doughbills, the. J. W. Krutch; D. 103
- Doughton bill. See Finance, public
- Draft. See Selective service
- Drama. See Krutch, J. W.; Marshall, M. (for reviews)
- Duchon, William J.
- Comments on "Refugees: burden or asset?" by K. R. Grossman; C. 216
- Dun and Bradstreet; being used as an army investigating agency? EP. 184
- E
- East, near. See names of countries
- Eberstadt, Ferdinand, represents big business control of our war production program; E. 113
- Eckhardt, Tibor, used by State department to attack Czech government-in-exile. B. Bolley; S. 183
- Economic warfare, board of
- Wallace takes over the RFC subsidiaries which buy metals abroad; RFC's task to be the actual disbursement of funds for BEW purchases; EP. 147
- Eden, Anthony. See Great Britain
- Edman, Irwin
- Diffident invitation to a rationed dinner; P. 556
- Life on the "obit" page; S. 707
- War and the liberal arts; S. 337
- Education
- Campaign begun to eliminate the word "kindergarten" from American usage; C. 39
- Mayor La Guardia fails to appoint Mrs. J. Lindlof to the New York board of education; EP. 687
- Nazis can be made over. H. Motherwell; S. 445
- Need for federal aid to the schools. I. F. Stone; S. 547
- New York city board of education rejects M. Starr as adult-education director; E. 474
- New York Times history quote, the. I. F. Stone; S. 547; see also E. 645; C. 717; C. 788; C. 903
- Progressive, defended, M. Lewishin; C. 393
- Violence in the classroom. A. E. Benedict; S. 51; see also C. 144; C. 178
- War and the liberal arts. I. Edman; S. 337
- Willkie warns against sacrificing tradition of the liberal arts; EP. 111
- Ehrlich, Heinrich; Polish labor leader executed in the Soviet union; EP 362; see also C. 466; EP. 507
- Eire. See Ireland
- Eisenhower, General Dwight D. See Franco-American relations—North Africa; War
- African
- Elections. See Presidential campaign of 1944
- Elk Hills. See California
- Ellington, Duke. B. H. Haggin; M. 716
- Ellison, Daniel; liberal in Congress. R. H. Rovere; S. 294
- Emigres. See Refugees
- England. See Great Britain
- Equal rights amendment; EP. 507
- Ernst, M.; minister. J. Connolly; A. 750
- European war. See War, European
- Everybody's business; articles by K. Hutchison 53
- F
- F. K.
- Willow and I, the; D. 32
- Fair employment practices committee
- Hearings on discrimination against Negro soldiers postponed by P. McNulty; J. Wechsler; S. 121
- Farbenindustrie I. G. See Standard Oil
- Farley, Charles
- Comments on "History without education" by I. F. Stone; C. 903; see also 547; E. 618; C. 645; C. 717; C. 788
- Farm security administration
- Big farmers seek to cut off funds for it in the agricultural appropriation bill; E. 581; see also C. 679
- Farmer, Jonathan
- Democrats against the party; S. 412
- Farming. See Agriculture
- Fascism and nazism
- Dies committee issues its report on Nazi activities in this country; EP. 579
- Government indictment of alleged seditionists denounced by B. K. Wheeler and C. Hoffman; E. 2
- Jewish terror in Europe, the. Bernstein; S. 48, 48, 158, 196; see also E. 293; 366; C. 503; EP. 754
- Maloney, W. P., replaced by O. J. Rogge as special prosecutor in government's session cases; EP. 254; see also Our State department. 187
- National socialism. I. F. Stone; S. 187
- See also Germany; Italy; Propaganda
- Fausett, William Dean; exhibition. C. Greenberg; A. 284
- Federal communications commission
- Cox committee's withdrawal, the. I. F. Stone; S. 735; see also EP. 148; E. 256; EP. 290
- Retains C. Watson and W. E. Dodd, Jr., despite Kerr committee findings. I. F. Stone; S. 662; see also E. 617; E. 761
- Federation of modern painters; comments on realistic art and democracy; C. 431
- Fifth seal; exhibition. 431
- Book of the month clubs attacked by EP. 579
- Fighting French. See Free French
- Films. See Moving pictures; Agee, J. (for reviews)
- Finance, public
- Carlson bill, the. H. C. Simons; C. 717; see also E. 509
- Conference on post-war problems planned; EP. 505; see also E. 545; 801
- Doughton bill. See Finance, public
- Drive starts in Congress for a federal sales tax; EP. 127
- Final tax bill is a diluted Ruml bill; EP. 841
- House ways and means committee drops the pay-as-you-go plan in favor of modified collection-of-the-source; EP. 397
- Increased taxation and savings are needed to stop inflation; E. 546; see also E. 654
- New House bill shifts the tax burden to the lower-income groups; EP. 614
- Pay-as-you-go certain of adoption, but probably without any real source of tax liability; E. 219
- Plan for pay-as-you-go taxation, a. J. Weinstein; E. 262
- President's budget message, the. E. 766
- Public Affairs pamphlet shows need for higher taxes in upper-income groups; E. 2
- Ruml plan, the; EP. 146; see also E. 219; P. 339; EP. 397; E. 434; C. 409; EP. 614; EP. 687; E. 723; EP. 821; C. 874
- Stiff capacity-to-pay taxation program will help to eliminate rising cost and static wages; E. 654
- Taxation and excess purchasing power. A. F. Sturmthal; S. 46; see also C. 251; C. 252
- Finland
- And the four freedoms. A. Kero; C. 430
- Her "peace" offensive. J. Gerber; S. 379; see also E. 182; E. 614
- Seeks an alliance with Sweden; EP. 182
- United States legation is withdrawn; EP. 614
- Fischel, Louis
- Average American's reaction to problems of war and peace; S. 775
- Death of Judge B. Linmy; S. 719
- Dissolution of the Communist international; S. 834; see also EP. 759; 762; 779
- Open letter to the President; S. 797; see also C. 902
- Peace—the Culbertson system. S. 582; see also 727; C. 752; 788; E. 818; 846
- Flannagan, John W., Jr.
- Attacks D. Ginsburg of the OPA as a draft-dodger; EP. 470
- Fleisig, Calmen
- Comments on B. Haggin's article on labor trouble in the New York public harmonic orchestra; C. 539; see also 392; 427
- Flynn, Edward J.
- Proposed as minister to Australia; EP. 73
- Testifies before Senate on his fitness to be minister; EP. 146
- Food
- Dehydrated. R. L. Holman; S. 299
- For Europe's children; E. 437; see also E. 88
- Law, R., submit British plan for post-war agricultural policies, to food conference; EP. 758
- Outlook for U. S. 622
- Walinsky and E. Sardi; S. 622

Press coverage of United Nations conference is restricted; EP.....542, 794
United Nations conference on post-war food and agriculture; EP.....541;
EP.....758
See also Agriculture; Rationing
Ford, exhibition, J. Connolly, A.....817
Ford, death of, EP.....794
Bulk of his holding bequeathed to Ford scientific foundation in what may be an effort to dodge inheritance taxes; EP.....822
Ford, Henry
Death of E. Ford raises problems of new company management; EP.....795
Observation development of working project at Willow Run. W. H. Jorjy; S.....655
War production
I. F. Stone; S.....187
Foreign relief and rehabilitation operations, office of
United States department seeks control of the bureau. I. F. Stone; S.....259
United Nations conference on post-war food and agriculture; EP.....541;
EP.....542; EP.....758; EP.....794
France
Economic "collaboration" with Germany. F. Schulerberg; S.....863
End seeks Anglo-American accord on post-war relations with France. B. Bolles; S.....88
Falls the reticent chicken. H. Pauli; S.....88
French people are alarmed at power in North Africa. J. Alvarez de Vayo; EP.....182; see also E.....184
Himmler's new policy on hostages.....594
Letter from Paris; S.....250
Mandates, Georges, death, E. Buré; S.....861
Maurras, Charles. E. Buré; S.....739
Nazis issue blacklist banning certain books.....838
Residents of Marseille forcibly resist Nazi order for the evacuation of the port district; EP.....145
Treatment of the native population in North Africa. C. McKay; S.....663
Underground humor. J. Joesten; S.....736
United Nations ignore the "Jewish" movement. J. Alvarez de Vayo; S.....380
Yankies arrive, that a parody.....380
Francis, Harold C.
Comments on letter on post-war Russia by C. W. Sherman; C.....503; see also C.....323; 82
Franco, Francisco
Franco-American relations—North Africa
American policy condemned by E. A. Mosier; F. Kirchwey; S.....329
Anti-Jewish laws, the. S. J. St. Louis; S.....151; see also EP.....146; C.....323; EP.....361, 512
Britain and America
Africa compared; End seeks a common accord. B. Bolles; S.....442
British approval of General Eisenhower and American policy, voiced by B. Bracken. F. Kirchwey; S.....111; see also C.....216
Britain's reaction to the Darlan deal. Wintingham; S.....84
Casablanca conference; EP.....182; see also E.....184
Catreux arrives in Algiers to prepare for discussion between de Gaulle and Giraud; EP.....182
Criticism of Darlan deal approved. E. Garner; C.....35
Darlan assassinated. F. Kirchwey; S.; 3; see also C.....216
DeGaulle-Giraud union. F. Kirchwey; S.; 3; see also E.....39; EP.....74; 222; 272; EP.....686; 563; EP.....686; EP.....758; EP.....793; 809; 823; EP.....849
De Gaulle on trial by the United States. E. A. Murphy; EP.....563
De Gaulle on trial; see also C.....216
Essentialism
Murphy rift, the. S. J. St. Louis; S.....111; see also C.....216
Free French advance a program, the. 272
Giraud, Paul
Polish agency in charge of anti-Semitic activities. EP.....361
Giraud, General Henri Honoré, succeeds Darlan. F. Kirchwey; S.....3
Giraud's speech, reestablishment of promises. Reestablishment of the French republic. E. R. C. 100
Tunisian students' demonstrations in support of De Gaulle; EP.....686
MacMillan, Harold, named British minister to Allied headquarters; he is an opponent of Darlanism
Way; S.....111; see also C.....216
Military and political censorship; EP.....74
New case study on the "Jewish" movement. E. Buré; S.....861
Nogues removes the Morocco ban on foreign radio stations; EP.....594
Our policy is key to post-war success toward Europe's peoples. J. Alvarez de Vayo; S.....380
Peayoutout, Marcel
Secrecy in civil government. F. Kirchwey; S.....111; see also C.....216
Pervin, Nogues
Secrecy in civil government. F. Kirchwey; S.....111; see also C.....216
Obstacles to unity of Giraud and de Gaulle forces; EP.....470
Problems of the native population. C. McKay; S.....663
Roosevelt's pledge of total defeat of the axis is compromised by our policy. E. Kirchwey; S.....257
Spanish loyalist prisoners. F. Kirchwey; S.....221; see also C.....164; C.....283; 329; 310; C.....511; E.....39
C.....511
Spanish soldiers of France. A. D. Printer; S.....574
Welles, S., defends U. S. State department's policies; E.....488
Yankies arrive, that a parody.....380
Dilemma of the Free French
ting the *Richelieu* to join the Free French; E.....400; see also EP.....325; C.....434
State department's policy on action in Martinique, the. F. Kirchwey; S.....438; see also EP.....577; EP.....650
We should act to free the French government now. A. Revusky; C.....34
See also Free French
Fraser, Hugh Russell
Comments on J. F. Stone's "History without education"; C.....645, see also 547; E.....618; C.....717; C.....788; C.....794
Free French
De Gaulle is hailed by the liberated Tunisians; EP.....686
De Gaulle on trial by the United States. E. A. Murphy; EP.....563
Reception of, contrasted with that given the sailors of the *Richelieu*; EP.....325
De Gaulle may confer with Giraud on plans for French unity. F. Kirchwey; S.....3; see also E.....39; EP.....74; 222; 272; EP.....686; 563; EP.....686; EP.....758; EP.....793; 809; 823; EP.....849
De Gaulle's program for North Africa. F. Kirchwey; S.....272
French Guiana
Robert and chooses a de Gaulist governor. F. Kirchwey; S.....438
Sailors desert to join de Gaulle; EP.....325; see also E.....400; C.....434
See also Franco-American relations—North Africa
Free world association
Sees no possibility of lasting post-war reconstruction without the collaboration of Britain and Russia; EP.....435
Freedom of the press
And the Associated press. K. Hutchison; S.....190; 224; see also EP.....255; C.....357; EP.....224; see also C.....794
Newspapers
France on problems of post-war food and agriculture; EP.....542; see also EP.....794
Post office denies that de Gaulle has privileges to the *Militant*; EP.....363
Secrecy in the hearings on barring magazines from second-class privileges. G. Axtelle; C.....646
Fried, Hans Ernest
Generals and Hitler, the; S.....55
Fry, J.
Comments on "Undermining the underground" by J. Alvarez de Vayo; EP.....701
Fulbright resolution. See World War—Post-war reconstruction
Futtermann, Harry
What kind of music do soldiers want? C.....215; see also M.....69; C.....286; C.....502
G
Gaige, Richard J. Connolly; A.....871
Galarza, Ernesto
Letter to U. S. Welles on anti-labor activities of P. Bol, American ambassador to Bolivia; C.....59; see also 42; E.....77; 619; E.....690
Gandhi, Mahatma K. See India
Garner, S. E.
Approves *The Nation's* criticism of the American deal.....35
Gaulle, General Charles de. See France
American relations—North Africa
Free French
George, Ruth
Can this congress be "United behind the President"? C.....719
George, William
Board of regents votes to reemploy Dr. M. S. Pittman; EP.....216
Gerber, Jack
Finland's "peace" offensive; S.....379; see also EP.....182; EP.....614
Something to fight for; S.....417
Gerber, John W.
Europe against Hitler
1. How strong is the underground? S. 631
2. Guerrilla fighters, the; S.....666
3. Passive resisters, the; S.....703
4. See 701; C.....703
Germany
After the war. H. Motherwell; S.....152
Alarmist reports about the Russian front issued in effort to speed war production. Argus; S.....204
Anti-Nazi popular songs. Argus; S.....454
Beginnings of fellow-feeling. Low; Ct. Berlin hotel rooms reserved for victory parade. Argus; S.....490
Canine campaign. Argus; S.....528
Combating defeatist propaganda. Argus; S.....418, 635, 864
Comments on the American "White book." Argus; S.....130
Conditions in the bombed Ruhr. Argus; S.....702, 837
Death of her "time on our side" campaign. Argus; S.....303
Defense against "Anglo-American propaganda." Argus; S.....94
Dilemma of the Free French
mans for invasion. Argus; S.....778
"Efficiency wages." Argus; S.....778
Fact and fiction about arms production. Argus; S.....892
Foreign workers in the reich. Argus; S.....347, 661
German and Vichy. H.....347, 661
S.....55; see also Ct.....585
German battle technique. G. Cooper; S. 805
German view of the American coal strike. Argus; S.....778
"Goebbels invites—and I get der visitors." Low; Ct.....766
Goebbels' anti-Jewish propaganda. Argus; S.....274; 347; see also Ct.....584
Goebbels attacks the enemy within. Argus; S.....166
Goebbels' speech. Argus; S.....327
Europe's Quislings; EP.....327
Himmler's country guard; the problem of the foreigner. Argus; S.....202
Hitler comes to power. G. Schreiber; S.....202
Hitler plans war monuments for nazis. Europe; Argus; S.....513
Hitler's last year of hope. P. Saar; S. 513
Hitler's proclamation reveals pessimism. Argus; S.....182
Hitler's speech is subdued; he warns against bolshevism and decries the American war. Argus; S.....593
Housing shortage. Argus; S.....593
How Hitler's rise to power was financed. A. Kantorowicz; S.....201
"I fear Britain's talk of going offensive." Low; Ct.....667
Increasing number of law suits reveals the public's mounting indignation. Argus; S.....593
Its army mobilized; Ct.....14
Its economic policy in conquered France. E. Schreiber; S.....863
Leadership in exile; political value of the emigration.....21; see also C.....206
Literature of the underground. Argus; S.....892
Morale in high society. Argus; S. 892
Meeting the need for manpower short of the war. Argus; S.....187
National socialism studied in a book issued by the American state department. P. Saar; S.....187
Nazis crack down on the *Deutsche miß-täterschreibblatt*, organ of the officer caste. Argus; S.....741
Nazis woo the middle class; the program that their program is "bolshevism." Argus; S.....564, 635
Propaganda attacks the nazis. H. Agnew; S.....148
Propagandists no longer conceal German reverses in Russia and Africa; EP.....145
Propagandists' report on the war in Russia. Argus; S.....580
Propaganda for "1918 and 1943." E.....4
Rationing consumer goods. Argus; S. 864
Rationing the nazis. H. Agnew; S. 445
Relations with Sweden strained by attacks on Swedish boats in Swedish waters; P. Saar; S.....651
"Rising irritation" in Konstanz. Argus; S.....810
Russia's factories. Argus; S.....810
Argus; S.....810
Russo-German war. See Russo-German war
"Salting information service." Argus; S.....892
Total mobilization. Argus; S.....239
182; see also EP.....594
University revolt against the nazi party. Argus; S.....810, 837
What has happened to Hitler? J. Joesten; S.....372
Workers' wages and employers' profits. EP.....131
See also War, African; War, European; World War
Giannini, Dusolina, sings Schumann's Lenua songs. B. H. Haggin; M.....284
Gibb, J. F.
Comments *The Nation* on its position on North Africa; C.....251
Ginsburg, David
Attacked as a draft dodger by Representative Flanagan; EP.....470
Giraud, General Henri. See Franco-American relations—North Africa
"Globalism" speech of C. B. Luce; E.....255
Godson, Joseph
Comments on "Capital notes" by I. F. Stone; S.....359; see also S.....100

- Goebels, Joseph. See Germany
Golden, Clinton S.
Union official named vice-chairman of the WPB; EP.....878; see also..... 691
Goody to children, M. Van Doren; C..... 313
Government agencies. See United States; names of agencies
Government finance. See Finance, public
Granberg, John C.
Seeks information about post-war organizations for returning soldiers; C..... 502
Grandi, Dmo. See Italy
Great Britain
And China
Strained relations between the two countries.....693; see also E..... 689
Anglo-American relations
Americans in England. M. H.; C..... 501
British rebuke Argentina for about rift in, over Latin American policy; EP..... 39
British support of General Eisenhower and American policy in North Africa voiced by B. Bracken. F. Kirchwey; S.....111; see also C..... 216
Casablanca conference, the; EP.....182; see also E.....184, 221; 257
Churchill replies to Senator Chandler by urging defeat of Hitler first; E.....689; 693
Churchill's address to Congress stresses aerial warfare; EP.....758; see also Churchill's visit to Washington to press offensive action in the Far East; E..... 725
Disputed by one North African leader. F. Kirchwey; S.....111; see also C..... 216
MacMillan, Harold, named British minister to Allied headquarters in North Africa. F. Kirchwey; S.....111; see also C..... 216
McCormick, Colonel R. R., proposes that Americancede General Eisenhower to United States; EP.....615; see also EP..... 759
Purpose of Eden's visit. B. Bolles; S.....442; see also E.....399, Ct..... 584
Anglo-Indian relations
Open letter to Churchill. L. Fischer; S.....197; see also C..... 902
Waverly, Sir A. P., named viceroy of India; EP.....878
Anglo-Soviet relations
Churchill's speech reaffirms British rapprochement with Russia; indicates compromise on Russia's Baltic border claims; E.....473; see also E..... 436
Patient is immune, the. Low; Ct..... 443
Reaction of the British Labor party to the dissolution of the Communist international. C. Martin; S.....889
Beveridge and the Bourbons. S. K. Ratcliffe; S.....271; see also E.....548; Ct..... 549
By-election plan, the; press comment..... 95
By-elections reveal a growing leftward swing. T. Winttingham; S.....549; see also EP..... 542
Communists and the Labor party. C. Martin; S.....889; see also E.....880
Food subsidies system; E..... 879
Honors dead Nazi flyers; EP.....148
Its strategic advantage in the post-war struggle for air-route supremacy. K. Hutchison; S.....551
Labor-management relations. Low; Ct.....857
Laird, E. L., submits British plan for cultural plan to food conference; EP.....758
London in the spring. I. Treat; S.....629
Loversjed, J., Commonwealth candidate, elected to parliament; EP.....548
Morrison, H., explains the government's position on the Beveridge plan..... 291
New Commonwealth party, the. T. Winttingham; S.....548; see also EP..... 542
Parliamentary group votes against the amendment of the Beveridge plans. EP.....291; see also..... 548
Platform for the left. H. J. Laski; S.....302
Reaction to the Danneberg plan. T. Winttingham; S.....84
Tensions in British politics. R. Niebuhr; S.....869; see also E.....880
Two truths for the Labor party. T. Winttingham; S.....880
Wood versus Morrison; E.....880; see also..... 889
See also War, African; War, European; World war
Greenberg, Clement
Axis prisoners of war in the United States; S.....768; see also C..... 902
Reviews of art exhibitions:
American sculpture of our time..... 140
Hamlet on Rums. J. W. Alden; C..... 32
Contemporary American art..... 177
Cubist, abstract, surrealist art..... 284
Haves, Stuart..... 284
Hansen, William Dean..... 284
From Paris to the sea down the river Seine..... 248
Hanna..... 68
Greenwood, Arthur. See Great Britain
Grossman, Kurt R.
Captain Rickenbacker on the alien question..... 502
Grundy, J. Owen
Hague obtains his indictment for "tampering" with election records; EP..... 851
Lateral club in New Jersey seeks funds for club rooms; C.....180
Guadalcanal. See War, Pacific—Solomon islands
Guérard, Albert
Open letter to Governor Stassen; C..... 429
Guiana, French
Announces its adhesion to the Free French. F. Kirchwey; S.....438
Gumbel, J. A.
German leadership in exile; C.....21; see also C.....105
H
Habegger, C. T.
Program for economic freedom; C.....106
Hagen, Harold C. liberal in Congress. R. H. Rovere; S.....294
Hagen, Paul
Dissolution of the Communist international; S.....857; see also EP.....779; 808
Political value of German emigration; C.....105; see also..... 21
Hagin, B. H.
Articles on music..... 141
Berlioz's "King Lear"..... 392
Boston symphony orchestra heard in the first of its regular radio concerts..... 33
Budapest quartet..... 716
Duke of Windsor, Duke of Windsor..... 845
End-of-the-season concert..... 249
"Forza del destino" by Verdi..... 249
Giannini, Dusolina; Schumann's Lenua songs..... 284
Koussevitzky..... 141
Lehmann, Lotte; the Schumann lieder..... 284
Lincoln portrait, "by" A. Copland..... 249
"Marriage of Figaro"..... 141
Metropolitan opera association..... 907
Metropolitan's performance of "Aida"..... 787
Montux, Pierre..... 392
N.B.C. orchestra under Toscanini..... 392
New friends of music content; weak..... 392
New York philharmonic orchestra's labor troubles.....392, 427, 534; see also C..... 539
New York philharmonic performs St. Matthew passion..... 644
Record-libraries for the army..... 502
"Rosenkavalier" by Strauss..... 356
Roth quartet, the..... 284
Serenader series at the Museum of modern art..... 845
Sixth symphony by R. Harris..... 872
Strauss's "Salome".....750; see also D..... 572
Szegit, Joseph..... 141
Toscanini; estimate of his present work..... 787
Articles on the dance..... 872
Afternoon of a faun, the..... 817
Aleko..... 464, 817
Ballet russe de Monte Carlo..... 464
Billy the kid..... 464, 716
Capriccio espagnol.....572, 817
Coppelia..... 872
Dance index..... 750, 872
El café de Chinitas..... 845
Gaité parisienne..... 872
Helen of Troy..... 572
Igrouchi..... 872
Le beau Danube..... 464, 716
Lilac garden..... 464, 716
Magic swan, the..... 872
Nutcracker, the..... 572
Oklahoma.....750; see also D..... 572
Petrouchka..... 464, 572, 611
Pillar of fire..... 464
Rodeo..... 464
Romantic age..... 464
Romeo and Juliet..... 572
Season of the..... 872
Three-cornered hat..... 677
Tudor's "Dark elegies"..... 464, 644
Wanderer, the..... 817
Music recorded..... 500, 572, 611, 677, 716, 750, 817; see also C.....215; C.....286; C.....302
See also Book reviews..... 901
Hague, Frank. See New Jersey
Halbrook, W. E.
Urges ban on liquor sales in army camp areas; C.....106
Halsey, Admiral William F. See War, Pacific
Hamlet on Rums. J. W. Alden; C..... 32
Hanftaenger, Ernst, reported working for the State department. A. Strauss; C..... 251
Hansen also die. J. Agee; MP..... 640
Hanna..... 68
Stockler, Helene, death; C.....680
Hapsburg, Otto
"The legion"; E.....328; see also EP.....398; EP..... 759
Harari, Hananiah; oils. C. Greenberg; A..... 263
Hard way, the. J. Agee; MP.....395
Case against prohibition, the; C..... 180
Harlem at war. C. Williams; S.....86; see also C.....180
Harriet, J. W. Krutch; D.....426
Harris, J. B. H. Hagen; M.....872
Hart, H. C.
Objects to South's attitude toward Negroes; C.....143
Harvey, Joseph C.
Manpower for the farm; C.....752
Hastie, Judge William H.
National press club refuses to serve outstanding Negro jurist in dining room. I. F. Stone; S.....512; see also C..... 647
Hayes, Clinton; H. See United States—And Spain
Heaum, Lim A.
Protests inequalities in application of selective service to Chinese; C.....106
Hefner, George
Herrera Guevara, Louis; exhibition. J. Connolly; A.....391
Highet, Gilbert E.
Greek historians, the; S.....294
Highlander folk school; offers training in union work. M. Horton; C.....108
Hill, Ruth E.
Work of the FSA, the; C.....679; see also E.....581
Himmeler, Heinrich. See Germany
Hindus, Milton
Comments on "Goose step in Tishomingo"; C.....902; see also..... 768
Hirschfeld, Gerhard
Assails the American Beverage plan; EP..... 722
Hitler, Adolf
Hobbs bill. See Labor; Labor unions
Hoc est corpus. A. Comfort; P.....313
Hoffman, Clara E., denounces government indictment of alleged seditionists; EP.....2
Hoffmeister, A., cartoons..... 55
Hitler's three favorite war horses start a peace drive.....342
Inside Hitler's fortress..... 634
Spanish republicans' prisoners.....164
Sudenland today, the.....525, 526
Holman, Ross L.
Dehydrated foods; S.....299
Rubber from the farm; S.....520
Holmes, Calvin
Comments on "Why they follow J. L. Lewis"; my S. C. Menefee; C.....718; see also.....477; C.....753
Holt, Ruckham
Corrects Nation statement regarding the life of Dr. G. W. Carver; C.....286; see also EP..... 75
Hoover, Herbert
His criticism of the government's food program; EP.....850
Horton, Myles
Highlander folk school offers training in union work; C.....108
Housing
Collapse of the plan for a war-housing development at Willow Run. W. H. Jorjy; S.....655
Post-war plans call for prefabrication. R. M. Bennett; S.....340
Howells, Dorothy
Letter from England on the International brigade prisoners in North Africa; C.....285
Hull, Cordell. See United States—State department
Human comedy, the. J. Agee; MP.....426, 462
Hungary
Dangers in American appeasement of figure in Eden's discussions in Washington. B. Bolles; S.....442
Kavay, the..... 457
In 1918. L. Vogel; S.....231; see also C..... 457
Montgomery, J. F., former American ambassador, says: "Hitler's regime an unwilling slave of Germany"; EP.....471
To recall troops from Russia, but pledges to continue fight against bolshevism; EP.....94
See also American-Hungarian federation
Hutchison, Keith
Imperialism of the sky; S.....551; see also E.....255; EP.....326
Rural electrification administration; S.....3
Truth about the A.F.....190
1. Growth of a new trust.....226
2. Private news preserve, a.....226; see also EP.....266; C.....357; see also EP.....794
I
Ickes, Harold L.
Denounces Kerr committee findings against R. M. Lovett; EP.....722; see also..... 761
Reveals almost complete monopoly control of military and civilian production; EP.....113
Immigration
Hearings open on repeal of our Chinese exclusion act; EP.....759
In distrust of merits. M. Moore; P.....636
In the wind.....16, 54, 90, 127, 161, 200, 235, 270, 301, 342, 378, 414, 450, 486, 513, 560, 590, 620, 665, 700, 737, 774, 807, 833, 862..... 890

- India
Gandhi's fast is a token of political weakness; EP.....254; see also EP.....326
Indian army, the; C. S. MacLaren; S.....588
Moslem league meeting rejects any proposals for unity with the Congress party; EP.....651; see also C.....789
Open letter to Churchill; L. Fischer; S.....797; see also C.....902
Rioting gives way to disillusionment; jails crowded to overflowing; EP.....75
Wavell, Sir A. P., named viceroy; EP.....78
Industry. See Business
Inflation. See Inflation
Inonu, Ismet. See Turkey
International workworkers of America. See Labor unions
Italy
Bracco, Roberto, death. R. Altrocchi; C.....902
Fascism without Mussolini; G. Salvemini; S.....162; see also C.....465
Fascist party declines in numbers and prestige; EP.....721
Grandi's position in the government. G. Salvemini; S.....776
Italian rumormongers. G. Salvemini; S.....776
Its coming ordeal. D. W. Mitchell; S.....832
King Victor Emanuel reported about to abdicate; EP.....721; see also.....776
Mussolini dismisses Ciano in cabinet shake-up; sleep divisions reported within the ruling classes; EP.....218
Mussolini said to have broken with Count Ciano. G. Salvemini; S.....776
Pope Pius's speech on labor revolution; E.....893; see also EP.....849
Seeks reserves from Hitler as Rome's imminent defeat increases danger of allied invasion of Europe; EP.....541
Surrender before invasion? F. Kirchway; S.....853
Will Hitler abandon Mussolini? E.....724
J
Jackson, Gardner, dismissed from the Department of agriculture. F. Stone; S.....187
Jacobs, C.
For a vegetarian future; C.....251
Jacobson, Frank
Black markets and the OPA; C.....903
James, Henry
For a "Henry James Place." M. D. Zabel; S.....596; see also 599; C.....718
Hundredth anniversary. M. Marshall; S.....599
Japan
Admiral Yamamoto killed in air crash; EP.....759
American racial propaganda. S. C. Menefee; S.....17
Her racial propaganda. S. C. Menefee; S.....703
Japanese battle technique. G. Cooper; S.....731
Japanese-American war. See War, Pacific
Japanese-Americans
Report on our Japanese internment camps. A. Larson; S.....517
Jeffers, William M. See Rubber
Jews
Anti-Jewish laws in North Africa, the. I. F. Stone; S.....151; see also EP.....146; C.....323; EP.....361; 512
Anti-semitism drops up in investigations by military and naval intelligence investigators; EP.....184
Anti-semitism in Norway. H. Lie; S.....130
Dies's anti-semitism. I. F. Stone; S.....223
Escape from France; C.....70
Letter on "Mother of a people." A. Pilzer; C.....106; see also C.....143
Of Europe; how to help them. P. S. Bernstein; S.....8, 158, 196; see also C.....303
Rankin, Representative J. E., accuses Jewish propagandists of using Ehrlich. After executions to trouble American-Soviet relations; EP.....507
Rumania will permit the transfer of, if shipping is provided; E.....293
United States still neglects to take any steps in behalf of the European refugees; EP.....508
See also Refugees
Joesten, Joachim
Underground humor in France; S.....736
What has happened to Hitler? S.....372
Johnson, Colonel Robert W., named chairman of the Smaller war plants corporation; E.....150
Jones, Jesse. See Reconstruction finance corporation
Jordy, William
Flasco at Willow Run; S.....655
What your money won't buy; consumers' goods in war time; S.....233
Joughin, G. L.
Seeks data on the Sacco-Vanzetti case; C.....180
Journalism. See Newspapers
Journey for Margaret J. Agee; MP.....139
Journey into fear. J. Agee; MP.....283
Joyce, James, and Wilder. E. Wilson; S.....167; see also C.....327
Judd, Walter H., liberal in Congress. R. H. Rovere; S.....294
Jugoslavia. See Yugoslavia
Justo, General Augustin J. See Argentina
- K
Kalecki, M.
Proposes a plan to cut excess purchasing power. A. F. Sturmthal; S.....46
Kantorowicz, Alfred
How Hitler's rise to power was financed; S.....201
Kantorowicz, Alfred, and J. W. Gerber
Europe against Hitler
1. How strong is the underground? S.....631
2. Guerrilla fighters, the; S.....666
3. Passive resisters, the; S.....704; see also 701; Ct.....703
Kaufman, Louis
Urges campaign for freedom of P. Casals; C.....36
Kaufman, M.
Protests attack on *Amerikai Magyar Nepzava* in "Sikorski's opposition" by P. Davenport; C.....646; see also 163; correction.....347
Kennan, Joseph B.
Union official named vice-chairman of the WPB; EP.....878; see also 691
Kero, Arne
Finland and the four freedoms; C.....430
Kerr committee
Finds G. Watson and W. E. Dodd, Jr., "unfit to continue in government service"; reluctantly clears F. L. Schuman, F. Stone; S.....557; C.....761
E.....617; E.....761
Upholds Dies committee charges against M. Lovett subversive activity; EP.....722; see also.....761
Kettner, Frederick
Urges a "Four freedoms day"; C.....36
Keyes, Lord
Offers plan for post-war monetary stabilization; EP.....505; see also E.....545; 801
Kilday bill. See United States Army
Kilgore, Harley M.
Urges crop planning to solve the farm manpower shortage. J. D. Stone; S.....440
Kilgore-Pepper-Tolan bill. See War mobilization; office of
Kirchway, Freda
Announces formation of Nation associates, inc., a non-profit membership organization; S.....253, 435, 649; see also C.....557; C.....684
Battle of Martinique, the; S.....438; see also EP.....577; EP.....650
Bernadina conference formulated strategic policy for helping refugees; S.....796
Darlan and after; S.....3
End of the Comintern; S.....762; see also EP.....834
Fall of Pantelleria; S.....813
French Guiana announces its adherence to the Free French; S.....828
Meaning of Algiers; S.....41
Mr. Babbitt explains about foreigners; S.....41
President pledges total defeat of the axis and an early invasion of Europe; S.....257
Red star rises, the; S.....293; see also.....12, 124; EP.....78
Russia's great offensive; the need for a second front; S.....221
Some political results of the Casablanca conference; S.....221
Spanish prisoners in North Africa, the; S.....510; see also 221, 329; E.....544
Speculations about the coming European invasion; S.....853
State department recognizes Argentina's new government; S.....881; see also E.....825
Washington-Rome-Madrid axis; S.....329
What next in North Africa? S.....111; see also C.....366
While the Jews die; S.....366; see also C.....503; C.....754
Will Italy surrender before invasion? S.....853
Kirk, Betty
Mexico's "Social Justice" party; S.....827
Kiss and tell. See W. Krutch
Klee, Paul; exhibition. J. Connolly; A.....391
Klutz, J., article on "Pity the Federal Worker"; comment by F. Brown; C.....36
Kotom, Mame Wellington
Warns that Chinese resistance may collapse without increased American aid; S.....220
Koussevitzky, Serge. Haggin, B. H.; M.....141
Kraus, H. Felix
Salute on the eastern front; Ct.....92
Krumm, John McGill
Comments on D. Swenson's charge of influence exerted by Roman catholic church on our State department; S.....143; see also C.....72
Krutch, Joseph Wood
Reviews of plays
Ask my friend Sandy.....283
Carratrack.....248
Dark eyes.....176
Doughirls, the.....103
Hunt mine.....426
Kiss and tell.....534
Men in shadow; D.....463
Moon wine, the.....321
Okla.....572; see also.....750
- L
Labor
Abolition of efficiency ratings urged for government employees. O. Schwartz; C.....215
Absenteeism
How to curb it. J. A. Wechsler; S.....290
The shipyards. S. C. Menefee; C.....626
Linked with unionism by Captain E. Rickenbacker; EP.....290; see also.....377; E.....471
Austin-Wadsworth bill for a labor act ignores workers' interests; E.....365
Coal strike. See Labor Wages
Connolly anti-strike bill passed by the House; EP.....822
Connolly-Smith anti-strike bill should be vetoed. E.....851; see also EP.....877
Forty-eight-hour week order labor shortage areas encounters opposition from management; EP.....255
House passes the labor and revolution bill; EP.....543
Jobs and unions on demobilization day. S. Chase; S.....855
National resources planning board's report on post-war employment. I. F. Stone; S.....405; see also E.....401, 855
Pop. Pius's speech on labor revolution; E.....893; see also EP.....849
Relations with management in Great Britain. Lord; Ct.....857
Wages and farm prices; E.....185
C. I. O. and A. F. of L. urge revision of "steel" formula; EP.....219
Campaign for increased hours under the wage-hour act is designed actually to cut wages. D. Saunders; S.....228; see also C.....323
Little steel formula must be adjusted to provide for increased production; E.....437; see also E.....185
Miners demand \$2-a-day increase; E.....114; see also EP.....219; E.....437; 777; EP.....406; E.....542
E.....580; EP.....614; EP.....650; E.....688; C.....719; C.....753; EP.....821; see also.....85
President again requests an overall income limit of \$25,000; E.....76
President issues an order freezing prices and wages; S.....346; see also EP.....542; E.....654; EP.....685
Senate finance committee approves measure to rescind the \$25,000 ceiling; E.....437; see also EP.....471; EP.....542
Transport workers seek wage increase from the City of New York; E.....77
Unions accept the freezing of wages provided prices are rolled back to the same level; E.....685; see also EP.....685
Wage scales of white-collar employees. B. H. C.; Ct.....323
Labor unions
Confederation of workers of Latin America; its program. V. Lombardo Toland; S.....236
Hobbs bill seeks to make unions subject to penalties of the 1934 anti-labor law; S.....183
Lewis, J. L., seeks reaffiliation of United mine workers with the A. F. of L.; EP.....757
Nelson, D., may appoint two labor vice-chairmen to the WPB. I. F. Stone; EP.....691
On demobilization day. S. Chase; S.....855
Pettilo demands that companies pay a fee for each recorded transcription to provide fund for musicians unemployed as result of "canned" music; EP.....399
Story of union seamen's refusal to unload a ship at Guadalcanal on Sunday proved false; EP.....218; see also E.....510
Supreme court sets aside conviction of copper miners on technical grounds; trained in uncommunicated detention; E.....402
Training in union work offered by Highlander folk school; M. H. Jones; S.....418
Transport workers seek wage increase from the City of New York; rights of municipal employees, the; 77
Trouble in the New York Philharmonic orchestra. B. H. Haggin; S.....392
327, 334; see also C.....539
Two organizers
workworkers of America beaten in Mississippi; EP.....543
Unions mine at Elgin; E.....514
Dies imposed by J. L. Lewis; E.....114
Why the miners follow Lewis. S. C. Menefee; S.....477; see also.....718; C.....753

- Migrant workers, and the shortage of farm labor, S. C. Menefee; S. . . . 410
- La Follette, Robert M., Jr. . . . 723
- Opinion, the Rural plan; E. . . . 723
- La Guardia, Mayor Fiorello H. See New York City
- Lakeman, Mark R. . . . 144
- Praxis, for *The Nation*; C. . . . 144
- Lamb, David C. . . . 142
- Comments on *The Nation's* analysis of the Beveridge plan; C. . . . 142
- Lamberton, William P. . . . 142
- Accuses Roosevelt boys of evading service in active war zones; E. . . . 470; see also EP. . . . 543
- Landon, Alfred M. . . . 431
- Attacks the New deal as fascist. J. H. Dockery; C. . . . 431
- Larison, John . . . 517
- Report on our Japanese internment camps, S. . . . 517
- Laski, Harold J. . . . 302
- Platform for the left; S. . . . 302
- Latin America . . . 59
- And the anti-labor activities of State department representatives; E. . . . 77; see also . . . 42; C. . . . 59
- Feels that the Coordinator of Inter-American affairs supports the interests of American companies; E. . . . 615
- Inter-American affairs conference, D. L. Marsh; C. . . . 680
- Survey by a labor leader. V. Lombardo Toledano; S. . . . 236
- Wants tour and Roosevelt's visit to Mexico may strengthen our good neighbor relations; E. . . . 615
- See also names of countries
- Law, Richard. See Great Britain
- Lehman, Lotte; in Schumann lieder recital. B. H. Haggin; M. . . . 284
- Lend-Lease act. See United States—And the war
- Lewis, John L. . . . 114
- Anthraxite miners strike in refusal to accept his decision for an increase in union dues; E. . . . 114
- Defended by W. Peger and the New York Daily Mirror; EP. . . . 877
- His intransigence provides an excuse for passage of anti-labor legislation; EP. . . . 877
- Ignores the war against inflation; E. . . . 688
- Seeks enrollment of the United mine workers with the A. F. of L.; EP. . . . 757
- Why the miners follow him. J. C. Menefee; S. . . . 821; see also C. 718; C. 753; EP. 821; EP. . . . 877
- Lewis, Sir Willmot . . . 187
- London Times correspondent appears as witness for J. O'Donnell in suit against J. D. Stern. I. F. Stone; S. . . . 187
- Lewishorn, Margaret . . . 393
- Case for progressive education, the; C. . . . 393
- Liberties, civil. See Civil rights
- Lie, Haakon . . . 130
- Anti-Semitism in Norway; S. . . . 130
- Life . . . 718
- Reports on the food situation; EP. . . . 543; see also C. . . . 718
- Life on the "obit" page. I. Edman; S. . . . 707
- Lindloff, Johanna M. . . . 687
- Mayor La Guardia fails to appoint her to the New York city board of education; EP. . . . 687
- Lin Yutang . . . 91
- Wants a political strategy for Asia; S. . . . 91
- Lindsay, Judge Ben, death. L. Fischer; C. . . . 719
- Literature . . . 312
- Dante, M. Marshall; S. . . . 312
- Of the third Reich. E. R. Bentley; S. . . . 206
- Peguy, Charles. J. Rosenfeld; S. . . . 206
- Lombardo Toledano, Vincente . . . 236
- Survey of Latin America; S. . . . 236
- London Times. See Times, London
- Longo, John R. See New Jersey
- Lovershed, John. See Great Britain
- Lovett, Robert Morris . . . 761
- Dies committee charges against him of passive activities upheld by the Kerr committee; his record defended by H. L. Ickes; EP. . . . 722; see also E. . . . 761
- Low, cartoons . . . 370
- "According to plan"; S. . . . 370
- Adolf is a great little uniter. . . . 199
- "Are you quite sure this is the safe delegate?"; S. . . . 584
- Beginnings of fellow-feeling. . . . 10
- Be interested you in life insurance? . . . 549
- Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. . . . 733
- "Goebels invites—and I get der visitors?"; S. . . . 766
- "I see der . . . offensive?"; S. . . . 667
- Labor-management relations. . . . 857
- "Let's what our fellows brought in to day"; S. . . . 229
- No frankenstein please. . . . 229
- "Now supposing we all try to go some-where together?"; S. . . . 829
- Occupied areas. . . . 443
- Patient is immune, the. . . . 443
- Reconstruction plan, 1919-1943. . . . 415
- Still on and on and on. . . . 481
- "Straightening the line". . . . 300
- Undermining the foundation of victory. . . . 660
- What about the Spanish republican prisoners? . . . 511
- Luce, Clare Booth . . . 551
- Advocate of American air imperialism. K. Hutchison; S. . . . 551
- Outlines a policy for American post-war air supremacy; "globaloney" speech; E. . . . 255; see also EP. . . . 326
- Lukakol, Arthur . . . 178
- Comments on *The Nation's* film column by J. Agee; C. . . . 178
- Lynn, Winifred . . . 538
- Refuses to serve in the American army under segregation conditions. D. MacDonald; S. 268; see also C. 429; C. . . . 538
- M . . . 501
- M. H. . . . 501
- Americans in England; C. . . . 501
- MacArthur, General Douglas. See War, Pacific
- MacDonald, Dwight . . . 873
- Comments on J. Agee's review of "Mission to Moscow"; C. . . . 873; see also MP. 749; EP. . . . 651; C. . . . 818
- Naked case of Winifred Lynn, the; S. . . . 268; see also C. 429; C. . . . 538
- MacLaren, Colin S. . . . 588
- Indian army, the; S. . . . 588
- MacLish, Arthurdale . . . 368
- Words are not enough; S. . . . 368
- MacMillan, Harold. See Great Britain—Magazines. See names of magazines
- Maloney, William Powers; removed from prosecution of the case against seditionists. J. F. Stone; S. . . . 223
- Replaced by O. J. Rogge as special prosecutor in government's sedition cases; EP. . . . 254
- Mandel, Georges, death. E. Bure; S. . . . 861
- Manpower. See War effort
- Mansfield, Michael J.; liberal in Congress. W. B. Rogers; S. . . . 294
- Marcantonio, Vito. See Poll tax
- Mark, Jacob . . . 186
- Comments on "Hull and the press"; C. . . . 394; see also E. . . . 186
- Marsh, Daniel L. . . . 680
- Inter-American affairs conference, the; S. . . . 680
- Marshall, General George C. . . . 764
- Said to sack Senator Chandler "beat Japan first" photograph. I. Edman; S. . . . 763; see also E. . . . 760, 764
- Marshall, Margaret . . . 312
- Dante; S. . . . 312
- Hundredth anniversary of Henry; S. . . . 599
- Notes by the way; S. . . . 566
- Tomorrow the world; D. . . . 642
- Martin, Kingsley . . . 889
- Communists and the British Labor party; S. . . . 889
- Martini, Diego; his visit to Uruguay protested by Spanish government; EP. . . . 615
- Martintque . . . 646
- Bar of, the; Admiral Robert and the State department's Vichy policy. F. Kirchwey; S. . . . 438
- Robert, Admiral G. explains his reluctance to join the United nations; EP. . . . 577; see also EP. . . . 650
- Masson, Arnold; exhibition. J. Connolly; A. 391
- Matusewicz, Ernest, Polish-American in anti-Sikorski movement. P. Davenport; S. . . . 163; see also correction . . . 347; C. . . . 646
- Matter, Herbert; photograph. J. Connolly; A. . . . 750
- Maurer, Alfred H. Connolly; A. . . . 871
- Mattaras, E. . . . 739
- McCormick, Colonel Robert. Rutherford Urges Britain to cede her dominions to the United States; EP. . . . 615; see also EP. . . . 759
- See also Tribune, Chicago
- McDonald, John . . . 484
- Proposal for government censorship of moving pictures; S. . . . 484
- McGrath, M. . . . 287
- Comments on "The Antrobus and the Ewericks" by E. Wiskit; C. . . . 359; see also S. . . . 167; C. . . . 287
- McKay, Claude . . . 663
- African triangle; S. . . . 663
- McKay, W. . . . 902
- Cost of living in Canada; C. . . . 902
- McKellar bill . . . 327
- Would require Senate confirmation of federal jobs paying salaries of \$4,500 or more; EP. . . . 327; see also EP. . . . 398
- Murray, Howard J.; liberal in Congress. R. H. Rogers; S. . . . 294
- McNutt, Paul V. See War effort—Manpower
- McWilliams, Joseph . . . 554
- His "Serviceman's reconstruction plan." V. Riesel; S. . . . 554
- Men in shadow. J. W. Krutch; D. . . . 463
- Menefee, Selden C. . . . 17
- How to speak to Japan; S. . . . 17
- Japan's racial war; S. . . . 203
- Oil for France; S. . . . 669
- Okies wanted for farm labor; S. . . . 410
- Waste of man-power and materials in the shipyards; S. . . . 626
- What Americans are thinking. S. . . . 764
- Why the miners follow Lewis; S. 477; see also E. . . . 688; C. 718; C. . . . 753
- Merrill, Herbert . . . 788
- Comments on "My plan a la Fischer" by E. Culbertson; C. . . . 818; see also 582; 727; C. . . . 752; S. . . . 788
- Metropolitan orchestra. B. H. Haggin; M. . . . 141
- Mexico . . . 691
- Concession for an aviation-gas plant brings Standard oil-State department feud into the open. I. F. Stone; S. . . . 691
- President Roosevelt's visit; E. . . . 615
- Spread of sinuismo. B. H. Haggin; Escobar; S. . . . 487; see also . . . 627
- Meyer, Annie Nathan . . . 512
- Comments on I. F. Stone's resignation from club that barred Negroes in dining room; C. . . . 647; see also . . . 512
- Meyerowitz, Arthur . . . 366
- Comments on "While the Jews die" by F. Kirchwey; C. . . . 503; see also . . . 366
- Miaja, General . . . 615
- protested by Spanish government; EP. . . . 615
- Michaëlis, Karin . . . 754
- Comments on "While the Jews die" by F. Kirchwey; C. . . . 754; see also . . . 366
- Migratory workers . . . 410
- And the shortage of farm labor. S. C. Menefee; S. . . . 410
- Mihailovich, General Draja. See Yugoslavia
- Milutinovic; denied second-class mailing privileges; EP. . . . 363
- Military training. See Selective service
- Miller, Elliott M. . . . 72
- Comments on "Jim Crow goes abroad" by J. Julian; C. . . . 72
- Mining. See Coal
- Mission to Moscow. J. Agee; MP. . . . 749; see also EP. . . . 651; C. 818; C. . . . 873
- Mitchell, Donald W. . . . 708
- Battle lines in Tunisia; S. . . . 708
- Bombing won't stop; S. . . . 453
- see also EP. . . . 758
- Burma and our Pacific strategy; S. . . . 189
- Coming battle of Italy; S. . . . 832
- Decline of the sea wolves. . . . 887
- MacArthur's problems in the Pacific; S. . . . 620; see also E. . . . 508; E. . . . 482
- Our coming offensive. . . . 482
- Red army offensive hits its stride, the; S. . . . 126
- Russian "miracle." . . . 315
- Second front reconsidered, the; S. . . . 44
- Showdown in North Africa; S. . . . 260
- U-boats and the second front; S. . . . 260
- Mitchison, Naomi . . . 574
- Urges liberation of Spanish republicans in North Africa; C. . . . 574
- Model, Eva. See Connolly, A.
- Mondrian; exhibition. J. Connolly; A. . . . 499
- Money. See Finance, public
- Monopolies . . . 147
- Associated press seeks a Congressional investigation of the government's anti-trust suit against it; EP. . . . 147
- Arnold, T. versus the railroads. I. F. Stone; S. . . . 331
- Arnold, T. removed from prosecution of the government's case against the AP by promulgation of the circuit court; EP. . . . 255
- In control of our military and civilian production; E. . . . 113
- Shipwreck: public-power project for the aluminum trust. . . . 475
- Truth about the Associated press. K. Hutchison; S. . . . 190, 224; see also E. . . . 147; EP. 235; S. . . . 794
- EP. . . . 794
- Montague, Helen Ruth . . . 35
- No work for older women; C. . . . 35
- Monteux, Pierre. See Haggin, M.
- Montgomery, John T. . . . 471
- Declares that Horthy's Hungary is an unwilling slave to Germany; EP. . . . 471
- Moon is down, the. J. Agee; MP. . . . 642
- Moon view, the. J. W. Krutch; D. . . . 321
- Moore, Henry; exhibition. J. Connolly; A. . . . 750
- Moore, Marianne . . . 636
- In distrust of merits; P. . . . 636
- We will walk like the tapir; S. . . . 866
- Members accused of draft evasion; EP. . . . 75
- Moran, Robert, supports E. J. Flynn for post of minister to Australia; EP. . . . 146; see also EP. . . . 73
- Moravec, Emanuel. See Czechoslovakia
- More the merrier, the. J. Agee; MP. . . . 844
- Morgan, J. P. . . . 398
- Morrison, Herbert. See Great Britain
- Motherwell, Hiram . . . 152
- Germany as Hitler; S. . . . 152
- Nazis can be made over; S. . . . 445
- Moving pictures . . . 484
- Censorship of by government proposed. V. J. McDonald; S. . . . 484
- Distortion of history in Mission to Moscow may impair Russian-American relations; EP. . . . 749; see also MP. . . . 749; C. 818; C. . . . 873

- For reviews, see AGE, J.
Mowrer, Edgar Ansel
Resigns from the OWI over quarrel with the state department on our North African policy. F. Kirchwey, S. 329
Murphy, Robert D. See Franco-American relations—North Africa
Museum of modern art shows early avant-garde films. J. Agnew, S. 844
Music (articles by H. Haggin)
Berlioz's "King Lear"..... 141
Boston symphony orchestra is headed by the first of the regular concertos. 392
Budapest quartet..... 332
Ellington, Duke..... 716
Giannini, Daisolina: See Franco-American songs..... 284
Koussevitzky..... 284
"La forza del destino"..... 141
Lehmann, Lotte; the Schumann lieder. 284
"Lincoln portrait," by A. Copeland..... 872
"Marriage of Figaro"..... 141
Metropolitan opera association..... 449
Metropolitan's performance of "Aida"..... 644
Monteux, Pierre..... 501
N.B.C. orchestra under Toscanini..... 787
New friends of music concert; weaknesses in their program-planning..... 392
New York philharmonic orchestra's labor troubles..... 392, 427, 534; see also C..... 339
New York philharmonic performs Bach's St. Matthew passion..... 644
Recorded. See Haggin, B. H.
"Rosenkavalier" by Strauss..... 356
Roth quartet..... 872
Third symphony by R. Harris..... 872
Songs in "Oklahoma"..... 750; see also D..... 177
Strauss's "Salome"..... 572
Szizeti recitals of Mozart sonatas..... 141
Toscanini; estimate of his present work 33; see also..... 787
Tudor's "Dark elegies"..... 644
Mussolini, Benito. See Italy
- N
NRPB. See National resources planning board
Nash-Kelvinator; advertisement on war aims. R. Bendiner; S. 449
Nation, The
Becomes Nation associates, inc., a non-profit, membership organization. F. Kirchwey, S. 253, 435, 649; see also C..... 557; S. 492, 553, 698, 684
Fifty years ago..... 684
Praised by a reader. M. R. Lakeman; C..... 144; see also C..... 35
Seventy-five years ago..... 804
Ten years ago..... 483, 628, 772, 888
Too fault-finding. F. C. Reid; C. 144
Twenty-five years ago..... 586, 734
National defense. See War effort
National federation of business and professional women
Revokes charter of the New York chapter for accepting Negro women as members; EP..... 435; see also C..... 574
National press club
Stone, I. F. resigns following club's refusal to serve him and a Negro guest in the dining room. I. F. Stone; S..... 512; see also C..... 647
National resources planning board
House denies funds for continuation; EP..... 327; see also EP..... 778
Its report on post-war social security. I. F. Stone; S. 401, C. 538; S. 405; see also E..... 401; C. 538; S. 405
Nazism. See Fascism and nazism; Germany
Near east. See names of countries
Negroes
Attitude of southern whites toward, criticized. H. C. Hart; C..... 143
Carver, George Washington, death; EP..... 73; see also S..... 286
Discrimination against, by southern draft boards. R. Wormser; C..... 790
Discrimination against, of E. trained by Boyden; C..... 429
Equality for, best propaganda to combat Japan's racial war. S. C. Menefee; S..... 203
Harlem at war. C. Williams; S..... 86; see also C..... 180
House majority favors anti-lynch bill; poll tax; EP..... 758
Improving Negro-white relations. J. Boyd; S..... 84
Letter on "Jim Crow goes abroad" by J. Julian. E. M. Miller; C..... 72
Lynn, Winfred, refuses service in the American army under segregation conditions. D. MacDonald; S..... 268; see also C..... 429
Marcantonio anti-poll tax bill passed by House; EP..... 795
McNutt, P., postpones hearings of the Fair employment practices committee on railroad conditions. J. Wechsler; S..... 121
National federation of business and professional women revoke charter of the New York chapter for accepting Negro women as members; EP..... 435; see also C..... 574
- National press club refuses to serve Judge W. H. Hastie. I. F. Stone; resigns in protest. I. F. Stone; S. 512; see also C..... 647
OWI issues booklet on "Negroes and the war"; EP..... 184
President may drop his fight against discrimination to win the southern bloc to the social security program. I. F. Stone; S..... 115
Status of, in government work; C..... 251
Neilsen, Donald. See War effort—War production board
Neilsen, Donald..... 770
Nelson, J. R. Longo for "tampering" with election records; EP..... 851
New Jersey
Hague obtains indictments of J. O. Grundy and J. R. Longo for "tampering" with election records; EP..... 851
New York city
Board of education rejects M. Starr as education director; C..... 474
Mayor La Guardia fails to reappoint Mrs. Lindolf to the board of education; EP..... 687
Violence in the classroom. A. E. Benedict; S..... 51; see also C..... 14
Wage controversy with the municipal workers union; rights of municipal workers, the; E..... 77
New York philharmonic orchestra; its labor troubles. B. H. Haggin; S..... 427, 534; see also 392; S..... 539
Newspapers
Minority denied second-class mailing privileges; EP..... 363; see also C..... 646
Truth about the Associated press. K. Hutchison; S..... 190, 245; see also EP..... 147; EP..... 255; C..... 357; see also Censorship; Freedom of the press
Niebuhr, Reinhold
Russia and the west; S..... 82, 124; see also C..... 323; C. 503; EP..... 793
Tensions in British politics; S..... 889; see also E..... 880
Nogue, General Charles. See Franco-American relations—North Africa
Norris, George W.
Testimonial dinner in his honor; EP..... 38; see also C..... 178
Norway
Anti-semitism. H. Lie; S..... 130
Novels. See Books
- O
OPA. See Price administration, office of
O'Donnell, John
Sues J. D. Stern for attacking him as a renegade; I. F. Stone; S..... 187
Office of foreign relief and rehabilitation operations. See Foreign relief and rehabilitation operations
Office of price administration. See Price administration, office of
Office of war information. See War information, office of
Office of war mobilization. See Mobilization, office of
Oil
Aviation gas versus rubber. I. F. Stone; S..... 691
Concession for an aviation gas plant in Mexico brings Standard oil-State department feud into the open. I. F. Stone; S..... 691
Naval department's contract with Standard oil for developing Elk Hill reserves termed "detrimental to the public interest." E..... 852
See also Rationing
Oklahoma. J. W. Krutch; D..... 572; see also..... 750
Otto of Hapsburg. See Hapsburg, Otto
Outland, George E.; liberal in Congress. R. H. Roverer; S..... 294
- P
Paintings. See Art
Palestine
Should be opened to Europe's Jews. P. S. Bernstein; S..... 148, 196
Pan-European conference
Permanent director, Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, seeks to revive the Pan-European movement; would exclude Rumania; EP..... 435
Panellaria. See War, European
Paraguay
Its anti-democratic leaders. S. Berto; S..... 18
Patents
Behind Standard oil's offer to give its rubber patents to the government royalty-free; EP..... 652
Patriots, the. J. W. Krutch; D..... 248
- Patton, James G.
Why food is scarce; S..... 333, 374; see also E..... 327; EP..... 363; E. 472; C..... 501; EP..... 543
Paulsen, E. O.
Secretary of the Democratic national committee negotiates for aviation-gas plant in Mexico. I. F. Stone; S..... 691
Pauls, Herta
Suffer little children; S..... 88; see also E..... 437
Pay-as-you-take. See Finance, public
Peace and war. See United States—State department
Pegley, Westbrook, versus Mrs. Roosevelt; EP..... 75
Defends J. L. Lewis, EP..... 851
Perry, Charles. P. Ennsend; S. 276
Penaranda, General Enrique. See Bolivia
Perplexed millionaire
Comments on the Ruml plan; C..... 574
Pesota, Rose
Starvation in Puerto Rico; C..... 838
Petrillo, James Caesar. See Labor unions
Peyroument, Marcel. See Franco-American relations—North Africa
Phillips, Lena Madasin
Comments on decision of women's club to exclude Negro from membership. C..... 574; see also EP..... 435
Phillips, William, sent as American observer to India; EP..... 75
Photographs record. See Haggin, B. H.
Pickens, William; Dies committee seeks to strike him from government payroll on charge of subversive activities; EP..... 219
Pilzer, Avra
Comments on "Murder of a people"; C..... 106
Pinkett, Harold T.
Comments on "Jim Crow goes abroad" by J. Julian; C..... 36
Pittman, Dr. Marvin S. See Georgia
Plays. See Krutch, J. W.; Marshall, M. (for reviews)
Poems
Diffident invitation to a rationed dinner. E. Edman; S..... 556
Goody to children. M. M. Van Doren..... 313
Hamlet on Ruml. J. W. Abels..... 339
Hoc est corpus. A. Comfort..... 313
In distrust of merit. M. H. Deutscher..... 671
New Guinea. K. J. Shapiro..... 671
To a camoufleur. L. Riggs..... 384
Unknown army, the. M. Van Doren..... 707
- Poland
And the Soviet Union
Border controversy. V. Soukhomlinev; S..... 452; see also E..... 564
Czechoslovakia. E. 473; EP..... 613
E..... 653; EP..... 670; EP..... 686; C..... 790
Ehrlich, H..... 752; C..... 790
Labor leaders executed in Russia; EP..... 362; see also C..... 466; SP..... 507
Friction results from German story of slaughter of Polish officers in Russia; EP..... 613; see also E..... 653; 670; EP..... 613
Program for a people's government. Sikorski's opposition. P. Davenport; S..... 163; see correction..... 347; C..... 646
Political war
Allies' lack of leadership is rooted in the failure to see the war as one of fascism against anti-fascism. J. Alvarez del Vayo; S..... 128
Average American's reaction to problems of war and peace. L. Fischer; S..... 775
Austria; post-war policy. P. Davenport; S..... 345
Czechoslovakia..... 57
Moravia and the St. Bernard..... 57
Schweik serves the Germans..... 57
Slovakia: collapse of a satellite. F. C. Weisskopf; S..... 523
Sweden; German policy. F. C. Weisskopf; S..... 524; see also Ct..... 825
Europe against Hitler. J. W. Gerber and A. Kantorowicz..... 525
1 How strong is the underground? S. 631
2 Guerrilla fighters, the; S..... 666
3 Passive resistors, the; S..... 704; see also 701; Ct..... 825
Europe's little man wants to know the post-war aims of the United nations. Gerber; S..... 417
File and remember..... 95, 132, 205, 240, 275, 305, 383, 419, 455, 491, 565, 642, 779
Finland's "peace" offensive. J. Gerber; S..... 379; see also EP..... 182; EP..... 614
France
Economic "collaboration" with Germany. F. Sternberg; S..... 863
Hitler's new policy for hostilities. Maurras, Charles. E. Buré; S..... 739
Nazi issue blacklist banning sale of certain books..... 838
Germany
Alarmist reports about the Russian front issued in effort to speed war production. Argus; S..... 204
Anti-nazi popular songs. Argus; S..... 454
Berlin hotel rooms reserved for the victory parade. Argus; S..... 490

- Cleanliness campaign. Argus; S. 528
Combating defeatist "propaganda." Argus; S. 518, 635, 664
Conditions in the bombed Ruhr. Argus; S. 702, 837
Comments on the American "White Shirts." Argus; S. 518
Death of the "time on our side" campaign. Argus; S. 303
Defense against "Anglo-American propaganda." Argus; S. 94
Dittmar, General K., prepares the Germans for invasion. Argus; S. 770
"Emergency wages." Argus; S. 832
Fact and fiction about arms production. Argus; S. 518
Foreign workers in the reich. Argus; S. 347
Generals and Hitler, the. H. E. Fried; S. 55
German leadership in exile; problem of value of the emigration. S. 21; see also C. 105
German view of the American coal strike. Argus; S. 778
Goebbels' anti-bolshevik line. Argus; S. 274, 347; see also Ct. 584
Goebbels attacks the enemy. Argus; S. 166
Himmler's country guard; problem of the foreign workers. Argus; S. 347
Hitler comes to power. G. Schreiber; Ct. 202
Hitler plans war monuments for Nazi Europe. Argus; S. 518
Hitler's three favorite war horses start a peace drive. A. Hoffmeister; Ct. 144
Housing shortage. Argus; S. 593
How Hitler's rise to power was financed. A. Kantorowicz; Ct. 201
"I see der British talk of putting on an offensive." Low; Ct. 667
Increasing number of law suits reveals mounting nervousness of public. Argus; S. 593
Morale in high society. Argus; S. 892
Nazis crack down on the *Deutsche Mitteilungsblatt*, organ of the official caste. Argus; S. 741
Nazis won the middle class with denials that their program is "bolshevik." Argus; S. 564
Propaganda about America. Argus; S. 19
Rationing consumer goods. Argus; S. 864
"Report" on the war in Russia. Argus; S. 518
"Rising irritation" in Konstanz. Argus; S. 810
Rumor factories in Essen and the Ruhr. Argus; S. 892
"Stalingrad information service." Argus; S. 362
Total mobilization. Argus; S. 810
University revolt against the Nazi party. Argus; S. 810
Workers' wages and employers' profits. Argus; S. 131
Great Britain
Beveridge and the Bourbons. S. K. Ratcliffe; S. 271; see also Ct. 549
Communists and the Labor party. K. Martin; S. 808
Platform for the left. H. J. Lauck; S. 302
Hungary
Possible play. EP. 94
Inside Hitler's fortress. A. Hoffmeister; Ct. 632
Italy
Fascism without Mussolini. G. Salvemini; S. 162; see also C. 465
Italian Renaissance. G. Salvemini; S. 776
Pope's appeal on labor and peace. Argus; S. 893; see also EP. 499
Japan
Her racial war. S. C. Menefee; S. 203
Prelude to war. S. C. Menefee; S. 203
Latin America
Fighting a double enemy. A. Bernal; S. 236
Galania, E., protests anti-labor activities of P. Boal, American ambassador to Bolivia. C. S. 59; see also E. 42, 614; E. 77; see also C. 690
Labor survey. V. Lombardo Tolodano; S. 216
Paraguay paradox. S. Berto; S. 38
Sinarquismo in Mexico. S. Diaz Escobar; S. 487; see also C. 827
Uruguay—model of a fighting democracy
War in Chile. M. Sebastian; S. 615
North Africa
Britain's eighth army. S. 527
Espionage and United Nations political council. S. 504
De Gaulle on trial. S. 563
Dr. Gaule's unity message. S. 809
J. Alvarez del Vayo; S. 451
Post-mortem on Darlan. S. 272
De Gaulle's program for North Africa
Nazi—case study in opportunism. S. Burt; S. 562
Our policy is key to post-war attitude toward Europe's peoples. J. Alvarez del Vayo; S. 591
Spanish republicans. A. Hoffmeister; Ct. 164
Spanish soldiers in France. A. D. Winter; S. 488
Watch Spanish Morocco. S. 165
See also Franco-American relations—North Africa
Norway
Anti-semitism. H. Lie; S. 130
"Now supposing we all try to go somewhere together." Low; Ct. 129
Poland
Border controversy with the Soviet Union. V. Soukhomlinev; S. 451
See also E. 364; 442; E. 613; E. 653; 670; EP. 686; C. 752; C. 790
People's program. A. Hoffmeister; S. 304
Sikorski's opposition. P. Davenport; S. 163; see correction. 347; C. 646
Political unity first. N. Angell; S. 561
Striking the transportation problem. Rivero Gil; Ct. 809
Soviet union
Hitler's Baltic frontier. V. Soukhomlinev; S. 452; see also E. 364; E. 436; 442; E. 473; E. 613; E. 653; 670; EP. 686; C. 752; C. 790
Communist international dissolved. 779; see also EP. 759; 762; 809; 834
Salute on the eastern front. H. F. Kraus; Ct. 92
Second front and fear of Russia, the. J. Alvarez del Vayo; S. 451
Stop at Kiev. S. 274
"We're coming, Joe!" Ct. 451
Spain
And the bolshevik menace. S. 346
Franco, the peacemaker of Almeria. J. Alvarez del Vayo; S. 738
Her offer of negotiated peace wins Berlin's approval. S. 593
How to be a good Spaniard. S. 93
Non-intervention by Ambassador Hayes 131; see also S. C. Menefee; S. 669
Oil for Franco. S. C. Menefee; S. 669
Report on conditions under the Franco regime. J. Alvarez del Vayo; S. 415; see also S. 669
Russia's view on Spanish neutrality. S. 564
Sweden
Goebbels loses. K. Bernheim; S. 592
Undermining the underground. J. Alvarez del Vayo; S. 701; see also Ct. 703; 704; C. 818
United States
What Americans are thinking. L. Fischer; S. 775
Wanted: a political strategy. S. Lin Yutang; S. 91
Will the United Nations' second front forces be a genuine army of liberation? J. Alvarez del Vayo; S. 451
Words are not enough. A. Macleish; S. 368
Poll tax
House majority favors abolition; EP. 758
Marcantonio anti-poll tax bill passed by House; EP. 795
President may drop the fight for poll-tax legislation to win the Southern bloc to his social security program. I. F. Stone; S. 115
Post-war policy association. See Republican party
Powell, A. Clayton, Jr.
Comments on "Harlem at war" by C. Williams; C. 180; see also C. 86
Power and power industry
Rural electrification administration. K. Hutchison; S. 53
Shipwreck scandal, the. I. F. Stone; S. 475
Tenth anniversary of the Tennessee valley authority. EP. 723
Powers girl, the. J. Agee; MP. 139
Prelude to war. Agee, James; MP. 844
President's campaign 1944
Lewis seeks to involve the A. F. of L. in his feud with Roosevelt; EP. 757
Parties build their fences for a "fourth-term" war; EP. 326
Republican party may be aided by anti-New Deal Democratic bloc. J. Farmer; EP. 412
Spangler, H. E., Republican chairman, presents a program for the campaign; EP. 542
Willkie, W. J., as a candidate. EP. 326; see also C. 36
Press. See Newspapers
Pretty much a free-for-all. See Freedom of the press
Prices. See Business
Price administration, office of
Brown, P. M., orders grade labeling eliminated on certain canned goods. EP. 652
House votes to abolish its food-subsidy program. EP. 878
Moves to extend rationing. E. 185; see also E. 437
Needs adequate machinery to curb black market. S. 95; see also S. 685; C. 903
Proposes subsidies to the processor to make possible a roll back in prices; EP. 885; see also E. 879
Seeks revocation of increased railroad rates; EP. 291
Printer, A. D.
Spanish soldiers of France; S. 488
Prisoners of war. See World war—Prisoners
Profits. See Business
Prohibition
Case against, the. G. Heffner; C. 395
Urged in army camp areas. W. E. Hallbrook; C. 106
Propaganda
Axis, on the Soviet-Polish break. S. 670; see also EP. 613, E. 653; 686
Fascist, makes little inroads among Negroes. C. Williams; S. 86; see also C. 180
For Germany "1918 and 1919." S. 40
German, about America. Argus; S. 19
German spokesmen seek to rally the people as the military situation deteriorates in Russia and Africa; EP. 145
How to speak to Japan. S. C. Menefee; S. 17
Japan's racial war. S. C. Menefee; S. 203
Psychological warfare. A. Macleish; S. 368
See also Political war
Public affairs committee. See Finance, public public finances. See Finance, public
Puerto Rico
Effect of the war on its economic life. W. A. Roberts; S. 155
Faces starvation. R. Passat; C. 158
Tugwell, Governor R., under fire. W. A. Roberts; S. 155
R
RFA. See Rural electrification administration
REC. See Reconstruction finance corporation
R. L. M.
Comments on A. E. Benedict's "Violence in the classroom"; S. 144; see also S. 51; C. 178
Radio
Advertisers urged to eliminate "commercialism." S. Warren; C. 143
Broadcast to the Czechs: Moravice and St. Bernard. S. 57
Schickel serves the Germans. S. 57
Cox, E. E.; his lobbying service for Georgia station should be investigated. I. F. Stone; S. 735; see also EP. 148
How to speak to Japan. S. C. Menefee; S. 17
Rae, Walter
Comments on Q. Reynolds' thesis that certain German people should be punished after the war; C. 286
Railroads
Discrimination against Negroes on trains. P. Boyden; C. 429
Hearings of Fair employment practices committee on discrimination against Negro railmen postponed by P. V. McNutt. J. Wechsler; S. 121
Monopoly practices. I. F. Stone; S. 121
OPA asks that rate increase be revoked on the basis of 1942 railroad profits; EP. 291
Ramirez, General
Argentina
Ramsey, E. L.
Comments on J. G. Patton's "Why food is scarce"; C. 501; see also S. 333, 374
Rankin, John Elliott
Accuses Jewish propagandists of using Ehrlich-Alter executions to trouble American-Soviet relations; EP. 507
Ratcliffe, S. K.
Beveridge and the Bourbons; S. 271; see also EP. 291; 548; Ct. 549
Rationing
Ban on pleasure driving; EP. 74; see also C. 902
Black markets and the OPA. F. Jacobson; C. 903
Difficulties in rationing. S. 556
ner. I. Edman; P. 556
Fact and fiction about the food shortage; EP. 472; see also C. 443
Food, scarcity, and the farm bloc. E. 327
Home fuel-oil coupons cut in value; EP. 74
How to curb the black markets. E. 795; see also E. 654; C. 903
Meat and butter shortage in New York; EP. 74
Meat scarcity. See Food
See also Vegetarianism. C. Jacobs; C. 251
Of shoes, begins. EP. 219
Outlook for consumers in 1943. S. Walinsky and S. 622; see also CH. 624
Plans for eliminating excess purchasing power. A. F. Sturmthal; S. 46; see also C. 251
S. 252
Speakers explaining extension of, by C. R. Wickard and Davis. S. 252
Wide response to such explanations are continued as needed; EP. 2

- Success of food curtailment will depend on flexibility of program; EP..... 2
- What your money won't buy: consumers' goods in war time. W. H. Jorcy; S..... 233
- Why food is scarce. J. E. Patton; S..... 333, 374; see also E..... 327; EP..... 363; E..... 472; C..... 501; EP..... 543
- Ratkall, Helen; exhibition. A. Rattner; Abraham; exhibition. J. Connolly; A..... 714
- Reconstruction finance corporation
BEW takes over many of the powers formerly held by J. H. Jones; EP..... 147
- Jones, J. H., finances Shipshaw dam in Canada for the aluminum trust; F. Stone; S..... 475
- Jones, J. H., refuses to submit records to audit; EP..... 579
- Recorded music. See Haggin; B. H.
- Refugees
Bermuda conference formulates a program of inaction; F. Kirchwey; S..... 796
- Caring for refugee children in Europe. H. Pauli; see also E..... 437
- Escape from France; C..... 70
- German leadership in exile: political value of the emigration..... 21; see also C..... 105
- Jewish, receive little aid in America and Britain in escaping from Nazi atrocities; E..... 293; see also EP..... 508
- Letter on "Reese" but not attacked by K. R. Grossmann. W. J. Duchaine; C..... 216
- Spanish. See Franco-American relations
- North Africa
Their knowledge and experience questioned. W. Victor; C..... 106
- While the Jews die..... 366; see also C..... 503; C..... 754
- Reid, A. V.
Comment on the Rickenbacker-Wolpert controversy; C..... 250; see also..... 117
- Reid, Francis C.
Finds *The Nation* too critical; C..... 144
- Republican party
Election gains will not result in stronger prosecution of the war. E. D. Todd; C..... 35
- Isolationist bloc in Congress resist efforts of Stassen and Willkie to broaden party views; EP..... 74
- Isolationists form Committee for Fourtyone to formulate post-war policy; EP..... 822
- May be ended in 1944 by the anti-New Deal Democratic bloc; EP..... 822
- Pro-Willkie group forms Post-war policy association to combat isolationists; EP..... 822
- Spangler, H. E., gives form for conducting the 1944 presidential campaign; EP..... 542
- Restes, I.
Commends *The Nation's* criticism of our State department's North African policy; C..... 359
- Revusky, A.
Allies should act to set up a French government now; C..... 34
- Richard III. J. W. Knecht; D..... 534
- Rickenbacker, Captain Edward
His attacks on labor; EP..... 290; see also..... 377
- His views on aliens deported. K. Grossmann; C..... 2
- Wall Street Journal* answers his efforts to link absenteeism and union activities; EP..... 471
- Riesel, Victor
"Serviceman's reconstruction plan" by J. McWilliams; S..... 554
- Riggs, Lynn
To a camoufleur; P..... 384
- Rights, civil. See Civil rights
- Rivero Gil
Solving the transportation problem; Ct..... 809
- Robert, Admiral Georges. See Martineau
- Roberts, W. Adolphe
Starvation in Puerto Rico; S..... 155
- Rogers, Will. Jr., liberal in Congress. R. H. Rovere; S..... 294
- Rogge, O. John
Replaces W. P. Maloney as special prosecutor in government's action against EP..... 254; see also..... 223
- Roman Catholic church
Archbishop Spellman reported soon to go to Moscow to negotiate a concordat between Russia and the Vatican; EP..... 687
- Its influence on our attitude toward Franco and O. Hapburg. D. Swensen; C..... 72; see also C..... 143
- Pope Pius's speech on labor and revolution; E..... 893
- Pope's address shows Italy in the midst of social upheaval; disclaims support of the war; EP..... 849
- Purpose of Archbishop Spellman's visit to the Vatican. F. Kirchwey; S..... 329
- Vatican repudiates Franco's appeal for peace. J. Alvarez del Vayo; S..... 738
- Vatican's role in the politics of post-war "legitimacy." L. Vogel; S..... 231; see also C..... 357
- Rommel, Field Marshal Erwin. See War, African
- Roosevelt, Eleanor
Entertains army private; EP..... 75
- Roosevelt, Franklin Delano
Administration
Budget message; the; E..... 76
- His American "Beveridge plan." F. L. Stone; S..... 405; see also..... 115; EP..... 327; E..... 538; EP..... 722; E..... 824
- His message to Congress over-optimistic and under-optimistic in report on war production. I. F. Stone; S..... 80; see also E.....
- His sons' accounts by Representatives Lambertson of evading service in active war zones; EP..... 470; see also EP.....
- Issues executive order freezing wages and prices E..... 546; see also E..... 654; EP..... 685
- Issues statements on proposed veto of bill containing rider to repeal the salary limit; EP..... 542; see also EP.....
- Promises total defeat of the axis and an early invasion of Europe. F. Kirchwey; S..... 257
- Stassen, H., leads House committee to investigate governmental agencies; E..... 256
- Letter of the union message to Congress; E..... 76; see also..... 506
- Votes Bankhead bill as a directly inflationary measure; EP..... 506
- Rosenfeld, Leonard
Comments on "Murder of a people"; C..... 143
- Rosenfeld, Paul
Charles; S..... 276
- Roth quartet, B. H. Haggin; M..... 284
- Rovere, Richard H.
Eight hopeful congressmen; S..... 294; see also C..... 431
- Rubber
Behind Standard oil's offer to give its buna patents to the government: royalty free; EP..... 652
- Experiments on farm products as a source of synthetic rubber. R. L. Holman; S..... 520
- Jeffers' synthetic rubber program said to hamper production of anti-submarine warfare weapons; EP..... 611
- Versus aviation gas. I. F. Stone; S..... 109
- Rumana
Iron guard plot to overthrow the government revealed; EP..... 110
- Ruml, Berdley. See Finance, public
- Rural, Land Reclamation administration. K. Hutchinson; S..... 53
- Russia. See Union of soviet socialist republics
- Russian people, the. J. W. Krutch; D..... 103
- Russo-German war
"According to plan." Low; Ct..... 370
- Early spring checks Russia's offensive in the Ukraine; EP..... 325; EP..... 409
- German battle technique. G. Cooper; S..... 86
- German news from the western front in preparing the people for bad news; report Russian superiority of numbers; EP..... 109
- Germans hope to fall back intact behind the Dnieper; EP..... 254
- Germans recapture Kharkov; Russians continue to advance in the center and north; EP..... 397
- Goebbels plays down the German defeats. Argus; S..... 274
- "Look what our fellows brought in to day." Low; Ct..... 267
- Pincers attack on Rostov may force army to withdraw from Rostov to Stalingrad and the Caucasus; EP..... 1
- Red army hits its stride, the. D. W. Mitchell; S..... 126
- Russia's great offensive. F. Kirchwey; S..... 78, 293
- Russian "miracle," the. D. W. Mitchell; S..... 315
- Russians capture Kursk; EP..... 237
- Russians lift the siege of Leningrad; EP..... 109
- Russians take German "hedge-hogs"; EP..... 37
- Salute on the eastern front. H. F. Kraus; Ct..... 92
- Second front can prevent Nazi concentration of forces for summer offensive; EP..... 469
- "Straightening the line." Low; Ct..... 300
- Ryan, Monsignor John A.
Sees setback for labor if Republicans win the presidential election in 1944. J. Farmer; S..... 412
- S
SEC. See Securities and exchange commission
- Saar
Hitler's last year of hope; S..... 513
- Salaries. See Labor—Wages
- Saludos amigos. J. Agee; MP..... 283
- Salvemini, Gaetano
Fascism compared with Mussolini; S..... 162; see also C..... 465
- Italian rumormongers; S..... 776
- Saragat, Amintore, and L. Watkinson
Outlook for the consumer in 1943; S..... 622; see also CH..... 624
- Saunders, Dero A.
Men, jobs and politics; S..... 228; see also C..... 323
- Sawyer, Roland D.
Sees liberal initiative swinging from Roosevelt to Willkie; C..... 36
- Schreiber, Georges
Hitler comes to power; Ct..... 202
- Schumann, Frederick L.
Cleared by Kerr committee of charges of subversive activity. I. F. Stone; S..... 662; see also E..... 617; E..... 761
- Schwartz, Osias L.
Urges abolition of efficiency ratings for federal employees; C..... 215
- Schwarzschild, Leopold
German leadership in exile; C..... 21; see also C..... 105
- Searls, Frederick. See War mobilization, office of
- Securities and exchange commission
Passes resolutions for conditions to call annual stockholders' meetings. G. Adams; C..... 393
- Sedition
Hoffman, C. E., denounces government indictment of alleged seditionists; EP..... 2
- Maloney, W. P., replaced by O. J. Rodgers as prosecutor in government's sedition cases. I. F. Stone; S..... 223; see also EP..... 254
- Seger, Richard
German leadership in exile; C..... 21; see also C..... 105
- Selective service
And prohibition. W. E. Halbrook; C..... 106
- Bankhead leads move for deferment of workers; EP..... 290; see also EP..... 440
- Discrimination against Negroes in southern draft boards. R. Wormser; C..... 790
- How large an army? E..... 149; see also EP..... 326
- Kidday bill proposes draft exemption for married men until all unmarried have been called; EP..... 290; see also EP..... 434
- Letters from a pic; S..... 522
- Lynn, Winifred, refuses to appear for army induction because of segregation. D. Macdonald; S..... 268; see also C..... 429; C..... 538
- Mentiment of segregation by their cynicism about the war. C. Williams; S..... 86; see also C..... 180
- Who is fit for the army? Ch..... 448
- Works hardships on Chinese citizens. L. A. Heaum; C..... 106
- See also United States—War
- Seligman, Kurt, recent paintings. J. Connolly; A..... 572
- Seoane, Manuel
China is not Argentina; S..... 12
- Wallace in Chile; S..... 634; see also E..... 615
- Serbia. See Yugoslavia
- Shadow of a doubt. J. Agee; MP..... 139
- Shain, Sergeant Cy
Seeks hot jazz records for soldiers; C..... 502; see also M..... 69; see also C..... 215; C..... 286
- Shapiro, Karl
New Guinea; P..... 671
- Sheane, William H.
Comments on "Men, jobs and politics" by D. Saunders; C..... 323; see also 228
- Sherman, Charles W.
American banks, the; C..... 789
- Comments on "Men, jobs and politics" by R. Niebuhr; C..... 323; see also..... 124; C..... 503; EP..... 793
- Shipping
C. O. submits report of mismanagement and inefficiency in the handling of ships and cargo; E..... 510
- Stops of union seamen's refusal to unload a ship at Guadalcanal on Sunday proved false; EP..... 218; see also E..... 510
- See also World War—Sea warfare
- Shipshaw dam; public-power project for the aluminum trust. I. F. Stone; S..... 475
- Siam. See Thailand
- Sikorski, Gen. Jan. See Poland
- Simons, Henry C.
Comments on Congressional pay-as-you-go plans; C..... 717
- Simonson, Robert
Comments on "Violence in the classroom" by A. Benedict; C..... 178; see also C..... 51; C..... 144
- Sinarquismo; spread in the United States. F. Diaz Escobar; S..... 487; see also..... 827
- Singh, Anup
Comments on *Nation* editorial about the All-India Moslem league; C..... 789; see also EP..... 651

Sirvyas, Vt. Comments on "Russia's Baltic frontier"; by V. Soukhomlinev; C...:752; see also E...:436; 442; 452; E...:473; C...:752	Slovakia. See Czechoslovakia	Smaller war plants corporation. See War effort	Smith, David; J. Connolly; A...:572	Smith, David W. Heads committee to investigate govern- ment agencies; E...:256	His committee will supplement the Nazi deal activities of the Dies com- mittee; EP...:290	Social security American Beverage plan assailed by G. Hirschfeld; EP...:722	Beveridge and the Bourbons. S. K. Rat- cliff; S...:271; see also EP...:291; 548; C...:549	House denies funds for continuation of work by the National resources plan- ning board; EP...:327	President pushes the fight for adequate measures. I. F. Stone; S...:405	Report of the National resources plan- ning board. I. F. Stone; S...:405	see also E...:401; C...:538	Wagner, Senator R. F. H. Hirschfeld; anti-Jewish laws in North Africa, the; S...:151; see also EP...:146; S...:323; EP...:323	Attacked by C. Hull at press conference; S...:186; see also C...:394	General Biddle should investi- gate Representative Cox's lobbying services for a Georgia radio station; S...:735; see also EP...:148	Charming Mr. Baruch, the; S...:298; see also C...:394	Chicago Tribune declares American short- wave propaganda "extolling the Duce" hurts the alien; EP...:290	Cox committee's investigation of the FCC, the; S...:735; see also EP...:148; C...:256; EP...:259	Crumbs for small business; S...:187	Department of agriculture dismisses G. Jackson; S...:223	Dine and the bazaar shortage; S...:854	Downfall of Joseph Weiner, the; S...:882	Enter the new Office of war mobiliza- tion; S...:798	RUC holds fast; the; S...:662; see also E...:67	Farm bloc goes to war; the; S...:440; see also E...:327; E...:472; EP...:506	E...:879	History without education; the; Times history quiz; S. 547; see also E...:618; C...:645; C...:707	Maloney W. P., replaced by O. J. Rogie as prosecutor in government's edition cases; S...:223; see also EP...:254	Manufacturers are already returning to civilian production; S...:587; see also EP...:578; EP...:651	Marshall, General G. C., said to back Senator Chandler's "beat Japan first" campaign; S...:763; see also E...:689; 693; E...:764	National foreign trade council forms com- mittee to recover American property in axis-occupied countries; S...:691	Need for federal aid to the schools; Nelson, D., rumored about to appoint labor vice-chairman to the WPB; S...:691	New congress goes gunning for the New deal; S...:7	OWI reports on war production in the Detroit area; S...:187	O'Donnell of the Daily News says Stern for attacking him as a naziophile; S...:187	Our State department issues a book on national socialism; S...:187	Question of an aviation-gas plant in Mexico brings Standard Oil-state de- partment feud into the open; S...:691	Railroad monopoly practices; T. Arnold's anti-trust record; S...:331	Refusals from the National press club fol- lowing its return to seat; S...:647	Negro guest; S...:512; see also C...:59; E...:77; 187; C...:359; C...:394; 619; EP...:690	State department seeks control of Leh- man's foreign relief office; S...:259	War contracts and the house on R streets; S...:691	Strasser, Paul Applying the Atlantic charter to Africa; C...:70	Strauss, Albert Comments on State department's use of E. Hanfstaengl; C...:257	Strikes. See Labor	Stromberg, R. Comments on H. R. Fraser's letter on the history quiz; C...:717; see also 547; E...:618; C...:645; C...:788	Stuart, Miriam Comments on "What next in Africa?" by F. Kirchwey; C...:216; see also 111	Sturmthal, Adolf Rationing and excess purchasing power; S...:46; see also C...:251; C...:252	Submarines. See World war sea warfare	Sudetenland. See Czechoslovakia	Supreme court, United States Holds incompetent detention uncon- stitutional; E...:402	Suydam, Henry Comments on I. F. Stone's reference to J. C. Wiley in "Fighting the Fighting French"; C...:71	Sweden And the Russian bogey. B. Bolles; S...:799	Dr. Goebbels loses. K. Bernheim; S...:592	Relations with Germany strained by at- tacks on Swedish boats in home waters; EP...:651	War-time industrial expansion. B. Bolles; S...:799	Swensen, Dag Questions influence of the Catholic church on our policy toward Franco and O. Hapsburg; C...:72; see also C...:143	Szigeti, Joseph; M. H. Haggin; M...:141	T TVA. See Tennessee valley authority	Taft, Ron Australia in war time; C...:574	Tangany, Ives. J. Connolly; A...:786	Tariff. See Trade agreements	Taxation. See Finance, public	Taylor, C. Fayette Comments on "Peace—the Culbertson system" by L. Fischer; C...:752; see also 582; 727; C...:788; C...:818	Tedor, Stephen Comments on K. Hutcheson's "The truth about the A.P.C. New Deal"; see also...:190, 224	Tennessee Johnson. J. Agee; MP...:139	Tennesser. See Authority; celebrates tenth anniversary; A...:723	Tenor, T. A. Pleasure-driving ban in the east; this rock. J. W. Krutch; D...:74	Thailand (Siam) As a base for an offensive in the south- west Pacific. H. G. Q. Wales; S...:859	Theater. See Krutch, J. W.; Marshall, M. (for reviews)	This land is mine. J. Agee; MP...:642	This rock. J. W. Krutch; D...:355	Thomas, Norman Failure of Norris dinner committee to invite him to be a sponsor is questioned. C. Nelson; C...:178	Thormann, Werner German leadership in exile; C...:21	Three sisters. J. W. Krutch; D...:31	Times, London Urges that Russia be allowed to judge for itself the conditions necessary for the security of its frontiers; E...:436	Times, New York Conducts a history quiz. I. F. Stone; S...:47; see also E...:618; 645; C...:717; C...:788; C...:903	To a comfuser. L. Riggs; P...:384	Told, Edward Interpreting the Republican electoral suc- cesses; C...:35	Tolan, committee Should be continued as a standing com- mittee for the duration; E...:6	Tollefson, Alice A. Pioneer life in the midwest; C...:718; see also EP...:543	Tomorrow the world. M. Marshall; D...:642	Toscanini, estimate of his present work. B. H. Haggin; M...:33; see frontiers; E...:7	Totalitarian states. See Fascism and naz- ism; Germany; Italy; Japan	Trade. See Business	Trade agreements Free trade versus trade controls in the post-war economic world. M. S. Stew- art; S...:801	Republican party opposition to renewal of our reciprocal trade agreements; EP...:686	Vote on the reciprocity trade treaty pro- gram, the; EP...:722; see also 658	Welles, S., urges renewal of trade agree- ments acts; EP...:506	Transport workers union Its wage controversy with the City of New York; C...:77	Treat, Ida London in the spring; S...:629	Tresca, Carlo, death; EP...:73; see also 123
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- Tribune*, Chicago
Declares American short-wave propaganda "extolling the Soviets" hurts the allied cause. I. F. Stone; S. . . . 512
- Truman committee
Investigates charge against the Carnegie-Illinois plant of the United States steel corporation of selling defective steel plate to the government; E. B. Bolles; 474
- Tugwell, Rexford Guy; his governorship of Puerto Rico under fire. W. A. Roberts; S. . . . 155
- Tunisia. See War, African
- Turkey
Churchill-Inonu meeting suggests discussion of military action; EP. . . . 217
- U
U.S.S.R. See Union of soviet socialist republics
- U-boats. See World war—Sea warfare
- Underhill, Frank
Canada's rising Socialists; S. . . . 447
- Unemployment. See Labor
- Union of soviet socialist republics
And Great Britain. See Great Britain—Anglo-Soviet relations
- And Poland
Border controversy. V. Soukhomlinev; S. . . . 452; see also E. . . . 436; E. . . . 442; E. . . . 473; EP. . . . 613; E. . . . 653; 670; EP. . . . 868; C. . . . 752; C. . . . 797
Ehrlich-After executions. The . . . 500
see also C. . . . 466; EP. . . . 590
- Friction with Poland results from German story of Polish officers executed by the Russian government; EP. . . . 613; see also E. . . . 653; 670; EP. . . . 686
- And the Czech government in exile. B. Bolles; S. . . . 408; see also E. . . . 421
- And the Finnish "peace" offensive. J. Gerber; S. . . . 379; see also EP. . . . 182; EP. . . . 614
- And the United States. See United States—And the Soviet union
- Backs the Yugoslav partisans' constituent assembly; EP. . . . 182
- Fear of, and the second front. J. Alvarez del Vayo; S. . . . 451
- Goebbels revives the anti-bolshevik line. Argus; S. . . . 452; see also E. . . . 436; 442; E. . . . 473; E. . . . 653; C. . . . 752; C. . . . 797
- Post-war relations with the western democracies. R. Niebuhr; S. . . . 82; 124; see also 293; C. . . . 323; C. . . . 503; EP. . . . 793
- Relations with the western democracies by Anglo-American appeasement of Spain; EP. . . . 578
- Reported seeking a concord with the Vatican; EP. . . . 687
- Stalin dissolves the Communist international. F. Kirchwey; S. . . . 762; see also EP. . . . 759; 779; 808
- Sweden fears Russian post-war designs on its territory. B. Bolles; S. . . . 799
- Unions, labor. See Labor unions
- United mine workers. See Coal; Labor unions
- United States
And China
America should act to improve Chinese-British relations. . . . 693; see also E. . . . 689
- Hearings on repeal of the Chinese exclusion act; EP. . . . 723
- Help for the Chinese industrial cooperatives; EP. . . . 723
- Lend-lease supplies. See Lend-lease supplies—sharply; figures on shipments contradict Roosevelt's statements in his annual message to Congress; E. . . . 114; see also EP. . . . 759; 779; 808
- Warning from Madame W. Koo that Chinese resistance may collapse without increased American aid; EP. . . . 720
- Withdrawal of Chinese military mission underlines our failure to aid Chinese army; EP. . . . 38
- And Czechoslovakia
Our State department opposes Benezes Russian policy. B. Bolles; S. . . . 408; see also EP. . . . 721
- And Finland
Our legation is withdrawn from Helsinki; EP. . . . 614
- And France. See Franco-American relations
- And Great Britain
Americans in England. M. H.; C. . . . 501
- British rebuke Argentina for stories of rift in Anglo-American relations; EP. . . . 39
- Bracken, B., voices British support of American policy in North Africa. F. Kirchwey; S. . . . 111; C. . . . 501
- Casablanca conference, the; EP. . . . 182; see also E. . . . 184; 204; 221; 257
- Churchill replies to Senator Chandler by urging defeat of Hitler first; E. . . . 760; see also E. . . . 689; 693; 763
- Churchill's address to Congress stresses aerial warfare; EP. . . . 758; see also Churchill's visit to Washington may prestage offensive action in the Far east; E. . . . 725
- MacMillan, Harold, named British minister to Allied headquarters in North Africa; F. Kirchwey; S. . . . 111; see also C. . . . 216
- McCormick, C. C. . . . 216
proposes that Britain cede her dominions to the United States; EP. . . . 615; see also EP. . . . 759
- Purpose of Eden's visit to the U. S.; S. . . . 442; see also E. . . . 399; C. . . . 584
- And India
Phillips, William, is sent as observer to New Delhi; EP. . . . 75
- And Italy
No deals with the fascists! EP. . . . 721
- And Japan. See Japanese-Americans; War, Pacific
- And Mexico
Roosevelt visits President Avila Camacho at Monterrey; E. . . . 615
- And Spain
Ambassador Hayes pledges our full aid to the Franco regime; EP. . . . 111; see also E. . . . 131
- American oil for Franco. S. C. Menefee; S. . . . 669; see also S. . . . 329
- Davis, E., states belief in Spain's sincere desire for neutrality; EP. . . . 3
- Franco seeks Anglo-American supply to bolster his regime; EP. . . . 434
- Roosevelt's pledge of total defeat of the axis is compromised by American supply to Franco; F. Kirchwey; S. . . . 257
- Visit of General Beigebider; Ambassador Hayes lauds American oil shipments. S. . . . 329
- Watch Spain Morocco! . . . 165
- And the Soviet Union
Chandall reaffirms Anglo-Russian rapprochement; urges friendlier relations between Russia and the United States; 473
- Davis, J. E., brings Roosevelt message from Stalin; EP. . . . 793
- Distortion of history in "Mission to Moscow" may impair Russo-American relations; EP. . . . 651; see also MP. . . . 749; C. . . . 818; C. . . . 873
- Lend-lease shipments unnecessary, contended at the height of the Soviet winter offensive; E. . . . 510
- Our appeasement of Franco increases Russia's suspicions of our intentions; EP. . . . 578
- Post-war relations. R. Niebuhr; S. . . . 82; 124; see also C. . . . 323; C. . . . 503; EP. . . . 793
- Stalin's reaction to American shipments of oil to Spain. F. Kirchwey; S. . . . 323; see also S. . . . 669
- Standley, Ambassador W. H., charges Russia fails to publicize American Lend-lease aid; E. . . . 263
- State department toys with idea of a Central European bloc to prevent the spread of bolshevism; EP. . . . 506; see also 408; E. . . . 544
- Wallace warns of the dangers of "double-crossing Russia"; E. . . . 399; see also EP. . . . 363
- And the war
Ambassador Standley charges Russians fail to publicize American Lend-lease aid; EP. . . . 362; see also E. . . . 399
- Average American's reaction to problems of war and peace. I. Fischer; S. . . . 775
- Bankhead, Senator J. H., proposes that we supply materials, the other allies to furnish the fighting forces; E. . . . 149
- Congress votes confidence in Lend-lease aid to China over the Burma road proves negligible; EP. . . . 254; see also E. . . . 114
- Lend-lease shipments to Russia unnecessarily delayed at the height of the Soviet winter offensive; EP. . . . 510
- Lend-lease; Waiting for the leavins; C. . . . 334
- M. Babbitt explains about foreigners. F. Kirchwey; S. . . . 111
- Nationwide poll urged on post-war policy and peace machinery. S. H. Zebel; EP. . . . 537
- "Peace and War"—an American White Book. R. Bendiner; S. . . . 119; see also EP. . . . 130
- Roosevelt's pledge of total defeat of the axis is compromised by our relations with Spain. F. Kirchwey; S. . . . 257
- What Americans are thinking. S. C. Menefee; S. . . . 764
- Army
Abraham Lincoln brigade charges veterans of the Spanish war are barred from combat duty and advancement. I. F. Stone; S. . . . 512
- American soldiers in England. M. H. C. . . . 501
- Austrian legion formally disbanded; EP. . . . 759; see also C. . . . 329
- Draw injustices against the Negroes. R. Wormser; C. . . . 790
- How large should it be? EP. . . . 326; see also EP. . . . 183; EP. . . . 326
- Inequality in methods of promotion and advancement. Corporal; C. . . . 818
- Kilday bill proposes draft exemption for married men until all unmarried have been called; EP. . . . 290; see also EP. . . . 434
- Letters from a pfc; E. . . . 522
- Letter on "Jim Crow goes abroad" by J. Julian. E. M. Miller; C. . . . 72
- Lynn, Winfred, refuses to serve in the American army because of race segregation. D. Macdonald; S. . . . 268; see also C. . . . 429; C. . . . 538
- Need for political training for soldiers. Air Trainer; C. . . . 178
- Program for training Negro pilots sabotaged; EP. . . . 184
- Record libraries. See Army; War, Pacific
- H. Haggins; M. . . . 69; see also C. . . . 215; C. . . . 286; C. . . . 502
- Senate adopts Frankfurter-Johnson bill to defer farm workers. I. F. Stone; S. . . . 440; see also EP. . . . 290; EP. . . . 434
- Use of dehydrated foods. H. Haggins; M. . . . 299
- Using Dun and Bradstreet as an investigating agency; EP. . . . 184
- Veterans. See Veterans—Who is fit for the army? Ch. . . . 448
- Congress. See Congress—Diplomatic appointments
- Flynn, Edward J., appointed minister to Australia; EP. . . . 73; see also EP. . . . 146
- Phillips, W., sent as American observer to India; EP. . . . 75
- McKellar bill would replace civil service by Senate trial of soldiers. Post-war "Beveridge plan." I. F. Stone; S. . . . 405; see also E. . . . 401; C. . . . 722; E. . . . 824
- State department
And Martinique; EP. . . . 577; see also S. . . . 4; EP. . . . 650
- "Goldbergh" activities of A. A. Berle's statement that idea of a buffer state is dead; EP. . . . 506; see also S. . . . 544
- Anti-labor activities of P. Boal, American ambassador to Bolivia. I. F. Stone; S. . . . 42; see also C. . . . 59
- Denies recent *Nation* and *PM* stories on Bolivia and North Africa; E. . . . 186; see also C. . . . 690
- Does nothing to facilitate emigration of Jews from Europe; EP. . . . 508
- Finland Standard Oil's attempts to obtain Mexican concession for an aviation gas plant. I. F. Stone; S. . . . 691
- Hull, C., attacks I. F. Stone; E. . . . 186; see also C. . . . 394
- Issues book on national socialism. I. F. Stone; S. . . . 187
- Issues "Peace and War" as a record of American diplomacy over ten years. B. Bendiner; S. . . . 119; see also EP. . . . 37
- Its policies on "legitimate" post-war leaders in Europe. L. Vogel; S. . . . 231; see also C. . . . 357
- Protest over the North African middle grows; P. H. Appleby resigns from the department in protest; EP. . . . 146; see also S. . . . 823
- Refuses exit permits to sailors going to Canada to join the Free French; EP. . . . 434; see also EP. . . . 325; E. . . . 400
- Reported to be missing. E. Haggins; as an adviser. A. Strauss; C. . . . 251
- Seeks control of Lehman's foreign real estate office. I. F. Stone; S. . . . 259
- Should act to obtain the repeal of North Africa's anti-Jewish laws. I. F. Stone; C. . . . 323; EP. . . . 162; 663
- Versus the Four freedoms. S. Bristol; C. . . . 501
- See also Franco-American relations
- United States steel corporation
Carnegie-Illinois plant charged with selling defective steel plate to the government; E. B. Bolles; S. . . . 474
- United States supreme court. See Supreme court, United States
- Unknown army, the. M. Van Doren; P. . . . 707
- Urchurga, Demetrio; exhibition of monotypes. J. Connolly; A. . . . 391
- Uruguay
Model of a fighting democracy. . . . 19
- Spain protests visit to Montevideo of Argentine naval and General J. M. J. Spanish republicans; EP. . . . 615
- V
Vambury, Rustem "Washington Metterichs" Comments on; V. Vogel; C. . . . 231
- Replies to L. Fischer's open letter to Churchill; C. . . . 902; see also 797
- Van Doren, M. . . . 707
- Goody to children; P. . . . 318
- Unknown army, the; P. . . . 707
- Vatican. See Vatican—Vatican and General J. M. J.
- Vayo, Julio Alvarez del. See Alvarez del Vayo, Julio
- Vertes; exhibition. J. Connolly; A. . . . 499

- Veterans, war
Seeks information about post-war organization for returning soldiers. J. C. Cravens; C. E. 502
- "Serviceman's reconstruction plan," launched by J. McWilliams. V. Riesel; S. 554
- Vichy
Victor Emanuel, King. See Italy
Victor, Walther
Comments on the knowledge and experience of refugees; C. 106
- Visas. See Refugees
- Vogel, Lucien
State department policies on post-war "legitimate" leaders in Europe; S. 357
- Voorhis, H. Jerry; leaves the Dies committee for post on the Smith committee investigating government activities; EP. 290
- Vox populi, inc. R. Bendiner; S. 449
- W
W.L.B. See War labor board
Wages. See Labor
Wagner, Robert F. See Social security
Wales, H. G. Quaritch
Bureau's stumbling block; S. 859
- Walinsky, Louis, and E. Sard
Outlook for the consumer in 1943; S. 622
- Wall, George
Efforts to limit absenteeism and union activities; EP. 471
- Wallace, Henry Agard
His views on post-war aviation attacked by C. B. Luce as "globalization"; E. 255
- His visit to Chile. M. Seane; S. 634
- See also EP. 470
- Urges use of our surpluses in post-war period to raise living standards of other nations; EP. 363
- Warms of the danger of "double-crossing Russia"; E. 399
- See also EP. 363
- Wallis, W. Allen
Proposes progressive spending tax to cut excess purchasing power. A. F. Sturmthal; S. 46
- See also C. 251; C. 252
- War, African
American and British forces maintain constant assault on Axis installations and supply lines; EP. 110
- American forces bog down as Rommel seeks to effect a juncture with the Nazi Tunisia army; S. 74
- Battle for Font de Sahy; S. 613
- Battle lines in Tunisia. D. W. Mitchell; S. 403
- British army ready for the offensive as the rainy season ends; S. 325
- Eisenhower, General D. D., placed in supreme command of military operations; EP. 218
- North African offensive opens the way for an attack on the European continent. D. W. Mitchell; S. 44
- Rommel faces last-stage defense in the Bizerte-Tunis triangle; EP. 469
- Rommel seeks to widen the gap between the allied forces and the British eighth army; EP. 289
- Rommel thrusts toward the Krenamsa plateau; EP. 289
- Spanish refugees carry out desert assignments in the British eighth army. F. Kirchwey; S. 329
- Tunisia and allied forces; S. 165
- Watch Spanish Morocco
See also Franco-American relations
- War effort
Achievement
How to curb it. J. A. Wechsler; S. 377
- In the shipyards. S. C. Menefee; S. 626
- Linked with unionism by Captain E. Sternberg; EP. 471
- See also 377; EP. 471
- Allied war production will greatly surpass that of Germany in 1943. F. Sternberg; S. 265
- American war production will turn the tide of Allied strength in 1943. F. Sternberg; S. 265
- Carnegie-Illinois plant of the United States steel corporation charged with selling defective steel plates to the government; E. 474
- Civilian casualties; EP. 290
- Conscription. See Selective service
- Contract
Anaconda wire company receives light sentence for delivery of defective material to the government; EP. 850
- Cost-plus basis results in labor-hoarding. S. Menefee; S. 626
- Criticism for small business; report of the Smaller war plants corporation. I. F. Stone; S. 259
- House on R street. I. F. Stone; S. 691
- Johnson, Colonel Robert W., named chairman of the Smaller war plants corporation; E. 150
- Navy's contract to Standard oil for developing Elk Hill oil reserves termed "detrimental to the public interest"; E. 852
- Small plants remain idle as big business concerns receive the bulk of our war orders; E. 113
- Cost of American weapons; Ch. 79
- Curtalement of consumers' goods production in war time. W. H. Jorj; S. 233
- Dollar-a-year men attacked by W. A. White; EP. 722
- Effect of housing on war production; the fiasco at Willow Run. W. H. Jorj; S. 655
- Ickes' report to the Small business committee reveals almost complete monopoly control of military and civilian production; E. 113
- Inflation. See Business
- Lag in production of anti-submarine weapons; EP. 110
- Manpower
Agricultural. See Agriculture
Austin-Wadsworth war-service bill; E. 365
- Compulsory civilian labor plan submitted by G. Clark; EP. 3
- Congress seen opposed to withdrawing additional workers from production to increase our armed personnel; EP. 183
- McNutt, P. W., postpones hearings of Fair employment practices committee. J. Wechsler; S. 121
- McNutt's voluntary program fails; E. 365
- Military; and civilian. S. 149
- No work for older women. H. R. Monague; C. 35
- Senate's adoption of the Bankhead act for deferment of farm workers undermines efforts to formulate an integrated manpower policy; EP. 440
- See also EP. 440
- Shortage of, continues to be an argument against army increase set for 1943; EP. 326
- Sound overall policy endangered by the Kilday bill for draft exemption of married men; EP. 434
- See also EP. 434
- Voluntary or compulsory manpower mobilization? D. C. Saunders; S. 229
- Waste of, in the shipyards. S. Menefee; S. 626
- Weaknesses in War manpower commission revealed by representatives of war committee; E. 726
- Manufacturers are already returning to civilian production. I. F. Stone; S. 651
- See also EP. 788
- National resources development report reveals that production is scaled down as costs have risen; E. 654
- Nelson cuts farm machinery quotas and concentrates production in the hands of small firms; EP. 147
- Office of war mobilization created. I. F. Stone; S. 726
- See also EP. 726
- Office of price administration. See Price administration, office of
- Office of information. See War information, office of
- Outlook for the consumer in 1943. L. Walinsky and E. Sard; S. 624
- See also CH. 624
- Poor management in the shipyards. S. Menefee; S. 626
- Price. See Business
- Rationing
Roosevelt's report to Congress on war production seen as optimistic and uncritical. I. F. Stone; S. 80
- See also E. 76
- Shipbuilding and the U-boat campaign. D. W. Mitchell; S. 110
- See also EP. 110
- Steel production a key factor in war. F. Sternberg; S. 479
- Strikes. See Labor
- Taxation. See Finance, public
- War production board
Backs OWI report of production in the Detroit area. I. F. Stone; S. 187
- Behind the military-civilian struggle. I. F. Stone; S. 394
- Nelson appoints D. D. Whiteside as chairman in charge of civilian requirements; EP. 578
- See also E. 852
- Nelson may appoint labor-vic-chairmen. I. F. Stone; S. 691
- See also EP. 878
- Nelson opposes Maloney bill which would set up an independent civilian supply agency; EP. 587
- Will Baruch head a new production superboard? I. F. Stone; S. 394
- See also C. 394
- War, European
Airs over Germany and occupied Europe increase in intensity; EP. 110
- See also E. 292
- Bombing won't win the war. D. W. Mitchell; S. 758
- British press criticizes high-level day bombing as resulting in destruction and heavy civilian casualties; S. 578
- Coming battle of Italy. D. W. Mitchell; S. 832
- See also EP. 849; 853; 893
- Europe again. H. J. W. Gerber and A. Kantorowicz
1. How strong is the underground? S. 631
2. Guerrilla fighters; S. 666
3. Passive resisters, the; S. 704
- See also 701; C. 703
- Fall of Pantelleria. F. Kirchwey; S. 853
- Feed Europe's children; EP. 88
- See also 88
- German army mobilized; Ch. 14
- German battle technique. G. Cooper; S. 805
- German efforts to fortify Europe drain its manpower reserves; EP. 109
- "Goebbels invites—and I get der visitors. Low; C. 766
- Heavy Anglo-American air raid aims at submarine bases; EP. 325
- Hitler and Mussolini meet to survey continental reserves as Rommel's defeat appears imminent; EP. 541
- "I see der British talk of putting on an offensive." Low; C. 667
- Second front. See World war
- Undermining the underground. J. Alvarez del Vayo; S. 703
- See also C. 703; 704
- Will Hitler abandon Mussolini? E. 724
- See also World war
- War information, office of
Davis, E., discounts prospects of Italian revolt against the Nazi overlords. G. Salvemini; S. 162
- Davis, E., issues statement on extension of rationing; EP. 2
- House votes to abolish its domestic activities; EP. 878
- Issues booklet on "Negoties and the war"; EP. 184
- Report on Detroit war production and the Ford Willow Run plant is truthful despite pressure for publicity. I. F. Stone; S. 187
- Seeks right to censor moving pictures before the public sees them. J. McDonald; S. 484
- Spain sincere in desire for neutrality, according to E. Davis; EP. 3
- War labor board
Little steel formula must be adjusted quickly to provide a floor for real wages; E. 219
- Might not survive the passage of the Connolly-Smith anti-strike bill; E. 851
- See also Labor—Wages
- War mobilization, office of
Byrnes, J. P., chooses B. M. Baruch and F. Secaris as production advisers; S. 850
- Is no substitute for over-all agency proposed in Kilgore-Pepper-Tolan bill. I. F. Stone; S. 798
- Report of Kilgore committee on war production shows need for an overall agency; E. 726
- War, Pacific
Admiral Halsey and General MacArthur divided on question of air versus seapower; E. 508
- Battle of Bismarck sea; EP. 361
- Burma and our Pacific strategy. D. W. Mitchell; S. 859
- Case for greater air power, the; E. 508
- See also E. 579; 620
- Chandler, Senator A. B., launches "heat Japan first" campaign; EP. 693
- See also 689; 763; 764
- Reconquest of Burma. H. G. Q. Wales; S. 859
- Churchill's visit to Washington suggests offensive action in the Pacific; E. 725
- Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. Low; C. 733
- Japanese battle technique. G. Cooper; S. 731
- MacArthur's problems in the southwest Pacific. D. W. Mitchell; S. 620
- See also E. 579
- New Guinea; capture of Buna Mion safeguards our supply routes and opens way for an attack on Burma; EP. 39
- Our coming offensive in the Pacific. D. W. Mitchell; S. 482
- Solomon islands
Story of union seamen's refusal to unload a ship at Guadalcanal on Sunday proved false; EP. 510
- See also E. 510
- Talk on Guadalcanal. I. Wolfert; S. 250
- See also EP. 617
- Toyko raid, the; E. 617
- Wanted: a political strategy for Asia. Lin Yutang; S. 91

- War shipping administration
Should investigate charges contained in C.I.O. report of mismanagement and inefficiency in the handling of ships and cargoes; E..... 510
- Warren, Dale
Urges radio advertisers to eliminate "commercials" from programs; C..... 143
- Washington letters, articles by I. F. Stone:
7, 42, 80, 115, 151, 187, 223, 259, 298, 331, 405, 440, 475, 512, 547, 587, 626, 691, 735, 763, 798, 826, 854..... 882
- Watson, Goodwin
Kerr committee upholds Dies charges that he is unfit for government office; E..... 761
- Retained by F.C.C. despite Kerr committee findings. I. F. Stone; S..... 761
- Wavel, Sir Archibald Percival. See India
- We will walk like the tapir. M. Moore; S..... 866
- Wechsler, James A.
How to curb absenteeism; S..... 377
- Pigeonhole for Negro equality; P. McNutt moves against the Fair employment practices committee; S..... 121
- Weiner, Joseph L. See War effort—War production board
- Weinstein, Jerome
How to pay as you go; S..... 262
- Weiskopf, F. C.
Slovakia: A false satellite; S..... 891
- Sudenland today, the; S..... 824
- Welles, Sumner
Urges renewal of trade agreements act; EP..... 506
- See also Franco-American relations—North Africa; World war—Post-war reconstruction
- Wheeler, Burton C.
Denounces government indictment against alleged secessionist group; EP..... 2
- His remarks on alleged Russian-Japanese rubber deal questioned. H. H. Burnstine; C..... 216
- White, William Allen
Attacks the dollar-a-year men; EP..... 722
- White book. See United States—State department
- Whitehead, Arthur D. See War effort—War production board
- Wickard, Claude R. See Agriculture; Rationing
- Wiesner, Arthur P.
Letter on B. Taper's "Life with Kaiser"; C..... 72
- Wildor, Thornton, and Joyce. See 1950; 167; see also C..... 287; C..... 394
- Wiley, John C.
His diplomatic activities defended. H. S. Suydam; C..... 71
- Williams, Charles
Harlem at war; S..... 86; see also C..... 180
- Williams, Ivor
Prisoner of war urges books to be sent to prison camp in Italy; C..... 646
- Wilkie, Wendell L.
Presidential candidate in 1944? EP..... 326
- Pro-Wilkie Republican bloc forms Post-war policy association to combat isolationists within the party; EP..... 822
- Seen holding liberal initiative today. R. D. Sawyer; C..... 366
- Warns against sacrificing the tradition of the liberal arts in education; EP..... 111
- Willow and I, the. F. K. D..... 32
- Wilson, Edmund
Wildor and Joyce; S..... 167; see also C..... 287; C..... 394
- Woodcott, Alexander, and Fourier; S..... 194
- Wings up, J. Agee; MP..... 844
- Winsor, Mary
Comments on the charge that T. Wilder has "borrowed" from Joyce's "Finnegans wake"; C..... 287; see also S..... 167; C..... 394
- Wintringham, Tom
Britain's political revival; S..... 548; see also EP..... 542
- British reaction to the Darian deal; S..... 84
- Wireless. See Radio
- Wolf, Eleanor
Seeks date on Negro-Jewish relationships; C..... 287
- Wolfe, Ira
Talk on Guadalcanal; S..... 117; see also EP..... 183; C..... 250
- Women
Equal rights amendment, the; EP..... 507
- Woodcott, Alexander, death. E. Wilson; S..... 194
- World federation plan. L. Fischer; S..... 582; see also 727; C..... 652; C..... 846
- World war
Adolf is a great little unit. Low; Ct..... 199
- Allied and German military strength in 1943. F. Sternberg; S..... 265
- Aviation, post war. See Aviation
- Casablanca and a United Nations political council 204
- Case for greater air power, the; E..... 508; see also S..... 579; 620
- Chandler, Senator A. B. See 1950; States to "beat Japan first"; E..... 760; see also E..... 689; 693; 763; 764
- China fails to understand the United Nations' decision to "beat Hitler first"; E..... 693
- Churchill replies to Senator Chandler urging the defeat of Hitler first; E..... 760; see also E..... 689; 693; 763; 764
- Correlation of strategy. Low; Ct..... 129
- France appeals for peace to prevent the spread of bolshevism. J. Alvarez del Vayo; S..... 738
- German army military 14
- Hitler's last year of hope. P. Saar; S..... 513
- Hitler's proclamation offers a choice between negotiated peace and a bolshevik Europe; EP..... 182
- Hitler's three favorite war horses start a peace drive. A. Hoffmeister; Ct..... 344
- How our enemies fight 805
- Killed in action, 1942. Ch..... 404
- Nature of this war and the allies' lack of leadership. J. Alvarez del Vayo; S..... 128
- New developments in United Nations' strategy; E..... 148
- Post-war reconstruction
And the Jews of Europe. P. S. Bernstein; S..... 196
- Applying the Atlantic Charter to Africa. P. Strasser; C..... 70
- Aviation. See Aviation—Post-war
- Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill remains pending in Senate; EP..... 878; see also 764
- Berle, A. A., declares that idea of a buffer state is dead; State department toys with idea of a Central European bloc to prevent the spread of bolshevism; EP..... 506; see also E..... 544
- Chinese views on the fate of Japan 693; see also E..... 689
- Churchill urges strengthening of friendly relations between Britain, Russia, and the United States; E..... 473
- Comment on G. Reynolds' thesis that all of the German people must be punished. W. Rae; C..... 286
- Conference on post-war monetary problems planned; EP..... 505; see also 545
- Carterson's world federation plan. L. Fischer; S..... 582; see also 727; C..... 752; C..... 788; C..... 818; C..... 846
- Economic basis for post-war peace. Stewart; S..... 801
- Eden seeks Anglo-American accord on post-war relations with France and Russia. B. Bolles; S..... 799
- Employment. See Labor
- Europe's little man wants to know the post-war aims of the United Nations; J. Gerber; S..... 417
- Food conference, the; R. Law, British delegate, submits plan for post-war agricultural policies; EP..... 758
- Free world association sees no possibility of reconstruction without the collaboration of Britain and Russia; EP..... 435
- Future relations between Russia and the western democracies. R. Niebuhr; S..... 293; 293; 293
- Germany after Hitler. H. Motherwell; S..... 323; EP..... 793
- House passes Fulbright resolution for appropriate international machinery; EP..... 878
- McCormick, Colonel
That Britain cede her dominions to the United States; EP..... 615; see also EP..... 759
- Monetary stabilizers; plans the American White plan compared with Britain's Keynes plan. M. S. Stewart; S..... 801; see also 504
- Myths can wreck the peace. M. S. Stewart; S..... 658
- National foreign trade commission forms committee to recover American property in axis-occupied countries. I. F. Stone; S..... 691
- Open letter to Governor Eisen. A. Guérard; C..... 429
- Pan-European conference aims at the revival of a pan-European movement without the participation of Russia; EP..... 435
- Peace—the Culbertson system. L. Fischer; S..... 582; see also 727; C..... 752; C..... 788; C..... 818
- People's Poland, a 304
- Platform for the left. H. J. Laski; S..... 302
- Push-Russians horsing controversy; EP..... 613; see also E..... 633; EP..... 686; C..... 790; EP..... 364, 442; E..... 473
- Political unity first. N. Churchill; S..... 561
- Pope Pius and Europe's underground workers; E..... 893; see also EP..... 491
- Program for Austria. J. Deutsch; S..... 345
- Russia and the anti-bolshevik 491
- Argus; S..... 274; see also 293
- Russia's Baltic frontier. V. Soukhomline; S..... 452; see also E..... 436; 442; E..... 473; C..... 752
- Security see also 115, 271; EP..... 127
- E..... 401; C..... 538, 548; Ct..... 549; EP..... 722; E..... 824
- State department's "legitimate" leaders in Europe. L. Vogel; S..... 231; see also S..... 357
- Strategic frontiers and collective security; E..... 364
- Swedes fear Russian designs on their territory. B. Bolles; S..... 799
- United nations' economic policy of "food and agriculture"; EP..... 541; see also EP..... 542; EP..... 758; EP..... 794
- Wallace, H. A., urges understanding between Russia and western democracies to avoid another war; EP..... 363
- Wallace, H. A., urges use of our surplus to raise living standards of other nations; EP..... 1
- Wallace warns of the dangers of "double-crossing Russia"; E..... 399
- Weller's Toronto speech; EP..... 326
- What Americans are thinking. S. C. Menefee; S..... 374
- What, again? Low; Ct..... 515
- Will the invasion armies of the United Nations seek to stifle the hopes of Europe's peoples? J. Alvarez del Vayo; S..... 591
- Prisoners
American, in Italy, seek books; C..... 646
- Axis, in the United States. C. Greenberg; S..... 768; see also C..... 902
- Propaganda for Germany—"1918 and 1943"; E..... 4
- Sea warfare
Bombing does not prove effective against U-boats. D. W. Mitchell; S..... 773; see also EP..... 758
- C.I.O. submits report of mismanagement and inefficiency in the handling of ships and cargo; E..... 510
- Decline of the U-boat menace. D. W. Mitchell; S..... 887
- Military critics charge that production of anti-submarine weapons is hampered by Jeffers' synthetic rubber program; EP..... 129
- Occupied areas. Low; Ct..... 210
- U-boats and the second front. D. W. Mitchell; S..... 260
- United nations' to keep pace with our losses; production of American anti-submarine weapons bogs down; EP..... 110
- Second front
And bombing tactics for Europe; E..... 292
- Bombing is no substitute for an invasion. D. W. Mitchell; S..... 773; see also EP..... 758
- And fear of Russia. J. Alvarez del Vayo; S..... 451
- And the U-boat 260
- Anglo-American commanders must take risks against the Russian offensive this year; EP..... 254
- Can prevent Nazi concentration of forces for summer offensive in Russia; EP..... 469
- Casablanca conference hints at a new front in the making; E..... 184
- Continuing battle in Italy. D. W. Mitchell; S..... 832
- European versus Pacific; the case for the second front in Europe; E..... 149
- Hitler and Mussolini's surprise meeting continental reserves as Rommel's defeat appears imminent; EP..... 541
- Inside Hitler's fortress. A. Hoffmeister; E..... 632
- Plans lag as Russia's offensive gains power. F. Kirchwey; S..... 758
- Possibilities of 1943 not yet considered. D. W. Mitchell; S..... 59
- Roosevelt pledges an early invasion of Europe. S. H. Kirchwey; S..... 257
- Scale of French uprisings suggests the imminence of a cross-channel attack; EP..... 397
- Speculations about the European invasion. F. Kirchwey; S..... 853
- Tunisia and after; E..... 687
- Waviness coming to Joe? 451
- Will Hitler abandon Mussolini? E..... 724
- Will the United Nations' invasion forces be a genuine army of liberation? J. Alvarez del Vayo; S..... 591
- Still on and on and on. Low; Ct..... 491
- Undermining the foundation of victory. Low; Ct..... 660
- Undermining the underground. J. Alvarez del Vayo; S..... 701; see also Ct..... 703; 704; C..... 818
- United nations must not ignore Europe's underground movement. A. Guérard del Vayo; S..... 738
- United nations must not make a deal with Italy's Darlans; EP..... 721
- Wanted—a political strategy Lin Yutang; S..... 91

See also War, African; War; European; War, Pacific	
Wormer, F. Davenport: S.	790
Southern draft boards and the Negroes; C.	
Y	
Yamamoto, Admiral, death; EP.	759
Yankes arrive, the; a parody.	380
Young Mr. Pitt. J. Agee; MP.	283
Yugoslavia	
Anti-Sikorski Pole, I. Matuzewski, linked to anti-democratic "Greater Serbia" grasseurs. P. Davaport: S.	163
Civil war between Mihailovich and the partisans; E.	5
German launched campaign against the Mihailovich forces; rumors report peace between the partisans and the royal government-in-exile, EP.	182
Russians reported seeking to heal split with Mihailovich; EP.	110
Scale of guerrilla activities, the. J. W. Gerde and A. Kantorowicz; S.	66
Shake-up in the cabinet in exile; EP.	38
What kind of post-war government would Russia prefer? EP.	182

Z	
Zahel, Morton Dawuen	
For a "Henry James place"; S.	596;
see also.	718
Zadkine, exhibition. J. Connolly; A.	714
Zehel, Sydney H.	
United Nations poll on post-war policy and peace machinery; C.	537

BOOK REVIEWS	
Books are indexed under author and title, and in some cases under subject.	
The following explanatory letters are used in the index:	
B Book review	
AN Brief annotation	
R Reviewer	
Adams, Grace; R.	390, 496
Adams, Mildred; R.	168
Africa: Facts and figures. A. M. Maisel; B.	673
Against a darkening sky. J. Lewis; AN.	320
Aglion, Raoul	
Fighting French, the; B.	839
Air offensive against Germany, the. A. A. Michie; B.	292
Aldano, Mark	
Fifth seal, the; B.	609; see also EP.
Alfred Nobel: Dynamite king—architect of peace. H. E. Pauli; B.	26
Allen, Hervey	
Forest and the fort, the; AN.	533
America, Russia, and the communist party in the post-war world. L. Childs, G. S. Counts, and others; B.	492; see also C.
America: The story of a free people. A. Nevins and H. S. Commager; B.	314
American pioneer arts and artists. C. W. Drepper. Foreword by R. Kent; B.	247
American spirit, the. C. A. and M. R. Beard; B.	314
André Gide and the crisis of modern thought. R. Manin; B.	422
Angell, Norman	
Let the people know; B.	133; see also C.
Anglo-American literary relations. G. S. Gordon; AN.	677
Anglo-American League that works. Lewis; AN.	786
Another Claudia. R. Franken; B.	748
Another secret diary of William Byrd of Virginia. Edited by M. H. Woodfin. Decoded by M. Tintin; B.	390
Anthology of Latin American poetry, an. Edited by D. Fitts; B.	168
Anthology of Norwegian lyrics. Translated by C. W. Stork. Introduction by C. J. Hambro; AN.	139
Appeasement. The Franco regime in Spain. T. J. Hamilton; B.	421
Arrows into the sun. J. Lauritzen; AN.	245
Art and Freedom. H. M. Kallen; B.	814
Artists in America, the. C. Zigrosser; B.	531
Austin, A. B.	
W. landed at dawn: The story of the Dieppe raid; B.	351
Autobiography of a curmudgeon, the. H. L. Ickes; B.	671
B	
Bakeless, John	
Tragic history of Christopher Marlowe, the. Two volumes; B.	66
Balcony empire: Fascist Italy at war. R. and E. Packard; B.	134

Backer, George; R.	66, 138
Barracks, 3, room 12. M. Haedrich; AN.	460
Barry, Richard	
Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina; AN.	463
Barzun, Jacques; R.	135, 459
Bates, Ralph; B.	101, 135, 243, 320; 492; see also C.
537; C.	679;
R.	568, 869
Battle for the Solomons. I. Wolffert; B.	277
Baudelaire the critic. M. Gilman; B.	780
Beard, Charles A. and Mary R.	
American spirit, the; B.	314
Behemoth Japanese mask. J. F. Steiner; B.	332
Belden, Jack	
Retreat with Stilwell; B.	494
Benham, Frederic	
Great Britain under protection; AN.	786
Ben-Horin, Elihu and M. Berchin	
Red army, the; B.	135
Beneš, Edvard; E. L. Oron; E.	320
Berchin, Michael, and E. Ben-Horin	
Red army, the; B.	135
Berryman, John	
Poms; B.	569
Between the dark and the daylight. N. Hale; AN.	748
Between the thunder and the sun. V. Sheean; B.	566
Beveridge, Sir William	
Financial insurance and allied services; B.	172
Billingler, Karl; R.	275
Black-out in Grelley. J. B. Priestley; AN.	320
Blankfort, Michael	
Time to live, a; AN.	533; see also R.
Blood for a stranger. K. Jarrell; B.	176
Bogan, Louise; R.	176
Borgin, C. A.	894
Borkin, Joseph, and C. A. Welsh	
Germany's master plan: The story of the industrial offensive; B.	895
Brauto, Bjarne; R.	350
Brady, Robert A.	
Business as a system of power; B.	870
Brennan, Frederick Hazlitt	
Memo to a firing squad; AN.	245
Brenner, Anita	
The photographs that swept Mexico, the. Photographs assembled by G. R. Keighton; B.	811
Briekman, Richard	
Is Germany incurable? B.	812
Bridenbaugh, Carl and Jessica	
Rebels and gentlemen: Philadelphia in the age of Franklin; B.	424
Brinin, John Malcolm	
Lincoln lyrics, the; AN.	248
Broch, Theodor	
Mountain wars, the; B.	350
Brooks, Alden	
Will Shakespeare and the dyer's hand; B.	315; see also C.
348; C.	575
Burchhardt, Jacob	
Force and freedom: Reflections on his early work. Edited by H. Nichols; B.	530
Burden of British invasion, the. G. F. S. ras and L. Rostas; AN.	391
Burnham, James	
Machievellians, the: Defenders of freedom; B.	636
Burrows, Raymond, and B. C. Redmond	
Symphony themes; B.	104
Business as a system of power. A. Brady; B.	870
By nature free. H. Haydn; B.	570
Byrd, William, autobiography; B.	390
C	
Cain, James M.	
Three of a kind; B.	744
Calamari, Paul	
Eulogy of the judges; B.	280
Caldwell, Erskine	
Georgia boy; AN.	712
Cameron, Elizabeth B.	
Prologue to appeasement. A study in French foreign policy; AN.	68
Campbell, Grace	
Can our cities survive? AN.	320
Can our cities survive? AN. ABC of urban problems, their analysis, their solutions. J. L. Serti; B.	612
Can we win the peace? P. Einzig; AN.	714
Caproni, X. Herbert; B.	842
Captain of the Andes: The life of José de San Martín. M. H. Harrison; B.	745
Carroll, Charles, biography. E. H. Smith; B.	390
Cassidy, Henry C.	
Moscow catalogue; B.	840
Charles Carroll of Carrollton. E. H. Smith; B.	390
Chase, Stuart	
Goals for America: A budget of our needs and resources; B.	319
Cheever, John	
Way some people live, the; AN.	533
Chevigny, Hector	
Lord of Alaska. Baranov and the Russian adventure; AN.	499
Childers, James Saxon	
War eagles: The story of the Eagle squadron; B.	746

Childs, John L. G. S. Counts, and others	
America, Russia, and the communist party in the post-war world; B.	492; see also C.
537; C.	679
Chile. E. Ferguson; AN.	677
Chilean popular front. The. J. R. Stevens; AN.	677
Chinese room, the. V. Connell; AN.	67
Choice, the. Mills; B.	712
Churchill, Henry; R.	782
Circle in the water. H. Hull; AN.	171
Citizen Tom Paine. H. Fast; B.	675
City, the. Its story of a free people, its future. E. Saarienen; B.	606
Cloete, Stuart	
Congo song; AN.	424
Coastal command. British air minister; B.	746
Colonel Effingham's raid. B. Fleming; AN.	388
Commager, Henry Steele, and A. Nevins	
America: The story of a free people; B.	314
Command of the air, the. G. Douhet. Translated by D. Ferrari; B.	462
Complete Roman drama, the. Edited by G. E. Duckworth; B.	103
Congo song. S. Cloete; AN.	424
Connecticut wits, the. L. Howard; B.	316
Connell, Vivian	
Chinese room, the; AN.	67
Conrad and his contemporaries. By J. H. Reinger. Illustrated by F. Topolski; AN.	499
Constantine the great. L. B. Holsapple; AN.	463
Coomaraswamy, Ananda K.	
Comments on E. Schuehr's review of "Warning to the west" by Shridharani; C.	179; see also R.
25; C.	142; C.
180; C.	215
Corson, John J.	
Manpower for victory; AN.	714
Corwin, Edward S.	
Explains his review of H. Hazlitt's "A new constitution now"; C.	35; see also C.
34	
Coulter, John Wesley	
Fiji: Little India of the Pacific; AN.	463
Counts, George S., J. L. Childs, and others	
America, Russia, and the communist party in the post-war world; B.	492; see also C.
537; C.	679
Cripps, Advocate extraordinary. P. Strauss; B.	243
Crossroads. B. Versissimo; AN.	245
Culbertson, Ely	
Summary of the world federation plan; B.	582; see also R.
727; C.	750
C.	788; C.
818; C.	846
Curie, Eve	
Journey among warriors; B.	781
Current, Richard Nelson	
Old Thad Stevens: A story of ambition; AN.	391
D	
Dali, Salvador	
Secret life of Salvador Dali, the. Translated by H. M. Chevalier; B.	212
Danse macabre. F. Masereel; AN.	213
Dark wedding. R. J. Sender. Translated by E. Clark; B.	602
Darkness and the deep. V. Fisher; AN.	460
Darlan, Admiral, the enigma of. A. de Montmorency; B.	708
De Capite, Michael	
Maria; AN.	137
De France, Charles Q.	
Comments on error in grammar in review by F. Jones; C.	647; see also R.
278; C.	502; C.
575; C.	680
Dennis, Nigel	
Comments on M. A. Hamilton's review of "Let the people know" by N. Angell; C.	285; see also R.
133	
Dinesen, Isak	
Winter's tales; B.	894
Disciplines for democracy. T. V. Smith; B.	281
Dos Passos, John	
Number one; B.	384
Double, double, toil and trouble. L. Fauchet; B.	675
Doubet, Giulio	
Command of the air, the. Translated by D. Ferrari; B.	462
Dream department, the. S. J. Perelman; AN.	320
Drepper, Carl W.	
American pioneer arts and artists. Foreword by R. Kent; B.	247
Dress rehearsal. The story of Dieppe. Q. Reynolds; B.	351
Dudley-Gordon, Squadron leader Tom	
I seek my prey in the waters: The coastal command at war; B.	746
Duff, Charles	
Comments on L. Trilling's review of "The itching earrot" by J. J. Fernández de Lizard; C.	358
Dufield, Marcus; R.	277, 351, 494, 530, 638, 710, 746, 781.
Duranty, Walter	
Search for a key; AN.	533
Dust tracks on the road. Z. N. Hurston; B.	244
Dynamite cargo: Convoy to Russia. F. Herman; B.	710

Eastman, Max	E	German by the E. Caldwell; AN	712	Human comedy, the	W. Saroyan; B.	3	18
Easton, Robert	714	Germany's master plan: The story of the industrial offensive. J. Borkin and C. Welsh; B.	895	Human nature and destiny: A Christian interpretation. H. Human destiny. R. M. Nabigh; B.	457		
Ebenstein, William	424	Gibbs, Willard, biography. M. Rukeyser; B.	895	Humphries, Rolfe; R.	173, 493		
Nazi state, the; B.	174	Gide, André, biography. K. Mann; B.	422	Hurst, Zora Neale			
Eberhart, H.	183	Gidion, Marguerite; B.	675	Dust tracks on the road; B.	244		
Economics and ideas; B.	569; see also C.	Gilligan, Edmund	780	Hutchison, Betty; B.	64		
Economics in uniform; Military economy and social structure. A. T. Lauterbach; B.	895	Goals for America: A budget of our needs and resources. S. Chase; B.	319	Hutchison, Keith; R.	26, 319, 387, 784		
Edman, Irwin; B.	314; see also C.	Golden wedding. J. Pagano; AN	571				
Education between two worlds. A. Melike-John; B.	430	Goldman, Eric B.	784	I seek my prey in the waters: The coastal crumpled at war. Squadron leader T. Dudley-Gordon; B.	746		
Einzig, Paul	714	Goodman, Paul, M. Liben, and E. Roditi	278	Icelandic poems and stories. Edited by R. Ickes, Harold L.	714		
Eisenstein, Sergei M.	714	Gordon, George Stuart	278	Autobiography of a curmudgeon; B.	671		
Film sense, the. Translated and edited by J. Leyda; B.	579	Anglo-American literary relations; AN	679	If there is time. H. Plummer; B.	569		
English, writers, English; B.	133	Graebner, Walter	639	In commemoration of William James: 1942; B.	208		
R. Ritchie; B.	133	Grand canyon, V. Sackville-West; AN	31	Is Germany incurable? R. Brickner; B.	812		
English social history: A survey of six centuries. R. Trevaylan; B.	387	Grattan, C. Hartley; R.	673	Italy from within. R. G. Massock; B.	385		
Enigma of Admiral Darlan, the. A. de Montmorency; B.	708	Great of Great literature. E. H. H.	173				
Enjoyment of life in America, the. R. Woodman and C. E. Slatkin; AN	139	Great Britain under protection. F. Benham; AN	786				
Erenburg, Ilya	899	Great offensive, the. The strategy of coalition warfare. M. Werner; B.	101	Jake Home. R. McKenney; B.	388		
Eulogy of Julius, P. Calamandrei; B.	280	Greek historians, the. Edited by F. R. B. Greenberg, Clement; R.	72, 24	James, Alice, journal; B.	60		
Experiencing American pictures. R. M. Pearson; AN	355	Greenhood, David	608	Limitations of Dickens, the—a review reprinted from <i>The Nation</i> of December 21, 1865; .	595		
		Hill, the; B.	391	James, Henry	671		
		Greenland, V. Stefansson; AN	698	Janeway, Eliot; R.	671		
		Grene, David	355	Jansen, John B., and S. Weyl	279		
		Three Greek tragedies in translation; AN	355	Jarrell, Randall	176		
Fall of Paris, the. I. Erenburg; B.	899	Grew, Joseph C.	65	Blood for a stranger; B.	279		
Fantastic interim. H. M. Robinson; B.	608	Report from Tokyo; B.	29	Jastrow, Joseph; R.	812		
Fast, Howard	675	Griffith, Richard; R.	29	Physics and philosophy; B.	640		
Ferguson, Erna	677	Guérard, Albert; R.	277	Jefferson himself. Edited by B. Mayo; B.	135		
Chile; AN	677	also C.	357; R. 606, 708, 839, 894	Jervis, J. W. W. R. V. R.; AN	139		
Feuchtwanger, Lion	675			Joel, George; R.	570		
Double, double, toil and trouble; B.	675			John Bach McMaster, E. F. Goldman; B.	784		
Fifth seal, the. M. Aldanov; B.	609; see also E.P.			John and Williamsburg. A. B. Shepperson; B.	496		
Fight for air power; W. B. Hunt; B.	462			Johnson, Charles S.	496		
Fight: Little India of the Pacific. J. W. Coulter; AN	839			Patterns of Negro segregation; B.	496		
Fighting French, the. R. Aglion; B.	623			Jones, Alfred Winslow; R.	870		
Films, Louis; R.	211, 608			Jones, Frank; R.	502, 575, 647, 800; see also C.	681	
Film sense, the. S. M. Eisenstein. Translated and edited by J. Leyda; B.	579			Jones, Philip Chapin	874		
Fincham, Paddy, biography. J. Reynolds; AN	391			Comments on D. Trilling's book reviews; Journey among warriors. E. Currie; B.	781		
Fischer, Louis	816; C.						
Comments on R. Niebuhr's review of "Warning to the west" by Shridharani; C.	142; see also R.						
Week with Gandhi, A. B.	568						
Fischer, Louis; R.	96, 421, 566, 582; see also 727; C.						
Fisher, Vardis	460						
Darkness and the deep; AN	460						
Flanders, M.	460						
Comments on H. P. Lazarus' review of "Ruins and visions: Poems 1934-1942" by S. Snyder; C.	359; see also R.						
Flanner, Hildegard	569						
If there is time; B.	569						
Flight from Berlin	388						
Colonel Edinham's raid; AN	388						
Flood of terror. O. Strasser and M. Stern; B.	458						
Fodor, M. W. R.	170						
Follette, John W.	170						
Error in grammar in review of F. Jones; C.	502; see also R.						
Force and freedom: Reflections on history. R. Nichol; B.	530						
Forest and the fort, the. H. Allen; AN	530						
Forester, S.	815						
Forever young: A life of John Keats. B. C. Williams; AN	786						
Foundations, the. A. T. Lauterbach; B.	824						
Francis Parkman, M. Wade; B.	211						
Franch, Harry A.	869						
Rediscovering South America; AN	677						
Frank, Morris. A study. E. Marchand; B.	352						
Frank, Waldo	869						
South American journey; B.	869						
Franklin	748						
Another Claudia; B.	496						
Frazier, E. Franklin; R.	496						
Freedom, the. C. and E. Nicotri. With foreword by R. Sforza; AN	67						
Friedman, Joseph	460						
Never call retreat; B.	458						
Front line: The official story of the civil defense of Britain; B.	784						
Gaunt, William	G						
Pre-Raphaelite tragedy, the; AN	67						
Gaunt, William E. Gilligan; AN	171						
George, Stefan							
Poems. Translated by C. N. Valpoué and E. Morwitz; B.	743						

- Life in a putty knife factory. H. A. Smith; B. 570
- Life of Johnny Reb, the: The common soldier of the confederacy. E. J. Wiley; AN. 714
- Lights around the shore, the. J. Weidman; B. 815
- Lilly Crackerell, C. Slade; B. 248
- Lippman, Walter
U. S. foreign policy: Shield of the republic; B. 894
- Lister, "Alamy"; T. Mann; B. 244
- London calling. Edited by S. Jameson; AN. 355
- Lonely ones, the. W. Steig. Foreword by J. Weidman; B. 102
- Longstreet, Stephen
Land I live, the; AN. 320
- Looking glass, the. W. March; AN. 171
- Lord Alton, the. Baranov and the Russian adventure. H. Cheviginy; AN. 499
- Lothar, Ernst
Beneath another sun; AN. 320
- Let's wife. M. Eastman; AN. 714
- M
- MaeCormac, John
This time for keeps; AN. 677
- Machiavellians, the: Defenders of freedom. J. Burnham; AN. 636
- Mackey, Sylvie Edith
Sing for your supper; B. 278
- MacNeice, Louis
Poetry of W. B. Yeats, the; B. 348
- Maise, Albert
Africa: Facts and forecasts. B. 673
- Make this the last war: The future of the United nations. M. Straight; B. 96
- Malamaus, Jean
Men from nowhere; B. 602
- Manpower for victory. J. J. Corson; AN. 714
- Man's most dangerous myth: The fallacy of race. M. F. A. Montagu. With a foreword by A. Huxley; AN. 68
- Mangione, Jerre
Munt Allegro; AN. 137
- Mann, Klaus
The tide and the crisis of modern thought; B. 422
- Turning point, the. B. 64
- Mann, Thomas
Germany!; B. 244
- Marb, William
Looking glass, the; AN. 171
- Marchal, Lem
Vain. Two years of deception; B. 241
- See also C. 357
- Marchand, Ernest
Frank Norris: A study; B. 352
- Maria, M. De Capite; AN. 137
- Marshall, Margaret. R. 312
- Martin, Cole, and Lt. Commander J. Morrill, U.S.N.
South from Corregidor; B. 530
- Masefield, John
Muses, M. Musae, and Pavlaltukay: Two tales in verse; B. 569
- Maseroli, Francis
Dance measure; AN. 213
- Massey, Dan
Italy from within; B. 385
- Mathematical recreations. M. Kraitchik; AN. 320
- Max Nordau; A biography. A. and M. Nordau; B. 898
- McFee, William
Comments on T. Spencer's review of "Will Shakespeare and the dyer's hand" by A. Brewster; C. 575
- McKenney, Ruth
Jake Home; B. 388
- McMaster, John Bach, biography. E. F. Gold; B. 784
- Meiklejohn, Alexander
Education between two worlds; B. 306
- Memo to a firing squad. F. H. Brennan; AN. 245
- Men from nowhere. J. Malakaquis; B. 602
- Menden, H. L.
Heathen days, 1890-1936; B. 499
- Mexican oil. H. S. Person; AN. 499
- Michie, Alan
Anti offensive against Germany, the; B. 292
- Milano, Paolo; R. 280
- Miller, Henry; R. 422
- Mills, Charles
Choice, the; B. 712
- Miracle in Hellas: The Greeks fight on. B. 896
- Mirror of Baudelaire, the. Edited by C. H. Ford. With a preface by P. Eluard; B. 780
- Mitchell, Donald W.; R. 65
- Moberg, Vilhelm
Ride this night; B. 842
- Modern Japan and Shinto nationalism. D. C. Holton; AN. 786
- Monkey. Wu Ch'eng-en. Translated by A. Waley; B. 492
- Montagu, M. F. Ashley
Man's most dangerous myth: The fallacy of race. With a foreword by A. Huxley; AN. 68
- Montmorency, Alec de
Enigma of Admiral Darlan, the; B. 708
- More stories of famous operas. E. Newman; B. 747
- Morrill, Lt. Commander John, U.S.N., and Martin
South from Corregidor; B. 530
- Morris, Edith
My darling from the lions; B. 842
- Morse, Robert
Two Persephones, the; B. 278
- Moscow dateline. H. C. Cassidy; B. 840
- Motherwell, Hiram
Peace we fight for, the; B. 674
- Motherwell, Hiram; R. 137
- Mount Allegro. J. Mangione; AN. 137
- Mountain waits, the. T. Broch; B. 350
- Mr. Rutledge of South Carolina. R. Barry; AN. 463
- Mr. Winkle goes to war. T. Pratt; AN. 388
- My darling from the lions. E. Morris; B. 842
- Myklebust, Tor
They came as friends. Translated by T. M. Ager; B. 350
- Mytinger, Caroline
Headhunting in the Solomon islands; AN. 355
- N
- Nagel, Ernest; R. 640
- Nameless, the. L. Williams; B. 278
- Natalis, the. E. and Pavlaltukay: Two tales in verse. J. Masefield; B. 569
- Nazi conquest of Danzig, the. H. L. Leonhardt; AN. 68
- Nazi state, the. E. Hensten; B. 174
- Near east, the: Problems and prospects. Count C. Sforza and others; B. 567
- Never call retreat. Freeman; B. 460
- Nevis, Allan, and H. S. Conmager
America: The story of a free people; B. 314
- New directions, 1942. Number seven. Edited by J. Laughlin; B. 497
- New history of music, a: The middle ages to Mozart; B. 320
- New York plans for the future. C. Rodgers; B. 782
- Newman, Ernest
More stories of famous operas; B. 747
- Nicotri, Gaspare and Franco
Freedom for Italy. Foreword by C. Sforza; AN. 67
- Nielshu, Reinhold
Comments on R. Bates's review of "America, Russia, and the Communist party in the post-war world" by Counts and Childs; C. 577
- Human nature and destiny: A Christian interpretation. H. Human; C. 492
- Nielshu, Reinhold; R. 25; see also C. 142; C. 179; C. 180; C. 215; R. 244, 281, 353, 530, 604
- Nobel, Alfred, biography. H. E. Paul; B. 636
- Norden, Anna and Maxa
Max Nordau: A biography; B. 898
- Nordau, Max, biography. A. and M. Nor. 352
- Norris, Frank, biography. E. Marchand; B. 384
- Number one. J. Dos Passos; B. 384
- O
- O'Brien, Kate
Lost of summer, the; AN. 712
- Offord, Carl Ruthhaven
White face, the; AN. 815
- O. Henry memorial award prize story, 1942. Edited by H. Brickell; AN. 67
- Old shod, the. T. J. Wertenbaker; AN. 31
- Old Thad Stevens: A story of ambition. R. N. Curran; AN. 694
- One world. W. Willkie; B. 301
- Ormsbe, David
Soldier of an American, the; AN. 68
- Otis, William Bradley
Comments on L. Trilling's review of "Survey-history of English literature" by H. Otis and M. H. C. 323
- Our lady peace and other war poems. M. Van Doren; B. 209
- Outline of political geography, an. J. F. Horrabin; AN. 391
- Overcoming anti-semitism. S. A. Fineberg; AN. 677
- P
- Packard, Reynolds and Eleanor
Balcony empire: Fascist Italy at war; B. 134
- Pagano, L.
Golden wedding; AN. 570
- Parker, Henry Bamford
World after war, the; B. 353
- Parkman, Francis, biography. M. Wade; B. 211
- Patterns of Negro segregation. C. S. Johnson; B. 496
- Paul, Herta E.
Alfred Nobel: Dynamite king-architect of peace; B. 26
- Peace we fight for, the. H. Motherwell; B. 674
- Pearson, Ralph
Experiencing American pictures; AN. 355
- Pen, John
You can't do that to Svoboda; AN. 533
- Perelman, S. J.
Dream department, the; AN. 320
- Person, Harlow S.
Mexican oil; AN. 499
- Person, place and thing. K. J. Shapiro; B. 63
- Phillips, William; R. 136
- Philosophy of G. E. Moore, the. Vol. IV of the Library of living philosophers. Edited by P. A. Schillip; AN. 391
- Physics and philosophy. Sir J. Jeans; B. 640
- Pieces of three. M. Liben, P. Goodman, and E. Roditi; B. 278
- Poems. J. Berryman; B. 569
- Poems. S. George. Translated by C. N. Valpohe and E. Morwitz; B. 743
- Poems of this war by younger poets. Edited by P. L. Edward and C. Strang; AN. 355
- Poetique muses, sous forme, six leçons. I. Strawinsky; B. 459
- Poetry of W. B. Yeats, the. L. MacNeice; B. 348
- Porter, Katherine Anne
Explains her translation of "The itching parrot" by J. J. Fernández de Liard; C. 358
- Powell, Dawn; R. 744
- Pratt, Theodore
Mr. Winkle goes to war; AN. 388
- Pratt, Raphaelite tragedy, the. W. Gaunt; AN. 67
- Priestley, J. B.
Black-out in Gretley; AN. 320
- Prologue to appeasement. A study in French foreign policy. E. R. Cameron; AN. 68
- Prunieres, Henry
New history of music, a: The middle ages to Mozart; B. 320
- R
- Rame, David
Tunnel from Calais; AN. 320
- Rand, Ayn
Fountainhead, the; B. 842
- Ranshofen-Wertheimer, Egon
Victory is not enough; B. 170
- Reids and general. Phil. R. Burrow
of Franklin C. and J. Brienbaugh; B. 424
- Red army, the. M. Berchin and E. Ben-Horin; B. 135
- Rediscovering South America. H. A. Frank; AN. 677
- Redmond, Desmond Carr and R. Burrow
Symphony themes; B. 104
- Report from Tokyo. J. C. Grew; B. 65
- Reisinger, J. H.
Conrad and his contemporaries. Illustrated by F. Topolski; AN. 499
- Retreat with Stilwell. J. Holden; B. 494
- Revolutionists, the. S. Rodman; AN. 193
- Reynolds, James
Wing commander Paddy Finucane R.A.F., D.S.O., D.F.C.; AN. 391
- Reynolds, Quentin
Dress rehearsal: The story of Dieppe; B. 351
- Rice, Philip Blair; R. 176
- Richter, Conrad
Tacey cormell; AN. 67
- Ride this night. V. Moberg; B. 842
- Ripley, Dillon
Tide of the money bird; AN. 355
- Rise and fall of the house of Ullstein, the. H. Ullstein; B. 529
- Ritchie, Andrew C.
English painters: Hogarth to Constable; B. 133
- Road to Victory, 1943. The Simon. Translated by J. A. Corbett and G. J. McMorrow; AN. 103
- Robinson, Henry Morton
Fantastic interlude; B. 608
- Rochester, Earl of (John Wilmot)
Satire against mankind and other poems; a; AN. 786
- Rodgers, Denis
New York plans for the future; B. 782
- Roditi, Edouard, M. Liben, and P. Goodman
Pieces of three; B. 278
- Rodman, Selden
Revolutionists, the; AN. 193
- Rosenfeld, Isaac; R. 839
- Rosenfeld, Paul; R. 839
- Rostas, L. and G. F. Shirras
Burden of British taxation, the; AN. 391
- Rothschild, Lincoln
Sculpture through the ages; B. 242
- Rougemont, Denis de
La part du diable; B. 457
- Rougemont, Denis de R. 457
- Round trip to Russia. W. Graebner; B. 639
- Ruins and visions: Poems 1934-1942. S. Spender; B. 359
- Rukeyser, Muriel
Willard Gibbs; B. 97
- Russians, the: The land, the war, and why they fight; A. R. Williams; B. 98
- Rutledge, John, biography. R. Barry; AN. 463

- Saarienen, Eliel
City, the; Its growth, its decay, its future; B..... 606
- Sackville-West, V.
Grand canyon; AN..... 31
- Salvemini, Gaetano; R.....134, 385, 867
- San Martin, Jose de, biography. M. H. Harrison; B..... 745
- Saroyan, William
Human comedy, the; B..... 318
- Sassoon, Siegfried
Weald of youth, the; B..... 138
- Satire against mankind and other poems, a J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; AN..... 745
- Saxton, Mark
Year of August, the; AN..... 320
- Schwartz, Delmore; R..... 63
- Schwarzchild, Leopold; B..... 529
- Scott, John; R..... 98, 639, 840
- Scott, Winfield Townley
Sword on the table, the: Thomas Dorr's rebellion; AN..... 786
- Sculpture through the ages. L. Rothschild; B..... 242
- Search for a key. W. Duranty; AN..... 533
- Secret life of Salvador Dali, the; S. Dali. Translated by H. M. Chevalier; B..... 212
- Sender, Ramon
Dark wedding. Translated by E. Clark; B..... 602
- Sert, Jos Luis
Can our cities survive? An ABC of urban problems, their analysis, their solutions; B..... 62
- Seventeenth century background, the; B. Wiley; AN..... 67
- Sforza, Count Carlo, and others
Near east, the: Problems and prospects; B..... 567
- Shakespeare and the nature of man. T. Spencer; B..... 136
- Shakespeare, Will; B..... 315; see also C..... 465; C..... 538; C..... 575
- Shapiro, Karl
Person, place and thing; B..... 63
- Sheean, Vincent
Between the thunder and the sun; B..... 516
- Shepard, Odell; R..... 496
- Shepperson, Archibald Billing
John Paradise and Lucy Ludwell of London and Williamsburg; B..... 496
- Ship, the; C. S. Forester; B..... 813
- Shirras, G. Findlay, and L. Rostas
Burden of British taxation, the; AN..... 391
- Shoolman, Regina, and J. E. Shoolman
Enjoyment of art in America, the; AN..... 139
- Shridharani
Warning to the west; B..... 25; see also C..... 142; C..... 179; C..... 180; C..... 215
- Siberia; C. E. Lenzey; AN..... 714
- Silent war, the; B. Jansen; B. Weyl; B..... 279
- Simonon, Georges
Tropic moon; AN..... 171
- Simon, Yves R.
Road to Vichy, 1918-1938, the. Translated by J. A. Corbett and G. J. Mc Morrow; AN..... 103
- Sinclair, Upton
Wide is the gate; AN..... 137
- Sing for your supper. S. E. Mackey; B..... 278
- Singapore is silent. G. Weller; B..... 494
- Singh, Anup
Comments on R. Niebuhr's review of "Warning to the west" by Shridharani; C..... 215; see also R..... 25; C..... 142; C..... 179; C..... 180
- Slade, Caroline
Lilly Crackle!; B..... 842
- Slatkin, Charles E., and R. Shoolman
Enjoyment of art in America, the; AN..... 139
- Smith, Charles Powers
Turn of the dial; AN..... 320
- Smith, Ellen Hart
Charles Carroll of Carrollton; B..... 390
- Smith, H. Allen
Life in a putty knife factory; B..... 570
- Smith, T. V.
Disciplines for democracy; B..... 281
- Social insurance and allied services. Report by Sir William Beveridge; B..... 172
- Some odes of Pindar. Translated by R. Lattimore; AN..... 213
- Some poems of Friedrich Hoelderlin. Translated by F. Prokosh; B..... 839
- Sound and idea. R. Elberhart; B..... 569; see also C..... 681
- Sound of an American, the. D. Ormsbee; AN..... 68
- South American journey. W. Frank; B..... 869
- South from Corregidor. Lt. Commander J. Morrill, U.S.N., and P. Martin; B..... 530
- Southwest passage. J. Lardner; B..... 530
- Spencer, Theodore
Shakespeare and the nature of man; B. 136
- Spencer, Theodore; R..... 315; see also C..... 465; C..... 538; C..... 575
- Spender, Stephen
Ruins and visions: Poems 1934-1942; B..... 98; see also C..... 359
- Stefansson, Vilhjalmur
Greenland; AN..... 391
- Steig, William
Lonely ones, the. Foreword by W. Gibbs; B..... 102
- Steiner, Jesse F.
Behind the Japanese mask; B..... 532
- Stern, Michael, and O. Strasser
Flight from terror; B..... 457
- Stevenson, John Reese
Chilean popular front, the; AN..... 678
- Stevens, Thaddeus, biography. R. N. Current; AN..... 391
- Stewart, H. W. S.
Story of Dr. Wassell, the; J. Hilton; B..... 710
- Story of weapons and tactics from Troy to Michael Gerard, the. T. Winttingham; B. 386
- Straight, Michael
Make this the last war: The future of the united nations; B..... 96
- Strasser, Otto, and M. Stern
Flight from terror; B..... 457
- Strauss, Patricia
Cripps: Advocate extraordinary; B..... 243
- Strawinsky, Igor
Poetique musicale sous forme de six legons; B..... 459
- Study of war, a. Q. Wright. Two volumes; B. Summary of the world federation plan. E. Culbertson; B..... 582; see also 727; C..... 752; C..... 818; C..... 846
- Sweeney, James Johnson; R..... 531
- Sword on the table, the: Thomas Dorr's rebellion. W. T. Scott; AN..... 786
- Symphony Bismarck. R. Burrow; B..... 104
- Redmond; B..... 786
- T
Tacey Cromwell. C. Richter; AN..... 67
- Taffrail
White ensigns; AN..... 670
- They call it Pacific. C. Lee; B..... 530
- They came as friends. T. Myklebust. Translated by M. Ager; B..... 350
- This is Congress. R. Young; AN..... 499
- This time for keeps. J. MacCormack; AN..... 677
- Thomas Wolfe's letters to his mother, Julia Elizabeth Wolfe. Edited by J. S. Terry; B..... 811
- Thorn-apple tree. G. Campbell; AN..... 320
- Thousand-year conspiracy, the: Secret Germany behind the mask. P. Vand; B. 385
- Three Greek tragedies in translation. D. Grene; AN..... 755
- Tilda, M. A. K. B. Blankfort; AN..... 174
- Thwaites, Lt. Michael. R.N.V.R.
Jervis bay and other poems, the; AN..... 139
- Tina, Van Doren; AN..... 570
- Time to live, a. M. Blankfort; AN..... 677
- Tokyo record. O. D. Tolichus; B..... 532
- Tolichus, Otto D.
Tokyo record; B..... 532
- Torres Risco, Arturo; B..... 745
- Tragic history: Christopher Marlowe, the; J. Bakelès. Two volumes; B..... 66
- Trail of the money bird. D. Ripley; AN..... 355
- Treasury of the familiar. A. Edited by R. L. Woods; B..... 420; see also C..... 538
- Tregaskis, Richard
English social diary; B..... 277
- Trevelyan, G. M.
English social diary: A survey of six centuries, Chaucer to Queen Victoria; B..... 387
- Trilling, Diana; R. 60, 137, 171, 242, 320, 388, 424, 460, 533, 570, 609, 675, 712, 748, 815, 842; see also C..... 874; C..... 899
- Trilling, Lionel; R..... 602
- Replies to W. B. Dits's letter on his "Survey of the history of English literature"; C..... 214; see also C..... 285
- Tropic moon. G. Simonon; AN..... 171
- Tucker's people. I. Wolfert; B..... 811
- Tunis expedition. Colonel D. F. Zanuck; B. 638
- Turn of the dial. D. Rame; AN..... 320
- Turn of the dial. C. P. Smith; AN..... 320
- Turning point, the. K. Mann; B..... 64
- Two Persephones, the. R. Morse; B..... 278
- U
Ullstein, Herman
Rise and fall of the house of Ullstein, the; B..... 529
- U. S. foreign policy: Shield of the republic. W. Lippmann; B..... 894
- V
Vambyer, Rustem; R..... 568, 898
- Van Doren, Mark
Comments on S. Hook's review on "Education between two worlds" by R. Niebuhr; C..... 108; C..... 430; see also C..... 293
- Our lady peace and other war poems; B. 293
- Tilda; AN..... 677
- Van Loon, Hendrik Willem; B..... 139
- Van Loon's lives; AN..... 139
- Verissimo, Eric
Cross roads; AN..... 245
- Vichy: Two years of deception. Mar. chal; B..... 241; see also C..... 357
- Victory is not enough. E. Ranshofen-Wert- heimer; B..... 170
- Vivas, Eliseo; R..... 514
- Voice of the trumpet, the. R. Henriques; AN..... 424
- Voyetichow, Bogdan
Last days of Sevastopol, the; B..... 896
- W
W. B. Yeats: 1865-1939. J. Hone; B..... 348
- Wade, Mason
Francis Parkman; B..... 211
- War of the world. The story of the Eagle squad. Fon. J. S. Childers; B..... 746
- Warning to the west. Shridharani; B..... 25; see also C..... 142; C..... 179; C..... 180; C..... 215
- Warren, Robert Penn; R..... 209
- Wason, Betty
Miracle in Hellas; The Greeks fight on; B..... 896
- Way some people live, the. J. Cheever; AN..... 533
- We cannot escape history. J. T. Whitaker; B..... 567
- We landed at dawn; The story of the Dieppe raid. A. B. Austin; B..... 351
- Weald of youth, the; B..... 138
- Week with Gandhi, a. L. Fischer; B..... 168
- Weidman, Jerome
Lights around the shore, the; B..... 815
- Weller, George
Singapore is silent; B..... 494
- Welsh, Charles A., and J. Borkin
Germany's master plan: The story of the industrial offensive; B..... 895
- Werner, Max
Great offensive, the: The strategy of coalition warfare; B..... 101
- Wertenbaker, Thomas Jefferson
Old south, the; AN..... 31
- Weyl, Stefan, and G. R. Jansen
Silent war, the; B..... 279
- Whitaker, John T.
We did not escape history; B..... 867
- White ensigns. Taffrail; AN..... 670
- White face, the. C. R. Offord; AN..... 815
- White heart, the. H. Howe; AN..... 245
- Wide is the gate. U. Sinclair; AN..... 137
- Wiley, Bell Irvin
Life of Johnny Reb, the; The common soldier of the confederacy; AN..... 714
- Will Shakespeare, the; J. Jansen; B. Brooks; B..... 315; see also C..... 465; C..... 538; C..... 575
- Willard Gibbs, M. Rukseyer; B..... 97
- Wiley, Basil
Seventeenth century background, the; AN..... 67
- Williams, Albert Ray
Russians, the; The land, the people, and why they fight; B..... 98
- Williams, Biancole Colton
Forever young: A life of John Keats; AN..... 786
- Williams, Lew
Nameless, the; B..... 604
- Wilkie, Wendell L.
One world; B..... 278
- Wilmot, John, Earl of Rochester
Life against mankind and other poems, the; AN..... 786
- Wind that swept Mexico, the. Text and captions by A. Brenner, photographs assembled by C. R. Leighton; B..... 811
- Wing Commander Paddy Finucane, R.A.F. S.O.M.O. D.F.C. J. Reynolds; AN..... 391
- Winkler, P.
Thousand-year conspiracy, the: Secret Germany behind the mask; B..... 785
- Wint, the; B. Dinesen; B..... 894
- Winttingham, Tom
Story of weapons and tactics from Troy to Stalingrad, the; B..... 386
- Wolf, M. A. K. B. Blankfort; AN..... 174
- Wolfe, Thomas, letter to his mother; B. 811
- Wolfert, Ira
Buckler, people; B..... 277
- Woodward, W. E.; R..... 424
- World after war, the. H. B. Parkes; B..... 353
- World of yesterday. Stefan Zweig; B..... 711
- Wright, Quincy
Study of war, a. Two volumes; B..... 28
- Monkey. Translated by A. Waley; B..... 492
- Wylie, Elmor
Last poems; B..... 493
- Y
Year of August, the. M. Saxton; AN..... 320
- Yeats, William Butler, biography. J. Hone; B..... 348
- You came to do this to Svoboda. J. Pen; AN..... 543
- Young, Roland
This is Congress; AN..... 499
- Z
Zabel, Morlon Duwen; R..... 133, 242, 348, 780
- Zanuck, Colonel Dargy; F. F. Zanuck; B..... 638
- Zigrosser, Carl
Artist in America, the; B..... 531
- Zweig, Stefan, autobiography; B..... 711

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS

- Darlan—and After *by Freda Kirchwey*
- 1918 and 1943
- Ominous Parallel
- Back the Toian Committee

ARTICLES

- Prospects for the New Year *by I. F. Stone*
- The Jews in Europe. I. The Remnants of a People *by Philip S. Bernstein*
- Castillo Is Not Argentina *by Manuel Seoane*
- Franz Boas *by Ruth Benedict*
- In the Wind

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

- How to Speak to Japan *by Selden C. Menejee*
- Paraguayan Paradox *by Silva Berio*
- Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus*
- German Leadership in Exile. Political Value of the Emigration *by Gerhard Seger, Werner Thormann, J. A. Gumbel, Leopold Schwarzschild*

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- The Greek Historians *by Gilbert Highet*
- The Intelligent Man's Burden *by Reinhold Niebuhr*
- "The Devil Knows . . ." *by Albert Gubard*
- A Study in Contradictions *by Keith Hutchison*
- War—and Peace *by G. A. Borgese*
- Eisenstein on the Film *by Richard Griffith*
- Drama: "The Three Sisters" *by Joseph Wood Krutch*
- Art *by Clement Greenberg*
- Music *by B. H. Haggin*

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

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The Shape of Things

VICE-PRESIDENT HENRY WALLACE, IN HIS radio address on the occasion of Woodrow Wilson's birthday, again showed that he has a broader view of post-war problems and the way to solve them than any other ranking statesman of the United Nations. Since his great speech last summer on the century of the common man, isolationists, anti-New Dealers, and business reactionaries have ganged up to distort his proposals and to jeer at him as a soft-headed visionary. Now he has made a trenchant reply exposing these critics as small-minded men whose lack of vision after the last war ruined Wilson's efforts to organize an international society and in the economic field promoted anarchy abroad and depression at home. Mr. Wallace is an idealist, but his idealism is based on common sense. He realizes that after the war our surplus productive capacity will be greatly enhanced and that we shall head straight for a new unemployment crisis if we do not use that surplus to raise the standards of living of other nations. But this implies a willingness to let down our barriers against foreign goods instead of exchanging the fruits of our labor first for doubtful securities and second for unconsumable gold. These were the results of G. O. P. *Realpolitik* in the twenties, and the aftermath has underlined the message of the Scriptures: "Where there is no vision, the people perish." ✕

HITLER IS DISCOVERING THAT THE RED Army which he has so often "annihilated" has as many lives as a cat and as many arms as an octopus. Those arms are now thrusting powerfully in various directions through the German winter lines, probing the soft spots and enveloping and isolating strongly held places. Soviet strategy appears to be to avoid at the present time direct assaults on the main Nazi garrisons and to try to cut their communications. The probable objective is to break the nerve of the German High Command, forcing abandonment of carefully prepared positions and a retreat through the snow. The Russian commanders have not forgotten the débâcle of Napoleon's army. Neither, it appears, have the Germans; but if the two Soviet columns now converging on Rostov make a junction, Hitler may have no alternative to an attempt to extricate his forces from the Stalingrad pocket and the recesses of the Caucasus. A sig-

nificant feature of the Russian offensive is the large number of prisoners it is yielding. This suggests that German morale is waning.

✱

A NEW ERA IN PUBLIC RELATIONS ON THE home front was, we hope, inaugurated by Secretary Wickard and Elmer Davis in their exceptionally able explanations of why a great extension of food rationing is necessary. Housewives finding bare shelves at the stores have become convinced that limited but secure supplies of essentials are better than no supplies at all, but lacking authoritative information about why shortages have developed, they have become a prey to distorted tales and false rumors. It was high time that discontent thus engendered was dispelled by a full explanation of the facts. We cannot doubt that there will be a wide response to Mr. Wickard's appeal for public cooperation, provided that the educational process now started is continued. Rationing in a country like this cannot be enforced by police measures; it can only succeed if the vast majority of consumers and storekeepers accept it as fair and necessary. Given the good-will and cooperation of 90 per cent of the people, the authorities can be assured of public approval in dealing sternly with a minority of chiselers and hoarders. We imagine considerations of this kind influenced Mr. Wickard in his bold decision to announce the rationing of canned goods well in advance in spite of the risk that a rush on the stores might follow. We believe that the majority of consumers, assured that a high standard of nutrition will be maintained and that supplies will be fairly divided, will justify the risk by refraining from abnormal purchases in the next few weeks.

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THE SUCCESS OF THE FOOD RATIONING program will depend largely on the flexibility with which it is administered. There is perhaps no field in which people's tastes and habits differ more widely than in the consumption of canned fruits and vegetables. The range in the use of these foods is tremendous. There are undoubtedly many farm families who use no canned goods apart from those prepared at home, while at the other extreme there are doubtless families, in which the wife is employed, that depend almost exclusively on commercially canned products. Obviously some special provision should be made for working wives in a period when the government is attempting to induce some three or four million women to seek work in war industries. Some flexibility will be provided by a system of point rationing such as is now in preparation. But point rationing alone cannot cover the wide differences in the use of commercially prepared canned products. Special allotments should be made for areas in which there is a shortage of fresh fruits and vegetables, for working wives, and for any other groups in the population whose needs

are manifestly greater than the average. To offset these extra allotments, it might be wise to curtail rations in areas where there is an abundance of fresh vegetables the year round, and in country districts where consumption of commercially canned foods is normally low.

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THE NEED FOR STILL HIGHER TAXES ON upper and middle income groups as a safeguard against inflation is clearly demonstrated in the current Public Affairs pamphlet "How Can We Pay for the War?" This pamphlet, based on a study by the National Bureau of Economic Research, estimates the total consumer income for 1943 at \$109 billion, but points out that owing to war-time restrictions only \$61 billion worth of consumers' goods and services will be available for purchase. This leaves \$48 billion in excess spending power which must be absorbed by taxes or war bonds if inflation is to be avoided. It is estimated that at least \$15 billion of this amount must be taken by increased taxation, and it is suggested that an even greater increase in taxes would be desirable. An analysis of the distribution of the \$48 billion of excess spending power among economic groups provides one of the most satisfactory guides to tax policy yet published. Taking into account rationing, shortages of goods, and other emergency factors, it is estimated that the group with incomes of less than \$1,750 a year will have roughly \$3 billion left; the \$1,750-to-\$10,000 group will have \$31 billion; and the group above \$10,000 about \$14 billion. The corporation and excess-profits tax, the pamphlet shows, falls primarily on the upper income group, and thus might be still further increased, while a sales tax or increased pay-roll taxes under the Social Security Act would fall most heavily on the lowest and lower-middle income groups. We trust that Congress will study these estimates.

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ADMIRERS OF SENATOR WHEELER IN THE days before there was an America First Committee have hoped in vain that he would recover his balance and return to a level of political decency. The Montana Senator has at last come up out of the silences, but it is only to put in a word for twenty-eight alleged seditionists, headed by George Sylvester Viereck, Gerald Winrod, Elizabeth Dilling, and William Dudley Pelley. Along with Representative Clare Hoffman of Michigan, Wheeler denounces the round-up as an "inquisition." Special Assistant Attorney General William Power Maloney obtained the indictments from a grand jury which heard detailed evidence over a period of seventy-one days, and Attorney General Biddle has invited Wheeler to submit any "specific information" he may have concerning "improper conduct" in the procedure. Wheeler has failed to respond to the invitation. Instead, he and Hoffman are demanding a Congressional investi-

gation of the Department of Justice. The move has the earmarks of desperation. The same signs are betrayed by Cissie Patterson's Washington *Times-Herald*, which suggests that the indictments were inspired by a privately financed "super defamation organization," meaning presumably the Anti-Defamation League. What fear drives Wheeler and Hoffman to such lengths? Is it the guilty knowledge that if these defendants are convicted, certain Congressmen will stand condemned for having placed the *Congressional Record* at the disposal of seditionists?

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THE PLAN FOR NATIONAL WAR SERVICE FOR civilian labor submitted by Grenville Clark, author of the original Selective Service Act, deserves careful consideration by Congress. It is a tough plan designed for a tough war. It is based on the assumption "that an obligation rests upon every person . . . to render such personal services in aid of the war effort as he or she may be deemed best fitted to perform." There must, Mr. Clark believes, be legal power to transfer and assign war workers wherever they are needed. Without that authority, even the most carefully prepared man-power program is bound to fail. In this we concur fully with Mr. Clark. The weakness in his plan lies in the failure to recognize that compulsion can be successful only if it has the support of the vast majority of the workers involved. Mr. Clark seems almost wholly unaware of the safeguards which are necessary to make a compulsory man-power plan acceptable to labor. It is true that his plan does call for a Congressional declaration that it will not affect existing labor laws or procedures, but the provision that no war worker shall be compelled to join a labor union should be modified to prevent it from being used to undermine and destroy established unions. No provision is made for protecting the seniority rights of workers who are shifted into war industries, and there is no recognition of the necessity for giving labor adequate representation in the administration of the proposed civilian selective service. These essential safeguards are in no way inconsistent with the need for compulsion; but they should be brought into the picture from the start.

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OUR APPRECIATION OF ELMER DAVIS AND OF his work as head of the Office of War Information makes it hard for us to understand his comment on the visit to Lisbon of General Gómez Jordana, Franco's Foreign Minister. According to Mr. Davis, "all the evidence indicates that the Spanish government is quite sincere in its desire to remain neutral and collaborate with Portugal in an Iberian bloc outside the war." It may be that the OWI has been favored with an inside report of such convincing nature as to counterbalance everything we have lately heard about Franco's "neutrality." It is possible that the submarines which recently refueled in the

port of Palos were not German but British. Perhaps the tourists who have been pouring into the country in such unusual numbers were agents not of the Gestapo but of Scotland Yard, brought to Spain on the suggestion of Sir Samuel Hoare to protect Franco against any attempt on his life by his former Nazi friends. It is possible that even the last Franco speech as reproduced in the New York *Times* was a long typographical error. Perhaps—but just the same, while it would be inappropriate to ask a government official to reveal the sources of his evidence, we would have preferred from Mr. Davis a statement either a good deal more explicit or a little more restrained.

Darlan—and After

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

THE assassination of Darlan was a free gift to the United States. Everyone felt this, no matter what he said publicly. Even the inevitable official denunciations had a hollow sound. It is possible to imagine that some responsible officials were chagrined to find their North African policy shown up quite so violently; but they can hardly have been taken in by their own expressions of horror and disapproval. To describe the shooting as "first-degree murder" or as "odious and cowardly" may have been good protocol; it was inexcusable from any other point of view. Assassination is not a nice weapon; it can be justified only as an act of desperation bred by tyranny. But it is not a weapon chosen by cowards. The young man who killed Darlan died two days later, his examination and execution wrapped in a most suspicious secrecy, and he died bravely, taking full responsibility for his act. Cowards do not invite such a fate.

So far the authorities in Africa have concealed the assassin's identity. An early report that he was either Italian or German quickly collapsed. It was followed by the admission that he was a Frenchman, but radio and press have carried frequent assurances that he had an Italian mother. To emphasize this fact while refusing to reveal his name or political affiliations or the findings of the military court is a form of censorship which can only irritate the public and convince it, without further evidence, that the assassin was a patriot and not a Vichy-Axis agent. If he had been, people reason, surely the censors would have told us so. I suggest to Elmer Davis and those above and around him, here and in North Africa, that an honest, full account of the killing of Darlan would allay suspicion and provide a healthy antidote to official hypocrisy.

What the unknown Frenchman gave America was a second chance. The President's promise that Eisenhower's deal with Darlan was only a "temporary expedient" has been ironically fulfilled: the Admiral is out of office and

the fruits of expediency are mostly in the basket. Already the other Vichy generals have shown their readiness to continue the fight against Hitler under the leadership of Giraud, and as this issue goes to press, the Fighting French are moving toward an arrangement with the new North African command. Only a failure of political understanding equal to that which dumped us into the Darlan hornets' nest can spoil our second chance in North Africa. Such a failure would be inexcusable. We have been given an expensive lesson in political warfare; we have learned how closely the inexpedient can follow on the heels of expediency, how dangerous it is to leave political decisions to men innocent of politics or ready, in an emergency, to ignore the certain consequences of such decisions. We also have been given a chance to eat our cake and have it, but the terms are not such as to encourage other ventures of the same sort. *Attentats* are too close to revolution to be worth gambling on.

The choice of General Giraud as French High Commissioner in Africa—it is to be noted that he is not assuming Darlan's self-bestowed title of Chief of State—opens the door to that general concentration of French power which would have been impossible under Darlan and which may have momentous consequences for the winning of the war. If General de Gaulle and General Giraud can actually combine their forces, we shall have, as George Fielding Eliot pointed out in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "the whole of the French African empire, plus Syria, the Pacific islands, and the French West Indies, fighting as a unit for the liberation of the mother country." And as a second result, young Frenchmen who have been inhibited by the bitter divisions in France itself will feel free to escape by thousands to join their bolder brothers who form the existing army of Fighting France.

It is General Giraud's good luck that he was a prisoner of the Nazis after the defeat of France. By this accident of fate he was spared the necessity of making a choice which might have wrecked his opportunity of leadership today. The Germans preserved him in an almost miraculous purity for the day when he could serve as a link between his country's divided forces of resistance. In addition he has the advantage of being a military rather than a political man. We have the word of Pertinax that his political leanings are far toward the right; but it is not by these inclinations that he is known. He has become a symbol of patriotism and the will to fight, and he is uncontaminated by the slightest smear of treason or defeatism. So by all the most important tests for this particular time Giraud offers the best chance of bringing together the recent converts among the Vichy generals in North Africa and the stubborn Fighting French.

Before this issue appears, De Gaulle may have gone to Africa to confer with Giraud and the Americans. He carries with him not only the power of his armed forces

on sea and land but also the backing of all the organized groups of resistance in France. He represents the faith of the French people in their fight for freedom. This gives him great bargaining power. It imposes on him an equally great responsibility. How he discharges it will determine the character of the coalition he hopes to form. He will be dealing with men most of whom have only contempt for the democratic elements in France, the democratic aims of the war. Noguès and Bergeret, Boisson and Chatel are little better than Darlan. It is they who, as governors of the Vichy African possessions, were responsible for the arrests, the concentration camps, the enforcement of Vichy's anti-Jewish laws in their respective bailiwicks. In spite of the American occupation, in spite of President Roosevelt's protests, those fruits of fascist rule persist. De Gaulle is faced with the inescapable necessity of insisting as the price of his cooperation on the immediate ending of Vichy's repression in Africa. This is a prerequisite to everything else. And it will be the first duty of the American authorities to give him their unqualified backing in establishing actual freedom in the regions we are supposed to have freed.

How successfully we meet this clear-cut test will demonstrate how well we have taken advantage of our second chance. When the last son of Fighting France, the last Czech or German or Polish refugee, the last Jew, the last Spanish Loyalist emerges from the prisons and work camps of Africa, then we shall have reason to believe that the lesson of Darlan's death has been learned by America.

1918 and 1943

COLONEL BRITTON," the British radio mystery man who put over the "V" campaign, has emerged again to popularize a new slogan. He is asking his listeners in the occupied countries to chalk the figures "1918" wherever they can as a reminder to their taskmasters of that fateful date. Now that the initiative is passing to the hands of the United Nations, this seems a good idea around which to build up a new offensive in the war of nerves. For while 1918 offers a message of hope to the enslaved peoples of Europe, it rings ominously in German ears. Moreover, Goebbels is unwittingly turning German thoughts in the same direction, for, compelled to cover up unfulfilled boasts of success on the Russian front, he is now explaining that this is a war of attrition and stressing the defensive strength of the Axis.

Attrition is a word with sinister connotations for the Germans. In the fourth winter of the last war they began to realize that they were its victims, and not all Goebbels's skill will suffice to persuade them that this process

can now work in their favor. They know, too, that Hitler's plans in 1939 called not for a war of endurance but for Blitzkrieg. Now they see that a brilliant chain of rapid victories has proved Dead Sea fruit, and they are invited to hold on grimly, not so much to achieve the victory which has eluded them as to avoid total destruction. There is a note of defeatism in this new Nazi propaganda line which should serve as a definite encouragement to our exponents of political warfare. The analogies between the situation at the dawn of 1918 and the present time are sufficiently striking to provide material for radio broadcasts designed to undermine German morale.

Probably the people of the Reich are rather better fed at the present time than they were in the winter of 1917-18, but they have clearly before their eyes signs that the economic machinery is running down. The worsening of the transport situation cannot be hidden, and the wastage of man-power in Russia is reflected in the increasing hordes of unwilling foreign workers.

And now, however much Goebbels may minimize the importance of the Mediterranean battles or attempt to depict Rommel's flight as a strategic victory, the Germans are aware that there is a second front in being which menaces the weakest flank of the Fortress of Europe. They must be reminded how, in 1918, while the main German armies were still intact and even winning victories in France, Allied pressure in Palestine, in Bulgaria, and in Italy was crumbling the resistance of their allies. These collapses in the rear, together with the deterioration of morale on the home front, were potent factors promoting defeatism among the soldiers in France.

It is good to remind the Germans of these things. But we must remind ourselves that the forces of attrition will only work on our side if they are assisted by a crescendo of military blows. Six months ago the cause of the United Nations was at its nadir. Rommel was at the gates of Egypt, the Nazis were advancing steadily toward their objectives in southern Russia, and the Japanese were consolidating their vast conquests. Today, at the start of a new year, the military picture is vastly brighter. Everywhere we and our allies have gained the initiative. On the long eastern front the Red Army is beating the same kind of tattoo against the weather-bound Germans that softened Ludendorff's defenses in France in the summer of 1918. In the dwindling corner of Africa that remains to the Axis, Americans, Britons, and Frenchmen are uniting to throw back the enemy across the Mediterranean. In the Pacific, if we have regained but little territory, we are waging a campaign that is compelling the Japanese to expend ships and planes at a faster rate than they can be replaced.

So we can look forward with some cheer to 1943. But we must remember that the final triumph in 1918 was

preceded by a year of bitter fighting, including one last desperate German offensive in France that came uncomfortably close to success. The possibilities of strategic action remaining open to Hitler are circumscribed, but he may still prove capable of striking an unexpected and dangerous blow. The best way to guard against such a contingency is unremitting pressure, and we hope that, before the year is very old, this will include the establishment of that third front in the west which Premier Churchill has forecast. Russian resilience combined with the African campaign has served to force the Axis on the defensive and to inculcate an undeniable mood of defeatism both in Germany and Italy. A powerful punch nearer to the enemy's heart might well serve to collapse the foundations of the Nazi regime and repeat in 1943 the story of 1918.

Ominous Parallel

SINCE *The Nation* first drew the attention of its readers to the civil war which is now going on in Yugoslavia, many new facts have come to light. At a later date we shall sum up this new evidence, but for the time being there is one aspect of the problem which seems more important than any other. It is now universally agreed that the U. S. S. R. is supporting, with propaganda and with arms, the intensely militant partisans. At the same time London and Washington are continuing to give both moral and practical aid to General Mihailovich.

In pointing out the grave dangers represented by this division we quote from two extraordinary and, to say the least, ominous articles that appeared in the *New York Times* of December 20 and 21. Harold Callender, who has lately seemed to echo the State Department view of things, writes that the dispute in Yugoslavia foreshadows what "will be the great diplomatic enigma that will hang over the efforts of peacemaking after this war—the question of long-term relations between Moscow" and the democratic powers. Citing diplomatic quarters as his source, he goes on to say: "Just as the civil war in Spain, which was in part an aggression by the Axis, proved a prelude and rehearsal for the World War of today, so the struggle in Yugoslavia seems to be a preface to the great unresolved conflict of the future." We hope we misunderstand Mr. Callender's words. We should like, indeed, to believe that his informants did not mean what he said. But the plain meaning of this comparison of the Spanish and Yugoslav civil wars as preludes to greater struggles is that someone in Washington is thinking in stage whispers about eventual war with Soviet Russia.

The rest of Mr. Callender's stories consists of an extremely adroit entry on the records. The partisan move-

ment in Yugoslavia was not of spontaneous origin, Mr. Callender says. Communists organized it after June, 1941, not for political ends but to step up the campaign against the Axis. This assertion, far different from the earlier charge that the partisans were criminals and bandits, is perhaps intended to soothe the Kremlin's feelings a little, but also to prepare public opinion for another unpleasant possibility. "In case our forces made an invasion through this region they would be embarrassed to choose local allies unless the two Yugoslav groups unite, for to line up with one group might incur the enmity of the other."

The dilemma which Mr. Callender hints at here will seem all the more sharp to those who have followed the recent propaganda efforts of the two groups. The Free Yugoslavia radio station, much quoted in Moscow, has just made the astonishing statement that Mihailovich has lost all power within Yugoslavia. The same station reports the formation of the first constituent assembly to be held on liberated soil. Since the task of a constituent assembly is either to govern or to draw up a constitution, a new government would appear to be coming into existence. We hardly need point out the tremendous difficulties such dual authority would present to the United Nations. Again we urge London and Washington and Moscow to intervene jointly and to seek a common solution to this problem. The partisans must be recognized. The royal government-in-exile should reform itself. But beyond all this the three great powers concerned must formulate provisional peace plans now. Whatever the statesmen may believe or want, the common people are not fighting this war as a prelude to "the great unresolved conflict of the future."

Back the Tolan Committee

WE HOPE that our readers will write to Speaker Rayburn of the House and to Minority Leader Martin demanding that the Tolan committee be given the funds it needs to continue its work. No other committee of Congress has done so much to help us understand the domestic problems created by the war as this Select Committee Investigating National Defense Migration; no other has thrown so much light on the measures necessary for total mobilization of man and machine-power. Had it not been for the hearings this House committee has been holding since the spring of 1941, we should know immeasurably less than we do about the war effort on the home front. The latest fruit of its work is the Tolan-Pepper-Kilgore bill for an Office of War Mobilization, and the support this measure has evoked is an indication of the respect the committee has won for itself in both houses of Congress.

The chairman of the committee is a Democrat, John

H. Tolan of California. The two other Democratic members are John J. Sparkman of Alabama and Laurence F. Arnold of Illinois. The two Republican members are Carl T. Curtis of Kansas and George H. Bender of Ohio. All deserve praise for the public-spirited, thoughtful, and non-partisan manner in which the committee has conducted itself. Special commendation is due the chairman for his progressive leadership, and the research staff of able young men and women under Robert K. Lamb. The constructive work accomplished by the Tolan committee is, among other things, the best answer to current attacks on Congress.

Progressive organizations and labor unions can find no better way to educate their members in the problems of the war effort than by circulating among them copies of the six reports so far made by the Tolan committee. We should have saved ourselves much trouble if we had paid more attention earlier to its findings and recommendations. The first report, issued in October, 1941, was the fruit of hearings in several rapidly expanding centers of war industry. It stressed the need for improving housing, health, education, and recreation for migrants; for minimizing migration by fuller utilization of local labor (through training programs and elimination of discriminatory practices); and for spreading defense work more widely. The committee warned that concentration of arms contracts was creating ghost towns as well as boom towns.

The committee's most noteworthy hearings were those it held immediately after Pearl Harbor, when it questioned Under Secretary of War Patterson, William S. Knudsen, and a panel of engineers made up of Morris Llewellyn Cooke, Alex Taub, Harlow S. Person, and S. T. Henry. The testimony of this panel is still the best guide we have to the basic problems of arms production. The result of the hearings was embodied in the committee's Second Interim Report, "Recommendations on Full Utilization of America's Industrial Capacity and Labor Supply in the War Effort." This report played a part both in the decision to shut down automobile production for the duration and in the establishment of the War Production Board. The problems of small business and the need for utilizing it more fully in the war program were emphasized in the third report. The fourth, a study of the evacuation of the Japanese from the West Coast, warned against a similar evacuation of German and Italian aliens from the East Coast by military authorities. The Attorney General's recent order removing the label of enemy alien from 600,000 Italians was in line with the committee's recommendations.

Both the committee's fifth report, issued in August, and its better-known sixth report of last October dealt with the problems of man-power, production scheduling, materials control, and better labor utilization. Its findings and recommendations in these reports have been of

the greatest value to members of Congress, public officials, business men, and the press in helping them to understand current war-production difficulties. The few thousand dollars the committee has spent is very little considering the economies and increased efficiency it has

helped to bring about in the handling of the war effort. *The Nation* appeals to both parties to make the Toland committee a standing committee in the House for the duration, as a means of keeping Congress and the country informed of the progress on the home front.

Prospects for the New Year

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, December 27

SOUNDINGS here and in the Middle West during recent weeks indicate the danger of serious domestic conflicts in our country during 1943. These would amply compensate the Nazis for our presence in North Africa and our increased military strength. Developments on the American domestic front might make it possible for the Nazis or their German successors to emerge from the war via a negotiated peace with much of their territorial and economic loot intact. This suggestion may seem far-fetched, if not fantastic, to those who mistake first successes on the periphery of the new German and Japanese empires for decisive military victories. But they will be considered seriously by those who try not to underestimate Hitler, who do not fall into the error of imagining that there will be no more surprises in this war, and who understand the supreme importance of the political factor in its development.

The points of danger are these: Too many industrialists still hate Mr. Roosevelt much more than they do Hitler, if it can be said that they hate Hitler at all. Their state of mind might be described by saying that while they don't mind fighting the Japs, they are not particularly interested in fighting the Nazis. This is certainly true of many in top management in Detroit, and there are others like them elsewhere. These men feel that they have Mr. Roosevelt on the run at last, that the time has arrived to smash the New Deal and the labor movement. Basically, they are more interested in fighting this battle on the domestic front to a victorious conclusion than in the war itself. Just as they turned 1941, which should have been a year of all-out preparation, into a year of business as usual, so they intend to turn 1943, which should be the year of an all-out offensive, into a year of politics as usual.

These forces have an instrument made to order in the new Congress. Their purposes are better served by the nominal but precarious Democratic majority than they would have been by a Republican Congress. A Republican Congress would have forced right-wing Democrats to follow the President's leadership; a nominally Democratic but anti-New Deal majority will force the President

to follow or anticipate the wishes of the right-wing Democrats if he wants to get anything through Congress at all. It is more convenient for the Republican Party to have New Deal legislation repealed or amended by a bipartisan conservative coalition than to face the 1944 elections with full responsibility on its own shoulders. A Republican Congress would have clarified the issues and simplified the tasks of the President. The need for keeping the Democratic majority together in this Congress, on the other hand, entails new compromises, which in turn further compromise the President in the eyes of the people.

To set this new Congress in motion on the task of dismantling some of the New Deal reforms—to get rid of all of them by frontal attack is hopeless—something like a "Reichstag fire" is required, some sensational outbreak that can be used to inflame the public against labor. A succession of provocations, for example, in a great war-production center like Detroit would make it more and more difficult for labor leadership to prevent strikes. It would tend to drive a wedge between the turbulent rank and file and the harassed leadership, and at the proper time a wave of strikes would provide the necessary basis for a new and successful legislative attack on labor. If this went to the extent of forcing the government to call out troops, it would further separate the Administration from the workers and add to the demoralization of the labor movement. In a situation of that kind the President would become completely the prisoner of the anti-New Deal forces. Just such a situation is feared by labor leadership in the Detroit area and is apparently being fomented by the attitude of management toward grievances in the plants of General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler.

In this coalition of reactionary elements in big business and in both parties in Congress a small but dangerous fascist-minded and pro-Nazi minority is skillfully manipulating a larger mass that is conscious of no unpatriotic or defeatist purpose. Just how bold and confident this minority has become may be seen from the threats in Congress to investigate the Department of Justice for its recent indictment of seditionists linked with the America First Committee. This minority and the copperhead press

may be expected to go beyond a mere anti-New Deal program into a sphere of action openly encouraging to pro-Axis forces. Their plans will be helped by the fact that this year the war will really begin to be felt on the home front in the form of greater sacrifices for civilians and diminishing profits for industrialists.

Instead of waiting for the coming Congressional attack and then being forced to retreat, the President has already chosen a policy of orderly withdrawal to prepared defensive positions. From Mr. Roosevelt's point of view, 1944 is more important than 1943. He may figure that it is best to let the opposition lunge forward and be thrown off balance by the absence of an expected head-on collision with the Administration; to let it reveal its strength and perhaps to overreach itself and evoke a reaction. The President is a resourceful man and will keep his political powder dry until he gets closer to the next election. The possibility of a successful appeal to the people may be enhanced after they have got a full taste of the anti-New Deal coalition in action. It will be interesting to see how far the President goes in the direc-

tion of an "American Beveridge plan" in his message to the new Congress. Just as surely as he is now casting about for a new and electrifying idea with which to appeal to the aspirations of common men everywhere, it is certain that he will hold back the complete details of his new program until the psychological moment in 1944. This, the President feels, is the time for a Byrnes. There will be time for a Wallace, too. But later.

What forces can be set in motion to help the President? Measures must be taken to keep the copperheads on the defensive. There are Congressional committees dominated either by New Dealers or by a coalition of New Dealers and conservative Republicans—as the Truman committee—united by a common desire for an all-out effort. It would do a great deal of good, for example, to throw the spotlight of a Senate inquiry on the festering sores in the Detroit area. There is real need for a new mass organization in which patriotic Americans of both left and right could unite for action on the great problems of the war.

The home front will be the dangerous front in 1943.

The Jews of Europe

I. THE REMNANTS OF A PEOPLE

BY PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

THREE considerations prompt the writing of these articles. First, there is the hope to impress on the conscience of free men the vastness and the ghastliness of the Jewish tragedy in Europe. If they will realize that the Jews are the worst victims of this war, if they will understand that life or death is at stake for this whole people, then perhaps when occasions arise to help, whether through international political action or the giving of relief or the temporary relaxation of immigration restrictions, their decisions may be influenced by compassion, not by self-interest alone.

Second, it is imperative to perceive that what is happening to the Jews is but the foreshadowing of the fate of other peoples under Nazi rule. It has been the strange role of this unhappy people to mirror in its life the destiny of mankind. The oppression of the Jew has been the symptom of decay; it has led inexorably to tyranny, war, and collapse. In their early attacks upon the Jews, the Nazis revealed the pattern of their treacherous and ruthless assault upon the whole Western world. And now in their mass slaughter of Jews they demonstrate what is in store for other peoples as frustration further embitters their mean spirits in the fourth year of war. What we can do to prevent this is still unclear.

Finally, there is the desire that men of vision should at last realize that the solution of the Jewish problem in Europe is not the concern alone of the Jews or of the Christian conscience. Tough-minded statesmen must understand that the future peace of the world is bound up with it. For centuries the Jews have been the scapegoats for Europe's frustrations. They have been the easy prey of ruling classes under attack, of rulers defeated in war, of impoverished, embittered masses. They have been an ever-present temptation to demagogues in quest of power. Unwittingly, they were an obstacle to the genuine solution of Europe's problems; it was easier to attack the Jews than the basic causes of those problems. "Anti-Semitism is the socialism of fools," said a wise German leader. Attacks upon the Jews and their expulsion from various countries have been an unsettling force in Europe. A peace treaty which does not include provisions for solving the Jewish problem will be incomplete. A normal secure status for the Jews of Europe is a prerequisite for the establishment of the Four Freedoms for mankind.

In this series of articles I propose first to state the facts, then to discuss the possibilities for help in the near future, and finally to consider the long-range solution

of the problem. What are the facts? Here will be presented only such evidence as has been authenticated by our own State Department, by responsible heads of governments-in-exile, by established Jewish agencies functioning in Europe, by trusted eyewitnesses who have escaped from Hitlerite persecution, by letters from known persons in Europe sent to known persons and organizations in this country, and by official statements of the Nazis themselves. The picture is not complete; it will never be. Innumerable Jews have perished without record, as though swallowed up by the earth. Thousands of young Jewish children will never know who their parents were, and tens of thousands of Jewish mothers and fathers will never know what became of their children. The report at this moment takes on a fragmentary character. The gaps cannot be filled until the war is ended. But the main outlines are stark clear. They reveal the most horrible suffering of this war and the most frightful desolation in all Jewish history.

The tragedy of the Jews in this war is unique. Other peoples are suffering keenly under the savage assault of Hitler's forces, but they suffer as enemies of the Nazis in the ravages of war. Hitler promises to make peace with them in his new order, even though their role in that order may be an inferior one. But with the Jews there is to be no peace. They are being slaughtered in cold blood wherever the Nazis can lay hands upon them. Hitler's henchmen are swiftly executing his threat of January 30, 1939, that this war would result in "the annihilation of the Jewish race in Europe."

This extermination was initiated in Germany itself. There were 600,000 Jews in that country when Hitler came to power. By 1939 oppression and forced migration had reduced the number to 200,000. Today there are only 40,000 elderly, weakened Jews in Germany, who cannot long survive. Their death rate is five times that of the rest of the German civilian population. Since the beginning of the war more than 100,000 Jews have perished in Germany through pogroms, suicides, exposure, privation, and expulsion. An authenticated letter dated April 8, 1942, from a responsible person in Germany vividly describes what has happened:

Since the outbreak of the war between Germany and the United States, the vilest crimes against Jews have been perpetrated. They are being deported to unknown destinations. Many have already committed suicide—about 1,200 to date. You can readily understand the attitude of these hopeless creatures who prefer immediate death to being killed by slow torture. The first transports of Jews sent to Litzmannstadt (formerly Lodz), each one consisting of 1,500 souls, have not been heard from in five months, doubtless because the area is infested with epidemics. The people are dying like flies. . . . The transport which left on January 25 surpassed all previous transports for the bestial treatment accorded the Jews. One thousand human beings,

among them children, were crowded into cattle trains in freezing weather. . . . These human beings were locked in the cattle trains for eight weeks, and not a single one remained alive. . . . These people died miserably from hunger and cold.

This program of mass expulsion has completely wiped out the Jewish population of many German cities. Even the tombstones have been torn from the earth. The Nazis have systematically set out to destroy every physical evidence of the organic connections of the Jew with German history.

The defeats in Russia and the bombings of Germany have intensified Nazi anti-Semitism. Howard Smith in "Last Train from Berlin" reports how the Nazis have diverted the sense of frustration and the rising wrath of the German masses to the traditional scapegoat—the Jews. On June 12 of this year Propaganda Minister Goebbels wrote in *Das Reich* that the Jews would "atone" for the R. A. F. bombings of Cologne and other German cities "with the extermination of their race in all Europe, and perhaps even beyond Europe." Immediately after the first R. A. F. attacks on Cologne, 258 Jews were arrested in Berlin. They were marched to the Gross Lichtenfelde barracks and shot in the presence of photographers and reporters. This "reprisal" was widely publicized.

The most important Nazi leaders openly advocate the annihilation of the Jews. In the speech delivered in Munich on November 8 Hitler reminded the Jews that once they had laughed at his threat of extermination. But now, he boasted, "countless numbers of those who laughed then are no longer laughing." It was a certain Hermann Backe who last summer presented to Hitler a diabolical plan for the mass destruction of the Jews which has since been adopted. Until now the Jews have received approximately half as much food as the Poles, who have received only half as much as the Germans. Herr Backe, the New York *Times* reported on December 8, has now been appointed Food Minister of Germany, and as such he will possess absolute authority to starve those Jews who escape violent death. The Nazis have found a typical rationalization for these murders. Writes Karl Rudolf Werner Best, chief jurist of the Gestapo, "History teaches that the annihilation of an alien people is not contrary to the laws of life, providing the annihilation is complete."

It is in Poland that the Nazis have given the fullest implementation to their policy. Perhaps this is because of Hitler's special venom for Polish Jews as revealed in "Mein Kampf," or because Poland is near the eastern front, where the impact of war has obliterated such civilian restraints as still obtain inside Germany. Conditions seemed frightful in Poland even last summer. Driven from their homes, denied normal means of subsistence, Jews huddled in ghettos, half-starved, perishing from epidemics, living in hourly terror of reprisals for Nazi

setbacks. Their able-bodied men were forced into slave labor. Their synagogues were burned. They were, they felt, at the bottom of the pit.

But something was happening which even they, injured to suffering, could not believe. It was heralded by the suicide of Adam Czerniakow, the full import of which was not immediately understood. This distinguished Jewish leader had been burgomaster of the Warsaw ghetto since its establishment. In the most trying circumstances—he was severely beaten by the Nazis on several occasions—he conducted himself with dignity and courage. Although he carried a vial of poison with him at all times, he never lost hope. Moved by an inescapable sense of duty, he went about his business of rebuilding Jewish community life and relieving distress wherever possible. Then one day in August it was announced that Adam Czerniakow had taken his life. This was not like the man whose sense of responsibility alone would have sustained him. But it was his sense of responsibility which undid him. For the Nazis had demanded, it was revealed, a list of 100,000 Jews to be deported to "an undetermined place." He refused—to the point of death. His motive subsequently became clear. The Nazis had begun their systematic slaughter. Czer-

niakow was being requested, in effect, to provide the victims. He chose, rather, death for himself.

But this did not modify Nazi relentlessness. They unleashed a program of mass murder of civilians which has no parallel in recorded history. Deputy Prime Minister Mikolajczvk, head of the Polish National Council, now in London, reported concerning this phase:

In the Warsaw ghetto, behind walls cutting them off from the world, hundreds of thousands of doomed are awaiting death. No hope of rescue exists for them. . . . On the pavements lie unburied bodies. Daily a prescribed number of victims amounts from eight to ten thousand. . . . Children who cannot walk by themselves are put into trucks. This is carried out in such a brutal manner that very few reach the ramparts alive. Mothers go mad watching this. At the ramparts railway cars wait. People are packed so tightly that those who die cannot fall but remain standing side by side with those still living or dying slowly from fumes of lime and chlorine, from being deprived of air, water, and food. . . . Wherever and whenever death trains arrive they contain only corpses. . . . What has been going on in the Warsaw ghetto has been going on in hundreds of the larger and smaller Polish places. . . . All are perishing.



"HOW HARD FOR US POOR
PEOPLE OF DUSSELDORF—"
"—AND OF WARSAW, ROTTERDAM,
BELGRADE, COVENTRY....."

BEGINNINGS OF FELLOW-FEELING

Cold statistics testify to the effectiveness of this pogrom. In March, 1942, 433,000 ration cards were issued to the Jews of Warsaw. Seven months later only 40,000 were printed!

Recent official confirmation of this slaughter appears in the joint declaration of the United Nations issued on December 19:

In Poland, which has been made the principal Nazi slaughterhouse, the ghettos established by the German invader are being systematically emptied of all Jews except a few highly skilled workers required for war industries. None of those taken away is ever heard of again. The able-bodied are slowly worked to death in labor camps. The infirm are left to die of starvation and exposure or are deliberately massacred in mass executions. The number of victims of these bloody cruelties is reckoned in many hundreds of thousands of entirely innocent men, women, and children.

The same official declaration reported the fate of the Jews in other European countries: "In Yugoslavia 99 per cent of the country's Jews and those who had taken refuge there from other countries are now dead." In Slovakia "65,000 Jewish men, women, and children were deported to Polish ghettos, and the deportation of the remaining 20,000 is imminent."

Equally authentic reports indicate that not more than 270,000 Jews are left of the 900,000 who lived in Rumania proper in 1939. Of the 185,000 deported to the prison camps at Transistria, some 75,000 have perished. Fewer than 10,000 Jews remain in Belgium of the 85,000 who lived there in 1940.

The assault upon the Jews goes beyond the destruction of human lives. Nearly every synagogue on the European continent has been bombed, burned, or converted to some vulgar purpose, such as a latrine or a stable. The sacred scrolls of the law have been desecrated, and public worship forbidden. Except for those who escaped early, the leading rabbis have been imprisoned or murdered. The great centers of Jewish culture have been completely obliterated. Vilna, the "Jerusalem of Lithuania," was for centuries a fountainhead of spirituality and learning. In October, 1942, the Nazis announced gleefully that Vilna was *Judenrein*. Gura Kalwaria near Warsaw was a center of Jewish mysticism, Hasidism. The Nazis bombed it out of existence. Since the pogrom of 1903, Kishineff in Bessarabia had been a hallowed Jewish community. Now, the Nazis boast, no Jew is left in the city. No one can yet measure the meaning of such losses, for these communities sustained Israel with faith and hope and enriched the totality of man's spiritual life.

Nor can we yet measure the damage done by the Nazis to the position of the Jews in the world. By the most unscrupulous and efficient propaganda in history they have made the word "Jew" a stigma, not a name. In a decade

they have wiped out the gains of 150 years of emancipation. To this melancholy fact France gives eloquent testimony. The Jews of revolutionary France were the first in Europe to win full civil rights. And now a French government under Nazi control has withdrawn those rights and reduced them to their medieval status. Even if defeated the Nazis will have made it very difficult for the Jews to achieve security in Europe. For they have accustomed the nations to a lowered status for the Jews; at best they have made the rights of Jews again a debatable question in the world.

This account would be incomplete without some reference to the reactions of Jews and Christians in Europe to these frightful events. Among Jews, there are terror, numb despair, and a bitter struggle for survival. But there are also courage, dignity, and determination. Reports emerge of a vigorous communal life organized in the ghettos. A letter comes from a man about to die at the hands of the Nazis: "The greatest trial has now arrived. When you receive these lines I shall be no more. I ask only one thing, that you be stronger than ever." Dr. Leo Baeck, Germany's leading rabbi, who might have fled but chose to remain at his post so long as there were any Jews left in Germany, offered this prayer at Rosh Hashanah: "We bow our heads before God, and remain upright and erect before man. We know our way and we see the road to our goal. . . . Therefore, let us throw back the insult, evil, and malice aimed against us." For this, of course, he was again arrested.

European Christendom, at first confused and silent before the Nazi assault, has more recently reasserted its righteous indignation and its humanity. In the Catholic denunciations of the expulsion of French Jews and the shielding of Jewish children by the Paris police, in the Dutch Protestants' voluntary wearing of the yellow badge of David and the conduct of German men and women who quietly take their places in shopping lines with Jews—in these countless acts, great and small, are found the reaffirmation of Christian principles and the promise of better days to come. It is precisely because Hitler knows that the Christians of Europe would rebel against his monumental inhumanity that he finds it necessary to move the Jews to eastern wastelands for execution.

What a pity that this reaction comes so late! A clearer perception ten years ago of the meaning and intent of Hitlerism might have spared the world this holocaust. As Cauchon asks in Shaw's "St. Joan," "Must then a Christ perish in torment in every age to save those that have no imagination?"

[This is the first of three articles on the position of European Jewry. Dr. Bernstein's second article, to appear next week, will discuss what may be done to help Hitler's Jewish victims now and immediately after the end of the war.]

Castillo Is Not Argentina

BY MANUEL SEOANE

Santiago, Chile, December 5

DURING my recent trip to the United States I met dozens of people who criticized Argentina for not having broken off relations with the Axis. Some of them believed that Argentina was pro-fascist, others that it aspired to be the great imperialist power of the South. Some told me that the Argentines were proud and nationalistic and that they should be dealt with more firmly. Others said they were people who hated the United States. Very few of them knew the real story.

The Argentines are, in general, a peace-loving, democratic nation; they may be divided into a large working class and a middle class inclined to liberalism. Politically, they are in strange contradiction to their government, which is pro-fascist and came into power in the first place through fraudulent elections. It would thus be a serious mistake to judge the country by its present President. Castillo is a reactionary politician, put into power and supported by a minority of two thousand land-owning families who are in a constant fear of democracy, socialism, or any kind of freedom for the Argentine people.

You will ask why the Argentine people have not demanded the resignation of President Castillo. The best answer I can give is to cite the Spanish civil war. That, too, was a struggle between a fascist minority—a very strong one—and a democratic majority of the people, who were unorganized.

Certain factors greatly facilitate Castillo's execution of a policy of "prudent neutrality." The most important of these is his country's position as one of the major producers of meat and grain in the world. More than half its annual production normally goes to Europe. In 1939, when conditions were still almost normal, Argentina exported 36 per cent of its wheat and meat to England, 12 per cent to Germany, and 6 per cent to France, a total of 54 per cent. In the same year the United States took only 12 per cent of Argentina's exports. Castillo and the people he represents think first of Europe, which they consider a permanent market for their products; inter-American solidarity is but a vague second thought. They do not ask themselves who will win the war but who will be the dominant power in Europe.

Argentine exports did not substantially diminish after the outbreak of the war, except those to Germany. In 1939 Great Britain took 564,000,000 pesos' worth of Argentine exports; in 1940, 544,000,000 pesos' worth.

In 1939 France's purchases were worth 76,000,000 pesos, and in 1940, 82,000,000.

With so heavy a stake in foreign trade, Castillo is in continuous dread of German submarines. Argentina owns some two dozen merchant ships that ply between Buenos Aires and the United States or between Buenos Aires and those European zones still open to non-belligerents, mainly Spain and Portugal. These ships are the only means of alleviating the congestion on the docks of Buenos Aires, Rosario, and Bahía Blanca, where great stocks of meat and grain are piling up. So far, only two or three Argentine ships have been torpedoed by German submarines, according to Castillo, who, playing right into the hands of the Axis propagandists, contends that if Argentina broke off relations with Germany, Italy, and Japan, the two dozen merchant ships would be sunk or would have to remain in port.

But internal politics are the real cause of Argentina's "prudent neutrality." Castillo is pro-fascist and anti-democratic because the triumph of democracy in the world would inconvenience him and his regime. Castillo is president of Argentina by accident. He succeeded Roberto M. Ortiz, a former radical who, after gaining office by the fraud that has obtained in every Argentine election since 1932, turned against his new backers and reestablished free elections. The accident was Ortiz's illness in 1940. At first Acting President, Castillo succeeded to the Presidency on the death of Ortiz and began immediately to undo all the good his predecessor had accomplished. He now governs Argentina as a dictator, resolved to remain in power at any cost, and he is well aware that if the Axis loses, he will be swept from the Casa Rosada in Buenos Aires. Thus his political, personal, and group interests coincide with those of the fascists. On the other hand, the political interests of Castillo's opposition, which unquestionably comprises the majority of the nation, lie with the United Nations.

Which of these groups represents the true Argentina? It will be well to remember that of the three great Argentine political parties, two are pro-United Nations and the third is divided between neutrals and those who want relations with the Axis broken off. The most powerful of the three is the Radical Party, which controls 60 per cent of the votes. The death of its two leaders, Irigoyen and Alvear, and its prolonged persecution at the hands of the government have brought it now to a crisis. But its principles are democratic, and its representatives in the Chamber are fervent anti-fascists. The Socialist Party,

which receives 15 per cent of the electoral vote, is definitely for breaking with the Axis. In the Conservative Party, which controls 20 per cent of the voters, there is pro-Allied sentiment, but it is repressed by powerful elements favoring neutrality.

The Chamber of Deputies, where Radicals and Socialists form the absolute majority, has asked the government on three different occasions to break off diplomatic relations with the Axis. It also ordered the investigation of Nazi activities by a special commission presided over by the young Radical Raúl Damonte Taborda. In October, 1942, the Radical deputies publicly accused Castillo's Minister of Foreign Affairs of not paying any attention to the Axis spy ring.

The Argentine press, one of the best in the world, is strongly pro-United Nations, in agreement with the majority of its readers. All the major cultural organizations, workers' syndicates, and student groups, have expressed democratic views. An important mass-meeting that received little attention in the United States press was held in Buenos Aires on September 20 to ask that relations with the Axis be broken. The five speakers who addressed the gathering were all ex-ministers of the republic: namely, Carlos Saavedra Lamas, a Conservative and winner of the Nobel peace prize in 1936; Julio Roca, also a Conservative and an ex-Vice-President; and the Radicals Jacinto Bioy, Tomás Lebreton, and Honorio Pueyrredón. Mass support of the United Nations has also taken a practical form. A Buenos Aires committee has already collected more than three million dollars, which has paid for sending four boatloads of food to Russia, three to England, and one to China, in the name of the Argentine democrats.

The presidential elections of 1944 offer the progressives their first opportunity to get rid of Castillo. Each group has already begun its political maneuvering. The Conservatives vacillate between the president of the Senate, Robustiano Patrón Costas, and the Minister of Instruction, Gustavo Rothe, who is of German descent and the "man behind Castillo." On the surface both are for "neutrality," but in practice they are pro-fascist. The Radicals are having a moment of confusion. No one man has come out of their ranks capable of succeeding Irigoyen or Alvear. The man who seemed best fitted to lead them, the ex-Governor of Córdoba, Sabattini, is now neutral because his leader, Irigoyen, was neutral in the last great war. Sabattini may therefore be discarded. Damonte Taborda is strongly pro-Ally but extremely young.

In the confusion a powerful presidential possibility has arisen in the person of General Agustín P. Justo, another ex-Radical, who attained the Presidency in the sham election of 1932. Justo wants the people to forget his old sins and take him again to their hearts. Knowing their sentiments, he has declared himself in

favor of the democracies and of breaking with the Axis, and has offered his sword to the Brazilian government. He has a large following in that half of the Conservative Party that sympathizes with the United Nations. But Justo wants the support of the Radicals, who have no good presidential candidate of their own. Rebuilding his old ties, he has persuaded the delegations from Mendoza and Santa Fe to propose him indirectly as a candidate, and each day he spreads his snares farther among those he persecuted in 1932.

The Socialists also favor Justo, since they know they have no chance at all of electing their own candidate. They would like a platform of National Union identified with a man like the ex-Minister Pinedo, who upon his return from a visit to the United States said the two countries should act in accord. But they know that this is theory, and that in practice Justo, at the head of a democratic coalition pledged to break relations with the Axis, would be virtually invincible.

Though Castillo might defeat a Radical candidate in civilian dress, or a Socialist candidate, he would find it much harder to win against an ex-President of the republic who is in addition a general in the army, with friends in the armed forces and in the ranks of the Conservatives. The battle between Justo and Castillo has now begun. When General Tonnazzi, a friend of Justo's, resigned recently as Minister of War, Castillo may have been sounding out the military element. Slowly and surely Justo is driving in his rivets, trying to convince all groups that he is the candidate with the best chance of success.

Should Justo become President, Argentina's break with the Axis would be a certainty. And since Argentina's moral influence is very great throughout the continent, the break would have tremendous repercussions. It is well to remember that it was the Argentine armies, with San Martín at their head, that helped to bring freedom to Chile and Peru in the nineteenth century. It was an Argentine statesman, Drago, who, when a European fleet was threatening Venezuela, established the doctrine that debts cannot be collected by compulsion. The classical Argentine writers—Sarmiento, Mitre, Alberdi—are beloved in all our countries. It is a mistake to think that Brazil could supplant Argentina in its progressive role. Brazil has a different language, and its history has never been joined with ours. Argentina's press and radio cover the entire continent. Its tango and its movies are popular everywhere. Only Mexico exercises a similar dominating influence.

We Latin Americans do not want to see Argentina isolated; it is too much a part of our own physical and spiritual body. We do not want to see it threatened, for we cannot envision a solidarity based on threats or fear. We want Argentina on our side, pro-democratic and anti-fascist, as it really is.



THE GERMAN ARMY MOBILIZED



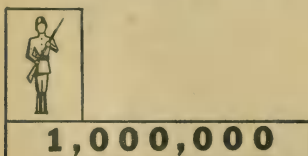
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HAVE BEEN CASUALTIES OR PRISONERS



ARE BELIEVED TO BE EMPLOYED IN GERMANY AS GARRISON TROOPS OR SECURITY POLICE



MUST BE KEPT IN OCCUPIED OR SATELLITE EUROPE AND IN AFRICA

THEREFORE ONLY



SHOULD BE AVAILABLE TO MAN THE VAST RUSSIAN FRONT

BUT,

HALF OF THESE

ARE NEEDED TO GUARD THE REAR AND MAN COMMUNICATION LINES

Franz Boas

BY RUTH BENEDICT

FRANZ BOAS was a great scientist. Though he lived fifty-six years of his life in America, no one who knew him would think of speaking of him merely as a great American scientist. He was born in Germany of Jewish parents and was educated in Germany; he passed his adult life in America; but as an anthropologist he took the world for his province. A man of passionate loyalty to both Germany and the United States, he believed that the best good of any country can be attained only through the well-being of all countries. A scientist of immense learning, he probably knew better than any other man the differences among peoples; yet he was convinced that these differences needed only open-eyed and intelligent understanding to become the basis of world cooperation and fair dealing.

Franz Boas brought to the social sciences from his early training in physics and mathematics a mind sensitive to the necessity of framing scientific questions so that they could be answered by investigation. He brought also a conviction that most problems needed new, first-hand investigation and could not be answered by mere examination of existing knowledge. By pressing forward in the social sciences on the basis of these two rules, he laid the foundations of modern anthropology and was himself responsible for many of its greatest achievements. As a scientist he labored indefatigably and his integrity was unquestioned.

It was as a scientist, too, that he took up heavy responsibilities in the world outside the classroom. He never understood how it was possible to keep one's scientific knowledge from influencing one's attitudes and actions in the world of affairs. What he had learned by patient investigation and impersonal research helped him to make up his mind on the questions of the day; and for him it was as much a part of his scientific responsibility to make the application as to publish the detailed research. He collected and analyzed masses of data on the physical anthropology of primitive peoples and of New York City children, but that did not absolve him from condemning publicly the "Nordic nonsense" of Nazi Aryan theories and of race prejudice in the United States. His tireless investigation and recording of the ideas and acts of the Kwakiutl impressed upon him how many different patterns of living can command deep loyalty and enthusiasm from peoples brought up in them. All his studies of other cultures reinforced his conviction that cultural differences are vital and valuable. He believed the world must be made safe for differences.

He spoke out therefore against all efforts by Americans to set themselves up as arbiters of the world. In 1916, when the emotions of the war were running high, he rebuked the American who "claims that the form of his own government is the best, not for himself only, but also for the rest of mankind; that his interpretation of ethics, of religion, of standards of living is right." Such an American, he said, is mistakenly "inclined to assume the role of a dispenser of happiness to mankind" and to overlook the fact "that others may abhor where we worship." "I see no reason why we should not allow the Germans, Austrians, and Russians, or whoever else it may be, to solve their problems in their own ways instead of demanding that they bestow upon themselves the benefactions of our regime."

He made only one condition: "so long as any nation respects the individuality of other nations." A lack of such respect, whether it was shown by the degradation of a people to peonage or wage slavery, or by the humiliation of national groups, or by the arrogance of race prejudice, Boas believed to be a creeping sore that must be healed or it would infect and destroy the whole body politic. In his diagnosis, it was the cause of our ills today; rather than nationalism or capitalism or militarism as such, it was the object of his attack. He believed in the innate dignity of individual men and of groups of men, and he believed that this dignity could be realized when they were not humiliated and pushed about. "I can imagine myself much more at home in a company of sympathetic Chinese, Malays, Negroes, and whites who have interests and ideals in common than in a bigoted or presumptuous company of whites."

As an anthropologist he knew, too, that a fundamental attitude of respect for others is not simply a matter of individual ideals. Under certain arrangements of the social order respect for others cannot become general. He fought therefore against all "laws which favor the members of one nation at the expense of all other members of mankind"—though, as he said, "the very respect I have for the individuality of each nation implies that each has the right to maintain its individuality if it seems threatened by the course of human migration." He fought against all abrogation of civil liberties. He fought against all the conditions in our schools which limit intellectual freedom. Forty years ago he was working to further cultural understanding between the United States and the Far East, between the United States and Latin America. It seemed to him that ignorance of the way of life in

other countries was breeding an indifference and callousness among nations which were becoming increasingly threatening as, with modern inventions and modern commerce, the world shrank to smaller and smaller dimensions.

He planned, back in 1902, a school for the study of the cultures of the Far East, a school which should not only conduct research but disseminate information about Asiatic peoples. "Our opportunities in the Far East," he said at that time, "will not become evident to us until we know what we have that is of value to the people in the Orient, and until we learn that they too have accomplished work which may become of value to us." To support the undertaking, he gathered together a group of men among whom were Jacob H. Schiff and Clarence H. Mackay. One anthropologist, the late Berthold Laufer, was sent to China for several years. But America was not yet ready to maintain such an institution as Franz Boas had hoped for. Unfortunately, the funds were not forthcoming.

In 1908 he tried to organize a center for pan-American cultural cooperation and research, the International School of Mexico. He raised money for it personally and spent a year teaching and doing research under its aegis. But again, the decade was not ready to support a center with this comprehensive scope. A week before he died he spoke of the failure of these attempts to further international cultural understanding. "Some things have been done," he said, "but we are handicapped because they are done so late."

The striking of the eleventh hour, however, was to him no reason for giving up the fight. In these last years he has been proud that his letters and articles were used by the underground in Germany, and he has never been too busy or too weak to help with his counsel. He had faith that among the generation now over forty in Germany there were many who were still democrats at heart, and with these he believed the United Nations could cooperate after the war. But he saw that it was necessary to keep in touch with them, and to let them know that they have strong comrades outside of Nazi Germany.

Throughout a long life Franz Boas kept faith with his ideals. He had an incomparable right to the title of elder statesman in science; yet he evoked more enthusiasm from the younger generation than from those closer to him in years. At eighty-four he had not sold out, or stultified himself, or locked himself in a dogmatic cage. He had set a standard of intensive scientific work in all fields of anthropology which no student could hope to match. After his retirement as head of the Department of Anthropology at Columbia University in 1936 he only felt himself freer to work to preserve those ideals for which we are fighting today. He was a great man, and at this moment we have need of such as he.

In the Wind

REPUBLICAN LEADERS in Congress may vote against a continuation of the Dies committee. They are reported to feel that a committee headed by one of their own party members could serve a more useful purpose in the 1944 elections.

THE POLITICAL DEMAGOGY in Archduke Otto's attempts to assume the leadership of Austrians in this country emerges, according to a group of Austrian liberals, in the recruiting literature of Otto's Military Committee. A letter recently mailed from the committee's headquarters says that "volunteers, *whether ultimately accepted or not*, will receive free of charge a badge of honor which will mark them before the whole world as Austrian volunteers and as loyal fighters for liberty and democracy" (*italics ours*).

CONSTRUCTION WORK on army camps in this country is reliably reported to be at a virtual standstill. From now on much of the pre-combat training of American troops will be done at our overseas bases.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, makers of Lucky Strike cigarettes, is advertising in Oregon and other Northwestern states a pipe tobacco called "Nigger Head." A number of Negro organizations are urging that protests be made to the company.

DR. J. FRANK NORRIS, a Detroit Baptist clergyman, recently delivered a sermon advertised in the newspapers under the title: "The Bureaucratic Price Fixing—the Mark of the Beast, One of the Sure Signs of the End of All Things and the Coming of Christ."

BECAUSE CERTAIN CHEMICALS used in munitions plants are injurious to the skin, British women workers in many plants are required to protect their faces with cosmetics. An inspection is held before every shift to determine whether they have enough make-up on. The cosmetics are supplied free by the government.

MRS. ROOSEVELT is still being plagued by the "Eleanor Club" stories, which she believes were started by Nazi agents. A current version has it that she constantly harasses Washington hotel-keepers by phoning to reserve rooms for Negroes.

NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS are still worried by one aspect of the recent drivers' strike. Several advertisers went on the radio while the papers were not being delivered and may continue to advertise through that medium.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

How to Speak to Japan

BY SELDEN C. MENEFEE

FROM the point of view of our experts on psychological warfare General Hideki Tojo's empire is by far the hardest nut to crack of all the Axis countries. The Japanese people are almost completely isolated from the outside world, both physically and psychologically.

Our first problem, then, is to make ourselves heard in Japan. Until we do this, the best propaganda in the world will have little or no effect there. At present we are beaming daily short-wave radio programs of news and commentaries to Japan. Two San Francisco transmitters are used for these broadcasts—KKEL, the 50-kilowatt station formerly run by General Electric, and KWID, a new station using 100 kilowatts. Our signal comes in strongly in most of eastern Asia. The trouble is that all of the nearly four million pre-war licensed radio receivers in Japan were built for medium-wave reception only, according to figures in the latest available "Japan-Manchoukuo Yearbook."

The Japanese have put some of their domestic programs on short-wave frequencies, indicating the existence of at least a few short-wave sets in outlying parts of the empire or among overseas troops. But in Japan proper our audience is probably limited to government monitors and a handful of private individuals who listen covertly by means of illegal short-wave sets. Consequently our present efforts are little more than exercises looking toward future propaganda warfare if and when conditions permit.

Japan's large medium-wave audience, however, could be reached from transmitters located at roughly the same distance from Japan as the points from which long-range bombing of the islands could be carried out. Vladivostok, which is only 800 miles from Japan's principal cities, would be an ideal location for a transmitter. It cannot be used now for obvious diplomatic reasons. Eastern China would be next best, and powerful medium-wave broadcasts from the outer Aleutians could be heard by at least some Japanese. Yet after a full year of war, so far as is known, we are still without an effective propaganda channel into Japan.

Ambassador Grew has pointed out that we could hardly expect to crack Japanese morale by propaganda alone, even if we were able to reach the radios of Japan. The people have been too long indoctrinated exclusively with the nationalistic precepts of Shinto and the whole *Kokutai* theology to be readily receptive to our message. Furthermore, as long as Japan is winning the war the

effect of its victories will outweigh anything we can say on the radio. But if we could reach even a few thousand listeners in Japan proper we could lay the groundwork for an all-out propaganda offensive later, when the military tide has turned.

As for the content of our propaganda, the central issue, and the subject of heated verbal battles among experts on the Far East, is whether the Emperor should be immune from attack. One faction argues that while Hirohito is a figurehead and hence of little importance in his own right, the loyalty he commands is of the same order as that given by Catholics to the Pope. They maintain that to attack him would merely enrage the Japanese people and strengthen the present military regime; many see the further possibility that the present Emperor or his son might be used at some future time by the "opposition" in Japan in the same manner that the Emperor Meiji was used half a century ago in the overthrow of the feudal Shogunate.

The opposite point of view was expressed succinctly by A. Grajdanzev of the Institute of Pacific Relations in *Amerasia* last June: "... peace with Japan cannot be a peace with the Japanese Emperor. . . . Dethronement of the Emperor would be the death blow to the idea of his divinity and would destroy the meaning of the former system of indoctrination. . . . Remove the Emperor and the military clique, and the system will collapse."

Our government policy is based upon the former position. American broadcasts to Japan attack the ruling military clique but never the Emperor. The military counterpart of this official policy was embodied in General Doolittle's orders to his men not to drop bombs on or near the Imperial Palace in Tokyo. There are good arguments on both sides, but our present policy would seem to be justified, at least at this stage of the war. When Japan is losing the war, there will be time enough to reconsider.

The details of our propaganda to Japan are a carefully guarded secret. It is known, however, that our broadcasts point out the fundamental antagonism between Germany and Japan, stress American military and productive power, and report war news in such a way as gradually to create confidence in our information service and reflect discredit upon the fantastic claims of the Japanese military. It is obvious that Japan's domestic propaganda is not adequately challenged by the various American arguments just cited. The Tokyo radio, in broadcasts

made available by the Office of War Information, appeals constantly to the Japanese people's hatred and fear of the United States and Great Britain. Race issues particularly are emphasized, with frequent recitations of instances of discrimination against Orientals in this country and much stress on the exclusion of Asiatics under our immigration law of 1924. Exaggerated or wholly fictitious accounts of our "mistreatment" of evacuated Japanese-Americans are headlined. The war is blamed on our imperialistic desire to maintain white supremacy over East Asia. Instances of discrimination against progress in America are played up and interpreted as evidence of the hypocrisy of our democratic pretensions.

Japan no longer portrays this country as a weak, soft nation without fighting spirit, as was the case during the first few months of war. Japan's armed forces are still described as invincible, but only if the people on the home front work harder and make greater sacrifices. On the anniversary of Pearl Harbor Radio Tokyo told Japan that "America and Britain are the most powerful nations in the world." Kazuo Aoki, head of the Greater East Asia Ministry, said, "This is a war of life or death." Such statements closely resemble Dr. Goebbels's recent attempts to instill a desperate, last-ditch mood in the German people.

The best answer we could make to Japan's appeal to racial hatred would be action proving that the Japanese propagandists are wrong. The indiscriminate internment of all Nisei (American citizens of Japanese parentage) makes us extremely vulnerable, for example, in view of our government's liberal treatment of Italian citizens and even of Germans resident in America. We can best correct this by rapidly releasing the Nisei who are found on investigation to be loyal Americans, while keeping in custody Japanese citizens and Kibei (Japanese-Americans educated in Japan) unless they are known to be harmless. This process is already under way, but it should be speeded up and publicized—especially in propaganda aimed at Japan and East Asia.

Appeals to a pro-democratic minority in Japan will be useless for some time to come because no real tradition of democracy as we know it exists in Japan. Propaganda emphasizing the hardships of war will be equally ineffective, for the Japanese are used to hardships and find them challenging rather than discouraging. On the other hand, Japan's superstitions and its characteristic fear of ridicule may be used to good advantage if our propagandists understand the Japanese mind well enough. Some of the best talent for this sort of psychological warfare is still lying fallow in the Japanese relocation camps in the Western states.

The only adequate answer to Japan's "win or die" propaganda is to assure the Japanese that they will not be destroyed as a nation if they are defeated. This, however, must wait upon the formulation of a post-war pro-

gram which is barely beginning to take shape. When we do have something positive to offer the Japanese, we should present it coldly and realistically. We should not disguise the incontrovertible necessity of ending once and for all the rule of the Japanese military machine, of stripping the country of offensive weapons, and of restoring all territories which Japan has annexed, including Korea and Formosa and, of course, Manchuria, to their former status. Any attempt to sugarcoat our post-war program would be interpreted as a sign of weakness and hypocrisy by the Japanese.

At the same time, Japan must be made to understand that if it overthrows the present military rulers and establishes some form of representative government it will be guaranteed full national sovereignty; that it will not be required to pay impossible reparations; and that it will be welcomed as a full-fledged member of a world federation organized to guard against future wars and to provide for a just distribution of raw materials among all nations, in a free world market.

Paraguayan Paradox

BY SILVA BERTO

PARAGUAY, smallest of South America's republics, was the first one to break off relations with the Axis. That it should do so at all came as something of a shock to its people, for the small group of self-styled "revolutionaries" who run the country is outspokenly and uncompromisingly anti-democratic.

Following the Nazi pattern, they have established a Ministry of Propaganda which controls the press, the radio, all educational and scientific institutions, and even lectures, meetings, and the theater. *El Nacionalista*, the newspaper edited by Manuel Bernades, a secretary of the President, sets the style for the press. Hailed by his friends as the leader of Paraguayan National Socialism, Bernades prints articles flaying England, the United States, and the Allied cause in general. Since the liberal daily *El Pais* was forced to change its policy and to accept as its editor Marcus Fuster, another of the President's secretaries, there has not been an articulate opposition. Foreign newspapers cannot be distributed without permission; even the Buenos Aires *La Nacion* is subject to confiscation.

However, the people of Paraguay have not so far succumbed to the propaganda. A sizable police force with an active Bureau of Investigations has to be kept on the job. To augment its ranks a school for police cadets has been founded under the protection of the well-known adventurer Rolando degli Uberti, who plans to turn out a Nazi S.S. in miniature. At Pena-Hermosa is the only concentration camp in South America in which a country interns its own nationals. Behind its walls men and

women from all ranks of society can now be found—doctors, lawyers, students, workers, employers, even a few dissenting army officers.

But perhaps the strangest paradox is the position of the German colonies. Numerically and financially the most powerful minority in the country, they are still under Gestapo supervision and are run by their own Gauleiter. The Colegio Aleman, the Banco Germanico, and similar institutions are conducting business as usual, with no fear that the open break with the Axis will change anything. As a result Paraguay has become a refuge for all kinds of shady conspirators—Nazi fugitives from other countries, spies, and saboteurs. The frontiers of Paraguay are wide; and with German colonies situated at strategic points, it is easy to slip from one country to another.

In this atmosphere such an organization of democrats as the "Society of the Allied Nations" finds the going pretty rough. When not long ago it held a meeting in honor of the United States, and students dared to cheer the Mexican ambassador's reference to Allied leaders and democratic victory, the meeting was allowed to proceed, but next day the chief offenders were arrested and sent to Pena-Hermosa. The fact that the struggling society exists at all appears to be Paraguay's only answer to United States loans and Rockefeller grants.

Democracy at Its Best

Uruguay, on the other hand, is proving itself a fighting democracy. The new vice-president, Alberto Guani, who showed his mettle during his term as Foreign Minister, has learned something from the course of events in Europe during the last ten years. He knows that fascism cannot be conciliated—that it must be annihilated.

A week after the elections the new government proceeded to take action against the trouble-makers in the ranks of the defeated pro-Nazi Herrerista Party. The Tribunal for National Defense, presided over by the distinguished Judge Julio de Gregorio, gave the order for a raid on the "Patria y Orden," the Herreristas' main clubhouse. The literature seized on that occasion showed that under the cloak of the Herreristas, the Nazi-patterned groups which the Uruguayan government had brought to trial two years ago were again in full swing. As a result of the raid dozens of the Herreristas' most active members were arrested, among them Alejandro Gallinal Herbert, son of Uruguay's wealthiest landowner, a man who has always regarded himself as beyond the reach of the law.

Uruguay seems to have decided to abandon the pretense of "freedom for all"—fascists included—which has wrecked so many democratic countries, and to adhere to the sound principle of "compulsory democracy."

POST-MORTEM

When they heard the word that Darlan had been shot, most American radio listeners had one thought—"a De Gaullist, a French patriot." A few moments later questions may have arisen in their minds. But from the point of view of psychological warfare, it was that first reaction that counted. In that spontaneous impulse of relief lay the condemnation of a policy that has offended every liberal capable of thinking for himself.

On the other hand, the attempt still being made by certain newspapers and officials to defend the deal in North Africa shows that, should another similar situation arise, another Darlan might again be accepted as its solution. And so it is not to resurrect the past but rather to anticipate the future that we add here a word about Darlan and Darlanism.

Whether or not it was a "popular court martial" that put an end to the life of the French Quisling in Algiers, that was the fate ultimately awaiting him as it awaits all of his breed. The advocates of "expediency," and the more dangerous and subtle advocates of a new balance of power, may go on setting up all the Darlans they can collect. Left to themselves, the peoples of Europe will take care of them. But from that fact arises the most important question we have to face: Will Americans permit the immense power of their country to be used against the peoples in their fight to overthrow all the Darlan regimes that bar the road to real liberation? The fortuitous death of one fascist French official does not provide the answer to that question.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

WHAT are the Germans hearing about America these days? A year ago the emphasis was on this country's moral turpitude. It was asserted constantly that the Americans were solely to blame for the war. Then came the months in which the new opponent failed to make an appearance in Europe and suffered blow after blow in the Pacific. The leit-motif during this time was scorn of America's impotence and of its loud-mouthed boasts about its "astronomical" production program. Lately, since North Africa, a different tone has been used. There has been a show of objectivity, with frequent references to America's strength, though at the same time its weaknesses have been carefully underscored.

The new line was authoritatively introduced on December 15 in a radio address by the leading commentator Hans Fritzsche. "It would be the greatest mistake," he declared, "to dismiss the war effort of the United States

with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders." He himself, he insisted, was completely free from prejudice; he did not want to seem dogmatic; but he felt obliged to say that if the American program were examined closely, it appeared to be mostly bluff. Take the so-called records in shipbuilding. "A certain Henry Kaiser," he said, "was astonishing the childishly credulous North Americans by the speed with which he was building ships; he was continually reducing, first, the number of months needed, then the weeks, and finally the days. The outside world snickered, for it understood the kind of tricks he was using. When Kaiser held up his accomplishments as a model to the British and criticized their slowness, the patience of certain English newspapers snapped, and they blurted out that it was just fooling people to spend a long period prefabricating the sections of a ship and then announce they had been put together in record time."

American production in every field is deprecated in the same way. Germans are not told that America is doing nothing but simply that it is not producing in the tremendous amounts reported, that it is producing less, in fact, than is being turned out in Germany plus the rest of Europe plus Greater East Asia.

And what about America's actual instrument for war—its army? Have the Americans been able to create an army capable of an assault on the European fortress? The set type of answer to this question was indicated on December 1 by General Dittmar, regular military expert of the German radio. The General's objectivity was striking. He was generous with his praise. "From our experience in World War I," he said, "we esteem highly the fighting qualities of the American soldier. He showed stubbornness in defense and dash and contempt for danger in the attack. . . . He loved daring adventures and had great personal pluck, the heritage of pioneer times." Moreover, the United States is much better prepared than it was in 1917. "Since the outbreak of the war it has been supplying our enemies and is therefore better organized for war than it was then."

But after admissions like these had convinced his hearers of the speaker's scrupulous objectivity, the "howevers" appeared. The Americans, however, cannot put a strong enough army in the field to contend against Germany. Under the exceptionally favorable conditions of the First World War they were able to send a maximum of 250,000 men a month to Europe only because "for weeks and months" they sent them over "without arms or equipment. They transported only men, neglecting everything else—artillery, horses, food, even airplanes. These hastily dispatched troops were for a long time dependent for equipment on what could be provided by the Entente powers." Today the shipping situation is "immeasurably worse," as a result of the submarine warfare and the losses inflicted by the Japanese. And America has now no allies in Europe who can fit out its army.

The little offensive in North Africa has bogged down because sufficient supplies could not be transported.

The troops America does succeed in bringing over will lack something else that was a decisive factor in the First World War. "Today America's allies have no veteran troops in Europe behind which the green American units can be assembled, acclimatized, and trained. And a favorable base on French soil no longer exists. If the United States wants to make its weight felt in Europe today, it must first establish a front by fighting. And it must do the fighting itself."

Finally, though the American troops of 1918 deserved respect, they were rated only second class even then. "The men from the United States were good fighters but by no means good soldiers. The officers of all ranks were—and are—unpracticed, lacking agility, little capable of making decisions. They reflected the absence of a military tradition in their country." In no respect has any improvement been effected since then. Indeed, there has been a fundamental deterioration—and for racial reasons. "There have been great changes in the American people since 1918. The influx of alien elements at the turn of the century, through the immigration of non-Nordic peoples, is affecting the military worth of the whole nation." Germans can be quite sure that "we are superior to the Americans."

Such are the elaborate and specious arguments used of late to allay German anxiety about America. With their one-sixth of truth, two-sixths of falsehood, and three-sixths of omission, they certainly make more skillful propaganda than last year's coarse insults. But that is incidental. What is significant is that a change was thought necessary. America's prestige in Germany was always very high, especially in the technical and industrial field, and its entrance into the war caused widespread depression. It should have been apparent from the first that this feeling went too deep to be combated by stupid name-calling. After North Africa a new stimulant was palpably necessary. The daring experiment of adding a few drops of pseudo-objectivity to the dose was at least worth trying.

"Collaboration"

AN ELDERLY Dutchwoman was arrested for listening to B. B. C. broadcasts. When haled before the magistrate she pleaded: "The Führer said he would be in London in June, 1940. Since then I've listened every day to make sure I wouldn't miss what he said when he got there."

Complaining of the lack of cooperation of many educational institutions, the *Nationalsozialisten*, a Danish Nazi paper, points to the municipal library at Regards Alle, where the catalogue card for National Socialism reads "See Nazism"—and the "Nazism" card reads "See Concentration Camps."

German Leadership in Exile

THE POLITICAL VALUE OF THE EMIGRATION

IN THE Political War section for December 5 a German anti-Nazi contributor discussed in rather pessimistic terms the political value of the German emigration. He concluded his analysis with four questions which he suggested might be used as a basis for further comment. We publish below the replies of several distinguished refugees of varying views. In a later issue we shall present the opinions of others who have expressed their interest in the subject of the debate. The questions follow:

1. What forces in Germany—besides the Nazi Party—do you consider a menace to the peace of the world and to the freedom of the German people? How would you propose to deal with these forces?
2. Are you for a unilateral disarming of Germany and the policing and reeducating of the German people from outside?
3. Are the German people responsible for the material damage caused by Hitler's armies in the occupied countries? Are they under moral obligation to make restitution?
4. What kind of relations do you advocate between post-Hitler Germany and the Soviet Union?

A Socialist Solution

I am glad of the opportunity to answer the four questions posed by your contributor. But I should like first to take exception to one of his statements, namely, that none of the political groups of the emigration are squarely facing the fact that the fight against Hitler is a fight on the issue of a new social and economic order. One group—the Association of Free Germans—does recognize this, as is evidenced by its recently published program for post-war Germany.

Question 1: The other forces in Germany which threaten the peace of the world and the freedom of the German people are the army, heavy industry, and what is left of the landed aristocracy. The army must be got rid of permanently this time. There must be no repetition of the aftermath of 1918, when, for example, the French generals of the Inter-Allied Military Control Commission, instead of carrying out the military provisions of the Treaty of Versailles—which would have helped the German Republic to function as a civil democracy—played along with the German generals because they feared that German disarmament might lead

to universal disarmament, which would have put them in the discard.

Question 2: Yes, I am in favor of a unilateral disarming of Germany. I am also in favor of the international policing of Germany, provided each police contingent has at its head an American top sergeant. As for reeducation, I advocate that the supervision of educational institutions and the revision of textbooks be in the hands of an international body, but that the actual work be left to German democratic educators.

Question 3: No, not entirely. I believe that the responsibility of the German army and the German people ought to be shared in some degree by the appeasers in other countries who for many years stood idly by while Hitler prepared for the present war. Sometimes they went so far as actually to support him, because they swallowed his line about saving Europe from the menace of bolshevism.

Question 4: Since I am not in favor of reinstating every European country in its sovereignty, but hope rather for a post-war settlement which will look to the creation of a United States of Europe, I do not believe that any one country should take an independent position on relations with the Soviet Union. If, however, a European federation should not be created, I definitely favor the best possible relations between Germany and Russia, provided they are based on the democratic principle of non-interference in each other's domestic affairs. I am still of the opinion that the Weimar Republic made a wise move when it recognized the Soviet Union as early as 1921.

GERHARD SEGER

A Liberal Catholic Answer

Question 1: There are three recognizable forces in Germany, besides the Nazi Party, which constitute a menace to world peace and to the freedom of the German people. They are, first, the great landowners of eastern Germany who furnished the old Prussian state with its officials and its army officers; second, the industrialists who encouraged Hitler's rise to power in order to do away with the social reforms of the Weimar Republic and to preserve for themselves the profits of a vast rearmament program; third, the intellectuals of the pan-German school.

The first group could be liquidated by converting the great agricultural estates of the Prussian nobility into

peasant-owned cooperatives. By socializing Germany's heavy industries within the framework of a political regime that guarantees collective security, the industrialists can be stripped of their power. As for the pan-Germans, their influence must be destroyed by thorough educational reform.

Question 2: The unilateral disarming of the aggressor nations should be only a first step in the abolition of all national armed forces with a view to creating an international police force for the preservation of world peace. In the long run the policing and reeducating of the German people can be accomplished only by Germans themselves. There will be a transition period during which help and support from abroad will be required, but this should be in the hands of civilian authorities even if the country is under military occupation.

Question 3: We must discriminate between moral and political responsibility. Hitler, his followers, and his backers are morally responsible, but the German people as a whole bear the political responsibility. That there is an obligation to make restitution to the occupied countries cannot be denied, but a way should be found to lay the burden on those morally responsible for the damage. Furthermore, since the Nazis and Quislings of the occupied countries share the blame with the German Nazis and their army, they too must be made to pay.

Question 4: The relations between post-Hitler Germany and the Soviet Union should be no different from those between Germany and the other United Nations. The German democracy of the future must seek the friendship and collaboration of all the peoples of the world. In the case of Russia, there are common economic interests which should serve to strengthen this cooperation.

WERNER THORMANN

From an Independent Democrat

Question 1: The Nazis did not rise out of hell. They are the friends and accomplices of the German imperialists; and are trying to finish what was begun in 1914. The Nazis conquered Germany by the same methods which they applied, successfully in the beginning, in their struggle for world domination. The Nazis and Junkers cannot be judged separately. Their goal is the same. The Junkers, their sons the generals, and their brothers-in-law the big industrialists, are potentially even more dangerous than the Nazis, for they can enlist sympathy at levels of society where the Nazis are doomed to fail. For the sake of European security, and the freedom of the German people which is essential to it, they must be expropriated. It is unlikely that the job can be done peacefully, through the abolition of tariffs and similar means. It can be achieved only through a true German revolution.

Question 2: The kind of disarmament established after

the last war gave the Freikorps the opportunity to kill the revolution, while the Reichswehr became the center of all anti-republican activities. The Reichswehr created, financed, and armed the Nazis who killed the republic. After the present war Germany must, of course, be disarmed, but that is not enough. Fascism must be disarmed and the causes of its rise eliminated once and for all.

The German people must be given a chance for repentance and reeducation. But just preaching the word will have little meaning. The methods of American democracy cannot simply be superimposed on countries where its antecedents do not exist. The pedagogic value of an occupying army is very doubtful; German youth would profit more from an opportunity to enjoy education in civilized countries.

Question 3: The German people never gave Hitler a majority in a free election. Hitler's plebiscite majorities of 99 per cent were falsified by terror and other means. But none the less the German people did not resist Hitler adequately. Therefore they share the moral guilt of the Nazis. But the principle which decrees that the vanquished must pay has little relation to the question of guilt. The damage that has been done is so great as to be largely irreparable. What Germany can do is to co-operate in the rebuilding of Europe, putting into the effort all its ability and man-power. But it should not be made to pay a new crop of reparations profiteers.

Question 4: Germany's and Europe's attitude toward Russia will depend, among other things, upon Russia's own development. An Asiatic form of socialism is not suitable for European countries. A post-war German democracy will collaborate with all the forces working for peace. But no solution of the German problem can be found except through a solution of the European problem, and vice versa. For both problems I see only one practical and hopeful solution—a United States of Europe.

J. A. GUMBEL

A Counsel of Pessimism

In attempting to answer your correspondent, I must start by saying that if I interpret his article correctly, I think he misunderstands the situation in nearly every respect.

First, we must not confuse "emigrants" with "exiles" or "refugees." According to Webster, the difference is that only the latter want to return to the country from which they fled. The truth is that the overwhelming majority of those Germans who have come to America or to England since 1933 now regard themselves as "emigrants" in the classical sense, just like their predecessors in 1848. Nothing but the sheer impossibility of making a living in the new country could persuade them ever to return to the old. Fundamentally their approach to all German problems is that of members of the outside world

and no longer of Germany itself. I think the percentage of refugees—even of so-called "political" refugees—who in utter disgust or pessimism have written off their old allegiance and transformed themselves into genuine emigrants is incomparably larger in the case of the Germans than of any other European nationality.

But the small remaining percentage would have to be sifted still further to find a residue who are prepared to accept your correspondent's view that "the fight against Hitler is a fight on the issue of socialism." Personally I do not share this opinion by any means. While this interpretation seems to gain some ground in the world in general, the very opposite is going on in the minds of those who know most about German conditions. The fact of the matter is that Hitlerism itself has instituted socialism in Germany. I am fully aware of how strange this must sound to many ears, but I venture to say that in a few years it will be a commonplace that in the economic field Hitlerism amounted to socialism. Although the famous word "expropriation" has been avoided, the "means of production" have been completely seized by "society," that is, the state. While nominally private property exists, it has virtually been abrogated by superimposing upon it the overlordship of the state, which controls and operates the whole apparatus. If tomorrow your correspondent were to succeed Hitler and set about making the country socialist, he would discover that in the economic sphere practically everything had already been done.

What he would have to change would be something entirely different: the human aims in the service of which this economic machinery is being operated. The spirit would have to be changed. And this reveals the crucial point! Hitlerism has finally proved that the mere fact of economic socialization does not in itself mean anything. If it is not practiced in the necessary human spirit, socialism is likely to be even worse than its predecessor. To create and guarantee this radically different spirit is the real task—and it is a task entirely separate from and independent of any economic transformation. That is why I believe that an organization conceived in conventional leftist terms would not gain many adherents. Of the small percentage of real exiles comparatively few would subscribe to your correspondent's pre-condition.

Even in this narrow group it would be difficult to find that "common platform" which he envisages. There is one very serious practical obstacle—the incomparably different weight of the Communist and Socialist partners to such a compromise. It is clear that the former will never be free agents expressing their own opinions, but are exponents of the superior and changeable will of a government. Would not the presumptive Socialist partners shrink from a coalition of such crushing inequality? But that is not all. In these two varieties of socialism, democracy and totalitarianism are in conflict. This does

not necessarily exclude compromises and common platforms. But compromises are usually effected for an immediate purpose, where definite circumstances and definite relations of strength between the partners prevail. A compromise based on the assumptions of some future moment, whose accompanying circumstances no one can now foresee, would be, I think, quite as difficult to arrange between conflicting varieties of the left as between any other groups.

Let us go farther. Suppose that everything were to succeed—the association, the establishment of a leadership, and the elaboration of that mature compromise platform for a people's peace in and for Germany. I am sure that even then the whole thing would flatly miss its purpose. It would not have the slightest effect on the Germans in Germany. Never in history has there been so water-tight a partition between exiles and their home people as in the German case today. What matters more is that no "masses" on earth can be set in motion and "inspired with confidence" by papers, resolutions, and programs. What inspires confidence is human beings they know and trust, or power on which they can depend. In the whole German emigration—on the left as well as in the center or on the right—there is not one person among the pre-Hitler politicians who could still attract the Germans in any degree. Nor is it possible technically or spiritually to foist upon the German mind from abroad any new, unknown, and untested successors. The same applies to the former political parties. The "ignominious capitulation" of all the anti-Nazi parties of which your correspondent so rightly speaks has left even deeper marks than he seems to realize.

What will determine Germany's course will either be home-brewed—and it may be a very nasty brew, by the way—or it will be suggested or imposed under the authority and prestige of the victorious nations. But nothing labeled the product of any coalition of exiles whatsoever will have a market. The very fact that this is its source will make it unsalable.

The German exiles must resign themselves to the fact that the scepter has passed into other hands. Any attempt to play a role of their own, an independent and direct role, during and after Hitler's dislodgment, will be vain. Their special knowledge and ideas can make themselves felt in an indirect way only, by being placed at the service of the Allied governments. The intellectuals and politicians can inform, explain, warn, suggest. It may well be that a number of today's exiles, returning to Germany after Hitler's downfall, will have a function to perform there. As *hommes de confiance*, backed by and representing America, or Britain, or the Soviet Union, some of them may play an extremely useful, and some a rather harmful, role. What matters here is that no one will be able to play a role of his own.

LEOPOLD SCHWARZSCHILD

BOOKS and the ARTS

THE GREEK HISTORIANS

BY GILBERT HIGHET

THERE they stand, in the inviolability of classicism and the monumental dignity of two thousand years. It is difficult to approach them closely enough to see them clearly. We have to make an effort—not to cross the gulf of time, for they are in many ways easier to understand than our own recent ancestors, but to convince ourselves that they are accessible, that they can be inspected and criticized, rightly blamed and truly praised. We assume that they are great, which is true; and that their greatness means that they are faultless, which is false.

They have their faults. Herodotus is garrulous. Thucydides chops logic. Xenophon is pedestrian. They are all honest, as few historians have been since their day, and their honesty makes them a little ingenuous, unafraid of the obvious. They do not struggle to impress their readers. They have an uncomfortable power to make us aware of our own bad taste. But they do not leave us ashamed, or disgusted, or cynical. To read them enlarges the spirit.

One of the main difficulties in the way of understanding them is that their methods need some explanation.

Herodotus, for instance, realized that history must cover the whole of a world process. It takes in military, political, economic, religious, cultural, ethnological, climatic, and geographical events, along with folklore and biography and everything else human. Few historians, and not many politicians, have understood that. We are being told every morning, as if it were an exciting discovery, that the various parts of the world are politically and geographically interconnected. But Herodotus understood that the unity of the world is deeper than mere politics and geography. At the same time, he was more aware of the differences and conflicts between its parts than many geopoliticians and globalists of today. When he set out to tell the story of that great and vital war, the Persian invasion of the Greek world, he treated it as part of the conflict between East and West. Therefore he described, as far as was necessary and possible for his readers, the whole of the East and West.

Because he did it, and did it so richly and simply, we tend to take it for granted. We have hardly anything to compare it with except Gibbon. But only a Herodotus could have given us a real history of the Crusades; or of the white invasion of America, with its Indian wars and massacres and conversations, from Argentina to Alaska; or of the rise of Christianity. Our lack of these histories shows us what we owe to him and to the Greek tradition of which he was a part.

That has to be explained first. New readers of Herodotus think he is rambling. He is not. He is trying to get all that heterogeneous and yet interconnected mass of data into one book. A modern author would do it in two or three books. Suppose he conceived a history of the Indian wars. He would write it in four different books: one for the Inca empire, one

for the Aztecs, one for the other Central and South American Indians, and one for the Indians north of Mexico. Having thus split up his material, he would subdivide it further. There would be an appendix on the Asiatic origin of the Amerindians; another on the Mayas; another on Catholicism in Latin America; an excursus on the Jesuit administration in Paraguay; and so forth. Then there would be voluminous footnotes, or possibly backnotes, gathered together in a lump at the end and numbered 1 to 8,367. These would take up Algonquin religion, Mayan sculpture, Peruvian chronology, and God knows what. The author would thus insure that the subject and the reader would both be exhausted. The result would be, not a work of art, not even a book, but a multiple-floored department store.

Herodotus, with Greek good taste, determined to write a book: to make something which would be worthy of a good artisan and artist. Therefore it must be a unity, and at the same time contain all the richness of its various elements. He made his subject one by penetrating through the diversity of data to the fundamental facts behind them: *hoc opus, hic liber est!* What he saw was the political conflict between East and West; behind that, the moral conflict of Greek reason and moderation with Oriental passion and extravagance; and behind that, the religious distinction between God and man. He began and ended the book, naively and at first sight casually, with two shocking stories of Oriental lust and violence and perversion. They are interesting stories, nevertheless. The first tells how the king of Lydia, proud of his wife's beauty, hid his lieutenant, Gyges, behind the bedroom door so that he could see her naked. The other tells how the Persian empress caught one of her rivals, cut off her nose, her lips, her ears, and her breasts, and threw them to the dogs. Both stories are utterly un-Greek; but both are memorable enough (Gautier rewrote the first into an excellent short story), and both make the same moral without stating it directly. Between these little anecdotes stretches the huge story of the origin, growth, power, arrogance, and fall of the Persian empire. One introduces it, and with the other it closes. It requires the peculiar spiritual blindness of today not to realize that such an arrangement is meant to have a profoundly moral effect, and forms a unity out of the hundred different aspects of Herodotus's subject matter. This is only one example of the device, which recurs again and again; and this is only one of many such devices.

But we are blind nowadays. We believe that history can be written as "facts," without a moral intention or effect, whereas, even if a historian tries to write without a moral attitude, his work will still have a moral effect of some kind. (One odd example of this "scientific" confusion is Marx, who stated the principle that people were dominated by economic motives and therefore not dominated by morality, and yet indulged in the most fervently moral diatribes against the rich, whom he accused of behavior which, on his own principles, was perfectly natural and inevitable, and therefore right.) It is, nevertheless, this moral grandeur which we

feel, however dimly, in reading the Greek historians; just as a person ignorant of music apprehends something of symphonic form when he hears a great and simple symphony. We are aware of the diversity; yet we feel something larger making it into a unity. If we read the entire work, the impact it makes on our minds is perfectly single. It is difficult to write like that: one must have a particular type of mind, and a particular tradition and method, to do it.

Once the method of the Greek historians has been explained, their aims and their achievement become much clearer and much greater. But scholars are reluctant to explain such things, while lesser folk cannot know them by the light of nature. How many Latin teachers have tried to convince their classes that Caesar was a historian full of excitement and fascination, when in fact he was deliberately not writing history—which is emotional—but the bare scientific groundwork of history, and was therefore trying not to be exciting and emotional? Similarly, it is exceptional to find an editor or commentator who points out the obvious fact that Thucydides puts the tremendous tragedy of the disastrous Athenian invasion of Sicily directly after the debate between the Athenian representatives and the Melians, in which the right of the stronger is asserted with implacable logic. In itself the Melian "incident" was small—certainly not worth all those chapters, all that reasoning. As a symptom it was terribly significant. Most of these facts, then, are obvious; but since we are blind, they must be pointed out.

Professor Francis Godolphin of Princeton has brought out a robust two-volume collection of the Greek historians in translation.* The translations themselves are competent without being inspired—Rawlinson's Herodotus and Jowett's Thucydides. The binding and printing of the two volumes—uniform with the same publishers' "Greek Tragedians" and "Latin Dramatists"—are good, if undistinguished. There are large indexes to each author, an appendix containing several smaller works of capital importance, and, as far as I could see, one map only. Professor Godolphin has contributed a twenty-six-page preface in which he discusses the nature of history and the four chief historians whose works follow. It is full of truths: for example, "We may wonder whether some classical archaeologists' passion for the exact measurement of every potsherd may not be a pseudo-scientific delusion. . . . It may be that much which can be measured, and hence appears to be a scientific occupation today, is really less important than the written records which can convey human insights and aspirations together with an expression of the values and limitations of human life." I found it most interesting, myself, and stimulating. Only I think it is not addressed to a Random House public. It is above the heads of undergraduates; it is much too complex for the average extra-mural buyer; and it is not quite suited for a learned reader. It would have been better to write a separate exposition of each of these very different authors, as well as the general preface on the type of history they were writing; and possibly to add notes which should bring them together, showing their dependence on one another, their similarities, and their differences. We should be grateful to have the text of these great historians so well arranged and indexed. But

* "The Greek Historians." Edited by Francis R. B. Godolphin. Random House. Two Volumes. \$5.

If they were to be explained at all, they should have been explained more fully.

The average man, who is anxious to learn but spent too much time on "activities" in school to read many books, may buy this work and settle down to read through it. He will automatically tackle the historians in it as if they were modern writers, and apply today's standards to Herodotus and Thucydides. Since our standards are lower than theirs, they will lose in the process. He will hurt them and himself. I wish that Professor Godolphin had added a detailed introduction to each of the four main authors, describing their principles and methods and the structure of their books. Taking them straight, the average reader is apt to choke. At best, he will read them with a half-awakened admiration for their greatness, like Mr. Boffin listening to "Decline and Fall of the Rooshan Empire": "staring with his eyes and mind, and so severely punished that he could hardly wish his literary friend Good-night."

The Intelligent Man's Burden

WARNING TO THE WEST. By Shridharani. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.50.

SHRIDHARANI'S new volume is hardly as significant as his recently published "My India, My America," which won the instant acclaim of the American reading public, but it contains some very good writing. The various essays in the volume are not too well organized, and some of them are no more than occasional journalism. The unity of the volume is achieved by the consistent resentment, expressed in all of them, against the white man's arrogance. Shridharani, like most Indians, has no illusions about the purpose and ambitions of Japan. He is quite certain that Japan would fasten an even more vexatious tyranny upon the Orient than that of the "white Sahib." But even while calling the attention of the West to the fact that resentment against the white man's arrogance has been one of Japan's most potent weapons in the Orient, the author, like many of his compatriots with similar sentiments and convictions, cannot completely throttle or hide an occasional mood of satisfaction over Japan's success in kicking the superior white man in the pants.

The revelation of the depth of Oriental resentment against the pride of the West is probably the greatest value of the book. Not that this is a new revelation. We have known it all along. But we do not know it inwardly; and our pride has not been qualified or mitigated by it. It is, in fact, becoming apparent that even if we succeed in solving every other vexing problem in international relations, we shall probably not solve the problem of ethnic friction in time to save the world from further catastrophe.

Shridharani is not always profound in dealing with the problem of racial prejudice. He makes the ridiculous assertion for instance that "there is no race problem save in the mind of the white man." It is an understandable but nevertheless pathetic illusion of minority or exploited groups, whether Jewish, Negro, or Oriental, that the sins of racial bigotry from which they suffer are the exclusive evils of their tormentors. The illusion is understandable, for it may be too

much to expect victims of one particular form of pride to be conscious of their own analogous, though less potent or successful, forms of it. The illusion is nevertheless pathetic; and it prevents a fully mature approach to the problem of racial friction.

In the case of India it is particularly foolish to make such a charge. For the deep chasm between Hindu and Moslem is racial as well as cultural and religious; and the caste system of India, the most rigid form of class snobbishness in history, is not without its racial overtones or undertones. Furthermore, Shridharani can scarcely conceal the fact that his own resentment against white arrogance is partly prompted by the fact that he considers himself a member of the white race who has been excluded from it because "the tropical sun may have imparted pigmentation to the skin of the Indo-Aryan." He insists that the "white man has denied membership in the white group to millions of Asia's whites. Driven into another grouping they are too proud to deny their color classification." Which means that they are not too proud to resent with special vigor prejudice against superficial color which obscures basic racial affinities.

All this gives us no excuse. It is an obvious fact that the white man's genius in developing a technical civilization has exaggerated the natural pride which he shares with all racial groups to the point where it will destroy his otherwise high contribution to the community of nations. That is why it is important to have men like Shridharani, who can express resentment eloquently, speak to us. But they might speak even more effectively if they understood the depth of the problem of ethnic friction.

One of the most interesting chapters in Shridharani's book reproduces the correspondence, hitherto unpublished here, between the Japanese poet Noguchi and Tagore. The Japanese man of letters seeks to persuade the greatest of Indian poets to accept the Japanese "new order." Tagore answers Noguchi's implausible pretensions with such honesty and sincerity and with such a fine sense of the spiritual issues involved in the present struggle that one realizes at once how wrong it is to speak of the defense of "Western civilization" when defining the issues of our day. Certainly any definition which does not include what Tagore believes as against what Noguchi champions could not do justice to the real issues. This debate helps us to understand and to justify the resentment of the Eastern world against our spiritual arrogance as well as our racial pride.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

"The Devil Knows . . ."

LA PART DU DIABLE. By Denis de Rougemont. Brentano's. \$1.50.

THE Kingdom of Satan is within you." Most cunningly hidden: Satan's supreme artifice is to deny his own existence. In diabolical doctrine there is no evil for which man should hold himself personally responsible; the fault always lies with some external factor—the endocrine glands, society, or a whole array of pseudo-scientific scapegoats. If there be guilt in man, it is always found in the other fellow—Adolf Hitler, for instance. The devil's most impregnable fortress is our self-righteousness.

Against this loose mass of evasions Denis de Rougemont erects anew the proud doctrine of personal responsibility. There constantly is a choice, and we choose at our peril. Blindness is no excuse; we are blind because we are too cowardly to open our eyes.

This austere law is as ancient as the hills, as contemporary as the latest snare of "expediency." Whoever places a petty idol above the law—class, race, nation, sect, worldly success—is capitulating to Satan.

A sermon? Not quite. For sermons are usually preached at others, and this is a challenge to our inmost selves. It could be subtitled "A Manual for Diplomats." But diplomats—in every field—are not De Rougemont's scapegoats. Diplomats serve the devil only because they are our servants. Evil is within us.

I wish I could convey the strange beauty of this truly great book. There is no form of writing I admire more profoundly than moral philosophy freed from technical jargon and delusive rigor. Such philosophy is a blend of earnestness, poetry, and humor. It embraces books as diverse as "Jonah" and "Zarathustra," men as different as Plato, Pascal, Goethe, Vigny, Carlyle, Unamuno—a family in the spirit that transcends all divisions of ages, languages, or creeds.

I am with De Rougemont at the beginning—the Cosmic Choice—and at the end—the immediate practical decision. The link between the two, however, is not a system, and not even a symbol; it is a myth. So it is presented, very properly, not in scientific or rationalistic terms, but through a blend of lyricism and irony. If De Rougemont's myth were to harden into a dogma, I should fight it tooth and nail; my own favorite myth to explain the nature of evil is totally different.

Lyricism and irony: is not that the perfect romantic formula? Yet De Rougemont's final counsel would be strictly classical. With Pascal he would say, "Let us strive to think accurately." "The devil knows that whenever we call a spade a spade, evil recedes and loses its magic power." Yes, let us repeat after Boileau: "J'appelle un chat un chat, et Rollet un fripon"; and we all know whose name Boileau would insert today.

ALBERT GUERARD

A Study in Contradictions

ALFRED NOBEL: DYNAMITE KING—ARCHITECT OF PEACE. By Herta E. Pauli. L. B. Fischer. \$3.

ALFRED NOBEL has been dead nearly fifty years, but his works live on. If the explosives he invented have become obsolete for purposes of war, the great international industrial organization he created, subdivided into national groups, is munitioning both sides in the present war. Meanwhile the peace prize he founded has gone unawarded for four years, and the members of the committee of the Norwegian Storting, whose task it was to nominate the winner, are either exiles or Nazi prisoners.

As a chemist, Nobel's major achievement was the adaptation for practical purposes of the original work of other men. Nitroglycerine, the foundation of his fortune, was actually the discovery of an Italian professor, Ascanio Sobrero, who, to quote Miss Pauli, was "too kindly a soul for

developing explosives" and so turned to other studies when he realized the potentialities of the deadly liquid he had produced in his laboratory. Nobel had no such compunctions. Five men, including his youngest brother, were killed as a result of his early experiments. His comment was: "You cannot expect an explosive substance to come into general use without loss of life."

Matching his ruthless search for knowledge was his vigor in exploiting it. Miss Pauli stresses the point that he was much happier in the laboratory than in the counting-house, but I think that she underestimates his share in the organization of his business. Certainly he was not one of those inventors so wrapt in their studies that they lose the monetary fruits thereof. But by the shrewd selection of partners and subordinates he was able to free himself of bothersome details and to remain happily ignorant of some of the manipulations which inevitably attend the creation of an international monopoly. At the bar of history, however, he cannot disclaim responsibility. The entanglement of the French Nobel company in the Panama scandal was primarily the result of the ambitions of his associate Paul Barbe, who, as Nobel had long been aware, had "a conscience which stretches like india rubber."

This excellent new life of Nobel does not pretend to give the reader a complete appreciation of his scientific work, nor does it attempt to unravel the complicated skeins of the monopolistic organizations he founded. It offers, instead, an impressionistic sketch of a fascinating personality, of a man who, away from the explosives to which his life was dedicated, was a shy, neurotic, unhappy, cynical intellectual.

The contradictions in his nature are cleverly developed by Miss Pauli, whose approach is sympathetic but always objective. She brings out the fact that, despite all his pessimism, he was a true creature of the optimistic nineteenth century—a man with a mission to "spread light," believing "that any addition to knowledge was bound to be beneficial in the end." It did not occur to him that there might be a contradiction between his invention and promotion of deadly weapons and his life-long antagonism to war. When, under the influence of the famous pacifist Bertha von Suttner, he began to apply his mind increasingly to the problems of peace, his first thought was to invent a weapon "of such horrible capacity for mass annihilation that thereby wars would become altogether impossible."

Eventually—did he foresee how Hitler would twist this same idea?—he abandoned this mechanical solution of the problem for a monetary one—another idea characteristic of the age of materialism. The final version of his will left his whole fortune to be held in trust, with the annual income to be awarded in prizes "to those persons who during the previous year have rendered the greatest services to mankind." One part was to be given "to the person who has done the most or best work for the brotherhood of nations, the abolition or reduction of standing armies. . . ." The other four parts were assigned to reward outstanding work in physics, chemistry, physiology or medicine, and literature.

Not the least interesting pages in this book are those devoted to an analysis of the awards since 1900, but unfortunately a complete list of the prize-winners is omitted. Many of the greatest scientists of our time and some of the greatest

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authors have been among those honored. But as Miss Pauli points out, there have been some questionable choices and some unforgivable omissions. A notable example is the passing over of Tolstoy. All too many of the peace prizes have been won by stuffed shirts, but the last selection, Carl von Ossietzky, who died in a concentration camp rather than deny his convictions, made some amends. Let us hope that the next Nobel peace-prize winner, to whom Miss Pauli bravely dedicates her book, will be as worthy.

KEITH HUTCHISON

War—and Peace

A STUDY OF WAR. By Quincy Wright. The University of Chicago Press. Two Volumes. \$15.

THE first and final feeling of the reviewer toward Quincy Wright's colossal study of war is obviously awe. Sixteen years of labor by a leading scholar and thinker, assisted by scores of specialized researchers—four parts in forty chapters, each chapter a full treatise in several sections, and all together escorted by a retinue of 45 appendixes in small type—1,500 pages plus 50 of indexes, the large majority of them rising from pedestals of footnotes—two brick-thick tomes, bound and wrapped in the strong colors, purple, gold, and scarlet, of blood and battle—these are some of the externals and figures that impress the onlooker ere the reader takes his place. A quantitative eulogy, however, might sound like a slight were it not presently joined by the statement: first, that Quincy Wright's learning, as we all know, is throughout of superior quality, with only such minor flaws as omniscience alone could avoid in so vast an aggregate of knowledge; second, that his factual science is illumined by a judgment as penetrating as it is wise and human. Plain clearness is the constant asset of his style; yet not seldom we meet a passage enhanced by literary elegance, and a smile of temperate humor enlivens time and again our journey through so serious a landscape.

The abundance of the treatment entails of course its risks. "Wars," we read almost at the outset, "in the broadest sense of the word, have occurred between physical entities, but this study is limited to organic history which began perhaps a billion years ago"—a limitation, if that is the word, of perplexing size. "The history of war attempted in this volume," the author states, with just pride, elsewhere, "covers the struggles of life throughout the world from animals to contemporary world-civilization. It therefore approaches a philosophy of history." Many are the things we learn in this Summa, from the way of life of "the Mesozoic ancestors of lions and tigers," who "were very mild," to the date, 1573, when Poland entered modern civilization; from the genealogical stem of the human race to the dialectical data of the issue whether history is a science or an art; and the more we are offered, the more exacting grows our appetite. Completeness, indeed, in a study of war would include everything that is in heaven and earth; and there is no satisfactory reason why a book of this sort, while granting so ample a room to ants and simians, should omit the lives of the great captains or the history of the Red Cross. Thus, with the longing for totality inevitably frustrated, the encyclopedic

wealth may verge on miscellaneous essayism, and the many trees may hide from the doubting traveler the forest.

He will have his due, if he does not make more stock than strictly necessary of the statistical and mathematical material wherewith Quincy Wright props his philosophy of war and peace. Atlases, diagrams, questionnaires, tabulations, remind us occasionally of Eddington's poetic impatience and poetic justice when, in "The Nature of the Physical World," weary of centipede-equations on the generation of waves by wind, he leaps up reciting:

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by rich skies . . .

In the "Study of War" there are formulas even of the balance of power, starting with a moderate $R_1 = S_1 - (Pr - P_1)$, then in due course of pages to bristle up in a twofold two-line array of symbols duly ending in ciphers. Poetic or unpoetic, the unmathematical reader reacts with the plain conviction that the balance of power won't do. This is, after all, the author's ethico-political conviction, regardless of elusive theorems; neither does his attitude toward the method of the physical sciences, when applied to human history, exceed the boundaries of an open-minded skepticism.

His philosophy of war and peace does not depend on ultimate assumptions about the nature of war and its correlation with the nature of man. A trend of thought which can be traced from Heraclitus down to Nietzsche and fascism makes of war the substance of all being; another trend, represented by founders of high religions or by lay moralists such as Marx or Thorstein Veblen, makes of war an aftermath of original sin or an execrable innovation, due to economic and spiritual enslavement, at the dawn of history. Quincy Wright seems to incline toward the latter view—a more hopeful one, since there are more chances of weaning man from behavior extrinsic to his primal essence than of extirpating characteristics that were inherent in his biological destiny. Whatever the beginnings, however, he neatly sees the ends. Meandering but never disoriented, his purpose—and achievement—is to demonstrate that war, especially in the modern era, has made for dilapidation rather than for the integration of societies, and that the march of our wish and will must head "toward a warless world."

There is profit in implementing with the documentation of this treatise the general but vague notion that wars in the modern era, while tending to lesser frequency (even though "from 1840 to 1940 there were about twenty-six hundred important battles involving European states"), tended also to greater destructiveness. Their causes were manifold, and the prudent scholar does not wish to ascribe primacy to any of them. It would seem, however, hardly arbitrary to contend that the common denominator has been and is the lack of supreme power vested with judgship above the nations, and that no philosopher ever worded the problem more stringently than Dante did when in the opening sentences of his political manifesto he stated that the goal of human life is perfectibility both in intellect and action, that perfectibility requires peace, and that peace can be enforced only by a unitary authority ruling the world. Quincy Wright's thought is strongly and faithfully international. It is not yet supra-national enough. Like most among the best in our years, he has not stepped resolutely

enough beyond the concept of Kant as embodied in Wilson. That concept, generous and progressive though it was, had something of the squaring of the circle inasmuch as it proposed a unitary federation of independent nations, a sovereign whole made of sovereign parts. A warless world will not emerge even from a Nazi defeat unless, dismissing all hesitance, we oppose the idea and fact of the world republic to the otherwise ever-recurrent phases of the competition for world empire.

It is this hesitance that accounts for Quincy Wright's reserved accent when writing (p. 256 f.): "The twentieth century appears to be witnessing the supercession of the secular sovereign states by something else. *Exactly what cannot be said.*" Much farther on, in a chapter of fervent humility, he suggests that the task of synthesis and practice is for poets and statesmen rather than for jurists and political scientists. Poets will shape the world myth apt to change the heart of man; statesmen will make the myth into a deed. Thus the concluding pages look somewhat pale in comparison. Of the general directions, however, he is firmly aware; and of contemporary statesmen he writes, generically yet pertinently: "They lack the power to organize the world, but the world will condemn them if their activities are confined to organizing the nations" (p. 1,049). The unrheterical phrasing adds to the severity of the warning.

Hastier readers may not devote to the "Study of War" as much time and thankful application as this leisurely reviewer did. But many will give it a place of honor among reference books, in so far as it is a book of science. Many more, in so far as it is a book of hope, will find in it an outstanding testimonial to the faith of an age which—not ironically at all—is fighting a planetary war for a planetary peace.

G. A. BORGES

Eisenstein on the Film

THE FILM SENSE. By Sergei M. Eisenstein. Translated and Edited by Jay Leyda. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

EISENSTEIN's book on aesthetics has been awaited so long by film students that its appearance is to them an expected satisfaction rather than a surprise. But it will hold many surprises for those—inside as well as outside the movie business—who were unaware that Eisenstein is the cinema's foremost teacher and theorist as well as one of its master-spirits. "The Film Sense" is not a technical handbook or even a consideration of the film *per se* but a broad and catholic survey of the relationships between all the media of art. In the comparatively brief course of his 216 pages the author has recourse to examples from painting, poetry, music, the novel, the short story, theatrical costuming, and Chinese ideographs; the names of Pushkin and Da Vinci occur more frequently than do those of film makers. This insistence upon the unity of art is gratifying not only as a principle but also as evidence of the lively historical sense which increasingly infuses Soviet culture. His investigation of the old theory of "absolute" correspondences between colors, sounds, and ideas is complete and discriminating, and his rejection of that theory is of considerable significance. The rejection is made under the influence of Freud and of mod-

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The new Archbishop of Canterbury was appointed by Prime Minister Winston Churchill against the wishes of Tory reactionaries in Britain. A large audience in the Albert Hall, London, heard the Archbishop declare for transference of taxes from production equipment to ground values. (See Christian Century, October 7, 1942.) Churchill himself, in a volume recently issued in New York, says: "Who could have thought that it would be easier to produce by toll and skill all the most necessary or desirable commodities than it is to find consumers for them? It is certain that the economic problem with which we are now confronted is not adequately solved, indeed is not solved at all, by the teachings of the textbooks, however grand may be their logic, however illustrious may be their authors." Churchill is also for the taxation of ground rental values.

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ern anthropology—of science, in short—and throughout the book inherited theories are constantly tested by fact, by concrete example.

The focal point of his discussion is "montage," a term which he did much to establish and which he now seeks to interpret more deeply. "Montage" was originally defined as the most important single act in film composition—namely, the joining of images in such a way that they "explode" into a new concept which conveys more than the sum of the images themselves. This method of composition, which allows the spectator's imagination to participate in the creative work, completes itself in the actual physical editing of the celluloid. It is therefore a classic principle of film theory that the writing of the script and the production itself should look forward toward the moment when the separate images are joined. Acting, staging, and all other film devices become subordinate to the master-device of editing, through which the film realizes its capacity to disregard temporal and spatial relationships and use all the materials of the visual and aural world to develop a theme.

This was the "editing principle" proclaimed as the unique property of the film medium, and it was upon this principle that such masterpieces as "Potemkin" and "Ten Days That Shook the World," were produced. Yet we find Eisenstein stating here as his principal thesis that the juxtaposition of images to create a "third something" is not, after all, a device peculiar to film editing but is to be found in the work of all great artists. Leonardo's notes for a painting of the Deluge are shown to be *sequential* in character, and the painting, if it had been realized, would therefore have been "executed in accordance with features that are characteristic rather of the temporal than of the spatial arts." The present time is a "period in which montage thinking and montage principles [have] become widely current in all the border arts of literature—in the theater, in the film, in photo-montage, and so on." Such insights as these light up the whole aesthetic landscape and start trains of thought which make the reading of "The Film Sense" a lingering pleasure. But Eisenstein concludes from his examples that "there is no inconsistency between the method whereby the poet writes, . . . the method whereby the actor acts his role *within the frame of a single shot*, and that method whereby his actions and whole performance, as well as the actions surrounding him, forming his environment [or the whole material of the film], are made to flash in the hands of the director through the agency of the montage exposition and construction of the entire film." This statement is misleading. In Eisenstein's generalized definition of montage there is indeed no difference in *kind* between the montage methods of the various arts. But the difference in *degree* is so great that it becomes for practical purposes a difference in kind. The montages of theater and film, for example, are not only the whole range of the scale apart; they also conflict when an attempt is made to combine them. In "Cavalcade" two honeymooners stand on the deck of a ship, picturing the future. As they move away from the rail, they reveal a life preserver marked "S.S. Titanic." This simple montage is entirely legitimate in the theater, where all physical disasters must take place "off." But when this scene was transferred bodily to the film version of the play one felt that the medium

had been violated; we should have been shown this great disaster as the screen alone can show it—as an actual happening, not a symbol or suggestion. We were not thus shown it because the film's director had surrendered the whole task of exposition to the actors. Eisenstein attempts to meet the danger suggested here by emphasizing the words "within the frame of a single shot," and in theory he is correct; so long as the director edits the single shots, he controls the exposition of the theme and even the meaning of the actor's performance. In practice, however, the actor, far from developing within his art a "montage" in keeping with film editing, tends constantly to revert to the traditional methods of delivering dialogue on the stage. When this happens, the editing is no longer determined by the requirements of the theme but by the length of time needed for an actor to speak his lines; the film becomes a photographed play.

To encourage this trend is far from Eisenstein's intention. But I feel that by emphasizing the resemblances rather than the differences between film montage and the other arts he has contributed to a current confusion concerning the proper methods of the film. In Hollywood since the advent of spoken dialogue, and to some extent in Russia since the production of "Chapayev" (1935), directors have been all too easily content to reproduce the arts of acting and dialogue rather than to *compose* a film in terms of the editing of images. For a classic example of montage it is today necessary to look back to the early Eisenstein or still farther to D. W. Griffith; hence the art of film composition tends more and more to become associated with an archaic art form, the silent film, while the contemporary and aesthetically unjustifiable compromise between stage and screen enjoys the flavor of modernity. That Eisenstein should give the appearance of associating himself with such false progress must arise, in my opinion, from the fact that he has for more than ten years been engaged in a controversy with other Soviet film makers, the issue being whether editing on the one hand or acting and "story" on the other were the controlling factors in film composition. Eisenstein's opponents disliked the "abstraction" of his first films and attributed it to montage, which they thereupon disowned. This abstraction, if such it was, was actually inherent in the themes of those particular films, and it may well be that the present book represents Eisenstein's attempt to clear the confusion between form and content by demonstrating the existence of principles analogous to montage in every art form.

If lack of space compels me to treat Eisenstein's new thesis as a heresy, this is not to say that I consider either the thesis or its source unimportant. On the contrary, both serve to demonstrate the enthusiastic atmosphere in which Soviet film making takes place, and reveal that in the Soviet Union every film is rooted in the history of culture and is consciously planned to express human needs and aspirations. If this statement needs the point of contrast, consider Hollywood and Elstree, where each film is still an isolated commercial venture, and where montage has been debased to mean the "art" of plugging continuity gaps with successive shots of leaves falling from calendars and clock hands twirling round. Now, if ever, is the time to consider the terms of that contrast, and Eisenstein's book is one of the keys to it.

RICHARD GRIFFITH

IN BRIEF

DRAMA

THE OLD SOUTH. By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

In a volume as readable as it is learned and judicial, Professor Wertenbaker follows his previous book on the Middle Colonies with one on Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas. He discusses the national origins of the settlers, the character of the civilizations they established, and the local factors which contributed to the molding of a South that is not and never has been "solid." Education, economics, social history, architecture, all are examined in a documented study which is leisurely without being slow. As far as a layman can discover, errors are limited to details of proofreading. The twelve text figures and forty-three plates are an integral and charming part of the book.

GRAND CANYON. By V. Sackville-West. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

An Englishwoman who has seen her own country through the blitz perhaps finds it difficult to contemplate without bitterness America's lack of experience of the same kind of horror, but a person of Miss Sackville-West's literary standing should have tried to control her unpleasant fantasies. Instead, she has written a revenge story on the theme of what will happen to us over here unless we learn to be "realistic." It is 1945, two years after Britain has been defeated by the Germans and two years after America has signed a Pacific Charter leaving Europe in the status quo of September, 1939; as a result of this deluded appeasement, England is Nazi-dominated and the United States necessarily becomes an armed camp. Presently Germany and Japan combine to give America an air and naval workout that makes the attacks on England in the present war seem mere child's play. This is Miss Sackville-West's political warning; in its own small way, as a message to America, it can only rank in impudence and bad taste with Mr. Luce's famous letter to England. The rest of the novel has to do with a pair of virtuous English refugees, residents of the Grand Canyon Hotel, who, when Colorado is attacked, lead their fellow-guests to safety at the bottom of the canyon, where we follow their idyllic adventures with a certain bewildered interest until we discover that they are all really dead.

"The Three Sisters"

IT IS not very often that the New York drama critic is faced with the ineluctable necessity of passing a clear judgment upon a revived classic either ancient or modern. In nine cases out of ten he can, with some show of reason, remark that certain defects in the production make the whole rather difficult to judge, and he can thus avoid the necessity of disagreeing too violently with anybody. Those who, for instance, find "Hamlet" boring can be told that so, at many moments, did he; those who would indignantly deny that Shakespeare ever nods can be granted that he probably doesn't—when played in a fashion more nearly adequate than Mr. X and his colleagues managed to achieve. And thus it can be maintained that the classics are classic, but that it is just as well not to produce them too frequently.

For once, however, the critic will look in vain for this comfortable out and be compelled to admit that it is hard to imagine a better production of Chekhov's "The Three Sisters" than that which Katharine Cornell is offering at the Barrymore Theater. Driven to absolute desperation, one might, I suppose, take cowardly refuge in muttered allusions to what one saw the Moscow Art Theater do on their home grounds; but short of that there is no escape. Here is a real all-star cast which for once seems to have forgotten that it is anything of the sort and works as a unit for the glory of nothing except the production as a whole; here is a direction—in the hands of Guthrie McClintic—which is both delicate and firm, elaborating a thousand little details without allowing the curiously wavering but never really broken outlines of the whole to be obscured. Miss Cornell, Judith Anderson, and the newcomer Gertrude Musgrove play the three sisters as three distinct individuals who nevertheless never really compete for attention; Ruth Gordon, perhaps quite properly the most flamboyant of the cast, makes Natasha the terrifying little savage that she is. Nor are the chief male roles any less well handled. Tom Powers, Edmund Gwenn, Alexander Knox, and Eric Gresser—this does not yet exhaust the list—are certainly likely to be remembered in their present roles at least as vividly as they are remembered in any they have ever played. Surely, then, we are not likely to have a better opportunity to perceive just what Chekhov's intention

was or to decide for ourselves what subtleties and what weaknesses are actually revealed in a work accepted as one of the finest of modern plays.

I shall certainly not attempt in three paragraphs to summarize completely my own opinion, but there are two or three things which may be said in even so small a space. One of them is that Chekhov's method is the result of carrying to a logical extreme something which was, at least until very recently, an almost universal modern tendency—the tendency, I mean, carefully to avoid any appearance of challenging comparison with the major virtues embodied in the classics of other ages and to take refuge in the indirect presentation of the minor moods. It is certainly not true, as is so often said, either that "The Three Sisters" has no plot or that nothing happens in it. A mere summary of the sensational revolutions in the lives of its characters would, I wager, require more space than a summary of similar events in "Othello." But the impression that nothing happens is deliberately created by Chekhov's inversion of the normal method of story-telling, as the result of which all major events either take place off stage or are hastily represented as though they were minor incidents, while the attention is kept focused upon the elaborately detailed representation of the trivialities of conversation or the monotonous routine of lives which seem to be stagnating but are actually plunging to tragedy.

One justification of this method is, of course, that it is in harmony with the character of the persons who are represented. They are drifters and dreamers who are far more vividly aware of their vague philosophizings, their self-consciously aesthetic sensations, and, above all, their boredom than they are of the major tragedies which come upon them when they are thinking of something else. And of course it is just Chekhov's criticism of them that all this is so. But he would not really have them otherwise, for he would not really understand them if they were.

In the hands of any but one kind of master the method would be intolerable and the characters too insignificant to be endured. In Chekhov's hands the whole takes on a certain fascination, and the abnormal emphasis enables him always to escape any of that effect of banality which cannot be avoided when the big scene is writ big by a man not himself really big enough to write it. But clever and charming and sad as the play may be and fine as the present production is,

one may, I think, just as well confess that there is a real sense in which Chekhov, like most modern writers, is minor, and that however grateful we may be for his virtues we would gladly, if we could, exchange them for major ones. No one who cares for the modern theater should miss this production. Nevertheless, passion is better than wistful charm, strong people are more interesting than weak ones, and an author who has some kind of faith in human nature is better than one who, however regretfully, gives it up. Moreover, a writer who can successfully handle a story by the normal method is even more impressive than one who can escape bathos and banality only by inverting it. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

In spite of some distressing faults of structure and several unconvincing situations, "The Willow and I," by John Patrick (Windsor Theater), manages to be a moving and absorbing play. The plot is not original, and the author throws together such ingredients as melodrama, psychological analysis, Victorian sentiment, and comic effects in reckless disregard of consistency of tone. But the total effect is better than the elements that produce it. For this the actors deserve much credit—particularly Barbara O'Neil and Martha Scott, who play, respectively, the domineering, grasping younger sister and the older one whose retreat from reality and from the need of fighting for her emotional rights creates the situation around which the play is built. F. K.

ART

1942-43 ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ART. At the Whitney Museum, until January 6.

ARTISTS FOR VICTORY. At the Metropolitan Museum of Art, until February 22.

For the tenth time the Whitney Annual gives us a chance to see how competently and yet how badly most of our accepted artists paint, draw, and carve. The Annual is aided this year in its nefarious purpose by a grandiose "Artists for Victory" show at the Metropolitan, with six times as many items. Competent, amazingly so, is most of the work shown at the two places. These second-hand Renoirs, Cézannes, Vlaminkes, Bakinses, Winslow Homers, Maillols, Rodins, these archaizers, these academicians and eclectics have ascertained quite

well—up to a point—what made yesterday's art successful, and they rehearse the success with greater dexterity than its initiators. If you like art passionately enough and have the endurance, you can get pleasure from both exhibitions. Comparatively few single pictures or pieces of sculpture are as bad as is either show as a whole. (When enough similar things are added together a new quality is produced which was only latent in each before that; sometimes this new quality is a gain, sometimes, as in this case, a loss: indicating that the trouble with our accepted contemporary art is the lack of an invigorating common impulse.) But no matter how well these artists paint and model, they do not affect us enough.

Moving art in any age is that which wins new experience for human beings. Such conquest arouses the sensation of increased power we get from the work of Third Dynasty Egyptian and archaic Greek sculptors, from Giotto, Veronese, and Cézanne. They were the first to discover and possess certain kinds of experience through their mediums, and this sense of firstness keeps their art forever fresh. But the artists at the Whitney and the Metropolitan are satisfied to rework old areas, and are merely pleasing at their best, seldom moving. They try for the new only by means of startling subject matter or technical stunts—guaranteed to impress art juries made up of curators seeking to prove they are not academic.

The Metropolitan is more coy in its selection and hanging of "radical" art, and it has no four or five works as good as the best four or five at the Whitney, but it has staged a better show on the whole, if only because it gives the preponderance to landscapes and still lifes. For American painters, and to a less degree most painters since Modigliani, can no longer handle portraits and figures with true feeling. Society does not circulate an adequate notion of the human personality to which they can refer. They try to make up for this by over-expressing whatever half-baked or stereotyped conceptions they themselves happen to have, and without thinking about the problem very much. The result, which may be seen at the Whitney, is either fulsome or banal. Not to mention the horrors of the sculpture section. (The sculptors take refuge from the problem by going in for animals, melodrama, and academicism.) Nevertheless, there are some good things among the abstract paintings and sculpture at the Whitney—by Roszak, David

Smith, Harari, Greene, Tomlin, Knaths; among the landscapes—by Heliker, Fortess; and among the water colors—still lifes and landscapes by Berlandina, Feininger, Marin, and Weber. But most of this work is still quite repetitive. The same can be said of the good items at the Metropolitan. The one exception there is a water color by Steve Wheeler which shows the successful digestion of Klee's influence and is the most striking piece of work in the exhibition, handicapped though it is by one of those whimsy titles that are the curse of Klee's legacy: "Man with Short Haircut." Two landscapists were discoveries to me: William Sommerfeld and Walter Stuemppig, Jr., whose work gives modest but very substantial pleasure. There is a fine "Mining Town" by Arnold Blanch, and if evidence is wanted for my contention as to the incapacity of contemporary painting to handle the human being, compare this picture with the same artist's "This Is a People's War," probably the worst painting in the place. Helen Rátka's flower piece also is worth noticing.

The awarding of the prizes which the Metropolitan made available is a scandal, at least in the oil paintings and the sculpture. The medal for the best painting in the whole exhibition was presented to a carefully manipulated piece of tripe, by Ivan Albright, which is a vertical canvas about eight feet high, showing a wormy lavender-dark door with a wreath in its center and a woman's hand on the jamb, everything iridescent with decay, everything concocted and concocted, everything the painter had in the way of time, diligence, and bad taste thrown in. The jury was seduced, I imagine, by size, by subject, and by the rhythmic mottlings and even patina that hold the picture together. The first money prize was given to a big wheezing machine of a landscape by Curry which will end up one day in a museum's cellar or a Roadside Rest. It has, however, its heavy charm. Of the prizes for oils, the only ones deserved were a fifth to Bohrod's aqueous, tricky "Reflections in a Shop Window," a third to Feininger's "A Church," and perhaps a sixth to a landscape by Evergood. The water-color section at the Metropolitan is quieter and stronger than any other—as a friend says, you can't do as much damage in water color, even if you try. The prints are not too awful either. Nor is the sculpture quite as bad as that at the Whitney gave reason to fear. A fourth prize to Frances Lamont's spiraling metal "Gallic

Cock" was well earned, and so, I suppose, was Calder's fourth, though he has done better work. Peter Dalton's "Seated Figure" and Rhys Caparn's "Johannes Steel" should have got prizes, but they must have been too staid for the live-wire jury.

The important question is whether contemporary American art is as unenterprising as these two shows make it out to be. I think not.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

MUSIC

WE MAY regret not being able to hear some of the legendary musicians of the past; but right now we are able to hear musicians who will be legendary some day; and some of those musicians of the past might not be very impressive today. I did hear Ysaye, but when I was not old enough to know good and bad in performance; and about a year ago I happened to hear an old recording of an Ysaye performance which astonished me by its stylistic vulgarities. In my youth the great orchestra was the Boston Symphony conducted by Muck, which I heard twice in 1917; the great quartet was the Kneisel, which I merely heard about. Years later I heard recordings of the Boston Symphony under Muck which confirmed my recollection of its extraordinary sound and precision, and superb performances conducted by Muck in Europe; but on the other hand, after one of the Budapest Quartet's Beethoven concerts at the Y. M. H. A. a few years ago I asked someone who had heard the Kneisels about their playing, and he was silent a few moments before he said: "Don't ask me about them," and was silent again before he exploded: "Those wooden Indians!" The Flonzaleys, who followed the Kneisels, were anything but wooden Indians; but today we hear in a performance of the Budapest Quartet—in the beauty of the four strands of sound, their musical inflection, their integrated progression, their combined effect as a statement of the work—something that is phenomenal, unique in its province, like the dancing of Markova, an orchestral performance of Toscanini.

The recent occasions for marveling at the Budapest Quartet's performances have included the Sunday morning broadcasts of C. B. S., the first two concerts of the Y. M. H. A.'s annual series, and two concerts of the New Friends of Music. The New Friends series this

year has offered several of Bach's sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin and cello, of which I have skipped the dull ones but heard the E major, the one with the superb Prelude, which Szigeti played magnificently, and the D minor, the one with the great Chaconne, which Huberman played well, though without the sustained intensity of Szigeti's wonderful performance at the Y. M. H. A. There have been other dull pieces of Bach that I have skipped; and at the last pre-Christmas concert, at which Klemperer was to have conducted two cantatas, he conducted instead sensitively modeled chamber-music-scale performances of the Brandenburg Concerto No. 6, the fine D minor Concerto for two violins, and the charming B minor Suite for flute and strings. There have been a few works of Schumann that I have also skipped; and a number of quartets by Haydn, a few played by the Budapest Quartet, others by the scratchy Gordon Quartet and dull Musical Art Quartet, and still others by the Coolidge Quartet. This group plays with good tone, precision, finish, spirit, taste; but catching the end of one of its Sunday morning C. B. S. broadcasts I was struck by the stiffness of its performance of the finale of Schubert's Quartet Op. 29, after the relaxed plasticity of the Budapest Quartet's recent performance at the Y. M. H. A.

We cannot hear the orchestral performances of Nikisch, of Mahler; but we can still hear those of Toscanini. After some of the comments on what I have written about him—for example, the accusation that I have fallen for the Toscanini ballyhoo—I think it well to mention that while my experience of his conducting begins as far back as a performance of "Madame Butterfly" in 1914, when I was better able to appreciate Farrar's looks than Toscanini's musicality, my present estimate of his work is a very recent one. I myself protested against the ballyhoo during his first years with the New York Philharmonic—not that I did not hear the beautiful sonorities, contours, and textures, but that I thought Mengelberg's shaping of the sound-time continuum produced more effective statements of Beethoven and Brahms; as late as 1933, when I had learned to dislike Mengelberg's over-emphatic plastic distortion, I wrote that Toscanini produced beautiful sounds but the same beautiful sounds for all music, whereas Koussevitzky gave the right character to the

music of each composer—not merely of Tchaikovsky but of Beethoven and Brahms; and only in the years since then have I come to find Koussevitzky's over-emphatic distortion of Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky impossible to listen to, and Toscanini's statements of these composers' works the most deeply satisfying. Looking back I can see what has happened is that I have learned to appreciate and to require plastic economy and subtlety in performance; and that I have learned by hearing them long enough—in other words, by my own experience. I have not, I might add, engaged in vast, cloudy conceptual constructions of the history of culture that have brought me to a conclusion about the relation of Toscanini's conducting to the *Zeitgeist* of this century; I have been concerned entirely with the works of music that have been important to me, and have reached a conclusion about the effectiveness of these works as Toscanini has stated them.

Listening to his recent broadcast of Brahms's Third Symphony and recalling his first performances of this symphony many years ago, I was aware that in some degree he too had changed since then—that his performances of Brahms and Beethoven have acquired the breadth and weight they did not have at first. On the other hand there is his performance of Mozart's G minor Symphony, which I had always found excessively impassioned, and in the case of the Victor performance even tumultuous and ferocious: listening to the work as he conducted it recently with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philadelphia and New York, I found the statement marvelous—powerful, impassioned, but without excess; going back to the Victor records and to records of the broadcast of the last Sunday afternoon concert with the New York Philharmonic in 1936, I was surprised to hear the same tempi and style, and to find the harshness of the Victor performance to be in its recorded sound. (The tempi of the first movement and the finale were the *Allegro molto* and *Allegro assai* which Mozart prescribes; the second movement was taken much faster than the prescribed *Andante*, but demonstrated that any pace that Toscanini adopts is one in which he can make the music effective.) Going after this to Beecham's recorded performance, which I had thought excellent, I found the first movement pallid, with the opening phrases made trivial by their jaunty staccato conclusions. B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

French Government Needed

Dear Sirs: In the heat of the controversy aroused by the "Darlan affair" the most urgent phase of the present French situation has been overlooked. It is the need for the speedy mobilization of French man-power and resources for the common struggle against the Axis.

The average Frenchman is a legalistic creature. He will not fight wholeheartedly in this war until a French government orders him to do so. In defeat he sticks desperately even to the shadow of a French state. More than Pétain's personal popularity, this state of mind was responsible for the comparative prestige that was enjoyed by the Vichy government.

The Allies have not made rational use of this psychology, and their present policies are particularly unfortunate. Instead of creating a single government which shall represent in the eyes of the average Frenchman the idea of French sovereignty, they split that sovereignty three ways—the Fighting French in London, Darlan in Algiers, Robert in Martinique.

Roosevelt's promise that "the future French government will be established . . . by the French people themselves after they have been set free by the victory of the United Nations" is not sufficient to arouse French enthusiasm for immediate participation in the war. It is interpreted as becoming valid only after the Nazis have been driven across the Rhine. Such an interpretation postpones the full participation of the French people in the war till the time when such participation will be hardly necessary.

The ideal way of setting up a French government now would be to call on French citizens in all the liberated territories to elect a provisional parliament in accordance with the election laws of the republic. If this solution is not practical under the circumstances, the best substitute would be to call on all members of the Chamber and Senate duly elected at the last general election to form a National Assembly in Algiers. Eventually this body could be strengthened by including the mayors of French cities freed from Nazi occupation or Vichy domination, the heads of larger native tribes, etc. With present means of communication, such an assembly, representing French territories through-

out the world, could be called in less than a month.

In normal circumstances such a provisional parliament should be called by the Free French. To spare, however, the susceptibilities of certain French "leaders" and of their friends in Washington, this task could be intrusted to a High Commissioner of the United Nations, who would step down after the National Assembly was duly constituted. My candidate for this job would be Field Marshal Smuts of South Africa. In case he is not available, the second best choice would be some prominent member of one of the governments-in-exile who could not be suspected of imperialistic intentions.

The main tasks of the National Assembly would be: (1) to declare the armistice of June, 1940, legally void because of its repeated violation by the Nazis; (2) to proclaim French re-entrance into the war; (3) to reaffirm the French Republic, its constitution and laws, and to declare null and void all "laws" issued since June, 1940, without parliamentary sanction; (4) to form a French government for the conduct of the war and the administration of all freed territories.

A. REVUSKY

Yonkers, N. Y., December 16

That "Second Party"

Dear Sirs: Murray Gross, in *The Nation* of December 5, rediscovered a fact rather well known half a century ago: namely, that our so-called "two-party" system is in fact a one-party system with two branches, the "ins" and the "outs," and that "every major reform movement that has swept this country in the past had its origin in a third party." The Republican Party of 1856 was such a party, as were the People's ("Populist") Party of 1892 and the unofficial "New Deal" party of 1932.

I agree with Mr. Gross that "we need a party that will take the tenets of the New Deal and broaden them out and apply them," but the "Bull Moose" episode of 1912 was probably the last rapid assemblage of a third party that will be possible. Even then many of the states had laws governing the organization and continued life of new parties which made their creation difficult. And the trend of legislation is to make new parties practically impossible.

For example, here in Nebraska the proposed new party must hold a state convention of at least 1,000 electors who must sign a "roll" in the presence of a watcher from the Secretary of State's office; and it must poll 5 per cent of the total vote in order to remain an officially recognized party. Several such parties have been attempted and all have failed to retain a place on the ballot.

Provision is made, however, for the nomination of "independent" candidates by petition—the method by which Senator George W. Norris was elected in 1936, when he had the indorsement of the Democratic committees, and defeated in 1942, when indorsement was withheld, to the disgrace of Nebraska.

Some years ago the La Follettes were for a time busy with a Progressive Party, but outside of Wisconsin it does not seem to have made much progress. The fact is, a successful new party must have workers down at the "grass roots" in addition to eloquent and intelligent leaders; and finding and commissioning these "grass-roots" workers is no child's task.

CHARLES Q. DE FRANCE

Lincoln, Neb., December 17

Interpret or Amend?

Dear Sirs: In his review of my book "A New Constitution Now," Professor Corwin seems to accuse me of the "naive" belief that the Constitution ought not to be interpreted. This view would indeed be naive if I held it. I have merely suggested, however, that interpretation be confined within reasonable limits.

Mr. Corwin seems to me to be among those who would stretch the function of "interpretation" far beyond its reasonable scope. I recommend in my book that the Constitution should be amended so that treaties may be ratified by a majority vote of both House and Senate instead of, as the Constitution at present prescribes, by a two-thirds' vote of the Senate. Mr. Corwin, citing a joint resolution of June, 1934, and "certain recent decisions of the court," blandly suggests that we can make this change by "interpretation" rather than by amendment. I can only take this to mean that when Mr. Corwin speaks of "interpreting" the Constitution he really means changing it. I hope I shall not

be regarded as too naive if I think such a process essentially dishonest. If, under the doctrine of interpretation, federal officials can say that a two-thirds' vote of the Senate means only a majority vote of the Senate, why cannot they just as easily start interpreting away the Bill of Rights? Under so loose a doctrine of "interpretation;" in short, what is the point in having a written constitution at all?

If we are going to change the Constitution, then we should know that that is what we are doing. We should change it in the direction in which the majority of the American people wish it to be changed, not in the direction in which merely some particular minority group wishes it to be changed. There is only one way to make sure that the American people wish or accept a change: that is to submit it to them frankly in the form of a proposed amendment. And it is because frank amendment has become so necessary that it is so important to make the method of amending the Constitution more democratic, and far less cumbersome and dilatory than it is today.

HENRY HAZLITT

New York, December 7

Dear Sirs: I read Mr. Hazlitt's letter with interest. I entirely agree that interpretation ought to be confined "within reasonable limits," but what are reasonable limits will necessarily vary with circumstances. Thus I think that the "interpretation" by which the recently imposed \$25,000 salary limit purports to be derived from the Anti-Inflation Act of October 2 is absurd and dishonest. On the other hand, the practice of "executive agreements," whereby the Senate's participation in treaty-making has become today seriously undermined, is of long, slow development, having begun as far back as 1792. And would Mr. Hazlitt say that the suppression of freedom of choice on the part of Presidential Electors was accomplished dishonestly?

"If we are going to change the Constitution," says Mr. Hazlitt, "then we should know that that is what we are doing." I answer that it is even better to have some inkling as to what the practical effect of a suggested change is likely to be. Interpretation is a method of trial and error. Its cumulative effect in the case of a long-standing law like the Constitution can be great, but each step of it will have been more or less tested by practice. Amendment, on the contrary, is, or can be, a leap in the dark, a good part of which may have to

be retraced by the aid of interpretation, or more precipitately by another amendment.

Besides, I do not like to see a man ordinarily as knowing as Mr. Hazlitt lend sanction to the question-begging argument that is embodied in his word "candid." The opponents of the New Deal systematically argued that way. "Why not be candid," they asked, "and admit that the New Deal is unconstitutional?" When that was the very point at issue. Subsequently the New Deal has been squared with the Constitution by interpretations of that document which have back of them at least as sound history and logic as the opposing interpretations had.

EDWARD S. CORWIN

Princeton, N. J., December 14

"What Goes On Here?"

Dear Sirs: I must commend your paper for its unmitigated denunciation of the Darlan affair. Certainly, no politically conscious person accepts the statement put out by the government, that is, that General Eisenhower alone was responsible. With Washington less than a second away by wireless, a political decision of such magnitude was never made by the General alone. Nor am I convinced that our State Department was solely responsible. It smells too much like the Non-Intervention Committee during the Spanish war.

England's Foreign Office has been behind every revival of reaction in Europe since 1918, from the Italian, Greek, and Portuguese instances to the German and Spanish. In the Spanish case, it used France as its cat's-paw; today it uses our too willing State Department. Just as Britain recognized the Loyalist regime in Spain and at the same time furthered Franco's aims, so it now accepts General de Gaulle while setting up Darlan. In both cases the common people would never have swallowed an open espousal of fascism, and it is the salutary reaction of these British masses, more than that of Americans, that may determine Darlan's fall. Yet, if we are not careful, his successor may be just as reactionary.

These past and present maneuverings force one to ask with the *Christian Century* (December 9), "What goes on here? First we pick a fascist collaborator with Germany to administer that part of France which we have 'liberated.' Now we give a Hapsburg pretender to a no longer extant Central European throne an approving pat on the back. Is the next step to be a Hohenzollern restoration in Germany?"

While we are berating Hitler's Quislings, we ourselves create them. And as Professor Salvemini said, "they may even be chosen as post-war dictators for their own countries."

Again I ask, "What goes on here?" Is this the Four Freedoms, is this a peoples' war?

S. E. GARNER

Baltimore, Md., December 11

No Work for Older Women

Dear Sirs: When I inquired about shipyard jobs at the employment office I was advised to try elsewhere. The many young girls working for Mr. Kaiser do not care to work with older women.

I find the mail-order houses and the department stores advertising for part-time helpers. But their personnel offices ask the business schools to send them only women under forty.

Employers limit the ages of help to the twenty-to-forty group in their classified help-wanted columns and their requests to the employment services. A few are willing to risk a woman of forty-five as a worker.

The *Oregon Journal* recently carried an editorial headed Jobs for Women of Sixty. It was occasioned by the plight of a widow of ability who could not find employment. Rural schools now accept former teachers. But libraries make no effort to place their own graduates over thirty.

I know a French teacher, a musician, a librarian, a social worker now living on slender savings. The curtailment of cultural activities and the closing of some schools sent them to the ranks of the unemployed. Apparently no imaginative planning has included the older women. Employment offices tend to think of them in terms of mothers' helpers.

Many older women would like to be a part of the common effort, but while a busy nation cries for labor they still find themselves considered waste material. In the enrolment of womanpower will such problems be considered? Women of ability hope so.

HELEN RUTH MONTAGUE

Portland, Ore., November 30

The Republican Swing

Dear Sirs: I think the anti-Administration newspapers that were elated at the Republican Party's success in the election are going to be disappointed if they think that added Republican representation will result in stronger prosecution of the war. I refer, of course, to

those newspapers which really desire a stronger hand, not to the ones which are at heart appeasers and defeatists.

I think that the Republican success was really a reversion to a "pre-war mentality." The Republican Party is synonymous in the minds of millions with the "keep-us-out-of-war" movements and by the same token will be expected by the millions who recently voted for it to get us out of war by hook or crook. In other words, a great many voters would like again to open the entire war debate, Pearl Harbor notwithstanding.

I think that millions of people voted Republican as a way of showing their blind, pent-up anger because their sons or husbands were sent into the armed forces or will be inducted very soon. How else can you interpret the fact that the greatest Republican inroads were in those states which contributed the greatest number of soldiers and sailors? To my mind the huge Republican swing was purely a manifestation of the "continued blindness" of a great many of our people. I hope I am wrong.

EDWARD D. TODD

New York, November 13

Willkie a Liberal Leader

Dear Sirs: I worked for Roosevelt in his various campaigns and have always championed the New Deal. But I am now forced to admit that the liberal initiative has passed from Roosevelt to Willkie.

Willkie is our greatest liberal today, greatest because he sees things most clearly, has first-hand information of world conditions, and is big enough not to be afraid.

Roosevelt is so closely tied in with Churchill and the British Tories that he has lost his position as liberal leader of the world. He keeps strangely silent on the British Tory fumings that the Atlantic Charter does not apply to Asia or British possessions, while Willkie challenges these fumings.

ROLAND D. SAWYER

Ware, Mass., December 15

Pity the Washington Worker

Dear Sirs: Apropos the article Pity the Federal Worker in *The Nation* of December 12, which was very timely and interesting, I can add more ways in which he is to be pitied. The landlady-tenant situation in Washington is deplorable. Most of the low-paid employees (\$1,440 per year) pay approxi-

mately one week's salary for their monthly rent. In return they have no privileges and can register no complaints. Woe to the roomer who lets one drop of water fall on the bathroom floor! The prices in restaurants are exorbitant, and the portions are so small that it will be necessary soon to invest additional money in a microscope in order to find the food on one's plate.

No wonder there is a great turnover in the government! Surely something can be done to improve these conditions before there is a mass exodus from Washington.

FLORENCE BROWN

Washington, D. C., December 12

An Ugly Situation

Dear Sirs: Joseph Julian's article Jim Crow Goes Abroad in your issue of December 5 reveals a situation which is both unwholesome and unholy, whether viewed as American military strategy or as a forecast of post-war race relations. It should do much to counteract recent attempts to gloss over this ugly spectacle.

HAROLD T. PINKETT

Washington, D. C., December 18

Arrest of Pablo Casals

Dear Sirs: I am taking the liberty of addressing you in behalf of one of the world's supreme artists, Pablo Casals, the great Spanish 'cellist.

Musical America has just informed its readers that according to an Associated Press dispatch from Mexico, dated November 18, Casals was recently arrested in German-dominated unoccupied France and turned over to the Spanish authorities. Mr. Casals had fled to France after the fall of the Spanish republic. Though apparently he never engaged in current political activities—at least in any such degree as would justify his being a political prisoner—he supported the legal Spanish government, and his liberal convictions led to his flight from Spain to France.

Every influence should be brought to bear in his behalf. He might be executed or sent to a concentration camp. It is known that he has been in poor health, and close confinement might cause his death. All the world recognizes his artistry. Kreisler once called him "the greatest master of the bow."

As chairman of the former Los Angeles branch of the Musicians' Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, I urge you to try to secure his release.

LOUIS KAUFMAN

West Los Angeles, Cal., December 16

Four Freedoms Day

Dear Sirs: January 6 will mark the second anniversary of President Roosevelt's message to Congress in which he heralded the Four Freedoms: of speech, of worship, from want, from fear.

It is my conviction that January 6 should be permanently set aside as Four Freedoms Day, to be celebrated in time as a global holiday. The whole world has new hope because of the vision of the Four Freedoms. This vision must not perish; it must gain new vitality. A Four Freedoms Day could serve as excellent ideological propaganda for the cause of the democracies of the world and would be a guaranty of their determination to establish those freedoms.

FREDERICK KETTNER

New York, December 22

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS

- No Unity with Fascists 39
- Investigate Dies! 40
- Mr. Babbitt Explains *by Freda Kirchwey* 41

ARTICLES

- Did Hull and Welles Tell the Truth? *by I. F. Stone* 42
- Slowdown in North Africa *by Donald W. Mitchell* 44
- Better than Rationing *by Adolf F. Sturmthal* 46
- The Jews of Europe. II. Seven Ways to Help Now *by Philip S. Bernstein* 48
- Violence in the Classroom *by Agnes E. Benedict* 51
- Everybody's Business *by Keith Hutchison* 53
- In the Wind 54

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

- The Generals and Hitler *by Hans Ernest Fried* 55
- To the Czechs 57
- Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 58
- A Letter to Mr. Welles 59

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- Alice James *by Diana Trilling* 60
- Cities in the Post-War World *by Albert Guérard* 62
- The Poet's Progress *by Delmore Schwartz* 63
- A Native of Civilization *by Betsy Hutchison* 64
- Ambassador Grew's Report *by Donald W. Mitchell* 65
- Marlowe, Definitive *by George Barker* 66
- In Brief 67
- Art *by Clement Greenberg* 68
- Music *by B. H. Haggin* 69

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

37

The Shape of Things

HITLER'S PROMISE THAT THE LESSONS learned last year would make it possible for the Nazi armies to withstand a second winter campaign in Russia at far less cost failed to allow for the fact that the Red Army had learned some lessons too. And up to date it has applied them far more profitably than its opponents. Moreover, the Russians seem better prepared than their foes to take advantage of the comparatively open weather this winter. They have found it possible to move more heavy equipment forward and are thus able to tackle the German "hedgehogs" with a heavier concentration of fire. Last winter only one of these strongly fortified points—Mozhaisk—was taken; this year the past week alone has seen the capture of Velikie Luki, Kotelnikov, Elista, Mozdok, and Chernishkovskaya, all important strategic and supply centers. The first of these towns was one of the main anchors of the German line on the north central front, and its fall has enabled the Red Army to cut the vital north-south railroad connecting Leningrad with Kiev and the Black Sea. An equally heavy blow was sustained by the Germans in the loss of Mozdok, which has ended their hope of seizing the Grozny oil fields.

★

THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S WHITE BOOK IS aptly named since it is obviously an attempt to whitewash the department's record and clear it of responsibility for the grave errors in American foreign policy in the decade between September 18, 1931, and December 7, 1941. The document itself will bear careful study, and we plan to comment on it in detail in a later issue. On the basis of advance news releases, it would seem to be largely taken up with a recital of known facts regarding the aggressive intentions of the Axis governments during this decade and our efforts to dissuade them from their avowed policies. In the case of Japan particularly it is clear that deceit was an integral part of the aggressor's strategy. But the State Department insists that it was never deceived for a moment. As early as 1934 Ambassador Grew warned Washington that in dealing with Japan we would be "reprehensibly somnolent" if we were to trust to the security of treaty restraints. About the same time Ambassador Long began to report on the aggressive intentions of Italy, though he was to take the lead in

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opposing sanctions against that country, and George Messersmith gave warning of the militaristic designs of Adolf Hitler. On January 27, 1941, Grew warned of a possible surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. Yet the White Book itself tells how we continued to supply Japan with oil. The theory was that if we suspended such shipments, Japan would attack the Dutch East Indies and take all the oil it wanted. Ultimately we did suspend trade and Japan did attack. But it was our own fleet and our own territory that bore the brunt of the first onslaught—and the destruction was wrought largely with the metal and oil with which we had for so long attempted to buy off the blackmailer.

✱

THE ENLARGED REPUBLICAN DELEGATION on Capitol Hill has let it be known through its journalistic mouthpieces that it hopes to use the Seventy-eighth Congress as a springboard to victory in 1944. There are also widespread reports that the G. O. P. leadership expects most of the dangerous in-fighting to be done for it by anti-New Deal Democratic commandos, who, according to a commentator in the *Wall Street Journal*, are in such a state of rage with the Administration that they are prepared to tear their party to pieces in order to "get" Roosevelt. "The next Congress," to quote this writer, "will be the first one since 1919-21 to contain a bi-partisan bloc devoted to the defeat of the President of the United States. . . . What do the 1943 irreconcilables want? Generally they want less of everything Mr. Roosevelt stands for. Their outstanding specific characteristic is that, compared with the Roosevelt Administration, they are inflationists." This bloc, which includes many Western Congressmen of both parties as well as some Southern Democrats, can be counted upon to fight bitterly against all measures of inflation control. Its success, however, will depend on how far it can gain support from the official Republican leadership and from the conservative Democrats of the Senator Byrd type. Will the party of McKinley desert its hard-money traditions to give encouragement to the new Bryanists? Will the Southern economizers, straining at the gnat of a few millions saved on civilian agencies, swallow the camel of billions added to war costs through inflation? The inconsistencies of a bi-partisan opposition, whose only common denominator is hatred of the President, would be amusing to watch under normal conditions. But with our eyes glued to the many distant fronts where we and our allies are fighting for our lives, we cannot anticipate with relish the ganging up of Congress reactionaries.

✱

LAST WEEK'S TESTIMONIAL DINNER TO Senator George W. Norris was unique. What started out as a well-deserved tribute to a great man spontaneously turned itself into a plea for leadership in American liberalism's coming test of strength. Tendered by this journal

and the Union for Democratic Action, the affair attracted a potent array of speakers, ranging from the Mayor of New York to the head of the National Farmers Union, by way of Eleanor Roosevelt, the Supreme Court, Congress, and the leaders of organized labor. With few exceptions, they turned from honoring Norris to pleading with him to pick up the gauntlet hurled down by forces of reaction grown bold with their victories of last November. To all the speakers it was clear that the vote of 1944 may not only undo much of the work of the New Deal; it may rob the United Nations of the fruits of victory, just as Harding "normalcy" robbed the world in 1920. Safety, they understood, lies not in the Democratic Party or the Republican, but only in the strength of American liberalism so organized as to be readily available to progressive candidates of any party. Limited resources have hampered the Union for Democratic Action in precisely this kind of work, and it has persevered against the greatest odds. There is real hope now that its pioneering days are over, that backed by the might of farmers and industrial workers, the progressive force of the country is ready to assert itself at a moment when its potential strength is as sorely needed as it has ever been in our history.

✱

THE YUGOSLAV CABINET CRISIS OVER THE two linked problems of civil war and relations with the Soviet Union has been solved for the time being. The constitution of the new Yovanovich government in London, however, is by no means a guaranty that difficulties will be overcome. Ninich, the anti-Soviet reactionary, who last summer wilfully failed to come to an agreement with Molotov when the latter was in London, is out as Foreign Minister. His portfolio has been taken by the conservative Prime Minister. General Mihailovich continues as Minister of War. While at least five of the old opposition group have been included, several proved liberals have been dropped, notably those who had taken a balanced view of Soviet relations. Meanwhile the new Constituent Assembly, meeting on Yugoslav soil, has become a reality. A severe test of statesmanship therefore confronts the new Cabinet. Very clearly it must make contact with the popular movement at home. And that means that the partisans must be given full recognition and support.

✱

THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE CHINESE military mission in Washington has called attention once again to the shameful treatment accorded China since this country's entry into the war. Little or nothing has been done to remedy the grave situation reported by Mr. Willkie on his return from China some months ago. There are still but a few dozen American planes in the whole of China; virtually no modern war equipment of any description has been provided which would enable the Chinese to take the offensive against Japan. Doubtless

our War and Navy officials have excellent excuses to offer as to why this aid has not been sent. But there can be no excuse for the way in which the Chinese military mission has been ignored in the planning of United Nations strategy at Washington. It may be argued that the Chinese are wrong in their insistence that the best way to defeat Japan is by means of an attack from the Asiatic mainland, but Washington's failure to listen to the pleas of our Far Eastern ally is indefensible. General Hsiung Shih-fei, head of the mission, has indicated that he may return to this country after he has reported to Chiang Kai-shek. It is to be hoped that by that time we shall have awakened to China's great potential contribution to the struggle against Japan.

✱

WITH THE CAPTURE OF BUNA MISSION THE United Nations have successfully completed the most difficult part of their first land offensive against the Japanese. Only the small force of Japanese pocketed on Sanananda Point remains on the Papuan peninsula of New Guinea. In assessing the Buna campaign it must be remembered that it was essentially defensive in character. It started several months ago as an effort to check a Japanese attack on Port Moresby and was pressed primarily as a means of removing all possible threat to that base. The vast amount of time and effort required to clear the Japanese out of Buna, Buna Mission, and Gona should be adequate proof of the folly of a drive northward, island by island, from Australia. But the clearing of the Solomons and New Guinea is important for safeguarding our supply route to Australia and India, and thus should facilitate an attack on Burma and Indo-China. A possible alternative line of attack was opened up by the devastating air raid on Wake Island made by American planes on Christmas Eve. Recapture of Wake, shown to be by no means an impossibility, might be the first step of a westward drive across the Pacific directed either against Japan or the Philippines.

✱

GREAT BRITAIN'S REBUKE TO ARGENTINA for attempting to play Britain against the United States has placed the Castillo government in an awkward position. In accordance with the suggestion of Axis propaganda broadcasts, the Argentine *Foreign Information Bulletin* reproduced on December 25 an article praising Argentina which had originally appeared in the *South American Journal* in London. This, of course, fitted nicely with the Axis thesis that Britain and the United States are at odds with respect to their Latin American policies. It also seemed to give moral sanction to Castillo's neutrality policy. Unfortunately for Castillo, the British seized upon the occasion to point out that the *South American Journal* article in no way reflected the official British attitude, and added that it deplored

the policy of Argentina in continuing diplomatic relations with "the enemies of humanity." The British note is not likely to have any direct effect on the policies of the Castillo regime, but it should help bring home to the Argentine people the extent to which their government is consciously playing the game according to Axis rules.

✱

"UNCLE ROBERT'S" RADIO CAMPAIGN TO eliminate the word "kindergarten" from American use because it is German in origin is so silly that it is hardly worth mentioning—except that it is said to be winning nation-wide support from "newspapers and individuals in almost every field of endeavor." What's more, a prize for the best substitute is to be awarded at ceremonies to be held on the steps of the Subtreasury in New York. In support of his crusade, Uncle Robert tells the pathetic story of a child who embarrassed her teacher by asking why her brother was fighting the Germans while she had to go to a school named by Germans. Children of pre-school age do not ask such smug questions unless they are overstimulated by grown-up adolescents. So far we have been spared the anti-German hysteria which during the last war denied us the music of Beethoven. We doubt whether Uncle Robert will get very far with his ridiculous campaign, even with children of pre-school age; but at the drop of a hat we'd join a counter-campaign to provide a substitute for radio uncles.

No Unity with Fascists

THERE is no development *The Nation* would welcome more warmly than the achievement of real unity among Frenchmen, and we agree that all purely personal obstacles to such unity ought to be swept aside. We hope that reports of a forthcoming meeting between Generals de Gaulle and Giraud are well founded, for we cannot doubt that they see eye to eye on the main point—unflinching opposition to the Axis. On the other hand, if they are required to cooperate on the basis of continuance in power of the North African Vichyites, whom every Fighting Frenchman regards as traitors to France, it is difficult to see how any agreement can be reached.

Dangerous as existing divisions are, sham unity would hold even greater perils especially if it were enforced with a club. Yet that is the policy of the State Department if Arthur Krock interprets its mind as accurately as he has often done before. "It is believed by some officials here," Mr. Krock wrote in the *New York Times* of January 3 under a Washington date line, "that the United States and Great Britain may be obliged to warn the anti-Axis French leaders that, unless they can settle their differences over procedure and achieve unity in military effort, it may become necessary for the United Nations

to break the chain of French sovereignty with a formal military occupation of North Africa and West Africa, thus stimulating a post-war native irredentist movement and clouding the legal claims of France to this vast area."

The theory underlying this threat is that Darlan derived his powers from a legitimate source of authority—the Vichy government—and that the Imperial Council has legally inherited them. So long as this properly constituted authority is maintained, no question of the rightfulness of French claims to its African territories can be raised. If, however, the argument runs, this authority lapses and the United States is forced to set up a military government in North and West Africa, then, under the terms of the Atlantic Charter, the native inhabitants would be in a position to raise the question of self-determination.

As Waverly Root pointed out in a broadcast over WINS on January 3, this method of prodding the French into "unity" is strangely similar in smell to that employed at Munich by Chamberlain and Daladier. Moreover, the legalistic line of approach in Mr. Krock's article raises the questions: (a) Was the Vichy government ever a legitimate one? (b) Even if it was, were its powers properly transferred to Darlan and the Imperial Council? With regard to the second of these questions, a dispatch from North Africa in the *New York Times* of December 31 reports that "as long ago as November 24 the three presidents of the Councils General of Constantine, Algiers, and Morocco . . . wrote to Admiral Darlan asserting that his government had no legal basis. They maintained that under the French Constitution of 1875 only a meeting of the three Councils General could provide the necessary legal authority. Admiral Darlan did not reply." Are we to have the same contempt for the laws of the democratic French Republic to whose restoration we are pledged?

If final decisions on the form the provisional civil government of North Africa should take are really being left to General Eisenhower, he is being loaded with a burden no commander in the field should be asked to assume. The solution that is found for the problem will have a significance for a far wider area—for all the French colonies and, indeed, for all other countries where Quislings may in future seek safety in American arms. Matters of this nature are the common concern of all the United Nations, and there ought to be an inter-allied council of the kind Mr. Willkie has advocated, to which they could be referred. Otherwise they will tend to be settled on terms of immediate military expediency, and while dividends may be earned on this basis in the short run, the end is likely to prove moral and political bankruptcy.

In a dispatch to the *World-Telegram* of January 4, Ernie Pyle, an excellent reporter who has never been given to taking a political line, suggests that even the

short-term merits of our appeasement policy in North Africa are dubious.

We have left in office [he writes] most of the small fry officials put there by the Germans before we came. We are permitting fascist societies to continue to exist. Actual sniping has been stopped, but there is still sabotage. The loyal French see this and wonder what manner of people we are. They are used to force and expect us to use it against the common enemy, which includes the French fascists. Our enemies see it, laugh, and call us soft. . . . There are an astonishing number of Axis sympathizers among the French in North Africa. Not a majority of course but more than you would imagine. This in itself is a great puzzle to me.

What is an even greater puzzle to me is that anyone in our government should be willing to trust such people and should condemn General de Gaulle as stiff-necked because he is not equally willing to do so.

Investigate Dies!

A MODERN Rip Van Winkle would gather from the latest report of the Dies committee that we were allied with the Axis against the Soviet Union. Most of the committee's emphasis, as usual, is on the supposed menace to our institutions from the left. Fourteen and a half pages of the new report are devoted to "subversive" organizations and individuals. The division of space among them is significant. Eleven pages are given to alleged Communists and leftists, two pages to the Japanese, one page to "the Axis front," and a half-page to anti-Semitism. In the committee's weird scale of values, anti-Semitism, favorite Axis device for creating disunity, gets no more space than the Union for Democratic Action and a good deal less attention. All the committee can report on anti-Semitism is that it's dangerous—a conclusion reached at executive sessions held last January. The committee puts its finger on no anti-Semites, makes no recommendations. The membership lists and mailing lists of anti-Semitic organizations are not subpoenaed; no effort is made to purge them from government pay rolls. That treatment is reserved for anti-fascists of many varieties, all lumped together as "Communist."

The inability of the Dies committee to get up much enthusiasm about investigating fascists is made even clearer in the minority report of Representative Jerry Voorhis, the first to be filed since the committee was organized. Mr. Voorhis protests that the committee's chief function ought surely to be to help the American people identify the propaganda and propagandists of "enemy nations." Instead, the report has a single page of vague generalities and stale material dealing with the "Axis front." "It is true," Congressman Voorhis says, "that within the past couple of months considerable work has been done, at the request of the chairman, by myself

and members of the committee staff on a report on organizations and individuals carrying on propaganda and other activities favorable to the Axis cause and the Axis philosophy of government. *That report has not been approved by the committee, and there appears to be some doubt even that it will be approved.*" According to Voorhis, material on Axis activities in this country has been in the committee's files "for months, and such a report should have been issued long ago."

It is not strange to learn that Dies handles his own committee in dictatorial fashion. Congressman Voorhis complains that much of the material issued by the committee on alleged Communist affiliations "deals not with matters upon which there was any action whatsoever, but only individual action taken by the chairman." While Dies smears Attorney General Biddle, Voorhis points out that the 1,124 "Communists" supposedly on the government pay roll are merely persons found on the mailing lists of certain supposed "Communist-front" organizations, one of them a cooperative bookshop. Being on a mailing list does not constitute membership, and in some cases, according to Voorhis, people were on these mailing lists without their knowledge, let alone their permission.

Voorhis declares that he is not surprised that the Department of Justice found no evidence of "subversive" activity on the part of any but a very small fraction of the people listed. Some of these errors might have been avoided if there had been full discussion of the report by Dies with his committee members. But according to Voorhis no meeting of the committee was ever held to discuss the report. It was presented by Dies on a "take-it-or-leave-it" basis. Dies has no desire to avoid the slanderous "errors" that crop up constantly in his reports. He is out to discredit liberals, not to fight the Axis. How much longer are we going to allow his truly subversive activities to continue?

Mr. Babbitt Explains

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

AMERICANS aren't narrow-minded. In peace times you won't find anybody more ready to admit that foreigners are perfectly O.K. Why, Americans like foreigners in Europe and Mexico and such places. They don't talk our language and their money doesn't do you much good, but when you're in those countries you take it like you do the scenery—it's just something different. Americans maybe joke about Europe being full of foreigners, but they don't mean anything by it. We all had to come from somewhere, didn't we?

But what's getting a lot of Americans pretty sick and tired these days is the way foreigners want to mix in our

war. Remember some guy said somewhere this was going to be the American Century? Sure it is. But that's not all. The way I figure it, if we're going to do the fighting and feed the whole world afterward, it's got to be an American war, too. That makes sense, doesn't it? Come to think about it, the President couldn't do much better for that name he was looking for: the American War. Anything wrong with that?

Well, to go back to the foreigners. More and more a lot of Americans are beginning to see that if this war is going to be fought right and won right and the American Century is going to get off on the right foot, we'll have to do it our way. Take North Africa. Fact is, we *have* taken it, haven't we? Or the better part of it. We made a deal with that Frenchman Darlan to let him help run things there in Africa in return for him telling the French soldiers to lay off our men; and we told General Giraud to go ahead and build up an army to fight alongside our army. We do all that and what happens? A lot of other Frenchmen start crabbing about this Darlan having sold out to Hitler and one thing and another. Well, so what? He sold out to us last, didn't he?

Next thing one of these other Frenchmen puts Darlan on the spot. Polishes him off. That shows you, doesn't it? Those foreigners don't know law and order when they see it. Not that it queers the game any. It would take more than a few feuding Frenchmen to stop our boys. But it shows you, anyhow.

The other day I was discussing this business with a fellow—some kind of crank, a red maybe. Darlan was a bag egg, he said, and got about what was coming to him. We shouldn't of ever made a deal with him in the first place, he said. I looked at him. Listen, I said, whose war is this, anyhow? Are we going to stop to look up a guy's references when it's a question of Americans fighting a war? And anyhow, who says he's a bad egg? Some other Frenchman like this De Gaulle that wants his job. The fellow argued with me. He said the English don't like Darlan either, and anyhow he was playing along with Hitler up till we landed, so all the French people in France think he's a traitor and wouldn't of liked to see us landing there in France with Darlan in charge under us. They'd think, he said, they might get a Vichy government out of it all, and what would be the use of fighting for that.

Listen, guy, I said, when he got finished, you must of been talking to some foreigner. You know what I think? I think these French people and parties better keep out of this. Are we supposed to ask permission of all the politicians in France and England every time we land a few troops some place? The best thing those boys can do is keep their mouths shut if they don't want to come along and help. The fellow wasn't convinced. He said, well it's French territory we're landing on. Don't forget that, he said. I couldn't help laughing. And who's doing the

fighting? I asked him. Who's kicking the Nazis in the pants? The Russians, he said, and walked off.

Well, you know, the truth is all these foreigners put together can't do much harm right now. They've been stepped on and they're going to stay stepped on till we shove the Nazis out of their countries. They may get sore if we use one crowd or cold-shoulder another, but, as I always say, what can they do about it? What I sometimes get thinking about, though, is after the war, and I tell you that's the time these headaches will really come home to roost. There's a lot of talk around about restoring freedom and this and that, and I'm for it, naturally. Nobody wants Hitler parked all over Europe. This time we're going to finish the job and finish it good. But when they tell you these countries can run themselves after the war, you can know without arguing that there's nothing doing. And not only Germany. The way I see it they're all in this together. And when our army gets in there, it'll be up to us to establish law and order and some ideas of how to run the place or we'll only have the job to do over again. We tried to pull out last time, and you see what happened.

I got a Czech friend, at least he's American but he came from over there, and sometimes I think he doesn't know how happy he ought to be that he's out of that mess. Of course he's in the army and so he'll be in it again somewhere, I suppose, but at least he's a U.S. citizen wherever he is. But anyhow I said to him one time. Listen, buddy, some day you may be marching into your old country to help kick those so-and-sos out of there. That's what I live for, he said to me. And then, I said, you boys will stay in there and keep things quiet

until we get a decent government set up and have the country running right. It will be something for those people to get a square meal again, hey? Czecho-Slovakia's got a government, my friend said. Sure, I said, right under Hitler's heel. No, he said, in London. And say, do you know, I'd clean forgotten about that. The Czech government-in-exile, he said, was our ally, and it might be that they could run their own country after they got the Nazis out. That's what he said.

But take it from me, if we're going to feed those babies over there and put them back on their feet, they'll have to swallow a little American law and order along with good American chow. They'll have it our way or not at all. I guess that's reasonable. We aren't chasing Hitler out just so a lot of home-town politicians can stir up trouble. If they don't like Darlan or any other one we pick to help us keep things quiet while we feed them and do the fighting, let them write to the papers about it. If there are any papers. But I guess they better just figure that politics and revolutions are out while our boys are doing their stuff.

These days there's just two kinds of foreigners: nuisances and foreigners that do what we tell them. As far as I can figure, this fellow Darlan was one of the second kind, so he looked O. K. to me. The other kind, the ones that kick or try to get us mixed up in their political fights, well I guess we'll know how to deal with them. So far our State Department hasn't let them get in its hair. They may even learn something about American law and order before we finish with them. We didn't ask for this war, but now we're in it we're going to run it our own way, and the quicker a lot of people get used to the idea the less trouble they'll get into.

Did Hull and Welles Tell the Truth?

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, January 4

THE State Department is on the defensive in the Bolivian affair. Two weeks ago *The Nation's* Washington letter reported that the American ambassador to Bolivia had sought to prevent the enactment of a new labor code in that country. This code guarantees to Bolivian workers rights as standard as collective bargaining and as elementary as regular payment of wages. Last week this report from Bolivia was twice denied by the State Department, once by Secretary Hull at a press conference and a second time by Under Secretary Welles in a letter publicly rebuking Ernesto Galarza, Mexican-born chief of the Division of Labor and Social Information of the Pan-American Union. It was Galarza who, in a letter to Welles printed for the first time in this

week's issue of *The Nation*, called the attention of the State Department to the activities of our ambassador. For his courage in defending the workers of Bolivia, Galarza is slated to pay with his job unless American labor and progressives bring pressure to bear in his behalf at the White House and the Pan-American Union. Not the least important aspect of this affair is that it shows how hazardous is the attempt to inject New Deal ideas into the actual conduct of our diplomacy.

How much are the denials of Hull and Welles worth? Not much. I have obtained a detailed paraphrase of the five-page cable sent the State Department on November 30 by our ambassador, Pierre de Lagarde Boal, from La Paz. I also have the text of the pertinent paragraphs in the reply which Secretary Hull sent him on Decem-

ber 2. These fully support Galarza's charges. According to the statement Hull issued last week, Boal "did not engage in any acts or utterances which could be construed at all as an attempt to influence the labor plans and programs that were pending in Bolivia. . . ." Boal merely "made inquiry about the effect of the proposed labor code on production costs of the strategic materials that we were securing from Bolivia." But there was "nothing in the inquiry which was not in line with his duty to report all economic facts to his government."

Boal did not simply make an inquiry as to the effect of this code on production costs. He had a long discussion with the President of Bolivia in which he made it clear that the American government was disturbed about the enactment of the code and in which he presented and supported objections raised by the mine-owners. The Bolivian President's attitude, as reported by Boal, was apologetic. The President of Bolivia, according to Boal, expressed the opinion that he could not veto the code without provoking strikes and labor agitation. The President suggested, however, that the code was provisional and that he could suspend the application of clauses most likely—in the opinion of the mine-owners and the American Embassy—to have an adverse effect. It was suggested that the code be vetoed and some of its provisions made effective by decree, but the President pointed out that this would not meet labor's objections. Decrees have a lower status than laws, are more easily evaded, and can be nullified by the Supreme Court. "This labor code," Boal explained in his cable, "is similar to the existing labor decree, which has been broadly disregarded by the large and small miners because its status as a decree made this possible." It is easy to see why the decree is preferred by the mine-owners.

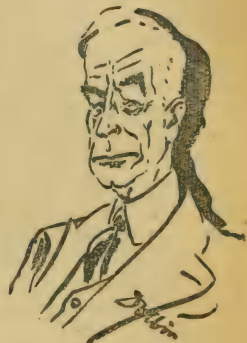
Boal had another suggestion to make. In its contracts for the purchase of materials, the Board of Economic Warfare provides for better wage and working conditions. In one form of contract, it pays the entire additional cost; in another, it pays half the cost. Boal proposed that the purposes of the code be achieved through these labor clauses and that they be used as an excuse either for vetoing the code or suspending some of its provisions. The advantage to the mine-owner of providing for better working conditions in this way is obvious. He is not obliged to maintain the same wages and conditions in all his work, or after the war is over. He can collect most, if not all, of his additional costs from the United States government, and if the United States government is not too strict in its inspection and enforcement of the labor clauses, the mine-owner might also pocket extra charges made presumably for better labor conditions. The paraphrase of the cable does not indicate what comment the President of Bolivia made on this suggestion.

Boal's cable represented some special pleading in Washington as well as La Paz. It reported that the

mining operators had informed him that the enactment of the labor code would raise their expenses so much that they would have to ask increased prices from Metals Reserve, RFC subsidiary for stockpile purchases. Boal gave support to this view by saying that the Embassy had examined the code and found that it would increase administrative expenses. This plea for higher prices is interesting in the light of an item I discovered in *Pan-American Labor Notes* for last October. This Nelson Rockefeller publication revealed that Metals Reserve had already given the Bolivian mine-owners an increase in prices and that when the Bolivian Confederation of Labor heard of the increase "it presented data to the United States Embassy, and asked its help in persuading the mining firms to agree to the increase in the wages of Bolivian miners." The Boal cable of November 30 indicates that they picked a poor place for their appeal.

The Ambassador said in his cable, "Other articles [of the labor code] which appear to create important difficulties are Article 27, which requires operators to sign collective contracts, and Article 31, which prohibits utilizing the services of labor collectors and contractors." He pointed out the inconvenience of Article 53, which would require payment of wages every fifteen days. Boal said this would increase bookkeeping costs! (It would be cheaper to stop paying wages altogether.) He also objected that this article, if enforced, would encourage the miners to quit on pay day. "They are now paid tardily," he explained, "deliberately in order to maintain them on the job and to give them a stake in their next month's pay." A simpler, if less diplomatic, word for this is peonage. Boal ended by declaring it imperative that the United States government make its suggestions promptly, while there was still time, or "we will not be able in the future to protest the enforcement of the law." All this was the clearest kind of intervention in Bolivian affairs on behalf of the mine-owners.

What was the department's answer to this cable? Did it rebuke Boal? Welles said last week that on December 2 the department instructed the Ambassador "to avoid carefully any statements or actions which might be construed as an attempt to influence Bolivian legislation." That is a correct paraphrase of the first sentence of the telegram Hull sent Boal on that date. But the text of the telegram shows that this opening sentence was eyewash. For Hull went on to say:



Secretary Hull

It is, however, considered desirable that you discreetly express to the President or other appropriate authorities your government's hope and confidence that no steps will be taken which might result in the creation of situations which would inhibit the full performance of contracts made in good faith by both parties. You may refer to the fact that agencies of this government have entered into important contracts for the purchase of various strategic materials, particularly tin, tungsten, antimony, and rubber. It is, of course, patent that the uninterrupted flow of these items is essential to the optimum prosecution of the war. It is consequently hoped that no action will be taken which might jeopardize hemispheric security. Discreet reference can be made to Resolution IV of the Rio meeting on the production of strategic materials.

Resolution IV recommended that the countries of the hemisphere "eliminate or minimize administrative formalities and the regulations and restrictions which im-

pede the production and free flow of basic and strategic materials." Hull was suggesting that Boal indicate that enactment of the labor code "might jeopardize hemispheric security." The text of Hull's telegram discredits the State Department's denials.

Rarely do we ordinary mortals get so full a look under the lid of our diplomacy, which remains as secret as the State Department can make it. More is involved in this affair than the welfare of Bolivia's miserably underpaid and tubercular miners: the output of badly needed tin, tungsten, and antimony; the sincerity of our Good Neighbor policy; the extent to which we let Nazi propaganda use the issue of *Yanqui* imperialism against us. The affair raises an even broader question. If we cannot keep our diplomats in this hemisphere from serving the forces of reaction and exploitation now, how can we hope to defeat the same combination of big business and bureaucracy and build a better world when the war is over?

Slowdown in North Africa

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

RECENT disappointment over the slowing down of the African campaign is as ill founded as was the early conclusion that complete success was a question of a few weeks. Inevitable delays in the establishment of new bases and lines of transportation have held up the offensives in both Tunisia and Libya.

The Germans responded quickly to the initial American landings in Morocco and Algeria by ferrying picked air and technical troops across from Sicily. The resistance offered by the French in Tunisia was nearly as weak as their opposition to the Americans farther west had been, and the invaders encountered no special difficulty in gaining a foothold. The First British Army and its attached American units, with very slight preparation, marched east in an effort to prevent the Germans from consolidating the area under their control. Unfortunately, the attempt was not made with sufficient force or speed to be entirely successful. It did succeed in confining the Germans to a small but strategically vital sector between Bizerte and Tunis and in establishing a loose control over most of the rest of Tunisia. Once the Germans, with their advantage of shorter lines of transport, had won the race to establish air bases in Tunisia, it was easy for them to give Anderson the rough handling reported in early December. Hampered by lack of close air support and by none too safe supply lines, the Allies could do little more than maintain their positions while both sides hurriedly rushed in reinforcements for the major battle ahead.

It is hazardous to make predictions when many important factors are unknown, but in the coming struggle most of the advantages rest with the United Nations. In bringing in fresh troops the Germans are bound to suffer heavier losses from British submarines and long-range bombers than they can inflict on troops approaching by land. And if they are therefore obliged to depend chiefly on air transport, their numbers are seriously cut down. Thus the advantage of their shorter communications is to some extent illusory. Their early air superiority will also be overcome as the Allies build more advanced bases. The Allies have a larger number of planes, and planes and pilots are of higher quality. The advantage of numbers on land is also on our side, and is likely to be emphasized as the Germans continue their retreat in Libya. Such intangibles as leadership, coordination of forces, and the fighting quality of troops cannot be measured accurately and do not obviously favor either side.

It is significant but not surprising that Hitler has abandoned for the time being all attempts to keep any large area in Africa and has concentrated on holding only the Straits of Sicily. His armies no longer threaten the British in the Middle East, but if they can hold their present positions, the Allies will be prevented from using the Mediterranean for transport and thus deprived of one of the main fruits of victory.

But whatever the outcome of the approaching major battle in Tunisia, the African campaign has netted the

United Nations important gains. Though the warships at Dakar and Alexandria are not immediately usable, they are a more valuable addition to United Nations strength at sea than the scuttled French fleet at Toulon can be for Hitler. Hastily sunk vessels can often be raised and repaired, but it is a work of months and in Hitler's present situation is probably not worth undertaking. The active aid of at least 200,000 French and colonial troops would be a greater benefit to the Allies, but this is still only a possibility. Finally, the experience gained by the defeated Dunkirk veterans and the green American units has certainly augmented their value.

The counter-moves of Hitler have thus far been annoying but not decisive. After several very favorable months, sinkings in the Atlantic have increased as the convoy needs of the African campaign have deprived other shipping of needed protection. A blow through Spain cannot be ruled out, though Franco's recent expression of sympathy for fascism sounds more like an attempt to pay a political debt to the Axis without cost to himself than a declaration of belligerency. At the other end of the Mediterranean the strengthening of garrisons in Crete and Greece has been reported. If this is true, it is more likely to represent a bracing of southern defenses than a preparation for a new offensive. A German diversion in the eastern Mediterranean would encounter superior sea power and air power, rugged terrain, British land forces, and a comparatively strong Turkish army. Even if Hitler could spare enough troops from the Russian front and garrison duty in Europe for an offensive here, his shortage of air power would be likely to rule it out.

In Libya the British are continuing to show not only superior force but a definite comprehension of some of the war's more expensive lessons. To General Alexander's credit, he did not, after pursuing the Germans to El Agheila, repeat the mistake of the 1941 campaign and attack without a secure base either for retreat or for further advance in case of success. Instead, he waited for air bases and transportation lines to catch up with him. He was then able to carry out a swift flanking movement which was a brilliant repetition of the Blitzkrieg tactics used earlier by the Germans. This movement was conducted over terrain so difficult that, like the India-Burma frontier, it would have been considered militarily unusable had not the Germans and later the Japanese demonstrated that difficult terrain is not in itself impassable. Alexander may now require another delay to consolidate his gains and strengthen his greatly strained supply lines before he can launch his final drive for the rest of Libya. Rommel's supply problem is getting simpler as he retreats, but the repeated defeats and the pounding of his troops from the air may have destroyed their capacity to make a successful stand—always provided his opponents do not make mistakes.

With increasing frequency the question is being asked,

"After North Africa what next?" Assuming a United Nations triumph there—likely but by no means certain—a number of answers are possible. Victory would free for duty elsewhere between 300,000 and 500,000 troops, only a few of which would be needed to provide garrisons. The first step would be to establish clear air superiority over the central Mediterranean, reopening the entire sea to shipping and thus saving a large amount of merchant tonnage. A necessary prelude to further moves, and one now under way, would be the softening up of Italy from the air. As compared to Germany, Italy has few centers of production. These are concentrated in the north and, as recent attacks have shown, are very poorly defended. Because of his growing weakness in the air, Hitler can defend these cities only at the expense of sections of Europe closer to England; yet he cannot afford to neglect them and see much of Italy's war potential eliminated. He must also consider the possible collapse of Italian morale. In sum, Italy would provide an extremely favorable testing ground for the theories of air-power enthusiasts.

But air war is only a preliminary to invasion by ground forces. Sicily and Sardinia are the most obvious places for starting such an offensive; Sicily would be the more valuable as a bridgehead, but it is also the better defended of the two. Crete and, later, Greece, Yugoslavia, and continental Italy are other possible battle grounds. The next large offensive is not likely to be a genuine "second front" but rather, like the North African invasion, a campaign of limited objectives undertaken with the protection of superior sea and air power in a region far from the center of German strength.

Perhaps it is not too early to hazard a guess as to the outlines of the campaign which may finally win the war. Germany, operating on interior lines, can shift forces to meet an attack at any point with less difficulty than its foes can launch the attack. In the First World War it held a similar position with forces much weaker than the enemy's. Today it is hopelessly inferior at sea and slightly weaker in the air, but it still holds a clear-cut advantage on land. As Great Britain and the United States gain first equality and then superiority, their offensives can become bolder and more persistent until at last Germany will be compelled to defend itself in many sectors at once and unable to shift its forces quickly to a new threatened point on the European coast. Then not only a "second" but several fronts may be opened almost simultaneously, and the Germans will find themselves short of troops for new fronts just as they are now weak in planes.

We are as yet far from reaching this decisive stage of the war. But the African offensives have opened up a whole group of possible lines of action and forced a wide dispersal of German strength. They definitely place the initiative in the hands of the United Nations.

Better than Rationing

BY ADOLF F. STURMTHAL

A FEW weeks ago Randolph E. Paul, general counsel of the Treasury, estimated that the "inflationary gap" in 1943 would amount to not less than \$40 billion. Total national income would rise to \$125 billion, the highest figure in the history of the United States. Taxation for individuals would amount to \$15 billion, and the total supply of civilian goods at current prices would be worth about \$70 billion. Like America's war against the Axis, the fight against inflation has "just begun."

Mr. Randolph's estimate needs a slight revision, since it is obviously a gross figure. Individual and business savings and various other items may reduce the gap by more than \$20 billion. But even so there will be an excess purchasing power of some \$15 billion to \$20 billion which, if left uncontrolled, will threaten the existing price ceilings.* The situation is even worse than this figure indicates. So far the defense of price stability has been greatly aided by accumulated stores and inventories, but in many lines we have now reached the bottom of the barrel. Civilian consumption will depend more and more upon current production alone. Moreover, the experience of the First World War tends to prove that inflation becomes manifest only after a considerable time lag. It takes some time for a consumer whose money income has suddenly increased to adjust to a new standard of living. He accumulates savings and repays debts incurred during the preceding lean years before he begins to have confidence in the permanence of his increased income. We are probably just now entering the stage in which large amounts of consumers' increased incomes will come into the market and press prices upward.

Little relief can be expected from the supply side. A further expansion of production beyond Mr. Paul's \$125 billion is not impossible if additional women are used in production and we have better over-all planning of manpower. But the bulk of any additional effort will undoubtedly go into armaments production and therefore do little to alleviate the pressure on the prices of civilian goods. The simplest way out, it might seem, would be increased taxation; if it were sufficiently heavy to reduce consumers' purchasing power by some \$15 billion to \$20 billion, the inflationary gap would be closed. But it is improbable that Congress would dare to raise taxation by another 100 per cent, and moreover it is by no means

certain that such action would achieve its object, since large parts of the population would draw upon savings and realize assets to avoid a drastic reduction in their standard of living. Without such a reduction, however, our entire policy of rationing and price ceilings is bound to fail.

So far as can be seen from the outside, Washington's present plans are for a combination of tax increases and extended rationing. But this policy, not too successful in the past, is unlikely to be more effective during the coming year. Whatever tax increases can be expected will absorb at the best a fraction of excess purchasing power, and rationing alone will be unable to prevent price increases as long as the consumer retains his excess spending power. Even severe punishment has proved ineffective against the lure of enormous profits to be made out of violation of rationing rules. If rationing alone is left to cope with excess funds in the pockets of consumers, black markets are inevitable, and the retailer will be compelled to set up his own, probably inequitable, schemes for distributing articles not yet rationed.

When technical factors create an extreme scarcity of particular commodities, their rationing is appropriate and will continue to be necessary. We are heading, however, for a period in which all or nearly all commodities will be scarce in relation to augmented consumers' demands. It is the general shortage of labor that is fast becoming the crucial factor of our economic policy. To handle this problem by rationing specific articles will lead to a most objectionable situation. Every new rationing measure will merely cause excess purchasing power to rush toward other not yet rationed items and make for scarcity of substitutes for substitutes. The more we ration, the farther we shall be compelled to extend rationing. The OPA will be engaged in a hopeless race with a torrent of purchasing power looking for new outlets.

Instead of doctoring the symptoms we must attack the evil itself by eliminating so far as possible the excess purchasing power of the consumer. When this is done, specific rationing will take care of the few remaining special shortages, and the administration of these will stay within manageable proportions. The consumer can be permitted to exert his free choice as long as his aggregate spending does not exceed the limits necessary to prevent inflation.

The basic principle of price stabilization is simple. Civilian demand must be curtailed to the point where it corresponds to available supplies at existing prices. The

* Somewhat different figures have been presented by Maxwell S. Stewart for the Public Affairs Committee, but these divergences do not affect the main argument of this article, as Mr. Stewart expects an even larger inflationary gap.

real difficulties begin when we try to implement this principle. Should existing prices be considered unchangeable? After all, we are not interested in preventing changes in relative prices, but only in seeing that the price average does not move upward. In other words, there is no objection to an increase in the price of certain articles, provided others become cheaper. Such relative price changes are, in a capitalist economy, the normal way of adjusting supply to changes in the relative demand for various articles. A policy of immutable price ceilings may develop into a hindrance to production and thus defeat itself.

Price control, therefore, must be a subsidiary feature of an anti-inflationary policy; the main feature must be a direct attack upon excess purchasing power. The problem here is to select a mode of attack that will hit spending but not saving. To prevent the use of savings or assets for current consumption is one of the chief difficulties of anti-inflationary measures; the more drastic the measure the greater the difficulty. For political realists the question becomes how far to use taxation and how far to rely upon other methods. Plans that immobilize spending power rather than tax it away will probably meet with greater success than draconian tax laws.

Among the innumerable plans that have been advocated to eliminate excess purchasing power, three main ideas stand out—those of John Maynard Keynes, W. Allen Wallis, and M. Kalecki. The Keynes plan, the oldest of the three, consists of a system of "compulsory savings" or "deferred pay": a fraction of current incomes is retained and "frozen" for the duration, or perhaps somewhat beyond the end of hostilities. Compared with taxation designed to absorb excess purchasing power, this plan has considerable psychological advantages, for the citizen keeps his money although he cannot make use of a part of it. The main opposition to the Keynes plan has come from the trade unions, which have pointed out that the higher income groups, even if a larger proportion of their incomes were frozen, could defeat the purpose of the plan by reducing their normal voluntary savings and possibly spending previously accumulated sums to make up for compulsory savings. Their standard of living would therefore not decline to the degree necessary to avoid inflationary price increases. This is exactly the same danger that is involved in heavy taxation of higher income groups.

Professor Wallis of Stanford University has advocated a steeply progressive spending tax. Under this plan consumers are allocated a basic total-expenditure ration. Expenditures beyond this amount would be subject to a steeply progressive tax. The scheme could be administered in conjunction with the federal income tax, with the taxpayer filing two returns. For the spending tax,

he would indicate his total income and his savings during the fiscal year, deduct from the rest the tax-free basic ration, and compute the tax on the balance. Considerable as the administrative difficulties may be, they appear minor compared with those of specific rationing of all commodities.

The Wallis plan should not be mistaken for the general sales tax so ardently advocated by high income groups this year. A general sales tax would tend to be regressive. It would bear most heavily on low income groups, which must spend a large part of their income on consumption goods. Under the Wallis plan the weight of the tax would fall upon that spending which goes beyond the tax-free minimum allocated to the consumer; it would hit the big spenders. Differences in standards of living would be somewhat reduced, though by no means completely leveled off. It is clear that the better the tax fulfils its purpose, which is to curb excess consumption, the smaller would be its yield. Thus it would not replace the income tax but would act as a flexible device to reduce consumption to the level compatible with available consumers' goods.

If this plan were adopted, the consumer would be free to distribute his purchases according to his own desires except in the few cases where absolute scarcity compels specific rationing. Relative price movements would take care of the remaining shortages. If too much meat were demanded, its prices would go up, thus discouraging further meat purchases. This price increase, however, would not represent an inflationary danger since other prices must have correspondingly decreased—the more money consumers spend on meat the less they have left for other articles. The Wallis plan is somewhat similar in this respect to the British meat-rationing system, under which the amount that each person can spend a week on meat is limited; he can spend it, according to his taste, on a small quantity of high-quality meat or on a larger quantity of lower-grade cuts. If too many people prefer quality, the price of first-grade cuts rises and that of inferior cuts drops. This movement of relative prices soon reestablishes a balance between consumption and available supplies.

The main problem of enforcement would be to prevent purchases by a low-tax consumer in behalf of a high-tax consumer, also to prevent barter. Another might be the difficulty of checking on dissaving. But since dissaving will most frequently consist in selling assets, it will usually mean someone else's spending and thus be subject to the tax. Dissaving is therefore less of a problem under the Wallis plan than under others.

The Wallis plan represents a modification of Jerome Weinstein's suggestions, a summary of which was printed in this magazine in the issue of July 11. Mr. Weinstein advocated a progressive tax on spending beyond a minimum. Every consumer would be given a number of cou-

pons to be used in the purchase of certain articles for which demand was likely to exceed supply at existing prices. Further coupons beyond this minimum could be obtained by payment of a progressive tax. Mr. Weinstein's suggestions would be easier to enforce than the Wallis plan, provided the transfer of coupons from a low taxpayer to a high taxpayer could be prevented. If the Weinstein plan were extended to the purchase of all items in retail stores, it would come close to Mr. Kalecki's general-expenditure rationing.

This plan was presented early in 1941 in the Bulletin of the Oxford Institute of Statistics. It would apply to all items bought in retail stores. Services, entertainments, and education would thus be left unrationed—wisely, I believe, for there is hardly an inflationary danger if thirty-five students rather than twelve listen to their professor's lecture, or if half a million more people see a film. Mr. Kalecki suggests the issuance to all consumers of general coupons representing the total expenditure allowed by the government. With a social radicalism that reflects the state of mind of England in 1940, his plan provides for identical expenditure by everyone, thus eliminating all income differences for the duration. All purchases in retail stores except those for books, medicine, newspapers, and magazines would require payment in both money and coupons. Actually, these coupons would represent simply a second kind of money, and

every article in a retail store would carry two prices, one in pounds sterling, the other in coupons.

It is more than probable that in this form the plan would be unacceptable in the United States. The protest against the \$25,000 limit for salaries is sufficient evidence of this; and I wonder whether such leveling off of income differences could be carried out in England now. But it would be quite possible to combine the Kalecki plan with differentials in the allocation of general-expenditure coupons, differentials which would represent a steeply decreasing proportion of higher incomes. Again additional coupons might be allocated in proportion to the purchase of war bonds. In this form the Kalecki plan might be adjusted to the political and social conditions of this country. It leaves the consumer free to choose what he will buy with the spending power allotted to him and renders unnecessary a cumbersome system of specific rationing of hundreds of items, with all the attendant difficulties of enforcement.

The moment is fast approaching when we shall have to choose between a huge bureaucratic administration of universal shortages and some form of general limitation on expenditure. We should not hesitate to favor the latter. It is futile to ask the OPA to do the job of the Treasury. Rationing must remain an emergency measure to deal with extraordinary scarcities. It cannot replace taxation or restriction on spending.

The Jews of Europe

II. SEVEN WAYS TO HELP THEM NOW

BY PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

AT THIS stage of the war the Jews face a frightful dilemma. If Hitler wins, all hope will be gone, for he will be in a position to execute his threat to destroy them. But if he is defeated, the outlook also is black, for with each setback the Nazis have perpetrated new pogroms. And with final defeat these ruthless men who know that they may expect no mercy from any people, not even the Germans, will let loose such a reign of terror as the world has never seen. "If the day should ever come," wrote Goebbels recently in his weekly *Das Reich*, "when we must go, if some day we are compelled to leave the scene of history, we will slam the door so hard that the universe will shake and mankind will stand back in stupefaction." They will, of course, seek to engulf all Jews in this last wave of elemental evil.

And yet there is not a Jew who, facing this horrible possibility, does not support prosecution of the war with all his heart. I have ministered to parents of sons killed in service and have yet to find one who regards the

sacrifice as vain. Jews in the underground movements of Poland, France, Yugoslavia, and other countries daily subject themselves and their families to the risk of immediate execution—and resolutely carry on. There is a wisdom in this attitude which has an immediate relevance beyond the conviction that a Nazi victory would destroy both the life of the Jewish people and the values that make life worth living. The principal hope of saving the Jews in Hitler's clutches lies in swift, decisive victory.

Realistically viewed, this is the situation: Inside Germany tension and friction are increasing. Those elements which hope to survive a Nazi overthrow are daily growing in power. The middle classes, long cheated and disillusioned, are asserting their discontent. The Junker generals, who have always despised the Nazis and distrusted their war programs, are growing daily in relative strength and in the esteem of the people. These groups, which have shown no particular love for the Jews but have great affection for their own skins, are beginning to

adopt attitudes which may win them some compassion from enemies with victory in sight. The fear of rapidly approaching reprisals may move them to try to exert some moderating influence on Nazi ruthlessness. It has done so already, we are informed. Similarly restive are the leftist workers' groups who believed that the Nazis were socialists and who now feel that they have been sold out. Further, the churches of Germany have emerged from this blood bath with renewed strength. The Nazis have not been able to silence them or to curb their independent leadership. Now that the day of judgment is swiftly nearing, they too can be expected to exercise a restraining influence on the German people. The nearer that day approaches the more outspoken and the more potent will be their influence. Always uncomfortable in the presence of Nazi anti-Semitism, they are now vigorously opposed to it. And the weakening of Nazi prestige through a succession of defeats strengthens their hands and those of other groups that have come to detest Hitler. Uncertain though it be, the best hope for saving the Jews in German territory is the quick overpowering of the Nazis.

It is equally the best hope for Jews in the satellite countries. The Italian people, despite official Fascist anti-Semitism and Nazi propaganda, have remained friendly to the Jews. A Nazi defeat will enable Jews to survive there, whereas victory will lead to their eventual extermination. In Hungary, where anti-Semitism has been directed only against the property and rights of Jews, not against their persons, and in Rumania, where the regime is cowardly and corrupt, the wise, forthright apportionment of rewards and punishment may achieve the desired results. Hungary can be promised a merciful peace if it behaves with humanity toward its minorities; Rumania can be threatened with devastating bombing if it does not cease its murder of innocent civilians. In each instance words will be effective only in the measure that they are supported by effective military action.

Such action is now a reality in French North Africa, which according to the census of 1936 has a Jewish population of 330,000. For the past two years the anti-Jewish laws of Vichy have been applied to these communities, and for the past six months they have lived in dread of Nazi violence. Now the successful invasion of North Africa by the United Nations has lifted that fear, and they are on the way to freedom. A chaplain accompanying these forces writes, "Well, here I am in North Africa. . . . The Jews have suffered the same restrictions as those imposed upon Jews in Vichy France. But of course, now that we are here, that will be done away with—thank God—as they are doing."

There is justified impatience with the slowness with which these restrictions are being lifted, though it appears that the complexities of the situation make a certain amount of delay inevitable. Admiral Darlan's personal attitude on the subject is demonstrated by a letter

which it is my privilege to make public for the first time (a copy is in the possession of the World Jewish Congress). Addressed to the Delegate General of the French Government in the Occupied Territories it reveals an opposition to the extremes of Nazi repression combined with an anti-Semitism strong enough in its own right:

Re: Anti-Jewish measures

Reference: Note No. 678 of December 15, 1941, of the Commander-in-Chief of the Military Forces in France

I. In the note mentioned in the reference the Commander-in-Chief of the Military Forces in France demands that a certain number of anti-Jewish measures be taken in the occupied zone, such as obligation to wear distinguishing signs, prohibition to visit public places, with the exception of some localities to be reserved for their particular use, and the establishment of a rigorous curfew.

II. I have the honor to inform you that I do not agree with the suggestions made.

I believe that the various restrictive measures taken up to date against Jews are sufficient to obtain the desired aims, that is, their elimination from public service and leading positions in industrial and commercial activities of the country.

There is no doubt that going beyond this would profoundly shock French public opinion, which would consider these measures a nuisance without actual effect either for the future of the country or the security of the occupying forces. The very excess of these decisions would certainly be detrimental to the desired end and would risk provoking a movement in favor of the Jews considered as martyrs.

(Signed) F. DARLAN

President Roosevelt's declaration of November 17 concerning the arrangements made by General Dwight Eisenhower was unequivocal: "I have asked for the abrogation of all laws and decrees inspired by Nazi governments or Nazi ideologists." In his press conference the President stated specifically that this order referred to anti-Jewish legislation. Shortly afterward General Eisenhower received a delegation of Algerian Jews who requested the abrogation of the anti-Jewish laws. He assured them this would be done. Jews have already been readmitted into the French army, and the *numerus clausus* has been abolished at the University of Algiers and in lower schools.

There is another level on which the United Nations can help to sustain Jews. Men can survive oppression so long as they can hope. But when hope goes, the will to live goes too. On the level of morale the record of the United Nations has not been good. One of the most effective devices of Nazi propaganda has been the exploitation of the fact that the United Nations are unwilling to accept any substantial number of the Jews whom the Nazis wish to expel. The emptiness of protests against anti-Semitism is made plain when the protesters

themselves are unwilling to grant refuge to the victims. The sinking of the *Struma* with 769 Jewish refugees denied entrance to Palestine and the spectacle of the *St. Louis* with its load of harried German Jews pleading in vain for admittance to many ports revealed a callousness on the part of Christian peoples which has done irreparable damage to the morale of Jews. That the State Department should have felt obliged in the past to take into account the objections of some Americans even to admitting a number of German Jewish children, and that prominent members of Congress should seize the present occasion, when Jews are at the lowest depths, to announce their opposition to immigration—these are facts that rob Jews of the last straws to which they have been clinging. Where is the humanity of men who cannot even wait until the Nazis are defeated to inform their victims that they may not hope to come here? Where is the Christianity of the men and women—and some of the most articulate opponents of the admission of children were women—who out of prejudice or narrow selfishness obstruct the escape of little boys and girls from the Nazi hell? Do the words of Jesus mean nothing to those professing Christians: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me"? Little Switzerland has put the great nations to shame. Living under the shadow of German might, the Swiss people have been magnificent in their outspoken opposition to anti-Semitism, in their refusal to expel illegal immigrants who have found refuge within their borders, and in accepting nearly 10,000 refugees in the past six months.

The United Nations also can show their genuine concern, and can nourish the hopes of Jews on the edge of the abyss, by the following acts:

1. Announce immediately that the Jews, ■ Jews, will have ■ hearing in the councils of the United Nations. It is the Jewish people that the Nazis have set out to destroy, and it is as ■ people that the Jews should take their place with other peoples on the commissions now being established to prepare for the peace.

2. Grant to Palestinian and stateless Jews the right to fight ■ Jews against the Nazis. Let Jewish regiments be formed in Palestine to join the armies of the Free French and the Free Poles and other peoples in the struggle against the Axis. Apart from its practical effects, this will have ■ therapeutic value in substituting for the present condition of humiliation and helplessness ■ consciousness of participation in the struggle for freedom.

3. Open the doors of Palestine at least to the legal immigration assured by the MacDonald White Paper of 1939. This document, despite Jewish protests, is still the law. It permits an immigration of 75,000 Jews in a five-year period. Thus far, only 38,000 of these certificates have been granted. Let all technical obstructions be removed forthwith ■ that another 37,000 Jews for whom

a visa to Palestine is the difference between life and death may be saved without delay. It may well be pointed out in this connection that countries like Turkey, Switzerland, and Spain would be willing to accept large numbers of Jewish refugees on a temporary basis if they could see clearly an eventual outlet for them. But so long as Britain places obstacles in the way of admitting even such numbers to Palestine as the White Paper permits, why should these countries behave differently?

4. Frontiers should be open for transit purposes wherever possible; when necessary, they should be forced open. The plight of the 500 Polish Jewish children now in Teheran, most of them orphans of the war, is a case in point. These were among the 10,000 Polish refugees who made their way finally across Russia into Persia. Now, half-starved and unwanted, they are stranded in Teheran. Strong appeals to the Palestine government and guaranties of their support ultimately evoked 500 immigration visas for the children. But they must cross Iraq to get to Palestine, and Nuri Said Pasha, Prime Minister of Iraq, has refused thus far to grant permission. Here is an instance where a show of strength, not polite appeals, could quickly get results. The British certainly have demonstrated that they know how to get what they really want in Iraq. These desperate situations, where swift bold action alone can save many lives, call for daring imagination. It has been suggested to the British that they transport the children from Teheran to Palestine in bombers. The distance is only 1,050 miles and can be flown in five hours. Why not? The plan has been offered that neutral countries such as Sweden, Portugal, Spain, and Turkey should permit the entry, for ■ temporary stay, of a considerable number of refugees on the understanding that Jews already there be moved at once to the Americas to make room for the newcomers. Why not?

5. The *New York Times* announced on December 30 that the Mexican government had agreed to give temporary shelter to 5,000 Polish refugees, mostly the wives and children of soldiers now fighting the Nazis. They will be supported with funds supplied by the Polish government, which also guarantees their repatriation after the war. This is almost the identical proposal which Moshe Shertok, head of the political department of the Jewish Agency, has been making to the Allied governments, thus far without visible results. If these governments would guarantee to neutral countries the cost of maintaining escaped Jews during the war or until they could be permanently resettled elsewhere after the war, innumerable Jews would find their way to these lands. Even now, without any guaranties, many thousands of fleeing Jews have crossed the Pyrenees into Spain, the Danube into Hungary, the Dardanelles into Turkey, and the Baltic into Sweden. Their flight has been abetted by sympathetic Christians in Nazi-controlled countries. Their numbers have been limited largely by the unwill-

ingness of other countries to accept escaping Jews. But with guaranties of maintenance and ultimate repatriation a number of countries might be willing to shelter substantial numbers. I do not speak at this point of the degradation of the Jews in this situation, apparently everywhere unwanted permanently. That will be the basis of my third article. Here I speak only of the elementary duty to save life.

6. If the prevention of needless suffering and death is our duty, has not the time come to reconsider the question of feeding starving populations in Europe? There is no evidence that the food sent to Greece has aided the Nazis. This war, it now appears, will be won by the decisive defeat of the Nazi armies, and not through a long process of attrition. If a safeguarded program of feeding, similar to that carried out in Greece, can be extended to millions of men, women, and children—of course not to Jews alone—and especially to those who will be the nucleus of the democratic forces with whom peace some day must be made, is it not worth the risk? If we should discover that this food is being confiscated by the Nazis, we could discontinue it immediately. For the time being, it appears that some direct help is possible. The American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee is still maintaining some soup kitchens, with the aid of

local Jewish communities in Nazi-dominated territory. And Jews in America still receive word that packages of food sent to relatives in Poland in some instances reach their destination.

7. Save the children. Let every technical barrier be set aside, let all red tape be cut, so that these innocent, sorely hurt little boys and girls may be succored. Realism offers some hope here. For though the Nazis can use able-bodied men and women for slave labor, the children are simply so many more mouths to feed. Even the Nazis are reluctant to shoot children in cold blood, and the abhorrence of the civilian Christian population reinforces that reluctance. For the most part this problem resolves itself into utilizing the good offices of neutral powers, obtaining the consent of adjacent countries for transit purposes, providing means of transportation, and procuring immigration visas.

These are very difficult matters, but no stone should be left unturned. The fate of European Jewry in these coming months will be a test of the sincerity of the United Nations.

[This is the second of three articles on the position of European Jewry. The series will be concluded in an early issue with Dr. Bernstein's analysis of long-range solutions to the problem.]

Violence in the Classroom

BY AGNES E. BENEDICT

THE forces of war, combined with the forces of reaction, are placing our schools in imminent danger. Restlessness, turbulence, and emotional instability are increasing among the pupils, as I believe almost any teacher in the country would testify. Juvenile delinquency is rising—in some places alarmingly. And the blame for this situation is being slyly laid at the door of progressive education. Reactionaries are seizing the opportunity to try to root out the few promising experiments in progressive education that have gained a foothold in the American school system.

Liberals have for some time cherished the comfortable illusion that all is well with our schools, that throughout America the progressive movement is everywhere breaking the educational lockstep, that our schools are rapidly being transformed into miniature societies, that the credo of our teachers is becoming "learn by doing," and "learn through play," and "the only real discipline is self-discipline." Nothing is farther from the truth. The sad reality is that progressivism has hardly made a dent on the schools of this country. The illusion that it has is being deliberately fostered by its enemies, who have

long waited for just such a chance as the war has brought.

In a recent issue of the New York *Journal-American* under the front-page banner headline "Links Pupil Rowdysm to Lenin Theory," the principal of a Brooklyn high school held the so-called "activity programs" in the New York elementary schools responsible for the widespread defiance of authority. These programs, he asserted, had originated in Russia but had been discontinued there because so many children took to roving the streets. At about the same time the New York *Sun* carried statements by the Teachers' Alliance that insubordination, fighting, and insults to teachers had been increasing in the schools for some years, and that they were the result of too lenient discipline. Greater severity in discipline and custodial care for juvenile offenders were recommended. Many teachers advocated a return to corporal punishment. In California the Hearst press has for months been viciously attacking progressive education. It has finally aroused so much hysteria that an outstanding course of study, developed over a period of years, has been thrown out.

The situation reached a climax not long ago in New

York City. In November a former student in a New York high school shot and killed a teacher. In December a woman entered a classroom and attacked the teacher on the ground that she had kicked the woman's stepson. The Teachers' Guild of the American Federation of Labor joined with the reactionary Teachers' Alliance in demanding that the police commissioner send officers into the schools.

The emotional instability of our young people today is the direct result of war. The break-up of homes, the migration of families, the lack of proper parental supervision, with fathers and mothers both working, the responsibilities of adult life forced upon unready adolescents—all these have had their effect. But there are other long-time causes which must be considered. Widespread restlessness or rebellion among pupils in war time means that all has not been well with them in time of peace. The two incidents in New York represent an explosion of forces long generating. Behind the current war conditions stand the persistent defects of our social and economic system—low incomes, poor housing, lack of recreational and health facilities, racial inequality. Nor is our educational system entirely blameless. Methods of discipline and methods of teaching based on a wholly unsound educational philosophy have long prevailed.

I do not say that there are no progressive public schools in America. There are, in fact, many such schools. There are even entire school systems, in many parts of the country, which are progressive. Other systems contain some progressive elements, such as the New York activity programs. But the schools of this country as a whole are not progressive. In 1935 the regents of New York authorized an inquiry into the schools of that state. The twelve-volume report which appeared in 1938 and 1939 revealed an authoritarian approach, regimented pupils, a formal and bookish curriculum. While the secondary schools were selected for study, the recommendations made showed clearly that the curricula and teaching methods of the elementary schools had the same basic defects. The schools of New York State are certainly not markedly behind those of the country as a whole. Nor is it likely that they have radically changed since 1939. Can they have relaxed their disciplinary methods to such an extent that rebellion could be fostered by "coddling" and "spoiling"? The activity program which the *Journal-American* holds responsible for rowdiness was recommended, not formally adopted, in the New York schools for the year 1942-43. How much harm can it have done in that time?

If the turbulence of pupils today is to be attributed to our educational system, the old methods of formal education must take the blame, for they have been generally in force throughout the country. In our typical urban schools the children march in long, silent lines through the halls. They sit like ramrods at their desks

and speak only when they have permission. In smaller communities there may be less formality, but the atmosphere is the same. The children are handled in the aggregate: all do the same things at the same time, advance at the same rate of speed, for the program is geared to that hypothetical "average," not to Mary, or Tom, or Elizabeth. They learn, for the most part, through memorizing and reciting facts from a textbook. They are viewed largely as so many minds—little account is taken of their bodies and emotions. In general our schools lack the guidance services—vocational counsel, recreation and health services—which make possible the early recognition and treatment of emotional disorders, the correlation of school and home life, the conservation of physical and mental health. The parents of the children are not welcome inside the schools. Lip-service is paid to the parents' rights through such measures as "visitors' days," but parents and teachers have little opportunity to become acquainted.

Corporal punishment has been generally abolished in our schools. But though you see no whips in the classroom, you hear voices that carry the sting of a whip. Teachers forbidden by law to strike a child can and do tell other children to strike him. They tell parents to do so. They paste adhesive tape across a child's mouth. They use terrifying threats. Only recently I heard of teachers who have been saying that if the children are good "the bombs won't come." I am not for a moment charging that these are regular practices in our formal schools. I know that many teachers using formal methods are sympathetic and understanding. But such disciplinary devices are far more prevalent than is supposed.

Unfortunately the effect of the war is to increase still further the tendency to formalism and regimentation in education. Already the shortage of teachers in America has been conservatively estimated at 30,000 by the National Education Association. Attendance at teachers' colleges has fallen off more than 20 per cent. The thinning ranks of teachers are being filled by persons of poor caliber ill-equipped for their jobs, and the issuance of temporary licenses is lowering further the standards of the profession. Where public income is reduced, there is a tendency to cut school budgets, since "necessary" services have to be bought at prevailing prices, but school personnel and equipment can be sacrificed. Thus the pressure for economy reinforces the tendency toward reaction. The Committee on Instructional Affairs appointed by the New York Board of Education recently to study conditions in "problem areas" states that "it is impossible to educate individual children in classes too large for individual attention, where predelinquency goes unrecognized and uncorrected." The committee pleads for the repair of older buildings, "in order that basic physical comforts [lavatories, lunch rooms, and the like] . . . be provided," and for a maximum class regis-

tration in the elementary schools of thirty-five, in the junior high schools of twenty-five. It also asks that teachers rated as "unsatisfactory" elsewhere shall not be transferred to problem areas and that no references be made to children's court records in class.

If anyone wishes honestly to judge the effects of progressive methods of discipline on public-school children, it is possible to do so. Public School 33 in New York City, one of the two "all-day neighborhood schools" conducted by a farsighted Board of Education with the advice and assistance of the Public Education Association, has been changing to progressive methods of teaching and discipline for six and a half years. It has introduced many of the so-called "frills." Its discipline is what the educational reactionaries describe as "coddling" and "spoiling." The children move about the halls independently and purposefully; they speak freely and naturally to one another.

The school, an old barracks-like building, is located on the lower West Side in New York, where incomes are barely adequate. Most of the children are of foreign-born parents living in furnished rooms or tenement flats. After five years of the new methods petty vandalism in the neighborhood has been greatly reduced, and only one-fourth of the offenders are attendants at the school. Unlawful entry of school buildings is always a problem in New York, but only two incidents of this kind have occurred since the project started, and both times entry was made by a child who had been referred for psychiatric treatment. The principal reports that the children show much greater responsibility, pride in the school, and interest in the neighborhood, and that the war has not developed the slightest need to return to the old formal methods of discipline.

Last year the Board of Education extended the plan to a second school, P. S. 194 in Harlem. With the percentage of juvenile delinquency five times as great among Negro as among white children, the Board of Education would hardly have chosen to introduce progressive methods into a school in this section of the city if it were not pretty sure what their effect would be. The president of the Board of Education recently recommended this plan for every school in New York.

It is in the example of such schools as these that our hope lies in this emergency. Yet at the very moment when the use of progressive methods should be extended, the movement has to fight for its very life. The situation of our schools would be sufficiently serious without these attacks by reactionary forces; education has always been a casualty of war. Had the last war continued one more year, the schools of the country would have been completely demoralized. Unless the liberals of the country rouse themselves from their comfortable dream and come to the support of our free schools, history will surely repeat itself, and with more serious consequences.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Power on the Farm

PERHAPS I am a congenital optimist, but I find it difficult to share fully the gloom which oozes from some of my friends as they listen to the fee-fi-fo-fumming of Republicans smacking their lips at the thought of 1944. I am ready enough to admit that present prospects for the election of another New Deal Administration are far from bright; I am only too well aware that the opportunities for mischief of a reactionary government are enormous. And I am perfectly willing to concede that the portrait gallery of prospective Republican champions is a depressing spectacle.

In spite of Shakespeare, however, the good that men do often does live after them, and I find some comfort in the historically established fact that, in a democracy, well-established reforms usually outlive their progenitors. The New Dealers may be thrust into the ash can for a time, but much of the New Deal is likely to prove too robust to be destroyed. Indeed, however fiercely the Republicans condemn the Roosevelt Administration as a whole, I am willing to place a modest bet that in time they will anxiously claim paternity of many of its parts. The reluctance of their new chairman, Herman Spangler, in his first press interview to progress from a broad indictment of the New Deal to a bill of particulars suggests an understandable hesitation to condemn measures which have brought concrete benefits to broad sections of the electorate.

One New Deal creation which seems certain to survive any Republican victory despite its unpopularity with many of the G. O. P.'s financial backers is the Rural Electrification Administration. By bringing light and power to the farm it has wrought a revolution that will not be easily undone, and in its six and a half years of operation it has put down organizational roots of an extremely tenacious kind. Its job has been to encourage, finance, and provide technical aid for the electrification of the countryside, and its method has been, essentially, the stimulation of mutual help. Some of its funds have gone to private companies and to public bodies, but the great bulk of its loans have been to cooperatives created by the would-be consumers of electricity.

These cooperatives operate on the sound Rochdale principle of one vote to each member and elect democratically their boards of trustees, who are responsible for management subject to certain controls by the REA so long as any loans are outstanding. Such loans are made on a twenty-five-year amortization plan which recognizes that a certain period must generally elapse before an electric utility attains operating stability. For the first

thirty months, therefore, interest is allowed to accumulate, while from the thirty-first to the forty-eighth month interest on accumulated interest and principle is payable. Thereafter payments on a gradually rising scale leave the enterprise free of debt at the end of twenty-five years. How soundly the work has been financed and how faithfully the cooperatives have carried out their obligations is shown by the fact that on September 9 last delinquencies were less than 1 per cent of accounts due, while payments in advance were thirty-four times as great as payments in arrears.

The REA has succeeded in adding to national wealth and productive capacity in a field where private enterprise had conspicuously fallen down. Few power companies were willing to pioneer in rural electrification, and when they did, their demands for guaranties and their high rates discouraged farmers from making the maximum use of power. The REA has proceeded on the principle that low rates create their own market and rapidly cut costs by building up the load. When electricity comes to the farm, the farmer at first perhaps only uses it for lighting and a few simple appliances, but he soon learns the economies that can be achieved by putting power to work. His wife realizes even more quickly how much her back-breaking burdens can be lightened by such things as cookers and washing-machines.

There is an almost endless variety of uses for electricity around a farm; milking, pumping, silage chopping, wood sawing, refrigeration for dairy products are only a few of the more obvious. Electric brooders have proved very popular both because of their efficiency and because of their low operating costs and safety as compared with oil-burning types. Many small farmers make their own at very low cost on the basis of plans distributed through the REA cooperatives. And by making possible quantity sales, the spread of electricity into rural areas has brought down the prices of factory-made brooders, as well as those of many other kinds of apparatus.

Rural electrification is playing an important part in maintaining war production. The electrified farm is a labor-saving farm, and many farmers who, before the power-lines reached them, might have been forced to abandon or curtail operations because of inability to get hired help, can now carry on. An example of the way in which electric cooperatives are assisting the war effort comes from Portales County, Texas, where this year acreage in peanuts—of vital importance owing to the shortage of imported vegetable oils—has been more than tripled because power was made available to work the irrigation pumps.

Similar stories of the blessings of power might be drawn from any of the forty-six states and two territories in which the REA is now operating. For the time being, shortage of materials is slowing extensions, but a renewal of progress is certain after the war no matter what

Administration rules in Washington. None of the votes gained by Republicans in the farm states in November were won by crabbing about the REA.

[With this issue *Everybody's Business* will be suspended for a time in order to free Mr. Hutchison for some special assignments, the first of which will be a series of articles on the Associated Press.]

In the Wind

YUGOSLAV GROUPS and trade unions in certain communities with heavy Slav populations threaten to demonstrate if "The Chetniks," a motion picture glorifying the career of General Draja Mihailovich, is released. . . . Communists threaten to demonstrate if "Tennessee Johnson," a picture sympathetic to the Reconstruction President, Andrew Johnson, is released. . . . Anti-Communists threaten to protest if the forthcoming picture "Mission to Moscow" casts Leon Trotsky as a Nazi agent.

THE FUEL SHORTAGE may be the means of creating more good-will among the nation's churches. In many communities churches are being closed and "union services" for Catholics, Protestants, and Jews are being held. Another method of conservation being used in several places is to close schools during January and February with the intention of keeping them open in July and August.

IN THE WEST INDIES, where oil is used not only as a direct source of light and heat but also to generate electricity, the shortage has forced the people back to a method of illumination not used since the early days of colonization. They are making tapers out of coconut meat.

THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, which recently withheld from the mails several issues of the *Militant*, a Trotskyist paper, has released for distribution two of the issues which had been barred.

FROM AN ARTICLE on the editorial page of the *Sacramento* (California) *Bee*: "The Chinese language has only about 15,000 words, but it is very difficult to master because none of them are in English."

INTERVIEWED on the occasion of his departure from the executive mansion, Eugene Talmadge, ex-governor of Georgia, was asked by an Atlanta *Journal* reporter whether his views on the Negro question had changed. "I firmly believe that racial discrimination is a divine thing," he said.

A CAMPAIGN to win support for the intricate plan for post-war organization devised by Ely Culbertson, the bridge expert, will begin early this year. Max Eastman, who has called the plan "next on the agenda after victory," will explain it in the March issue of *Reader's Digest*.

[The \$5 prize for the best item received in December goes to P. McC. of Atlanta, Georgia, for his story about the petition to forbid public display of portraits of Abraham Lincoln in South Carolina, published December 5.]

The Generals and Hitler

BY HANS ERNEST FRIED

BECAUSE the First World War came to an end with the overthrow of the German Kaiser, there is an inclination on both sides in this war to relate the events of 1918 to the present situation. In 1918 Germany lost the war and the Allies "lost the peace." Therefore each side now thinks that to forestall a repetition of its own failure it must avoid "the mistakes of 1918."

For the German war party the fear of repeating the experience of 1918 has long been an obsession. Hitler and his aides have always been acutely aware of the possibility of revolution, and have devoted all their energy and ingenuity to making it impossible. They have gone to extremes of precaution which the Kaiser never thought of. Where the Kaiser curtailed, Hitler has abolished; where the Kaiser arrested, Hitler has killed. Hitlerism arose from the assumption that the Kaiser's militarism failed because it was not efficient enough. Consequently the driving idea of Hitler and his aides has always been that it is better to be ten thousand per cent too ruthless than one-half of one per cent too mild.

And yet the historical fact is that it was not a popular

uprising which compelled the Kaiser to give up. Not only was there no technical preparation for revolution; there was among the workers a conscious disinclination to active resistance. For decades German labor had been taught by its books and lecturers and newspapers that only when socialism ceased to spin fantasies about the "future state" could it be said to have come of age. It is true that the country, under protracted strain, had given certain indications that it was approaching the limits of endurance. But in spite of much bitterness about the conduct of the war as well as its hardships, there was in no sense a temper of revolt. It was not revolution in the rear but the decision of the High Command that ended the war.

In the late summer of 1918 General Ludendorff, then virtual military dictator, simply walked out. Before the war was over, and long before the civilian population grasped what was going on, the military command decided to quit. The official records of the negotiations carried on behind closed doors between the High Command, the Kaiser, and the civilian Cabinet, are most



Drawing by A. Hoffmeister

revealing. Contrary to the legend carefully fostered by the German militarists after the war, it was the civilians who were flabbergasted at the idea of surrendering; and it was the extreme pan-German militarist wing of the war machine, led by Ludendorff and seconded by von Hindenburg, that wanted to end the war at once and that very bluntly forced the Kaiser and the civilian government to sue for an armistice.

History has proved that from the point of view of their own interest this was the shrewdest move they could possibly have made. Everything turned out well for the military rulers of Germany, the secret plotters of the Second World War. In November, 1918, when they realized there was no longer a chance of winning the war militarily, they sacrificed the Kaiser and the monarchical form of government in order to win the war politically. The Kaiser gone, they marched home almost in triumph. The republic licked the boots of the generals, and the Allied Command dined with them even before the war was formally ended. Of the military restrictions imposed upon Germany, none prohibited the continued service of these men as leaders of the new German army.

We come, then, to the question whether a repetition of 1918 is possible, and if so who would benefit by it.

Hitler, of course, is well aware of what actually led to the Kaiser's abdication, and he does not intend to be put in the Kaiser's boots. To this end he has been careful from the start to keep his military leaders from becoming too popular. In the First World War, when William II gave the command to Ludendorff and Hindenburg, an unprecedented propaganda campaign presented them to the people. Their pictures, wreathed in oak leaves, were to be seen everywhere—far more than the likeness of the Kaiser himself. As a result, the power of the two generals came to exceed that of their nominal superior. For instance, the mere threat, in July, 1917, that they would resign if Bethmann-Hollweg were not removed, compelled the head of the German state to dismiss his Chancellor. So when Hitler shifts his generals and fields marshals at will, it is a sign of strength, not of weakness. When he removes officers who have enjoyed victory, it is evidence of his undisputed power.

But let us suppose the generals were to turn against Hitler. Would this mark them as anti-Nazi?

Now, as in 1918, the German generals want an all-powerful state; they want what Herbert Spencer, back in the 1880's, called a "militant community organized for constant war." In a little book entitled "The World's Fear of War," General Horst von Metzsch, a professor at the Berlin *Hochschule für Politik*, puts it this way: It is impossible in the long run to have side by side a civilian government and a strong authoritarian army; Hitler solved this by creating a "military leader state"; he made it possible for the army leaders to concentrate on external warfare because the party takes care of domestic opposi-

tion; all aspects of German life must be militarized; and, most important of all, neither the party alone nor the army alone can bring about "Germany's resurrection"—the fulfilment of the new task, the conquest of Europe.

The German generals know that it requires hundreds of thousands of overseers and tens of thousands of censors and propagandists and teachers and spies and secret agents, and scores of concentration camps, and "labor fronts" with millions of members to have a "militant community organized for constant war." They realize, in other words, that an old-fashioned conservative party would never have a chance of forcing the German people into the desired mold. Nor would such a party have any chance of recruiting mass support. Any post-Hitler regime would have to have the backing either of the anti-Nazis or of the well-organized Nazis. A conservative generals' regime—if there still exist conservative generals—would have neither. Anti-Nazis would not voluntarily support it, and the entrenched Nazis would never collaborate with it except under orders from Hitler or his recognized successor.

The fact is that an officers' regime would be compelled to rely on the support of the Nazis. It would not only need the Nazi personnel; it would also—and this is what means most to the rest of the world—be dependent on Nazi ideas and Nazi political techniques. The network, the organization to keep the masses in subjection, would have to be continued. And this mixture of terrorism, dynamism, and demagoguery, by any other name, is still National Socialism.

The attempt to oust Hitler might be made. The generals might try it if they had reason to believe that by so doing they could make peace with the United Nations and set themselves up as masters of post-war Germany. And as long as they believe that the Allied leaders consider this a war between generals—a war fought by honorable military men—they will continue in their arrogant conviction that the United Nations might at some strategic moment be induced to forget their "irregularities" and accept them as equals.

Even then it is doubtful whether the generals could get rid of Hitler without his being party to the conspiracy. But obviously a plot to eliminate Hitler in which Hitler connived would amount to no more than a Nazi plot to win a negotiated peace. It would be unmasked and rejected by the United Nations. On the other hand, should the German generals actually try to overthrow Hitler in the contest to see who would be first on the draw, the chances are overwhelming that they would be shot down by the Gestapo. The situation, then, is clear. Neither a conspiracy with Hitler nor a conspiracy against him seems to offer any hope of bringing the war to quicker end. As was the case from the beginning, there is only one way out: to fight Nazi Germany until the generals and Hitler go down together.

To the Czechs

[*Voskovec and Werich, the most popular Czech comedians, are now broadcasting regularly to their native country under the auspices of the Office of War Information. We reproduce one of their five-minute skits and an excerpt from a longer script which invokes once more the Good Soldier Schweik in the service of a free Czechoslovakia. The cartoon, by A. Hoffmeister, the Czech artist already well known to Nation readers, is his Christmas card for 1942 to Voskovec and Werich, to whom he has been sending cartoon greetings since 1927. (Emanuel Moravec is a Czech Quisling.)*]

Moravec and the St. Bernard

VOSKOVEC: Now look at that. I haven't even noticed that you have a dog. A cute little dog, too. Sort of very horizontal. It's a dachshund, isn't it?

WERICH: It's a Gestapo dog, a new breed.

V.: I see . . . a wicked little dog . . . a cute little monster. . . . What's his name?

W.: Himmler. A silly name, isn't it? But you can't forget it.

V.: Come here, you little rascal. Does he bite?

W.: He does. He's mad. A police dog.

V.: A police dog? This?

W.: A secret police dog, of course. You can't tell him from an ordinary dog. See the idea?

V.: Now tell me. I thought you had a greyhound, didn't you?

W.: Well—yes and no. He used to be a St. Bernard, but he lost weight.

V.: You don't have him any more?

W.: No. He's been sent to a concentration camp.

V.: Now what do you think of that? A dog in a concentration camp! What happened?

W.: Well, it's a long story. I live in the same house with Emanuel Moravec.

V.: Wait a minute. Moravec—that name sounds familiar to me.

W.: It sounds familiar to lots of people, and they're not likely to forget it, either.

V.: I know. Former colonel and democrat—now civilian

and traitor. But how did your dog get into the concentration camp and what's Moravec got to do with it?

W.: Well, as I told you, Moravec and I live in the same house. And the dog, too.

V.: Well?

W.: Well, there are German guys coming to see Moravec all the time.

V.: Of course. They've got to bring him all those decrees about closing Czech schools and universities so he can sign them. And bring him money. I know about Moravec. But tell me about your dog.

W.: Well, the dog is out in the lobby. Moravec comes by. "Heil Hitler!" he says. The dog just stands there.

V.: Good for the dog! I like him.

W.: Moravec doesn't. He starts yelling. Everybody's got to salute the Führer, nobody can have any special privileges. To make a long story short, Moravec decides to teach my dog how to raise his right front leg.

V.: Did he succeed?

W.: He did. But one night Moravec comes home with some German guys. The dog's on the sidewalk. Moravec and the Germans raise their arms and shout "Heil Hitler!" The dog gets confused and instead of raising the right front leg he raises the left hind leg. Now he's in a concentration camp.

V.: How about Moravec? Did he get rusty?

W.: Not quite, but he's marked, anyway. Forever.

Schweik Serves the Germans

WERICH: Get this, Herr Goebbels, there are only two kinds of service in the Czech military tradition; and the enemy is scared of both. As long as a Czech soldier is fighting for what he believes in he's a patriot. But if he's forced to he turns into a Schweik; and

then, Herr Goebbels, he is a very dangerous private. The Good Soldier Schweik wrecked the empire. You watch him. Even if he strips off his uniform, Schweik will remain Schweik. He doesn't sleep. Isn't that so, Schweik?

Schweik (Voskovec): By your leave, sir, I am always at my battle station, and I always try to do my best to satisfy the gentlemen from the Gestapo.

Werich: Does that



mean, Mr. Schweik, you serve the Germans faithfully?

Schweik: By your leave, sir, absolutely. As that bugler from Pilsen used to say . . . when he started to sing Ave Maria at three in the morning to the tune of He Was Standing at the Cannon he kept arguing that he had a perfect ear. Orders is orders, sir. Like the other day in the labor camp, the officers explained to us that there is a shortage of iron in the Reich and that we must take very good care to protect all iron instruments from dampness, so they won't rust. I thought immediately of all those rails in the station yard. They are so very much exposed to the weather. They might get rusty, too. So we took all that synthetic fat out of the freight cars that were ready to go to the front and we spread the fat real thick over the rails. Well, the next day there was trouble, because the locomotives slipped on that stuff and they couldn't get going at all. And before it wore off two munition trains got delayed a day or so and the commander of the station, a certain Captain Schlaghammer from Dresden, had a fit of epileptics. But anyhow the main thing is that the rails didn't get rusty and the Führer's orders were carried out.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

DR. GOEBBELS is not rated so great a genius as he was some months ago. Success, it has been discovered, is not so much dependent on propaganda as propaganda is on success. It is easy to keep up morale when everything is going well, but words have little effect when things are going badly; propaganda cannot make headway against the contrary winds of fact. Goebbels, when he was so much feared and admired, was 90 per cent the appendage of the great Nazi upswing and only 10 per cent its creator. The supposedly unlimited power of pure propaganda is limited after all.

In one field, that of short-wave broadcasts directed to the world outside the Fortress of Europe, the propaganda office practically admits that any effort is useless under present circumstances. Apparently it does not even try to find a new line to fit the new situation. It goes on talking big just as formerly. With no regard for the facts, it asserts crudely, "The Russians are having no success whatever"; or, in spite of the rout of the Afrika Korps, "Rommel has a big surprise up his sleeve."

But internal propaganda is another matter. Evidently a fundamental change in the material given out for home consumption has been decided on. The complacency, the insolent pride, the announcements of glorious events just ahead have been given up. Instead, the public is urged to be patient, to persevere to the end. Of course it is always told that the war will ultimately be won by Germany. But favorable predictions for the immediate future are carefully avoided.

The kernel of truth in the news given out is wrapped round with many of the old trimmings. Emphasis is laid on the difficulties, dissensions, treacheries, and crimes of Germany's enemies. In England, Germans were told, there were no such extra allotments of food as they had for the Christmas season. The English had Darlan murdered because he was a tool of the Americans, with whom they are in bitter competition for colonies. The American soldiers rap the Moslem women for sport.

It was in connection with the Russian campaign that the change in domestic propaganda first became evident. As late as December 7, 1942, on a radio round-up of the three foreign ministers of the Axis, Ribbentrop declared that Russia had ceased to be a danger. Then, on December 13, the highbrow *Frankfurter Zeitung* suddenly offered a new version of events, suggesting rather tentatively that the war had become one of "attrition." The war against Russia, continued that paper—and this was indeed sensational—"will not be decided in a short time but will drag on for years."

On the next day General Dittmar, the chief military commentator, explained that the struggle against the Soviets was like the struggle of Heracles against the Hydra. "No sooner is one head chopped off than two appear." "The number of tanks the Russians still have," he said, "is simply inconceivable, and of course they have fabulous masses of men." He found the only favorable elements in the situation to be (1) the incomparably greater material losses suffered by the Russians, and (2) the resultant greater damage to their morale. Sometime, because Germany has the advantage in these respects, the contest is bound to be decided in its favor. "Every engagement," he went on, "is, according to Clausewitz, the bloody and destructive equalizing of opposing forces, both physical and moral. Whoever has the most physical and moral force left at the end is the victor. The great battle in the east will be fought out according to that law." And when will the end come? No answer.

Goebbels himself in his Christmas talk followed the new line. "Fate is subjecting us to a prolonged test to see whether we are called to lead." In his weekly article of the same date he wrote: "We are obliged to pay dearly for the sins and omissions of our fathers and grandfathers. Because they indulged in the luxury of an extremely individualistic national life, we face tasks almost beyond man's strength. We are spared nothing. History is without mercy, and the nation must make up for past shortcomings by hard work and sacrificial battles."

Such is the course forced on German propaganda by the unfavorable winds of defeat. In order not to be given the lie by the facts when they are inevitably revealed, it has to paint a somber picture of the future. Gloom about the war now is a necessity if the promise of a happy ending is to be believed.

A Letter to Mr. Welles

MR. SUMNER WELLES
UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sir: The declaration of a state of siege in the Republic of Bolivia last week brings to a head a fundamental issue with regard to the policy of the State Department toward the people of Latin America which can no longer be ignored. I address this letter to you because the formulation and application of this policy has been mainly in your hands during the past eight years.

The state of siege declared in Bolivia, in my judgment, is the result of popular resentment against certain practices of corporations, especially in the mining industry, toward the workers. It is also the result of mass discontent amounting almost to despair because of rapidly increasing living costs and the scarcity of basic foods.

You are aware that for many years the Bolivian workers have sought relief from a condition which kept 90 per cent or more of the people of that country in a state of chronic misery and economic degradation by seeking the enactment of a labor code which would open legal avenues for the improvement of these conditions. The code, drafted three years ago, was being revised by the Bolivian Congress and was to have been enacted by December 31 of this year. The nature of this code is indicated by the fact that through its operation the Bolivian workers hoped to obtain the payment of wages on time, the right of collective bargaining, minimum wages, and the strengthening of mediation and arbitration.

I have received information to the effect that while the new labor code was under discussion, the American ambassador to Bolivia, Mr. Pierre Boal, communicated to the President of Bolivia, General Peñaranda, the views of the American embassy with regard to the legislation then pending before Congress.

In these conversations Ambassador Boal did not venture to give instructions to President Peñaranda, but it is clear that the Ambassador's observations were intended to diminish the prospects of passage of the labor code. The Ambassador clearly agreed with the position of the large mine operators that the new code would impose disagreeable administrative expenses on the companies; that it was desirable not to pay earned wages on time in order to compel the workers to remain on the job; that the enactment of the code would compel the companies to demand higher prices from the United States government for tin and other essential materials; that collective bargaining would be detrimental rather than helpful to production. . . .

I believe that democracy and production must go up or down together. The contrary is the thesis of totalitarianism. For this reason I am prepared to state that the attitude and point of view represented by Ambassador Boal will lead to a further decline of production in Bolivia and in other parts of Latin America as well. The physical reserves of the Latin American workers, especially in the vital industries, are already so low that the systematic opposition to better housing, higher wages, adequate medical attention, efficient training, collective bargaining, and proper representation before pub-

lic administrative bodies will drive the workers to adopt every form of active and passive resistance. In my judgment, they will be justified in so doing.

The war-production program in Latin America involves fundamental questions of physical well-being, of morale, of effective use of all the human and technical resources of the Americas. I submit that the policy of Ambassador Boal has made it impossible to attack some of these questions through the use of agencies of the United States and through the use of means and methods in behalf of the common welfare which many Latin American governments have already tested and applied. It is also my deeply held conviction that as long as the present policy continues, the economic development of Latin America through industrialization wherever possible, the stabilization of Latin American economy through agricultural progress, and other measures which have been amply discussed in inter-American conferences will not be attained.

I feel impelled to dissent vigorously from the present policy of this government in Bolivia for another reason. Statements have been made in the press and on the radio in this country to the effect that the strikes in Bolivia are caused by Nazi agents. What is the result, if we allow this interpretation to gain currency among the American people? First, attention will be diverted from the real causes of unrest, namely, bad housing, lack of food, disease, and poverty. Second, it will be easier to label all dissenters and the genuine representatives of popular sentiment as "Nazis." I assert that the Nazi agents are not causing something which has its roots in basic economic maladjustment. The Nazis are merely taking clever advantage of something which they hope to use to discredit democracy.

This is attained by the simple process of contrasting the public statements of President Roosevelt and Vice-President Wallace with the everyday, practical, and immediate effects of American policy in the Latin American countries. There has been established in the minds of the Latin American workers an identity, a cause-and-effect relationship, between the suppression of the right of free speech, the negation of the right of collective bargaining, the dispossession of small farmers, the freezing of wages, the soaring cost of living and the courageous doctrine of the Four Freedoms enunciated by the President of the United States, reiterated by the Vice-President, and stressed by you in several important speeches in recent months. . . .

In consequence, . . . I, an American citizen of Mexican birth; one who is profoundly disturbed by the increasing dislocation of production of essential materials attributable directly to antiquated and narrow interests; one who believes that the Chief Executive of this government, the Congress of the United States, and the people of this country are entitled to decide whether continental solidarity must be bought at the price being currently paid by the workers of Bolivia—for these reasons I protest formally against the conduct of Ambassador Boal.

This protest is filed with you by me on my personal and individual responsibility. My position as chief of the Division of Labor and Social Information of the Pan-American Union does not in any way imply that my statement reflects any opinion except my own.

ERNESTO GALARZA

Washington, D. C., December 21, 1942

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ALICE JAMES

BY DIANA TRILLING

THE novelist Henry James stood at the elbow of Henry James the brother as he wrote of Alice's Journal: "It puts before me what I was tremendously conscious of in her lifetime—that the extraordinary intensity of her will and personality really would have made the equal, the reciprocal life of a 'well' person—in the usual world—almost impossible for her—so that her disastrous, her tragic health was in a manner the only solution for her of the practical problem of life—as it suppressed the element of equality, reciprocity, etc."

It is 1894. After twenty-five years of invalidism, the last torturing seven of them spent in England, the sister of Henry James has died in 1892. Now Henry has received her diary—it is her only literary monument—and he is writing to William. He goes on: "Inevitably she simplified too much, shut up in her sickroom, exercised her wondrous vigor of judgment on too small a scrap of what really surrounded her." He is specifically referring to Alice's attacks upon England, which are likely to reinforce William's too ardent Americanism. And as always when Henry James addresses this older brother, his remarks have the curious trace of defensiveness that William James seemed to provoke in the rest of the family. But beyond defense either of England or of himself, these are the comments of the novelist whom William could chide for not calling a spade a spade but who dares to face the fullest implications of what the down-right William refers to only as the "over-vehemence" of their sister's Journal. Henry James expresses himself with his usual reticence, but there is no question that in a few sentences he has uncovered the root connection between Alice James's wonderful "free" intellect and the invalidism of which her Journal is the tragic record.

Of course any of the James family could bring an abundant personal experience to the understanding of nervous suffering. In the history of literature there never was a family of so much shared misery and talent as the Jameses; by what miracle of accident or strength the two oldest brothers were able to rescue themselves as they did still remains an investigation for psychiatry. The elder Henry James battled throughout his own life an abnormal depression of spirits that reproduced itself in all five of his children—perhaps most nakedly in poor Bob, victim of such unrelieved alternations of despair and exaltation, perhaps most poignantly in Alice, who even in disease had the sad creativity to add to the family pattern of melancholy a whole fierce range of private symptoms. It is interesting to conjecture why the family strain appears so variously in the five children, and a clue is suggested in the mere order of their birth. It was a tightly knit family and a family lavish with affection, but in autobiography and letter each of the children testifies to the hieratical struggle of early life—Henry trying to catch up with William; Wilky and Bob struggling against having

both William and Henry ahead of them; Alice, the beloved baby sister, blinded by the whole shining galaxy of superior wisdom and experience. Alice, youngest of five, surrendered when she was only nineteen. She had been ailing before, but in young womanhood ill health took over completely, not to release her until she died at the age of forty-four.

The anxieties and frightening compulsions of childhood developed into hysteria. Through the years a body that was never very robust slowly capitulated to psychic stress. Shortly before Alice James's death, when a cancer was discovered—the "longed-for palpable disease"—the medical authority of the period (for what it is worth) could list the following appalling diagnosis: nervous hyperaesthesia, spinal neurosis (paralysis of the legs), and rheumatic gout of the stomach (psychic tension, one gathers, hitting unbearably at the pit of the stomach). She was prey, as well, to constant dizziness and fainting, and an acute form of migraine. In the correspondence of the Jameses, while the various anguishes of the four brothers sound like a motif of doom through the unfolding histories of their careers, Alice's ill health is the whole and only music of her existence.

But if invalidism was to be her career, Alice James could still illuminate it with her share of the family genius. Part of her heritage went into being an exemplary patient, but as time passed, and especially when Alice at last found herself largely bedridden, any hope of cure a deception she could not permit herself, it was no longer sufficient that only this aspect of her talent be recognized, or that her intellectual gifts be known only to the few people who visited her sickroom. Three years before her death, humbly and therapeutically, she began a Journal: "It may bring relief as an outlet to that geyser of emotions, sensations, speculations, and reflections which perpetually ferments within my poor old carcass for its sins."

But then slowly, unfailingly, in the way of such documents, the Journal comes to reveal that it has more than a therapeutic purpose. We begin to see that in this random record of suffering and of intellectual triumph over suffering the daughter of Henry James, Sr., and the sister of William and Henry is making her last desperate stand for her earned place in the family hierarchy of distinction. Alice's tongue is quite too elaborately in her cheek as she addresses the "unborn generations"; self-mockery is always her saving public face, and she is careful to laugh at herself first before the world can laugh at her—proof enough that it is the world and not "relief" with which she is primarily concerned. Or there is the day when she sees herself for the first time in print: it is a letter to the papers, and indeed a poor sample of her powers of observation and expression, but in the excitement of "publication" Alice writes in her Journal: "How fortunate for the male babes that I am physically so debile!" Obviously, she is being ironic; but she is also making a confession. Her debility is an escape, however complicated, from the need to rival brothers of unrivaled brilliance.

And no doubt this is what vaguely disturbs William, the psychologist brother, in the "over-vehement" of Alice's Journal. But Henry, the novelist brother, takes full in the face, as he himself would say, all the implications of Alice's intensity of statement, penetrating his sister's ruthless intelligence to discover the privilege of the invalid who does not have to live "the reciprocal life of the 'well' person." The Journal, record of a life from which the elements of equality and reciprocity have so long been absent, too often has the tone of a compendium of afterthoughts, reminding us of those wonderful retorts we can all think up after the occasion, its reflections too perfected, its answers—by just the distance between the world and the sickroom—too devastating.

In this connection it is interesting to compare Alice James's diary with the poetry of Emily Dickinson. Here was another woman who lived her life emotionally and physically apart from the world. She was a woman whom Alice very much admired, and, in fact, Alice's prose is sometimes reminiscent of Emily Dickinson's verse. For example, there is her description of a decayed gentlewoman: "She had the mental range of an ant—not a dear little burnished, definite ant who could tell you if he only would, with such precision, all the architectural tragedies of his career; but a blurred, vague ant, if such a thing is possible." But significantly, the only time Alice quotes Emily Dickinson in her Journal it is to repeat the lines, "How dreary to be somebody; How public, like a frog," a notation that is immediately followed by this entry: "Dr. Tuckey asked me the other day whether I had written for the press, I vehemently disclaimed the imputation. How sad it is that the purely innocuous should always be supposed to have the trail of the family serpent upon them." Both women, that is, protested the life of public recognition too violently, just as each of them inevitably demanded, in what she sent into the world, too much attention for herself; but it is a common failing among women of talent. The essential difference between them is that in Emily Dickinson the writer was transcendent over the woman, and her poetry was the distillation of her first and best private emotions, whereas Alice James spent her first and best energies in ill health.

Alice's method, then, was not the method of poetry, but neither was it the method of fiction, and with the widest latitude of sympathy we have only to compare the Journal with Henry James's Prefaces to see how little she shared with Henry what we can call the novelistic view of life. There is a common family store of perception, imagination, and, above all, gifts of style. Alice, too, can write that wonderful educated James prose with its incandescent accuracy and then its sudden flights of homeliness; and when she complains to her diary that "H. is always saying this, but it jumped at my eye from the first, and is therefore an original, if not unique, utterance," she has to add: "H., by the way, has embodied in his pages many jewels fallen from my lips, which he steals in the most unblushing way, saying, simply, that he knew they had been said by the family, so it did not matter." But unlike Henry, it is Alice James's critical rather than her creative faculties that are fed by her small scraps of experience. Humor she has aplenty, and a developed sense of anecdote. She is enormously interested in

people—but for what they stand for, not for what they are. In fact, in her feeling that life is something to be ordered and coped with, rather than explored, Alice is closer to William James than she is to Henry, just as William is closer to their father than Henry is to either of them. William writes: "Every good experience ought to be interpreted in practice," and Alice writes: "Every hour I live, I become an intenser devotee to common sense!" Or in another passage she speaks of the "congenital faith . . . whose only ritual is daily conduct." This is of course in the paternal line, variously carried on by all the children of the elder James except Henry, who never seems to need these working principles. And of the five children, it is Alice who most faithfully preserves the family tradition.

The English years, the period in which Alice is writing her Journal, are the years of Henry's abortive attempts to be a playwright. He is very willing to act as his sister's emissary in the great world, but he is as busy as he is devoted; and he always has a way of saving himself from too much family entanglement. Alice is necessarily limited to books and newspapers for a large part of her intellectual stimulus, and it is only natural for her to dip back into memory for the shaping instruments of judgment. She recalls a childhood in which the most ordinary meal-time conversation scaled the brilliant heights, and she can be forgiven her bitterness at being reduced, in the end, to the company of a nurse. The Journal is remarkably free of simple reminiscence, but more clearly than anything in the writing of either William or Henry it echoes the formative years.

The Journal is therefore much concerned with politics, and after her death Henry, in the same letter to William from which I have already quoted, will comment on the career his sister might have had as a "feminine 'political force,'" if her health had permitted. And her political tone is the tone of the old Newport-Cambridge-Concord days when Henry James, Sr., finally found around Boston the group with whom his own moral fervor could find community. The pages of Alice James's Journal ring with sharp comment on the English political scene: the diary might be subtitled the Journal of a Passionate Democrat and might have been written back in the Civil War days, when Wilky and Bob had gone off to fight and at home their family sought comfort from anxiety in its passion for freedom and equality. Not that the Journal is "old-fashioned," read even today. Alice's politics have the note of modern formulation; or rather, they have the note of the formulation, say, of the 1930's, before social and political thinking in the democracies bowed to the exigencies of the present war. Henry James speaks of his sister's radicalism as "her most distinguishing feature almost—which, in her, was absolutely direct and original." Direct it certainly was; and it was surely original in at least this sense: that she was not likely to be learning her opinions from the few people who called on her during this period in which she was keeping her Journal. But for the rest, so was all the thinking of Henry James, Sr., whether on politics or religion (another subject on which his daughter equals him in passion), absolutely direct and original. And if, for insight into the emotion of radicalism, the Journal can hardly stand comparison with Henry James's own "proletarian" novel, "The Princess Casamassima,"

Henry is still right in proclaiming the force and accuracy with which his sister both drew and applied her political conclusions.

She writes of May Day, for example: "Could anything exhibit more beautifully the solidarity of the race than that, by combining to walk through the streets on the same day, these starvelings should make emperors, kings, presidents, and millionaires tremble the world over?" The thought, on another day, of the workmen of London gathering in all their strength to protest the eight-hours question gives her "an illogical feminine satisfaction that all my seven per cents and six per cents . . . have melted into fours; I don't feel as if four per cent is quite so base!" The bedridden invalid for whom the returns in a local election can bring on a terrible nervous attack still can wish to have seen "a few of the faces of these masters of the world in whose hands our material future lies, who can say how immediately."

The comparisons between England and America are all to the credit of America—and how this must have troubled Henry and pleased William!—but it is not because Alice James is chauvinistic about the country of her birth. America is simply a good touchstone, just as Ireland, country of her grandparents' birth, is an even better one. "She was really an Irishwoman," Henry will comment, "transplanted, transfigured—yet none the less fundamentally national." On the subject of Home Rule her emotions are violent, and she finds "the behavior of the Unionist and Tory is simply the *bête* carried to its supreme expression." She is appalled by the "all-pervasive sense of pharisaism in the British constitution of things," and sums up the British picture in a memorable page of invective:

A boneless church, broadening itself out, up to date, . . . the docility with which the classes enslave themselves to respectability or non-respectability, as the 'good form' of the present may be; the 'sense of their betters' in the masses; the passivity with which the workman allows himself to be patted and legislated out of all independence; then the profound irreconcilable in the bone and sinew conviction that outlying regions are their preserves, for they alone of the human races massacre savages out of pure virtue.

But none of the Jameses is anything if not fair, and she appends to this last: "It would ill become Americans to reflect upon the treatment of aboriginal races; but I never heard it suggested that our hideous dealing with the Indians was brotherly love masquerading under the disguise of pure 'cussedness.'"

At least on the political scene one can be glad for a person like Alice James that she lived when she did, not fifty years later. But on the medical scene she lived too soon—although long enough to know that she had lived too soon. And perhaps nothing is more heart-breaking than the moment so close to the end of her life when Alice James learns that there is a new psychotherapy, hypnosis, and writes in her Journal: "And now the vast field of therapeutic possibilities is opened up to me, just at the moment when I have passed far beyond the workings of their beneficent laws, . . . this retarded discovery made the more complete and 'this-worldly' by the agent taking to itself the form and direction which, from experience, I learned twenty-four years ago was the some-day-to-be-revealed secret—of sus-

pending for the time from his duties the individual watchdog, worn out with his ceaseless vigil to maintain the sanity of the modern complicated mechanism." Not only has she learned, that is, that there is hypnosis, but the scientific sanction of hypnosis permits her to voice her own twenty-four-year-old intuition of the still unknown therapy of psychoanalysis. By this time, however, she has a cancer and is dying; soon enough the watchdog will cease his vigil over her sanity, and Alice James, trained never to admit defeat in her lifetime, will be very glad that at last the struggle is over.

For indeed, like a dark thread, her anticipation of this final release has always woven itself through even the brightest pages of her Journal, and it is only when we recall the attitude of the entire James family to death, or, for that matter, the attitude toward death of so many of her father's old Concord group, that Alice appears less personally morbid. We remember, for instance, the strange letters of congratulation that each of the Jameses wrote to whatever member of the family was currently approaching his end, and the strange parallels to these letters in the Emerson family correspondence. Or we recall old Miss Emerson riding around Concord dressed in her shroud, so that if death should meet her suddenly, she herself would meet death properly attired. Alice had learned well, from her New England childhood, the lessons of political, social, and religious freedom, but she had also learned well the lesson of living life in anticipation of its final solution. And surely she can be understood for wanting her own life, that had been so burdensome, to be finally done with.

Cities in the Post-War World

CAN OUR CITIES SURVIVE? AN ABC OF URBAN PROBLEMS, THEIR ANALYSIS, THEIR SOLUTIONS. By José Luis Sert. Harvard University Press. \$5.

THIS consolidated report of the C. I. A. M. (International Congress of Modern Architecture) was not inspired by the present crisis. But events are giving it a unique urgency. The reconstruction of cities will be one of our essential tasks tomorrow. First of all we shall have to repair destruction on a scale which staggers belief. Then the awakened social sense will not, we trust, tolerate very long either the slum or the hideousness of the "model tenement." Finally, in the perilous shifting from a war to a peace economy, rehousing may provide a cushion, a much-needed directed activity.

Directed it must be: we know the results of anarchic building booms, like the catastrophic suburban developments in Paris after the last war. We need technical preparations, actual blueprints; we need most of all psychological preparation, the will to rebuild intelligently. San Francisco is afflicted with a preposterous plan: straight streets scaling steep hills with no regard for contours. The central part of the city was destroyed in 1906. But ignoring Burnham's indications, dynamic, hard-headed business men, with the perfect business blend of hustle and shortsightedness, started rebuilding San Francisco at once, on the old lines; and they are still crowding over it. Such a disaster must not happen again.

January 9, 1943



This book, with its lavish illustrations, provides the needed knowledge and the needed incentive. It exposes existing evils, and, for new developments at any rate, it propounds guiding principles which are hardly controvertible. I hope, for instance, that Le Corbusier will have his way with Nemours, the little Algerian port which has been picked out as the outlet of eastern Morocco. He starts with, practically, a clean slate; and his conception is lucid and bold.

The weakness of the work, and of the whole radical school which dominates the C. I. A. M., lies in the treatment of historical centers. They solve the difficulty by denying it. And it will not be denied.

Be sure that I am not defending pastiche architecture. I am all for "functionalism," provided that, if you define a church as "a prayer factory," you fully understand the "function" you are attempting to serve. Be sure also that I am not advocating the "urbanism" that seeks first of all the grandiose or the picturesque. The first aim of the city is to provide healthy living conditions, not magnificent façades or quaint vistas. But historical aesthetic values do exist. I spent my childhood in dull rooms, in a dull street, but within a quarter-mile of the Louvre, and I was better off than if I had been brought up in a faultless garden city. I do not excuse the dullness; but it could be corrected without changing the character of the urban scene. Light and air we must have at all cost; it may be a little more wasteful to secure them with a six-story limit than with a twelve-story limit. But in most European cities the "waste" would be justified. The Voisin Plan, which proposed to raze the whole of central Paris and erect on the site a series of 700-foot towers, only proved that its author wore heavy and very close-fitting blinkers.

More important still in the transformation of old cities is the social-economic problem. The book points in the right direction: it does not point insistently enough. Our large cities—and this is true of America as well as of Europe—cannot be made fit to live in on the basis of the individual profit motive. Garden suburbs can be created by intelligent capitalists, and pay their way. Occasionally the large-scale reclamation of a blighted area may prove self-liquidating. But, as a rule, so many private interests are so strongly entrenched that reconstruction on an adequate scale is impossible.

Paris, for instance, was planning at last to destroy a certain number of *îlots insalubres*, or unsanitary areas, including the infamous rue la Huchette. Although it was the merest palliative, the cost was appalling. Paris could not afford to turn its old fortifications into a park belt (M. Sert, by the way, gives a wholly inaccurate account of that operation). It had to adopt the compromise Dausset plan—selling for building lots the site of the fortification proper, and with the proceeds transforming the wider "Military Zone" into gardens. Le Corbusier is right, and central Paris ought to be demolished, not a block but a whole *quartier* at a time; but under the present system such an enterprise is unthinkable. Reduced to one-tenth it would still bankrupt the city.

This is the real question raised by the title: Can our cities survive? Nothing short of a revolution will avail. We are waging war without examining whether it is "financially sound"; we know well enough that it is not. We must do

the right thing by the cities before we measure the cost. Can we afford it? We can, if we have men and materials for the work: the tokens used for bookkeeping purposes are of minor importance. Be assured the operation will be self-liquidating. If our bookkeepers are adaptable enough, we shall liquidate the accounts; if not, we shall liquidate the accountants. If you are not ready to face these consequences, it means squarely that you place the profit motive above the life and happiness of your fellow-men. In a country which claims to be democratic and Christian, this alternative can hardly be considered.

ALBERT GUÉARD

The Poet's Progress

PERSON, PLACE, AND THING. By Karl Jay Shapiro.
Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.

KARL JAY SHAPIRO is a poet of remarkable and original gifts. Yet it is possible that the topicality of his poetry—one of its strongest virtues—and the fact that the poet is now a soldier in Australia may distract attention from the literary feat performed in this book. The feat is that of taking the style of Auden and transforming it with an American subject matter, by writing of drugstores, lunch wagons, a conscription camp, a midnight show, a Buick, and many other things equally indigenous.

Most poets begin by taking fire from other poets, and most poets end, sadly enough, in self-imitation. But between the time when the poet is an echoing novice and the time when he is a self-infatuated and tired master, there occurs, if the poet has genuine gifts, a period during which the borrowed or imitated style is gradually altered into something new and strange—as the glove is shaped by the hand, day by day—through the constant pressure of the poet's own and unique subject matter, his own experience. Even in the best poets this wonderful process tends to be broken and uneven. But it proceeds powerfully and serenely in Mr. Shapiro's verse, and the interesting thing is that one can see so clearly several stages of it in this book.

The manner, and especially the diction of Shapiro's writing, is all from Auden. Words such as luck, love, the hostile parents, wound, failure and usages like the personification of places and things occur throughout the book. A stanza such as this one:

What do you care, dear total stranger,
For the successful failure of my safest danger,
My pig in the poke or dog in the manger?
The dead cry life and stagger up the hill;

* * *

But is there still the incorrigible city where
The well enjoy their poverty and the young
Worship the gutter? Is Wednesday still alive
And Tuesday wanting terribly to sin?

or, for a briefer example, a line like "It baffles the foreigner like an idiom" is purely Audenesque in style. And yet the matter is wholly Shapiro's, and the latter line is the beginning of a fine poem about a drugstore, in which Shapiro manages to make baseball scores, coca-cola bottles, lipstick, and lending-library books relevant and operative parts of the poem. In most of the other young American poets who have

been subjected to Auden's strong influence, Auden's perceptions as well as his words are echoed; in the course of a poem we can sometimes even see Auden's perceptions displacing those native to the poet. In Shapiro, on the contrary, the borrowed style is an aid and not an obstacle; the result is a growing originality.

The source of this originality is undoubtedly Shapiro's inexhaustible power of observation. He can see a great deal, he has taken a long, cunning, and intelligent look at the important objects of modern life, and he has serious and important feelings about what he sees. Yet this strength has, like most virtues, its danger and its weakness. There is not only a sameness of tone and feeling in a good many of these poems but also a tendency to rely too much on dramatic observation, organized merely as a succession of items, to solve all problems and provide the insight which the subject requires.

Observation is not insight, although there is little insight without observation. And this makes one thing of the title of Shapiro's book, which I take to be the declaration of a worthy and humble joy in observation, and of Shapiro's prose *Note on Poetry* in last year's "Five Young American Poets," where the title was first used and where Shapiro expressed a strange hatred of "the dictatorship of criticism" and of general ideas. The statement reached its peak in the extraordinary phrase, "America, the word that is the chief enemy of modern poetry." This is not only in direct contradiction to the excellent use of abstractions, like America and Europe, in Shapiro's verse, but it suggests a serious immaturity in Shapiro's attitude as a poet. The poet can no more afford to hate abstractions or general ideas than he can afford to hate the concrete and the particular. He needs them both, and he needs them at the same time if his verse is to be both vivid and significant. Perhaps Shapiro hates abstractions like America for the same reason that the hero of "A Farewell to Arms" hated words like Democracy, Justice, Liberty, Self-Sacrifice, and Courage; they have been used by politicians and by bad poets. But Democracy, Justice, Self-Sacrifice, Courage, Europe, and America are the abstract and often abused terms for the deep-seated values which inspire Shapiro, at his best, both to rage and to sympathy.

Other abstractions, often capitalized by Shapiro, are necessary parts of Shapiro's best poems. But more than that, it is the abstraction, America, and another concrete abstraction—if the reader will forgive me this true paradox—Europe, which are just as responsible for Shapiro's being in Australia as the troopship which took him there.

The chief enemy of modern poetry is not a word, certainly not a word like America, or a use of abstract terms. Two of the many enemies of all poetry are the inability to see things clearly and exactly, a defect from which Shapiro will never suffer, and, on the other hand, the inability to generalize and make universal one's experience by means of abstractions. The poet has to keep many activities going, but one activity as necessary as any other is to keep thinking all the time. It is not easy, but it is necessary. Fortunately Mr. Shapiro's practice is far superior to his theory, so that what we have here is a book which everyone interested in modern poetry ought to read.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

A Native of Civilization

THE TURNING POINT. By Klaus Mann. L. B. Fischer. \$3.

TO TELL the story of a German who wanted to be a European, of a European who wanted to be a citizen of the world," thus in part Klaus Mann defines his purpose in writing his autobiography. He has succeeded admirably, and has also told the story of a man who could be civilized without becoming decadent.

If he had known from his birth in 1906 that he had only about twenty-five years to participate in European culture before its eclipse, he could hardly have made better use of his time. He had a good start, to be sure; in his first eighteen years, spent in the home of Thomas Mann in Munich, he imbibed more of that culture than most men get in twice that number. But Klaus's distinguished paternity was a heavy cross for him to bear, and Thomas Mann's patriarchal tolerance must have been infuriating to a member of that younger generation for whom rebellion was a religion. At eighteen the son fled the paternal roof to make a literary career for himself in Berlin, using an assumed name as his declaration of independence. Sometimes his sister Erika shared his adventures, notably on a madcap trip to America, which somehow expanded into a trip around the world. Her field was the theater and his was literature, but now and then they trespassed upon each other's provinces.

Mann started his career in Berlin, but before long Europe was his home and Paris its hearth. The middle portion of his book is really an essay on the intellectual life of his time, with the events of his personal life noted briefly here and there among great chunks of loosely knit but stimulating discourse. He talks about the ideas which were taking shape in his books or in those of his friends, who included half the distinguished young writers of France, Germany, England, and Austria, and some older men, notably André Gide, whom Mann considered the foremost living writer in Europe. He gives a whole chapter to the gods of his intellectual Olympus: Plato, Nietzsche, Whitman, and Novalis are the four titans, surrounded by concentric circles of lesser gods. Of political events and social currents he takes little note in this period (up to 1930); they were simply not part of his world. This era of happy isolation ends approximately two-thirds of the way through the book, when he quotes from his own writing (1931): "I don't want to understand this kind of radicalism [National Socialism]: I disapprove of it." Such blindness seems truly shocking in this seasoned writer, this much-traveled man of the world, at home in the cultured circles of half a dozen capitals; here the reader must remind himself again that the Klaus Mann who wrote these lofty words was not yet twenty-five!

Mann has a rare faculty for conveying atmosphere, and he uses it most effectively in describing the sense of impending doom which spread over Central Europe just before its civilization finally succumbed. The Mann tribe, now fully alive to the peril, raised their voices in protest against the rising tide of Nazi popularity. It seems to me that Klaus Mann might well have termed this period the turning-point in his life, when he began to forsake his chosen role of critic and interpreter for that of man of action. He places it ten

years later, when he went to a United States army recruiting station and asked to be put into uniform. This act was indeed the outward and visible sign of his inner conversion; it was the burning of his boats, and to him the significance is enormous. Yet such a mighty metamorphosis, such a response to a titanic convulsion in the affairs of men, does not take place, of course, at a single point, but in a great half-circle.

That half-circle is the road which Mann has traveled in the last dozen years, always with an amazing power to adjust himself to each new catastrophe and to harness his exuberant powers to new purposes. The last lap of the road, told in the staccato passages of his diary, is perhaps the most remarkable portion of a remarkable life. An exile in America, he made himself master of the English tongue because he knew that it was the idiom of the one audience left to him, and therefore the only medium in which he could find expression. His conquest over our language, now greater than that of many native writers, is symbolic of his conquest over circumstances which have tossed other human beings about like the splinters of a vanished shipwreck. Yet in one sense he is not an exile; he is a native of civilization itself, and as long as it endures anywhere he will not be stateless.

BETSY HUTCHISON

Ambassador Grew's Report

REPORT FROM TOKYO. By Joseph C. Grew. Simon and Schuster. \$1.50.

REPORT FROM TOKYO" is a collection of speeches made by Former Ambassador Grew after his return to the United States and arranged with certain supplementary material in book form.

The moral of most of Mr. Grew's speeches is expressed in one extraordinary sentence in the first chapter, "... we are up against a people whose morale will not and cannot be broken even by successive defeats, who will certainly not be broken by economic hardships . . . and who can be brought to earth only by physical defeat, by being ejected physically from the areas which they have temporarily conquered or by a progressive attrition of their naval power and merchant marine which will finally result in cutting off their homeland from all connection with and access to those outlying areas—by complete defeat in battle."

In later chapters the author discusses some of the sources of enemy strength, many of which are to be found in the social and cultural uniformity, the sacrificial fanaticism based on a sense of divine mission, and the totalitarianism which was a feature of Japanese life long before the word was in use elsewhere. He also provides a condensed account of our earlier relations with Japan and our Chinese ally, of Japanese weaknesses, of the period of aggression and broken promises which followed the Shidehara era. Our past trade he defends on the realistic ground that a breaking off of commercial relations before 1941 would have meant war—a circumstance few of the would-be boycotters were then prepared to face.

The close student of world affairs will find little new in "Report from Tokyo," but it affords an excellent antidote for the decade of muddled and wishful thinking which preceded Pearl Harbor.

DONALD W. MITCHELL

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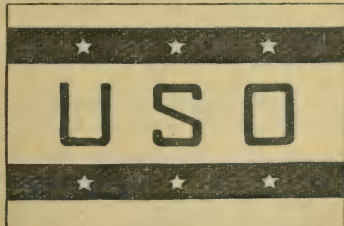
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When You Give to the U S O

Marlowe, Definitive

THE TRAGICALL HISTORY OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. By John Bakeless. The Harvard University Press. Two Volumes. \$7.50.

I HAVE an idea that Christopher Marlowe can be considered responsible for something more than six hyperbolic plays and a couple of marvelous poems: I suspect that he is also more than a little responsible for the popular conception of what I am reduced to terming "the poet." Certainly the majority of necessary characteristics happen to be present, including the ethical irresponsibility, the slightly too beautiful name, the impecuniousness, the death at an early age, the masterpieces turned out with an air of inspired accident, and the rumors of emotional immorality. So that when I contemplate the private life of Christopher Marlowe through the positively microscopic examination of his latest biographer, what principally surprises me is not how little but how much I seem to know about him. This affects me as remarkable for the simple reason that no one, including John Bakeless, knows very much. Here, for instance, are two large volumes written about a poet who spent twenty-nine years engaged largely in doing things that his biographers cannot ascertain. The facts of life, so far as Christopher Marlowe is concerned, seem to consist simply of his birth, his education, his six plays, his practice of espionage, and his assassination. From this handful of data the scrupulous and patient biographer can construct a kind of cardboard poet who is capable of going through the formal gestures of being alive, composing poems, and dying; but even the biographer, when the facts are so few, has necessarily to admit that the result looks a little theatrical. The ambiguity of biographical uncertainties invites a multiplicity of prejudiced interpretations. It is perfectly possible to present the reader with a Marlowe who looks like a patriotic hero with a gift of the gab, or a Machiavellian cad who eventually throttled himself with his own machinations, or a dramatic poet who lived a melodramatic life.

To the study of Marlowe Dr. John Bakeless has devoted twenty-one years and conducted researches that extended from Bulgaria to Japan. This biography with the rather playful title represents, in fact, more a memorial to the perseverance of the author than a monument to the subject who remains so mysteriously absent from it. I should correct myself: it is not so much that the body of Marlowe is not present as that, if it is present, it has been pretty thoroughly interred beneath the laborious whimsicality of such euphemisms as "the rising young dramatist" (Marlowe); "the young university wit" (Marlowe); "the great business man of Stratford" (Shakespeare); "the redoubtable playwright" (Marlowe); "the weed" (tobacco); "Queen Bess's subjects" (Elizabethans). Personally I prefer Kyd's judgment on Christopher Marlowe: "One so irreligious, intemperate, and cruel of heart."

I also observe Dr. Bakeless to be capable occasionally of an intellectual lack of sophistication which could, I feel, militate against a perfect understanding of Christopher Marlowe. On the subject of what Dr. Bakeless refers to as "his unhealthy interest in unnatural vice," I do not think the following remarks astute:

In "Dido Queen of Carthage" Nashe may be equally responsible with Marlowe. In "Edward II" history and in "Dido" mythology both give authority for the material used. As for the charges [of immorality] against Marlowe by Kyd and Baines, both seem to have been persons likely to be easily shocked, and one strongly suspects Marlowe, perhaps after a little too much wine, of having deliberately set out to shock them.

I would point out to Dr. Bakeless that an author is at liberty to choose his own subjects, that the author of "The Spanish Tragedy" does not seem to me "likely to be easily shocked," and that the proverb in *vino veritas* could apply even to a hypothetical vintage imbibed on a hypothetical occasion.

Nor do I wholly understand the intellectual attitude of a biographer who can bring himself to remark on the matter of Marlowe's acknowledged atheism: "The attacks on Marlowe's religion are far less serious in modern eyes than the charges against his morals." With the incontestable evidence of the Baines documents providing certified proof that Marlowe held the strongest atheistic opinions, it would seem to me that the sentence above should properly refer to "attacks on Marlowe's irreligion," and I cannot think that in "modern eyes" such attacks would be considered "less serious" than charges of moral turpitude. For I understand that the principal privilege of contemporary society is that we are all perfectly free to be both libertines and unbelievers.

It would, however, constitute a serious omission if Dr. Bakeless were not congratulated for including the following clauses from the Baines report on Marlowe's "monstrous and heretical opinions":

That Moses was but a Jugler & that one Heriots being Sir W Raleighs man Can do more than he.

That the first beginning of Religion was only to keep men in awe.

That if there be any god or good religion, then it is the Papistes because the service of god is performed with more ceremonies, as Elevation of the Mass, Shaven crowns, &c. That all Protestants are hypocritical asses.

That all the new testament is filthily written.

To remark of such a documentation of the heretical convictions of a great Elizabethan poet, "[they] read like the wild conversation of a radical young man who took an intense pleasure in making his hearer's flesh creep," affects me, finally, as frivolous. Just as, in a critical sense, it affects me as frivolous that Dr. Bakeless should seek to mitigate Marlowe's vitiations of historical fact in "Tamburlaine" by citing instances of similar manipulation by John Drinkwater in "Abraham Lincoln" and by Sacha Guitry in "Pasteur."

Nevertheless, I feel sure that in spite of such minor quixotries as those enumerated above, and in spite of such stylistic aberrations as the sentence that closes Chapter IV ("At least, however, we know that the clouds were lowering about Marlowe when Ingram Frizier's dagger thrust stilled that restless and unhappy heart forever"), and in spite of the absence of any attempt at a critical evaluation of the subject as poet, I am, nevertheless, sure that this must be one of the most informative books yet written on Christopher Marlowe. Indeed, I hope that the publishers have guessed right, and that this becomes "the definitive life of the dramatist." The biographical needs the apocryphal almost as much as vice versa.

GEORGE BARKER

IN BRIEF

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BACKGROUND. By Basil Willey. Columbia University Press. \$3.75.

The Columbia University Press has imported a small shipment of Basil Willey's "The Seventeenth Century Background," the book to which his "The Eighteenth Century Background," published here last year, is the sequel. The volume on the seventeenth century is probably the better and more important of these two excellent works, not because it exhibits to greater advantage Mr. Willey's powers of lucid exposition but because the material of the seventeenth century is more originaive and interesting than that of the following period. The theme of the book is the problem of appearance and reality, the search for the truth of things as they "really are" and the effect which this dominant concern of science and philosophy had upon religion and poetry. Mr. Willey carries his exposition from Bacon to Locke, dealing admirably with Sir Thomas Browne, Descartes, Hobbes, and the rational theologians. His chapter on Milton is a fine investigation of the influence of the new thought upon heroic poetry, and his postscript on Wordsworth is one of the best available discussions of the romantic attempt to animate the discouraging universe which had been Locke's legacy to the eighteenth century.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE TRAGEDY.

By William Gaunt. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

No one admires Pre-Raphaelite art any more, but after reading Mr. Gaunt's book it is impossible not to admire the Pre-Raphaelites themselves. Sometimes silly—though not in the greenery-yallery way of "Patience"—and often mad, they were nevertheless tough, persistent, and more than a little touched with heroism. If in nothing else, they were justified in William Morris, who is probably the most impressive of the many personalities with which this book deals. Morris was of the second generation of the Pre-Raphaelites—it is one of Mr. Gaunt's virtues that he so carefully distinguishes the generations—and he eventually moved beyond their early tenets, first to industrial design, then to socialism; yet in seeming to deny their ideas he affirmed them, and his socialism was but the generalization of Rossetti's belief that everyone should be an artist. "Art," said Morris, "is

the expression of pleasure in labor," and if it is not a good definition of art, it is an admirable definition of a socialist ideal. But although Morris is for us the most satisfying figure of the movement, we cannot miss the impressiveness of Rossetti himself or fail to find something wryly fine in Holman Hunt's mulish devotion to his strange, self-torturing ideas. Nor is there less charm in such of the Pre-Raphaelites as managed to do themselves well in a post-Raphaelite world—in Millais, who made a huge fortune out of his art, who painted the famous Pear's Soap advertisement "Bubbles," whose elaborate establishment brought forth from Carlyle the remark, "Has paint done all this, Mr. Millais? It only shows how many fools there are in the world," and who had so much happiness, for a time, that one almost rejoices in the vulgarity of the art that gave it to him; or in the sweet-tempered Burne-Jones, who so prettified the brotherhood's mannerisms, who was so bad an artist but so pleasant a person. Mr. Gaunt's book begins in a vein of rather ironic superiority, but as it proceeds it takes on gravity from some quality in the Pre-Raphaelites themselves—the quality, perhaps, that justifies Mr. Gaunt in calling their story a tragedy.

FREEDOM FOR ITALY. By Gaspare and Franco Nicotri. With a Foreword by Carlo Sforza. Italian American Press. \$1.25.

Gaspare Nicotri, a veteran of many a struggle, writes with his son a series of sketches about the century-old Italian battle for freedom. From the Sicilian Vespers in the thirteenth century up to the "Saga of the Thousands" in the Risorgimento, and forward to the Garibaldi Battalion which fought for Greek liberty in 1897 (in its ranks was Nicotri, Sr., himself), the main landmarks are portrayed with vivid casualness. It is a popular book, whose timeliness should not be overlooked by Italian-Americans in search of the "real Italy." All the chapters burn with a filial love for the "land of prodigies" and with expectation of a last battle to come: since, as Count Sforza reminds us in his foreword, "what has been might be again."

THE CHINESE ROOM. By Vivian Connell. The Dial Press. \$2.50.

A young Irish playwright writes a curious hodge-podge of a novel, part psychological thriller, part passionate indictment of modern English life, and

large part sheer nonsense. A statement of Mr. Connell's theme indicates the germ of a possibly interesting idea: a rich young banker undertakes to experiment on his mind by writing anonymous letters to himself, but before he can get started on this dim project he begins to receive anonymous letters from someone else; in the meantime his unhappy wife, always unsatisfied in her marriage and increasingly estranged from her husband in this period of his exacerbated self-interest, takes a series of lovers and discovers the therapy of a healthy sexual life. But the novel Mr. Connell has written is inept and absurd, and even his main thesis—his serious conviction that most of the ills of modern life could be solved by the release of our sexual inhibitions—is irretrievably lost in the welter of his combined mystery story and amateur psychiatry. If only because of the prudence of its sexual detail, a novel that might have been in the line of, say, D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover" turns out to be in the line of adolescent reverie.

TACEY CROMWELL. By Conrad Richter. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Mr. Richter's Wild West prostitute has the usual warm heart we have learned about from Marlene Dietrich; there is even the familiar contrast between the prostitute's stern moral convictions and the weakness of the respectable religious lady against whom she is pitted. The best parts of Mr. Richter's book—and they are quite good—are those that deal with Arizona life in the old territorial days. Successful local color, however, cannot compensate for a novel so cinematically conceived, so without realization of its characters or development of its theme.

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1942. Edited by Herschel Brickell. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Rather better than the O'Brien volume of short stories, the O. Henry collection, taken more than one or two stories at a time, still makes unsatisfying reading. The stories are technically competent but essentially bare of the flesh of fiction; in the contemporary manner, they are too naked a statement of the single perception or observation that inspired their writing—as if a composer were to offer us the whole of a musical composition the undeveloped statement of his themes. This year Mr. Brickell and his judges have awarded first prize to

Eudora Welty for *The Wide Net* (*Harper's*), second prize to Wallace Stegner for *Two Rivers* (the *Atlantic Monthly*), and third prize to Wilbur Schramm for *Windwagon Smith* (the *Atlantic Monthly*). From the *Atlantic Monthly*, too, comes the story that wins an award for the best first-published story, *A Long Way to Go* by Jeanne E. Wylie. The table of contents further includes such writers as Kay Boyle, William Faulkner, Carson McCullers, Jerome Weidman, and John Steinbeck, assuring the public that it is being given what it has itself been calling the best.

THE SOUND OF AN AMERICAN.

By David Ormsbee. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

The vulgarity of Mr. Ormsbee's novel and its pretentiousness are matched only by the claims its publishers make for this shabby performance. The hero is an American music critic named Abner Coe—a phony if ever there was one—who gets caught up by the French army and witnesses the fall of France; the story's two main themes are Coe's almost undying love for a young pianist and his ever-increasing passion for the U. S. A. When love deserts him, Coe joins the American army. It is a book full of emotions and attitudes, not to mention appetites, synthesized out of Wolfe, Hemingway, Elliot Paul, and James Cain, paraded as original energy and used to pass off as strong feeling what is no more than sentimental street-corner patriotism.

MAN'S MOST DANGEROUS MYTH:

THE FALLACY OF RACE. By M. F. Ashley Montagu. With a Foreword by Aldous Huxley. Columbia University Press. \$2.25.

A distinguished anthropologist here attacks the anthropological as well as the popular conception of "race," which he shows to be meaningless in any scientific sense. It is a fiction developed as a rationalization of the desire to act aggressively. Its relations to culture, war, and democracy are intelligently and suggestively summarized, and the moral is pointed.

THE NAZI CONQUEST OF DANZIG.

By Hans L. Leonhardt. The University of Chicago Press. \$3.50. This true story of the Free City of Danzig begins in the first century of the Christian period, but it becomes most interesting at what might be called the city's second birth, under Articles 100 to 109 of the Treaty of Versailles. The

book's greatest value lies in the light it throws on problems of post-war reconstruction. It could serve almost as a textbook for mistakes which should not be repeated, for splendid ideas not carried out, for the ineffectiveness of mere good-will. It is brimful of facts and explanation, carefully selected and precisely put together. The reader is able to see not only how it happened but how it could happen again. "The first responsibility for Danzig's total loss of freedom lies with Hitlerite Germany . . .," but the "principal villains of the play" are Herr Förster, Herr Greiser, M. Beck, Mr. Eden, and Mr. Burckhardt—in short, Poland, the League of Nations, the whole outside world with its attitude: "Why die for Danzig?" The example of Danzig stands as a great indictment of reconstruction without understanding. Everyone concerned with the next peace conference should read this book.

PROLOGUE TO APPEASEMENT. A STUDY IN FRENCH FOREIGN POLICY.

By Elizabeth R. Cameron. American Council on Public Affairs. \$3.50.

This careful factual study approaches the problem—in the words of one of the chapter headings—with the nexus of domestic and foreign policy in mind. Fully annotated and with a bibliography of source material, it will be valuable as a starting-point for students. The conclusion is the now obvious one: "In the course of the first years of the Nazi regime, even before the German remilitarization of the Rhine, certain forces in French policy had already set the pattern which led to collapse under the military onslaught of 1940."

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

Pacific Charter: Our Destiny in Asia. By Hallett Abend. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.

The Pocket Book of Dog Stories. Edited by Harold Berman. Pocket Books. 25 cents.

The Lady Means Business: How to Reach the Top in the Business World—the Career Woman's Own Machiavelli. By Aimee Buchanan. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

Development of Collective Enterprise: Dynamics of an Emergent Economy. By Seba Eldridge and Associates. Kansas. \$4.50.

Plans for World Peace Through Six Centuries. By Sylvester John Hemleben. Chicago. \$2.50.

Art and Freedom. By Horace M. Kallen. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. 2 vols. \$6.50.

English Usage: A Study in Policy and Procedure. By Arthur G. Kennedy. Appleton-Century. \$1.25.

Slaves Need No Leaders: An Answer to the Fascist Challenge to Education. By Walter M. Kotschnig. Oxford. \$2.75.

The Discovery of Freedom: Man's Struggle Against Authority. By Rose Wilder Lane. John Day. \$2.50.

Siberia. By Emil Lengyel. Random House. \$3.75.

Above Suspicion. By Helen MacInnes. Pocket Books. 25 cents.

Listen, Germany! Twenty-five Radio Messages to the German People Over B. B. C. By Thomas Mann. Knopf. \$1.50.

The Standard of Living in 1860: American Consumption Levels on the Eve of the Civil War. By Edgar W. Martin. Chicago. \$4.50.

Italy from Within. By Richard G. Massock. Macmillan. \$3.

Easy Malay Words and Phrases. By Marius A. Mendlesen. John Day. \$1.

Experiencing American Pictures. By Ralph M. Pearson. Harper. \$3.75.

A Latin American Speaks. By Luis Quintanilla. Macmillan. \$2.50.

Syrian Yankee. By Salom Rizk. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.75.

I Saw the Fall of the Philippines. By Colonel Carlos P. Romulo. Doubleday, Doran. \$3.

John Paradise and Lucy Ludwell of London and Williamsburg. By Archibald Bolling Shepperson. Dietz Press. \$4.

Make This the Last War: The Future of the United Nations. By Michael Straight. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.

The Russians: The Land, the People, and Why They Fight. By Albert Rhys Williams. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.

ART

HANANIAH HARARI: Oils. At the Pinacotheca, until January 16.

HARARI, just thirty, is one of the most promising abstract painters in the country. There is the strength and originality of his color, or rather of its tonality; there is his liveliness. But in order to attain virtues, and precisely as a manifestation of his vitality, Harari has to dare to sin—graviously. He fools around with Harnett's style of *trompe l'oeil*, with Stalinoid "class consciousness" and other nonsense. He plays with all sorts of rash notions, mixing together formal elements such as no artist living or dead could organize, and the combination of which simply violates the laws of pleasurable vision. Some of Harari's paintings are frightful. One, dealing with fascism, sinks to a comic strip; another, called "Rococo," shows what—I am told—is the degeneration of capitalism by means of arabesques, scroll work, floral curlicues, and the half-tones and sickly-dark

colors of Victorian wallpaper. It may be a joke, but it is too expensive.

Harari exposes himself turn by turn to the influences of Picasso, Miró, Klee, and others. He is ready to be anything—apparently on a moment's notice. But this dashing about, the facing in many directions at once, is a sign among other things of a tremendous energy. Harari is vulgar but seldom banal. Underneath is a talent sensuous and powerful, able in certain pictures to order things to its own unique purposes. At his best Harari continues in the line of post-cubism, is two-dimensional and abstract. In "Figurations" and "Green and Pink" flat patterns of tan, pink, and cream—which with brown are the artist's most successful colors—are used to make paintings as rich as any done by an American lately. "Autumn Tonality" and one or two others are more original but not quite as finished. In these Harari tries to relieve the flatness of the two-dimensional by tonal harmonies. He has something new to say in this vein, and it is probably his most sincere and important one. The work marked by Klee's influence is also successful within the limits of the derivative.

Harari has many strings to his bow and plucks them one after another with an erratic abruptness that is the effect either of indecision or of Picasso's misunderstood example. It is to be hoped that he will settle down and proceed consecutively in the direction which, as he himself ought to realize by now, is his most serious one—the flat abstraction. It will contain all his emotion and his desires for variety, let him have no fear about that. Meanwhile, he has had his fun.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

MUSIC

TWO women have written me that their husbands, in camp in Louisiana and Kentucky, suffer keenly from their complete inability to hear the serious music they were accustomed to hear in their leisure time in the concert hall or from their radios and phonographs. There are minorities of such men in most of the places where training is going on; and one thing they can do is to try to obtain for their camp one of the record-libraries that have been assembled and sent out by Armed Forces Master Records, Inc., Room 215, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York. This organization will send the library only when it is informed that the special

service officer of the camp is willing to accept it and to provide a room with a phonograph where those who are interested will be able to hear Beethoven without conflict with those who want to hear Glen Miller. The first step, then, is to speak to the special service officer.

That is about as much as the men in the camps can do for themselves. In addition, people in towns near camps can help by making their records available—either by lending them to the camp, or by playing them for the men in their homes or in larger auditoriums. Here too, and indeed in all instances, the co-operation of the special service officer must be secured. Regular concerts of recorded music are best arranged by a group of people who pool their records for the purpose; and such a group can raise funds for the purchase of records that will be played at the concerts or be given to the camp.

Moreover, since Armed Forces Master Records will not for a long time be able to take care of all the camps, hospitals, and other military centers here and abroad, there is room for additional organizations to supplement its work and incidentally to improve on it. For example, instead of sending an entire library an organization might send out a succession of two-hour programs; and it might try to work out the machinery for the circulation of these programs among a number of camps in one region. And it might make a better selection of music. The work, after all, is not being done for the majority who are amply provided with the music they like; it is being done, supposedly, for the minority who are not getting the Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Brahms, Strauss, Debussy, Stravinsky, and Prokofiev they used to hear in Carnegie Hall or Symphony Hall or the Academy of Music—the music they used to hear and want desperately to hear now because it means a great deal to them. Yet when an organization like Armed Forces Master Records gets down to making its list for these men who are hungry for Beethoven, it almost inevitably is deflected by a concern about the men who may not be interested in Beethoven, and puts in things which will lure these men to the phonograph (but will drive the men interested in Beethoven away); when it makes a list for the minority it includes things which are "in demand," presumably by large numbers. And the result is a library which includes both Beethoven and things like Kern's "Showboat" Synthesis, Victor Herbert, Ferde Grofe, Sarasate's

"Zigeunerweisen," Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre" and "Bacchanale," Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite and Piano Concerto, Sibelius' "Finlandia," Ravel's "Bolero," Tchaikovsky's Overture "1812" and "Marche Slave," Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," Viextemp's and Wieniawski's Violin Concertos, Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf" instead of his Violin Concerto No. 1 or "Classical Symphony," etc. The library does include Beethoven and others like him, and I am glad that Armed Forces Master Records is doing what it is doing; but there is room for other organizations, which I hope will concern themselves solely with the men who would like to hear a program consisting of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4, Schubert's Trio Op. 99, and Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 1, or Beethoven's Symphony No. 8, Schumann's "Dichterliebe" song-cycle, Mozart's "Hunt" Quartet, and Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," and which will give this music to these men.

AFMR itself wants other groups to do this work, and offers to help them by placing at their disposal the experience it has acquired in selecting, buying, and shipping records, in dealing with special service officers, and so on. If any such groups prefer to follow my ideas about a record-library or a series of programs I will be glad to help with specific suggestions; also, any records that may be difficult to obtain in Louisiana or Kentucky nowadays I will be glad to try to obtain in New York.

Individuals who want to help the work of getting records to the men in service can do so by contributing good records or money to AFMR; and *The Nation* is willing to receive money for other groups that make themselves known to it.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Escape to Switzerland

[The following letter arrived here recently from Switzerland. The writer is a Dutch Jew who had been living in France with his family since 1934. When the wholesale persecution of Jews in southern France began in the fall of 1942, he and his wife and daughter and seven-year-old son were arrested and sent to a concentration camp to await deportation. Through the efforts of refugee organizations, which stressed the fact that the family was of Dutch nationality and therefore not subject to deportation, they were temporarily released. Thereupon they decided to escape to Switzerland. They are at present proteges of the International Rescue and Relief Committee.]

... After our dramatic arrest there was no more peace for us, especially since we knew that ours was only a provisional release, and that next time the Dutch would get the same treatment as others—you probably know that in most cases parents and children are torn apart with little hope of ever finding each other again. ... With the aid of false passports which enabled us to travel in France, we reached a little frontier town where some people who had been recommended to us as friends guided us through the mountains to the Swiss border. Loaded down with heavy packs we climbed for five hours and then took leave of our friends. We followed the route which they had pointed out to us but soon were hopelessly lost in mountains 6,000 feet high. Sliding, tumbling, our clothes torn and our skins bruised, we continued in the direction of the valley we hoped to reach. R— [the writer's wife] suffers from vertigo on a second-story balcony, and V— [their seven-year-old son] had to be helped along; so you can imagine we made slow progress. After several hours of hard climbing we found ourselves on a tiny plateau overlooking a 2,300-meter drop straight down, a veritable cul-de-sac offering no way of going on or going back. Far below us we could see a group of small chalets, and we began to call for help and signal with our handkerchiefs and shirts. By this time it was seven in the evening. After a long time we were seen, and the villagers shouted that they would come to help us.

We set about making ourselves as comfortable as was possible on this small shelf, but it was too slanting for all of us to go to sleep; we had to hold V—, wrapped up in his cape, on our knees. Toward 9 p. m. a little avalanche of stones heralded the arrival of a rescue party, which had reached a point a few score meters above us. Seeing that the party included two women and a child, they realized at once that we were stuck for the night on our precarious perch, for they had no lights and we had no proper mountain equipment for scaling the cliff that separated them from us. Even though a glimpse of them was enough to revive our courage, I find it hard to describe the hours that followed. It was bitterly cold; we had no blankets, no more matches, nothing to eat or drink. Sleep was impossible, for there was always the possibility of sliding off into the abyss.

Toward 7:30 in the morning the rescue party reappeared, armed with ropes. Now began the ghastly climb back. Exhausted and cramped, we had to retrace our steps to the point where our friends had originally left us and then take off again in a totally different direction toward the valley. We arrived at the first house about 1:30 that afternoon. Our rescuers had coffee, bread, butter, meat—a splendid repast—awaiting us, but we were so worn out that we could scarcely manage to swallow any food. Only after several hours of sleep were we in shape to begin tending our multiple scratches and repairing our torn clothes. (I shall always keep the trousers I wore as a souvenir of the trip. The seat of them looks exactly like a strainer!) At five that afternoon we set out again, for we had two and a half hours of traveling before us to reach the first small city. ...

When we finally arrived at Geneva we were met by Madame R—, who took us to the Dutch consulate. The police were informed at once and arrived an hour later to take us to an internment camp. There we spent the night and after a brief but friendly interrogation were set at liberty. The R's have found a pretty little pension for us. We are not permitted to move without authorization from the military police, but we may travel within the Geneva canton. The Dutch consulate is paying our expenses. ...

Unifying Africa

Dear Sirs: As the day of the complete liberation of Africa draws near, we in this country should begin to consider now the problems of reconstruction, the aspects of the new world we expect to build on the ruins of that narrow-minded and intolerant nationalism which has always obstructed the peaceful cooperation of nations. Let us view the first dim outlines of a unified Africa.

The whole African continent, except two large and some smaller Portuguese and Spanish colonies, Egypt, and Liberia, consists of units which are members of the United Nations. It is a vast territory of little-developed economic resources, a continent bearing no scars of boundaries or battlefields such as mark the nations of old Europe and Asia. The motley of colors on our maps of Africa was mixed and printed by imperialistic artists in European diplomatic offices and does not derive from African geography or the distribution of its population. The only dividing element is the wide range of civilization, culture, and language from the Egyptians to the pigmies of the Congo and from the South Africans to the Arabs in the north.

Africa should be the first and ideal testing-ground for the aims of the Atlantic Charter, which promises all nations "access, on equal terms, to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity." Why could Africa not be the first step toward "the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field with the object of securing, for all, improved labor standards, economic adjustment, and social security"? Should the experiment be successful it might be followed by the unification of the globe, which has shrunk to five continents from an agglomeration of a hundred nations.

Why can we not undertake the task now while we are united in the great effort to subdue the evil which would have turned back history a thousand years? And why not try to do it in a business-like way? Let economy and common sense go first for once and politics come later. Let us consider the United Nations as a corporation which has purchased the majority of shares of the nine different "companies" inter-

ested in African production and trade. Each company had different ways and means of carrying on the same type of business; all were in competition and could not get together for large transactions by which they would have all profited. What does our corporation do? If it cannot force a merger, it will institute a holding company with a directive council which will go about methodically to iron out the differences, unify the business methods, eliminate competition, and undertake the greater projects under its own auspices with the cooperation of all.

Following this pattern, the "shareholders in Africa" should form an Economic Council in which all nations having colonies in Africa and the self-governed states of the Union of South Africa, Egypt, Ethiopia, and Liberia would be represented in proportion to their economic importance. This importance could be measured by the value of their foreign trade in the last decade. The Economic Council would function much as the League of Nations did but would not require unanimous decisions. Its first task would be to eliminate all economic boundaries by instituting a common currency—possibly the English pound—and abolishing all tariffs and embargoes. The Council might levy a federal tax on corporations and port facilities for the purpose of building up communications, such as roads, railroads, shipping, air lines, and harbors. The federal police power would rest with the United Nations.

All these undertakings would infringe but little on the political constitution of the continent. South Africa would retain its dominion status and other countries their independence. Certainly all countries of Africa would be glad to sacrifice a small margin of their economic independence to secure the advantages of economic unity on a territory many times that of the United States. The abolition of tariffs would speed the development of Africa as a whole, and differences between "have nots" and colonial powers would come to an end. The future constitution of the United Nations would determine whether the economic unity should be followed by a pooling of colonies on a political basis. Questions of local importance would be handled somewhat as they are in the United States.

We should not underestimate the effect such a proof of the sincerity of our war aims would have on the Axis. After World War I the Germans considered themselves deceived when the United

States disavowed its own child—the League and the Fourteen Points. The Atlantic Charter will now impress them only if they can see that it extends to them the hope of becoming a member of the great Union of Mankind. Such realization would ease the way for ultimate acceptance of peace as we understand it.

PAUL STRASSER

Winnetka, Ill., December 28

John C. Wiley

Dear Sirs: An article entitled *Fighting the Fighting French*, by your Washington correspondent, I. F. Stone, in *The Nation* of November 28 contained the following reference:

The Office of Strategic Services, which seems to do much of the army's political thinking, is as mixed in its composition as its chief, William J. Donovan, is in his thinking. There are many good things, from the progressive point of view, to be said about both the OSS and Donovan, but there is also much that is disturbing. The OSS has acquired some of our most moth-eaten diplomats.

Among those diplomats Mr. Stone mentions "John Wiley, who was Bullitt's First Secretary in Moscow. These men inspire only misgivings in the European underground."

I have been a reader of *The Nation*, as well as a friend of Mr. Wiley, for a long time. When I read the above I therefore could not help remembering an earlier comment on him which appeared after the *Anschluss*, in *The Nation* of May 7, 1938, from the pen of Oswald Garrison Villard. Mr. Villard wrote:

In the horror of what has happened in Austria there is one bright spot, and that is the admirable conduct of our American diplomatic officials there. Every American has a right to be proud of the courage and humanity displayed by all of them, notably by the chargé d'affaires, John C. Wiley. It is reported that the minister of another great democracy promptly bolted when the Germans marched in and left his legation to his subordinates. As we had a minister in Vienna at the time, the whole burden fell upon Mr. Wiley.

One of the most experienced of our younger diplomats, he refused to be bound by red tape or purely nationalistic restrictions, and as a result he did an enormous amount of good, saved many unfortunates, I am sure, and ameliorated the lot of many others. He was not overawed by the Nazis or afraid of them, and that is just the right attitude to take toward these brutal bluffers. He and his small staff have been simply overwhelmed by the thousands of poor Jews, and Gentiles too, who have sought to get visas to come to the

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United States. I wish there were some way of giving men who do work of this type a distinguished-service medal. Mr. Wiley has certainly earned it.

If Mr. Wiley deserved a medal in 1938, can he have become "moth-eaten" by 1942?

One is tempted to inquire just what constitutes "the European underground" in which Mr. Wiley "can inspire only misgivings." He certainly inspires none among Americans who know of his career at first hand.

HENRY SUYDAM

South Orange, N. J., December 26

The Negro in the Army

Dear Sirs: Joseph Julian's *Jim Crow Goes Abroad* (*The Nation* of December 5) is valuable as evidence of the treatment of Negroes during the war, but as a discussion of the problem of the Negro in the armed services it is naive.

"Some kind of educational program designed to eradicate the color bias by driving home to white soldiers how silly it is to talk about fighting for democracy when they don't mix with colored troops in their own ranks," as Mr. Julian proposes, would be a futile effort indeed and would do more harm than good.

There are a tremendous number of men in the army, particularly from the South, upon whom all the talk in the world about the color bias would make no impression. These men have grown up in the well-rooted culture of the South. That their prejudices against the Negro is extreme is a natural consequence of the historical background of their section. This fact cannot possibly be ignored in any effort to deal with the problem.

Mr. Julian objects to what appears to him to be the official policy of the army: "Keep them apart—as far apart as possible." The army has before it a large part of the task of winning the war. It has been the experience of the army that trouble—often in the form of violence—results when Negro soldiers are allowed or encouraged to mix with white. Such trouble can seriously impair the efforts of military personnel to train the men. Actual riots, and they have occurred, have a demoralizing effect upon all the men. Segregation, therefore, is an expedient resorted to in the face of necessity. This necessity cannot be obliterated by the stardust of crusading idealism.

It is, of course, disheartening to the Negro soldier to be segregated while

being forced to fight for the white man's freedom. In the face of this he has been magnificent. He is so much more capable of a philosophical attitude than the whites that the whites are discredited by the evidence of it. Any effort in the direction urged by Mr. Julian can only hurt him.

ELLIOTT M. MILLER

Great Falls, Montana, December 30

Congratulations to Mr. Taper

Dear Sirs: When I read Bernard Taper's article, *Life with Kaiser*, in the December 12 issue of *The Nation*, I took my hat off to him. You see, I too worked in a defense plant, a shop in which thousands of airplane bombs are produced daily, the A. O. Smith Corporation in Milwaukee. I was a newspaperman whose paper, the *Milwaukee Post*, folded, and I decided to go to work at anything that would help us defeat the enemy. I was given a job, made good in a fashion, but found after three months I just could not take it. The result was I spent five weeks in a veterans' hospital. I suspect Mr. Taper is younger than I, and therefore better equipped physically and mentally to stand up against the noise, heat, steam, gas, and monotony of manual labor.

From my experience, I know there are thousands of other newspapermen, dentists, barbers, and lawyers working on production lines or acting as inspectors in a factory. I was not surprised to read in Mr. Taper's articles that former ballet dancers were working as riggers. But the fact remains that they are for the most part working under a great strain and are perhaps contributing more than their share to victory. With the white-collar worker willing to go into a factory and do his bit the hard way, I am confident the United Nations will win.

In conclusion, once more congratulations to Mr. Taper, who was able to do arduous labor and at the same time observe keenly and write an interesting, informative article about his work.

ARTHUR P. WIESNER

Milwaukee, Wis., December 30

A Mysterious Influence

Dear Sirs: Why the State Department's tender solicitude for Franco during the Spanish civil war? Why are we continuing our help to Franco? Why the invitation to Otto of Hapsburg to head an army for the United Nations cause?

The Catholic church was naturally determined that Franco should win the Spanish civil war, and it is equally de-

termined that the status quo in Spain be maintained. Is this the mysterious influence at work in our State Department? Is Myron Taylor serving our interests at the Vatican, or is he, a layman, consciously or otherwise, carrying out the wishes of the spiritual head of his church? The church is naturally and rightfully interested in its own preservation and cannot be blamed for guarding its own interests. However, where these interests run counter to the best interests of democracy and national policy, the church's influence must be exposed and curbed.

DOLPH SWENSON

Berkeley, Cal., December 29

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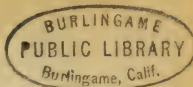
BETSY HUTCHISON visited Germany frequently during the period of the Weimar Republic.

GEORGE BARKER is an English poet and critic now living in New York. A volume of his "Selected Poems" was published here last year.

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS

The President's Messages	76
Good Neighbor Daydreams	77
Transit Workers' Rights	77
Russia's Great Offensive <i>by Freda Kirchwey</i>	78

ARTICLES

F. D. R. and Production <i>by I. F. Stone</i>	80
Russia and the West <i>by Reinhold Niebuhr</i>	82
Britain Is Not Amused <i>by Tom Wintringham</i>	84
Harlem at War <i>by Charles Williams</i>	86
"Suffer Little Children" <i>by Herta Pauli</i>	88
In the Wind	90

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

Wanted: A Political Strategy for Asia <i>by Lin Yutang</i>	91
Behind the Enemy Line <i>by Argus</i>	94
File and Remember	95

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Mr. Straight Faces the Future <i>by Louis Fischer</i>	96
Deep Waters <i>by Joseph Wood Krutch</i>	97
Russia at War <i>by John Scott</i>	98
The Poet, the Poem, the Reader <i>by H. P. Lazarus</i>	98
When Giants Meet <i>by Ralph Bates</i>	101
Steig's Gallery <i>by Clement Greenberg</i>	102
In Brief	103
Drama: Russian Melodrama <i>by Joseph Wood Krutch</i>	103
Music <i>by B. H. Haggin</i>	104

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

73

The Shape of Things

CARLO TRESCA ALWAYS SAID HE WOULD BE killed by an assassin, and indeed he had survived uncounted threats and several actual attempts on his life. His enemies finally got him, and one more stout-hearted anti-fascist leader is gone. In this dimout murder committed not three blocks from *The Nation* office are to be found both omens and warnings. Tresca's death may well serve as a sign that the struggle between reaction and the battalions of freedom has reached that final stage when violence in the field of combat is paralleled by violence in the street and the assassin's bullet. For long years Tresca's valiant fight against the fascist agents of Mussolini was part of a minority struggle in which he found himself ranged against the authorities in this country as well. For Tresca recognized fascism as the enemy of civilization more than twenty years before the government of the United States did, and he spent almost a year of his life in federal prison on a trumped-up charge brought in 1923 at the instigation of Mussolini's ambassador at Washington. Now that his fight has become part of the great conflict to which our country is committed, Tresca's enemies could no longer count on the backing of the government they hated. Tresca was no longer a minority voice. He spoke for the will of America. It is against that will that the assassin struck. The authorities of New York and of the nation may be sure that this *attentat* will not be the last one.

★

SOME OF THE MEN NOW HEAVING PAVING blocks at Edward J. Flynn live in dangerously exposed glass houses, but that does not make his appointment as Minister to Australia and personal representative of the President with ambassadorial rank any less of a blunder. The chief count against Flynn is not his alleged dealings in the small change of political bossism, though suspicion has survived the hearings which technically cleared him. It is rather that he has no qualifications for a diplomatic mission of exceptional delicacy. His claims for preference are based solely on his command of an important segment of votes in New York State and his personal loyalty to the President. Even the most high-minded of Presidents cannot be oblivious to political debts, but this appointment shows not merely a failure in statesman-

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ship but an error in political tactics. Mr. Roosevelt is going to have trouble enough during the present session holding the New Deal front line; he cannot afford to waste ammunition defending the indefensible.

*

THE FIRST FINE RAPTURES OVER THE NORTH African adventure have passed, in painful stages, through restiveness to open dissatisfaction. Joseph S. Evans, Jr., reporting to the New York *Herald Tribune* from London, writes: "Not only does the tribune make itself evident in virtually every discussion on the progress of the war and in editorials and special articles in the daily press, but today's issues of all the London weeklies carry leading articles expressing that worry in no uncertain terms." No doubt the military slowdown is primarily responsible for the fading of enthusiasm. There is as yet no reason to feel alarmed about the stalemate before Tunis, but with the successful landing operation hopes were pitched high, and the impression was general that the Axis would shortly be expelled from the southern shores of the Mediterranean. The official explanation that the Allied troops are ahead of schedule and forced to wait for the weather to catch up with them is probably sound, but psychologically it is not satisfying. And even from a military standpoint it is obvious that every day General Eisenhower's forces remain bogged down in the mud, the Germans strengthen their hold on the area around Tunis itself. Should Rommel's retreating army effect a juncture with Colonel General von Arnim's forces in Tunisia, the Allied armies will have their work cut out for them to break the enemy's grip on the primary objective of the whole African campaign.

*

EVEN SO THERE WOULD PROBABLY BE NO real uneasiness if the picture were not complicated by devious politics and if both military and political news were not clouded by a fantastically inept censorship. The British press, from right to left, is withering in its comments on this aspect of North African affairs, which says the *New Statesman and Nation*, "threatens, unless there be plain speaking and better understanding, to poison Anglo-American relations." Behind this bitterness are the deep-seated suspicions generated by the deal with Darlan and undissipated by his elimination. The assassin's identity is still a rumor-breeding mystery, and so is the round-up of high Algiers police officials vaguely accused of conspiracy against General Giraud, Robert Murphy, and other figures prominent in the present North African arrangement. If these arrested officials were anti-Vichy, perhaps there were many others. Jacques Lemaigre-Dubreuil, chief civil adviser to General Giraud, thinks there were. What is more, he told a press conference while in this country with the French military mission, "All those who in metropolitan or African France

have directly or indirectly collaborated with the Germans are literally hated by the population." That does not sound like the contention of our diplomats that we had to use Darlan because of his hold on the people of North Africa. On the other hand, it does reflect what appears to be a growing antipathy on Giraud's part toward the Imperial Council of ex-collaborationists with whom he is saddled. A spokesman for the General bluntly told the press this week that the combined forces of Giraud and De Gaulle would "throw out all the Vichyites and go after the Germans." Some support for this bright prospect may be read in Giraud's tour of inspection to Tunisia, Morocco, and West Africa, where discussions are reliably reported to have been held with Free French representatives as well as with native rulers. The conversion of this hope into a reality will be worth as much to the United Nations as the eventual capture of Tunis.

*

THE WAR HAS COME HOME TO CONSUMERS with a vengeance this past week, and consumers have come through the acid test, by and large, with flying colors. The prohibition of pleasure motoring in the seventeen Eastern states drastically affected the established habits of life of thousands of persons, particularly in the larger cities. And the OPA order cutting the value of home fuel-oil coupons by 10 per cent may cause real discomfort in thousands of American homes. To make matters worse, there were alarming indications that the supply of coal and cooking gas might be seriously depleted before many days in the New York metropolitan area. The local meat and butter shortages continued, and there were reports that despite rationing the supply of coffee might soon be exhausted. The existence of a coffee shortage was promptly denied by Price Administrator Henderson, but the scarcity of the other commodities is very real. These privations and restrictions have, however, been received with a minimum of grumbling. This has been particularly true of the ban on non-essential driving. The severe nature of the action shocked the public, as nothing else has, into a realization of the grim struggle in which we are all involved. Instead of resisting rationing, as many were doing a few weeks ago, most Americans now seem convinced that the OPA has moved too slowly in applying its rationing program. This change in sentiment should greatly facilitate Prentiss Brown's task when he takes over responsibility for rationing and price control from Leon Henderson.

*

IF THIS NEW CONGRESS, AS PRESIDENT Roosevelt said, may be the one to make the peace, the Republicans are preparing to make it in the old diarch isolationist way. Two of the leading candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1944, Wilkie and Stassen, have tried to open broader vistas for their party,

but they seem to have had no effect on its leaders. The test of the G. O. P. Senate caucus was whether it would elect Austin of Vermont, an interventionist, or "Puddler Jim" Davis of Pennsylvania to the vacancy on the Foreign Relations Committee. The caucus chose Davis, an isolationist, reactionary, and high-tariff Republican. Roosevelt, like Wilson, may find the Senate Foreign Relations Committee the nucleus of Congressional opposition to American cooperation in maintaining the peace. The Democratic majority on that committee includes enough isolationists to make the President's hold on it precarious. One of the Democrats is Reynolds of North Carolina. That the publisher of the *Vindicator* should be a member of the Foreign Relations Committee must seem another of democracy's pleasant and profitable idiocies to certain gentlemen we need not name.

✱

LACK OF SPECTACULAR NEWS FROM INDIA has led many Americans to assume that the political crisis arising from the failure of the Cripps mission and the arrest of Gandhi has been dissipated. But such reports as are available indicate the contrary. Rioting and demonstrations against British rule seem to have subsided; but these overt protests have given way to a sullen bitterness and disillusionment which offer little hope for a constructive settlement. The jails are reported to be fuller today than at the height of the civil-disobedience campaign last fall. Discontent over the political situation has been greatly aggravated by a serious and growing shortage of food. There are inadequate supplies of India's three staples—wheat, rice, and millet. The shortage is most serious in such urban centers as Bombay, New Delhi, and Calcutta. The situation is of increased concern to the United States because of the presence of large numbers of American troops in India. This may have been one consideration, but only one, in the recent appointment by President Roosevelt of William Phillips to be his personal representative in New Delhi. Certainly we need an observer in India, but we can't help wondering why Mr. Roosevelt selected, for this important post, an old-line diplomat who will seem to the Indian leaders to bear a strong family resemblance to the British officials they have known so long.

✱

DR. FRANK BUCHMAN, FOUNDER OF MORAL Rearmament, once said that "God is a millionaire." During his great revivals at fashionable Stockbridge a few years ago he numbered among his converts a good many mundane millionaires or their wives, whom he described as "key people." As late as 1936 he thanked heaven "for a man like Adolf Hitler, who built a front line of defense against the anti-Christ of communism." He is a revivalist of the prurient-pious type who told prospective converts that they had a "film of sin" over their eyes and

who, for a time at least, carried on his work at house parties devoted to confessions. He would solve all social problems by what he calls "life-changing" and "getting in touch with God." In practice this consists of the discovery, especially by the low-paid, that spiritual wealth is the sole wealth worth sharing. No wonder David Lawrence once suggested that Buchman's group should "mobilize" the country against class warfare. We haven't heard much recently of Dr. Buchman and his efforts to preserve the status quo by offering pie in the sky; but he is apparently still enlisting "key people," this time in an attempt to have his followers deferred from military service on the ground that they are doing essential work in building morale among war-production workers. Various Senators and Representatives have intervened in their behalf, but at least Draft Board No. 4 in New York is not impressed, and one Buchmanite has been ordered to appear for induction. As Charles H. Tuttle, chairman of the board, pointed out, no other religious organization has made such claims or exercised such pressure. He also noted that similar efforts by the Moral Rearmiers in England had "met stern rebuke by the British Cabinet and the House of Commons." We imagine war production will do very nicely without the ministrations of Dr. Buchman's Moral Dodgers.

✱

WE HATE TO THINK OF WHAT WESTBROOK Pegler went through when he heard that Mrs. Roosevelt had picked up a Private First Class, also M. P., at the Union Station in Washington, walked him familiarly to the White House, and invited him in to take pot luck with the family. To Westbrook it must have seemed just one more move in that nefarious Communist plot which took Mrs. Roosevelt to London and is keeping Pegler awake nights. We can hardly wait to see what he makes of Mrs. Roosevelt's attempt to draw the military into her camp. As for ourselves, in spite of having read the "Eighteenth Brumaire," Trotsky's "History of the Russian Revolution," and a good many instalments of Fair Enough, we're still so naive that we really believe it was the spontaneous and charming action of a woman who can't help being natural even though she's the First Lady. We admit, however, that Private First Class Harold R. Crisman would probably vote for Mrs. Roosevelt if he ever got a chance.

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"BORN OF SLAVE PARENTS ON A FARM NEAR Diamond Grove, Mo. . . ; in infancy lost his father and was stolen and carried into Arkansas with mother, who was never heard of again; was bought from captors for a race horse valued at \$300 and returned to former home in Missouri." So "Who's Who" describes the birth and infancy of Dr. George Washington Carver, one of the outstanding scientists in agricultural research, who died the other day at Tuskegee Institute. Though he did not

learn to read and write until he was twenty, Dr. Carver, earning his own way, managed to graduate at the age of thirty from the Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts (he had been refused admission to another college because of his race). He went to Tuskegee in 1896 and founded there a school of agriculture devoted to the practical problems of farming, particularly in the South. In the course of almost half a century he developed hundreds of new products from the peanut and the sweet potato and cotton; from the clay soil of nineteen acres of "the worst land in Alabama," which he took over to show what could be done with it, he developed paints, pigments, stains, and face powders. He made paving blocks from cotton, synthetic marble from wood shavings, and paint from soy beans. He also made the fat cotton bolls of short-stalk cotton grow on tall stalks to prevent their being splashed with sand and ruined when it rained. He painted pictures and played the piano. He was deeply religious. He never took money for his discoveries, and much of what he earned at Tuskegee he gave to needy students. His life and work, as the funeral orators say, must be an inspiration. They should also provide, for white and black Americans alike, fresh and thrilling vindication of the principle of racial equality so often honored in the breach.

The President's Messages

POLITICS" in a democracy is a sublimation of the struggle for power which takes the form of a ceaseless competition for the favors of the people. It is rather futile, therefore, to demand that, for the duration of the war, the President should confine himself in a political vacuum while his opponents take vows of political chastity. All we can hope for is that the voters will discourage the jeopardizing of national interests for the sake of party advantage by keeping score carefully and noting for punishment any resort to foul play such as the attempt to smear Harry Hopkins with fictitious emeralds.

The President's message on the state of the Union to the Seventy-eighth Congress was clearly a political act, although one with which, to their great discomfort, his foes could find little fault. He properly assumed that the nation is essentially unified in its determination to win the war and the peace, that however much we may quarrel over means we are agreed as to ends. And he was able to report that in the past year we had made appreciable progress toward our goal and could look forward with confidence to the future. Nineteen forty-two had been a critical year, but its end found our side in a stronger position than at the beginning, while our enemies had weakened. These achievements the President rightly credited to the skill and courage of our services and of our fighting allies, but he also spoke warmly of the co-

operation on the home front of workers, industrialists, and farmers. For his Administration he refrained from making any claims, admitted that it had sometimes blundered, indicated he was prepared to have it judged by results.

The one section of this part of the speech open to criticism was that dealing with production; this, I. F. Stone suggests on another page, presented an over-rosy picture. Yet even if production has fallen a good deal short of potential capacity, it has achieved a magnitude that is bound to impress the Axis very disagreeably. And in this connection we have to congratulate the President for abandoning meaningless percentages and quoting definite figures. We doubt if by so doing he has given the enemy any information endangering our interests, and we are certain that he has strengthened our means of political warfare. The frantic efforts of the Axis radio commentators to belittle and explain away these details of American production are sufficient proof of that.

When the President turned from the present to the future he neither proclaimed a retreat nor exposed his flanks to the Congressional guerrillas. As if anxious to fall in with opposition proposals that Congress should insist on more legislative responsibility, he put forward no definite proposals but offered instead some unassailable objectives. In particular, he insisted that men and women on the fighting fronts and the domestic front expected their demands for economic security would be met, and, in effect, he challenged Congress to provide a solution for this problem.

The fact that Mr. Roosevelt is not evacuating any important positions became clearer on the publication of his budget message. He has renewed the demand he made last year for the removal of special tax privileges—tax-exempt bonds, special depletion allowances for certain mineral producers, separate tax returns for married couples. He has also, undaunted by the barrage of criticism both inside and outside Congress, proposed once again that all incomes should be limited during the war period to \$25,000 net after allowing for payment of insurance premiums and other fixed charges.

In support of this proposal he pointed out that, after provision for our war needs, there would be about \$500 worth of goods and services per capita available to civilians, and while many people will spend more than this, it will be because still greater numbers are forced to spend much less. We are now in a siege economy, but if the limited amount of goods on the market is fairly distributed everyone can be reasonably well clothed and fed. In times of scarcity, however, the gravitational pull of long prices becomes a large factor in breaking down price ceilings and promoting black markets.

Again, Mr. Roosevelt called for greatly increased taxation so that nearly half of the \$108 billion war budget can be financed out of current revenue—a course which

the avoidance of inflation makes imperative. If Congress follows his lead it will mean an additional \$16 billion in taxes—an amount which cannot possibly be raised without a very steep increase in rates starting at the lowest brackets. It will hardly prove feasible to place such burdens on receivers of small incomes, burdens which mean the sacrifice not merely of luxuries but of very modest comforts and even necessities, while leaving a small group of rich people in possession of incomes exceeding \$25,000. If Congress will put its ear to the ground instead of keeping its eye on the editorial pages, we think it will find that the President has an issue here on which he could rally very wide popular support.

Good Neighbor Daydream

WE DON'T suppose it will happen. Our diplomacy has moved too far away from vigor and common sense. But it would electrify Latin America if the President brushed aside the cobwebs of protocol, recalled Ambassador Boal from Bolivia, and asked the Pan-American Union to reinstate Ernesto Galarza as chief of its Labor and Social Information Division. By these actions—to continue our daydream—the President would demonstrate to the masses of Latin America not merely that he was sincere in the Good Neighbor policy (few doubt his sincerity) but that he was strong and determined enough to force our State Department and diplomatic service to act upon the principles he has laid down. It is true that by such a move Mr. Roosevelt would upset some groups in Latin America—notably much of our foreign service, Franco's and Hitler's agents, and the Bolivian tin magnates. There would be compensation in the increased trust of the masses.

So far, as we go to press, there have been no such pleasant consequences of the publication in our last week's issue of Secretary Hull's discreet instructions to Boal to throw his influence against the new labor code in Bolivia. There has been a frantic effort to uncover the source from which *The Nation* obtained the text of the Hull telegram and a digest of Boal's previous report to the Secretary of State on the arguments he had used with the President of Bolivia against the code. But there has been no denial, diplomatic or otherwise, or any attempt to disprove the story by publishing the official texts of the Boal cable and the Hull reply. State Department officials are also indignant, again privately, with the Washington Merry-Go-Round for publishing references to later cables in which Boal expressed his displeasure over the Bolivian government's failure to act more vigorously in smashing the recent tin strike there.

We think it the duty of the American labor movement to make its voice heard in behalf of its brothers in Bolivia. We commend James G. Patton of the Farmers'

Union for his public statement protesting against the treatment of Bolivian labor, and we hope that similar protests will be forthcoming from William Green of the American Federation of Labor and Philip Murray of the C. I. O., both of whom, we understand, have shown their concern by making private inquiries.

Transit Workers' Rights

THE Transport Workers' Union has decided not to call a strike on the New York City transit lines because of the effect such action would have on war production. But in surrendering the right to strike during the emergency, the union has asked that its demands be settled as promptly as possible by arbitration. This request has been flatly rejected by Mayor LaGuardia and the Board of Transportation on the ground that the board, as a public body, cannot be bound by an arbitration award. The money to pay increased wages, the Mayor declares, could come only from an increase in fares or from greater taxation, and "no board of arbitration or no outside source has the power to increase or find the money from these two sources." Previously the Mayor had refused to recognize the right of the T. W. U. to bargain collectively with the city for much the same reason, and had held that the workers, as civil-service employees, did not have the right to strike to enforce their demands. Earlier still he had insisted that the War Labor Board had no jurisdiction over wage disputes between municipalities and their employees.

It is obvious that the position taken by New York's chief executive raises fundamental questions as to the basic rights of municipal employees, particularly where such employees are engaged in work comparable to and competitive with private employment. Do such employees, because they come under civil service, automatically lose their rights as citizens to bring pressure for increased wages and better conditions of employment? This is apparently the case if we are to accept Mayor LaGuardia's interpretation of the law.

The practical results of this interpretation are highly disquieting. Two and a half years have passed since the City of New York took over the B. M. T. and I. R. T. subways in a move to effect unification of the city's transit facilities under municipal control. During this period living costs have risen between 15 and 20 per cent, but in contrast with wages for most types of work there has been no general increase in the wages of the transit workers. Nor has there been any settlement of the basic issue of union security. It is true that a labor grievance committee was set up in the fall of 1941, but its powers have been carefully circumscribed and many of its recommendations have been ignored by the Board of Transportation. As a result, considerable bitterness has developed

between the workers and the city—a condition that cannot fail to be detrimental to the cause of public ownership generally.

If, as LaGuardia maintains, the law prohibits collective labor agreements, arbitration, and other basic labor rights to city employees, we can have no fault to find with the Mayor or the Board of Transportation. Their task is not to make the law but to enforce it. Actually, the legal situation is not so simple or so clear-cut as we are asked to believe. It is true that an arbitrator cannot increase fares or taxes, but neither could he increase the income of a privately owned transit company. There are several precedents for collective bargaining by a public agency. Labor contracts already exist between the TVA and its employees and between the City of Seattle and its street-railway employees. In Michigan a court recently ruled that "it is well within the police power of a state to attempt to prevent disputes between employees and employers not only in manufacturing concerns but also in public utilities, whether privately or publicly owned." So far the New York courts have refused to grant the Board of Transportation's contention that it has no authority to enter into any kind of a contract with its employees.

The absence of any clear legal directive makes it possible for city authorities to approach the admittedly delicate problem of working out satisfactory wages and working conditions with unionized city employees with tact and good-will. Mayor LaGuardia has taken his first step in this direction by appointing a five-man committee to "study labor relations in the city's transit system." We hope that this committee will see its task as something more than the settling of a dispute in one city, and consider it in terms of the basic rights of the growing number of American citizens who happen to be employed by public rather than by private enterprise.

Russia's Great Offensive

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

THE steady advances of the Red Army and its recapture of important strong points in the Nazi defense system have gone far to distract people's minds from the stalemate in North Africa. Too far, perhaps. For the two campaigns are closely related, both in political and military terms, and any major difficulty on one front is sure to be reflected on the other end in the over-all strategy which links them.

Undoubtedly the North African campaign helped Stalin. The defeat of Rommel in Egypt and Libya and his forced retreat to Tripolitania drew a part of the German air power to the Mediterranean even before the landings in the west. The American invasion drew

off still more. Stalin warmly acknowledged the value of these operations even though he did not accept them as a full-fledged second front. The tide in Russia turned definitely about two weeks after the American landing. It is still flowing strongly, and Hitler has acknowledged the power of the Soviet offensive by shifting his whole strategy to one of holding as many key points as possible and seeking to intrench his position inside Fortress Europe. How long he can succeed in this final defensive aim depends on the capacity of the Allies to attack in Tunisia as well as on Russia's ability to hold the offensive. A prolonged stalemate in North Africa will provide both time and opportunity for the reinforcement and supply of the key defense points which command the narrow Mediterranean passage. Bizerte and Tunis may well become the most important southern bastion of Hitler's Europe.

But meanwhile the "second front" has bogged down in mud and inactivity, and Russia is again carrying the entire burden of the offensive. No final victory in the east will be likely unless the British and Americans, with what help they can get from the French, succeed in driving the Nazis out of North Africa.

It is important, in the light of these facts, to consider the position of the Russians and their prospect of holding the offensive until something happens on the African front. Cautious observers, in England as well as here, doubt whether the present momentum of the Red Armies can be maintained. The Russians themselves say little. As Hanson W. Baldwin pointed out last Sunday, the Soviet campaign is still the "unknown war." Both sides exercise a censorship equaled in severity only by our own in North Africa. But Mr. Baldwin also refers to the comment of Sergei N. Kournakov, in *Soviet Russia Today*, that the Red Army should not be expected to "recapture territory by the scores of miles indefinitely."

Perhaps the best key to Russia's position is a comparison of this year's and last year's counter-offensive. In the summer and fall of 1941 Hitler's armies overran some 527,000 square miles of Russian territory. In the winter of 1941-42 the Russians regained somewhere between 50,000 and 100,000 square miles. Last summer the Nazis, shifting the direction of their drive to the south, took about 105,000 square miles—far more than they had lost during last winter and more valuable both in strong points and resources. This winter the new Soviet offensive has so far—and the Russian winter is still young—regained 50,000 or 60,000 of the miles lost. But again the success of the fighting must be measured in terms of strategy as well as territory. The Russians have taken several so-called "hedgehogs"—key points in the Nazi defense system. They claim the capture of Velikie Luki on the central front, though the German command has not acknowledged its loss. This important center may prove the key to a number of other "hedge-

hogs" which, taken together, form the present German defensive position on this front.

The drive in the south is largely a struggle for lines of communication. The Germans are fighting desperately to hold the main stations and junction points on the Stalingrad-Rostov line. Indeed, the fact that they are still entrenched in and around Stalingrad, though cut off from supplies and reinforcements, has prevented the Russians from using freely the lines that radiate from that key center. Once the lines are cleared, the German defeat in this area will be a certainty. The Russians, pushing down the Don valley toward Rostov, have also captured several German bases of attack, particularly Chernishkovskaya and Morozorsk. If they succeed in reaching Rostov, they will not only have regained a valuable strong point but will have cut off the German forces in the Caucasus, leaving them no land route either for reinforcement or for retreat. If they attempt to pull out, it will mean crossing the Strait of Kerch into the Crimea. In the Caucasus itself the Red Army is steadily pressing the Nazi troops north and west toward the Russian forces moving down the Don.

The Russian offensive is no mere advance into territory voluntarily evacuated. It is the real thing. And the rest of the world has good reason to feel optimistic as it

watches the courageous Red Army drive back and trap and demolish huge sections of Hitler's best forces. But at the same time it is well to check one's hopes of early victory by a look at the map. Of all the vast territory overrun by the Nazi armies—somewhere between 500,000 and 600,000 square miles—about 50,000 square miles have been retrieved. The Russians have a long way to go: they have lost a vast part of their best agricultural land and their industrial plants; they have lost millions of soldiers and millions of civilians, killed and captured. And Hitler holds Europe.

The outcome of the Battle of Russia does not depend on Russian courage or Russian strength alone. It depends on the concerted efforts of the Red Army, the armies of the Allies, and the peoples of Europe. The last of these forces is as important for the final defeat of Hitler as both of the others, and Russia, at least, knows it. Britain and the United States know it, too, or pretend they do. But the fierce political war in North Africa, precipitated by our blundering arrangements with the dissident Vichy leaders, shows how little we reckoned on either the dangers or the value of the political front against Hitler. The progress of the Allied military campaign itself may be decided by the speed with which we are able to undo the blunders of our invading generals and diplomats.

WHAT AMERICAN WEAPONS COST



\$120,000	\$56,000	\$50,000	\$25,000
			
60-TON TANK	MEDIUM TANK	155mm GUN	LIGHT TANK
\$5,000	\$2,000	\$1,000	\$500
			
SCOUT CAR	2 1/2-TON TRUCK	RECONNAISSANCE CAR	66mm MORTAR

F. D. R. and Production

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, January 10

THE President on Production. In his message to Congress Mr. Roosevelt called our production record a miracle. It could more accurately be described as a monstrosity. It is huge but misshapen. Sheer bulk renders it formidable in appearance, but there are two dozen vulnerable spots in its hide. It's a dinosaur, not a war horse, and like the dinosaur its most conspicuous feature is its lack of directing brains.

Looking at the Record. Mr. Roosevelt has consistently painted the production picture in rosy hues. In August of 1940 Senator Byrd pointed out that in the hundred days following the President's speech calling for 50,000 planes, the army and navy combined had placed contracts for only 343 fighting planes. Mr. Roosevelt replied that "Senator Byrd's figures are correct, but his implications dead wrong." The implication was that we were confusing paper programs with planes in production. The results of this confusion were visible eighteen months later in Far Eastern skies, where Japan dominated the air. A year later Senator Byrd again called attention to the alarming lag between talk and reality, and the President had as poor a reply.

Good News Preferred. There is some reason to believe that the President prefers pleasant news, and the men around the President tell him what they think he would like to hear. This may be part of the explanation for some curious statements on production which have come from the White House. There was the famous statement made in February, 1941, when the President branded talk of a steel shortage as "a deliberate lie." Months later, testimony by Under Secretary of War Patterson and Rear Admiral Vickery of the Maritime Commission showed that we were already suffering from a steel shortage at that time. On last April 24 Mr. Roosevelt said the arms program was going so well, except in shipbuilding, that we would soon be able to raise our sights. The WPB's reports at that time showed production behind schedule, and as it happened shipbuilding was the only major item in which the President's "victory-program" goals were reached or surpassed. When the Truman committee on last May 26, months ahead of the Baruch report, called attention to the seriousness of our rubber problem, Mr. Roosevelt told the press next day that he did not think there was anything in the situation to cause excitement. "President Predicts Substitute to Meet Lack of Natural Rubber," said the headlines.

Plenty of Aluminum. Last fall the President told the press that there was no shortage of aluminum in airplane

plants. Several weeks later the WPB in an official press release said plane production was hampered by shortages of aluminum and steel alloys. At the press conference on October 1 at which the President told of his tour through the nation's war plants, he reported that the war effort was being harmed by Congressional investigation of problems that Congressmen, as laymen, could not understand. These laymen, judging from the President's further remarks, seemed better observers than the experts advising Mr. Roosevelt. He said the war-production effort was accomplishing about 94 to 95 per cent of his January objectives and that quotas for 1943 might be raised in the next few months. Quotas for 1942 and 1943 were even then in the process of being reduced.

What of the Victory Program? We exceeded the program in shipbuilding but fell below it in the other three major items—planes, tanks, and anti-aircraft guns. The output of anti-aircraft guns was 15 per cent and of planes 20 per cent below the President's original goals. Tank production probably fell about 45 per cent below. Mr. Roosevelt had called for 45,000 tanks. The OWI hid the extent of the drop in tank production by lumping tanks with self-propelled artillery. It gave 32,000 as the number of tanks and self-propelled artillery produced last year. Mr. Roosevelt went one step farther and said, "In 1942 we produced 56,000 combat vehicles, such as tanks and self-propelled artillery." This total of 56,000 was reached by lumping scout cars and other combat vehicles with tanks and self-propelled artillery. This sort of thing is more likely to deceive our own people than the Axis. It is my guess that we did not produce more than 25,000 tanks last year.

Why Was Tank Output Cut? Earlier in the fall we were told that tank production was being cut to enable us to increase the output of planes. This explanation was puzzling since tanks are made of steel and planes largely of aluminum. Later it was said that we did not have enough ships to send so many tanks abroad; and again that we did not have enough steel to make so many tanks. The best figures I can obtain are that even the original 1943 goal of 75,000 tanks would have taken only 2 per cent of our output of carbon steel and 15 per cent of our output of alloy steel. Mr. Roosevelt has another explanation. "In tank production," he told Congress, "we revised our schedule—and for good and sufficient reasons. As a result of hard experience in battle, we have diverted a portion of our tank-producing capacity to a stepped-up production of new deadly field weapons, especially self-propelled artillery."

Other Possible Factors. Another reason for cutting the tank schedule may be the fact that the widely publicized tank arsenals of Detroit were not delivering the goods. The only figures I have are on Ford. He was supposed to reach peak schedule in production of tanks and self-propelled artillery last month. In September Ford output of tanks and self-propelled artillery was a little less than 15 per cent of peak schedule. My information is that the cut in tank schedules affected lend-lease only. It seems hard to believe that with the terrific mortality of tanks on the eastern front, the Russians could not use more tanks if they could get them.

Why Did We Fall Short? We fell short of the President's goals last year because the War Production Board under Donald M. Nelson was dilatory in curtailing civilian industry. Civilian radios were still being made six months after Pearl Harbor; production of stainless-steel knick-knacks for the luxury trade went on until September. Control of materials and inventories was slack, and to a large degree remains so. Little real effort was made to force subcontracting to idle facilities in smaller business and thus reduce the need for building new factories and making new machine tools. There was no attempt to plan or organize the conversion of industry. Three-fourths of the war contracts were handed to 100 large corporations, and they were left to do the job pretty much as it suited their convenience.

Critical Point. Having cut our production goals to fit our supply of materials, the danger now is that we shall cut plans to expand materials on the ground that these are no longer needed. This would be a great victory for the basic material-producing industries, which have opposed expansion from the start of the defense program. The expansion of production facilities has followed a pattern which is illogical from the standpoint of national defense but logical from the standpoint of big-business interest. The logical way from the national standpoint was first to expand production of basic materials and then of the facilities to turn these materials into weapons. The actual figures as disclosed last month to the Senate Small Business Committee showed that expansion programs were farthest advanced in facilities for making items which do not compete with normal business, like guns and shells, while the greatest lag was in facilities for producing basic materials. As of September 30 last only 2 per cent of the program for non-ferrous metals including aluminum had been 100 per cent completed, compared with 12 per cent of all expansion and 24 per cent of the programs for making guns and ammunition. Others which showed a low percentage of completion were: non-manufacturing (power lines, etc.), 2 per cent; chemicals, including synthetic rubber, 3 per cent; iron and steel products, 4 per cent; petroleum and coal products, 7 per cent. As of September 30, too, the greatest proportion of projects deferred was in the production of basic ma-

terials. Of \$354,000,000 in deferred projects, \$130,000,000 was in iron and steel; \$113,000,000 in chemicals; \$102,000,000 in non-ferrous metals.

Weaknesses. We are not getting maximum potential output of materials, and the pressure for expanded materials output has lessened, if anything, in the past few months, with the cut in production goals. On the production front, from what I could see and learn in the Middle West recently, there is great waste of manpower and machinery. Morale is poor because workers feel that much big-business management doesn't have its heart in the war effort. "Thousands of usable tools in America are but fractionally employed. They can produce satisfactory work. They must be put to work to speed the job by filling the gap for which many new tools have been ordered." The quotation is from a directive issued to prime contractors as recently as December 15, 1942, by Under Secretaries Patterson and Forrestal and Chairman Nelson of the WPB. Unfortunately this is another of those directives that place too great a strain on human nature. It asks prime contractors to cut down their own backlogs by assigning "an aggressive open-minded official" to reexamine their contracts and "comb out every part that warrants subcontracting consideration (reserving the tough ones for your own manufacture)." Since the tough ones are the ones on which the contractor is most likely to lose money, this is asking a good deal. How long will it take us to learn that our army of machines, like our army of men, cannot be efficiently organized on a purely voluntary basis?

Not a Total Effort. "We cannot afford the luxury of self-congratulation on the production record of 1942," says the final report of the Tolan committee.

It represents substantial gains, to be sure, over the low levels of 1941, but it is the product of America's unorganized might and far short of our organized productive capacity, to say nothing of the stated goals. Not only have our allies suffered severely for lack of the lend-lease supplies we have been unable to deliver, but even the equipment of our own forces is very uneven.

And Congressman Bender of Cleveland adds in a separate opinion of his own:

As long as the bulk of small productive capacity in the country remains unused . . . as long as 80 per cent of all contracts remain in the hands of the 100 major corporations . . . without centralized direction, scheduling, or proper subcontracting, we cannot expect that the peace will be any different from the character of our own war effort to date.

Mr. Roosevelt owes it to us to pay some attention to this pattern instead of merely boasting to Congress that we produced 10,250,000 rounds of small-arms ammunition last year, "five times greater than our 1941 production."

Russia and the West

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I N A memorable address delivered on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution Joseph Stalin expressed confidence in the "progressive rapprochement of the U. S. S. R., Great Britain, and America" and reported that Churchill's visit to Russia had "established complete mutual understanding between the leaders of the two countries." He admitted that there were some persons—whether in Russia or the West he did not say—who had no confidence in this coalition because it contained "conflicting ideologies and heterogeneous elements." But in refutation he pointed to the indubitable fact of the coalition and insisted that "a common threat imperatively imposes the necessity of common action." He brought his survey of the relations of Russia with the United Nations to a conclusion with the succinct observation that "the logic of facts is stronger than any other logic."

Western liberalism might well regard this statement as an admission by the Communist leader that the logic of history had not conformed to Communist logic. The complexities of history have perhaps overwhelmed the blueprints of the Communist "dialectic of history." According to these blueprints, capitalist and Communist societies were arrayed in irreconcilable enmity toward each other. In reality they found themselves collaborating against a common foe whom both regarded as more sinister than either had once thought the other.

It would not be fair, however, to interpret Stalin's words as an admission of the failure of history to conform to Communist blueprints without recognizing that many Western observers, both on the right and the left, were as certain as the Communists of the irreconcilable contradiction between the Communist and the democratic world. This feeling was strong enough on both sides to have made collaboration impossible if the stronger "logic of facts" had not intervened; that is, if Hitler had not attacked Russia, and Japan had not subsequently attacked the United States.

If there are those in the Western world who still bear resentment against Stalin for his pact with Germany, without which the war could not have started, they should remember that the same Stalin had actually capitulated to the logic of history before history used facts as a bludgeon. When Russia joined the League of Nations and sought a scheme of "collective security," Stalin practically announced that he no longer followed the Communist blueprint, that he made distinctions between

various "capitalist" powers which had no validity in orthodox Communist thought, and that he was ready to cooperate with some of these powers in order to stop a type of international politics which neither Communist nor liberal interpretations of history had envisaged. He resorted to the pact with Germany only after the other policy met no response from the West. His alliance with Germany proved abortive, even in the short run; but it was hardly more abortive than the capitalist powers' sacrifice of Czecho-Slovakia or their guaranty of Poland's territorial integrity without a previous understanding with Russia.

With respect to past failures the score is fairly even. It is obvious today that the war against Germany can be won only by collaboration between the Western world and Russia based on fairly intimate mutual understanding. But the more important aspect of the situation is that, despite the testimony of both clerical and economic reactionaries to the contrary, this intimate mutual understanding must be continued after the war if a durable peace is to be established. How this is to be achieved in the face of the still existing ideological differences between the Western world and Russia is the question. If we want to give Russia the advantage, we define the difference as one between communism and capitalism. If we feel self-righteous, we define it as one between dictatorship and democracy. The very fact that the difference can be stated in such contradictory terms illumines the serious character of the ideological conflict. If the Western world were not uneasy about its unsolved economic problems it would not approach the Communist answer to those problems so emotionally. On the other hand, there is no reason for an uncritical acceptance of the Russian solution. We ought to be grateful that the logic of history has refuted some of the Communist answers to our problems, for we might not have had the wit to refute them as effectively. We know that the democratic world has not yet found a way to achieve basic security and justice in a technical society. But we also know that actually Communist equalitarianism concentrates economic and political power in a small oligarchy, that such an oligarchic rule is destructive of fundamental liberties, and that the Communist hope that the dictatorship, together with the state itself, will wither away is the most pathetic of utopian illusions.

We shall be successful in ironing out our ideological differences only if we assume that neither side has the complete answer to the vexatious problem of social and

political justice. We should certainly look with suspicion upon the testimony of those who affect to be shocked by the Communist solution of our unsolved problems, but would in reality be shocked by any solution that threatened their privileges.

It will be important also to appreciate what we have in common with Russia and to recognize the distinction between the Russian and the Nazi dictatorship. In his anniversary address Stalin defined our common ideals as the "equality of nations," "the liberation of enslaved nations," and "the restoration of democratic liberties." If we can hardly hide an ironic smile at his mention of the third point, we must allow him the same privilege when we concur in the first. The fact is that though communism uses dictatorship brutally, it does not exalt it as an end in itself. Nor does it worship either race or war. Its moral cynicism is only provisional, and it is never morally nihilistic, as the Nazis are. It is, in fact, ultimately utopian in morals, just as is the liberal-democratic world. The Communists believe in the possibility of banishing force from social life by one final rigorous application of it in the class struggle. The liberal world, until the "logic of facts" dissuaded it, believed that history was gradually eliminating force from social and political life. It would be difficult to decide which of these two illusions contributed more to the emergence of a political cynicism which glorifies force without regard to justice. But at any rate we should recognize that communism believes in universal standards of justice. If the means by which it has sought to attain them have sometimes led to their destruction, that is not altogether a new phenomenon in history. Consider, for instance, the consequences of laissez-faire economics.

Ideally, collaboration between the Communist and the democratic world might lead to a wholesome exchange of political experience. The Communists are already admitting that the capitalist world is not so devoid of justice or so completely untrustworthy as their dogma had led them to assume. We might possibly arrive at similar conclusions. We have, on the whole, more liberty and less equality than Russia has. Russia has less liberty and more equality. Whether democracy should be defined primarily in terms of liberty or of equality is a source of unending debate. But history proves fairly conclusively that if we subordinate one too much to the other, we shall end by losing both.

A fruitful interchange between Russia and the democracies must not be expected to achieve a common culture in which all differences will be effaced. That a world order depends upon a common culture is a favorite thesis of utopians, who imagine the achievement of universal standards to be simpler than it is. Modern democracies have had to learn how to maintain domestic tranquillity under conditions of cultural pluralism; and it is hardly likely that the world scene will be less com-

plex or more amenable than a single nation. There must be agreement upon minimum standards of equity in a world political order. Above all there must be a strong coincidence between the self-interest of the various national units and the requirements of peace in the international structure. But in matters of culture and of economic organization mutual forbearance will be more important than uniformity.

The relations between the Communist and the democratic world after the war will be somewhat analogous to the relations between Catholicism and Protestantism after the Thirty Years' War. That war, it will be remembered, proved that neither of these divisions of Christendom could establish its supremacy over Europe. The Peace of Westphalia solved the problem by a whole series of compromises which conformed to the "logic of facts" but not to any other logic. The analogy is not complete because democracy and communism have not been at war with each other but have collaborated in defeating a common foe; it is, nevertheless, a valid one. The conflict between Catholicism and Protestantism was, on the economic side, a conflict between the older feudal-agrarian order and the rising middle classes. The conflict between liberal democracy and communism is one between the middle classes and the workers. In a sense the liberal-democratic world is a secularized version of Protestantism, while communism is a secularized version of Catholicism, which may be one reason why the Church hates the Kremlin with an almost pathological hatred. Each side is inclined to feel that the truth of its doctrine is so irrefutable that history must give it the victory, but history is never so clear-cut in its decisions as human logic. Americans who imagine that they can establish a world order upon the basis of American conceptions of "free enterprise" will be as certainly frustrated by the complexities of history as Communists, because of those same complexities, will be disappointed in their hope of a world revolution.

The possibility of achieving a stable world order, with Russia as one of the dominant nations of that order, is enhanced by the fact that Russia and the Western nations have a common interest in its establishment. The primary obstacle to achieving it is found in the relationship between Russia and the remnants of the worldwide Communist Party. Russia, as a nation, is not aggressive. All



Joseph Stalin

its natural inclinations will be for the maintenance of peace and the status quo after the war. But the Communist Party is the symbol and the instrument of Russia's spiritual imperialism, or rather of the worldwide ambitions of a political movement which has Russia for a base and which ostensibly still desires a world revolution. Stalin has proved again and again that the instincts and responsibilities of a Russian statesman dominate his thought and lead to a subordination of the purer Communist faith, of which Leon Trotsky was in a sense the symbol.

How are the requirements of Russian statesmanship related to the maintenance of this revolutionary threat against the nations with which Russia must collaborate? Is Soviet support of the Communist Party merely a remnant of the faith of another day, or does it increase the

power of Russia in its relations with the Western world? If it adds to Russian power, does it give an advantage which the other nations cannot tolerate? Perhaps there is another analogy here between our post-war world and the world after the Thirty Years' War. It will be remembered that the Peace of Westphalia outlawed the Jesuit order, which was the political and international instrument of the Counter-Reformation. Part of the price which Catholicism had to pay for peace was the disavowal of its instruments of international power. Is there any guidance for us in this analogy? Or should we perhaps be warned by the futility of the attempt to suppress the Jesuits?

[Dr. Niebuhr will address himself to these questions in the second half of this article, which will appear in the next issue.]

Britain Is Not Amused

BY TOM WINTRINGHAM

[Mr. Wintringham's article was written before the assassination of Admiral Darlan. We are nevertheless glad to print the greater part of it for the light it throws on the reaction of the British people to the arrangement with Darlan and on the extent to which they have been kept in the dark concerning the popular attitude in this country.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

London, December 16

QUEEN VICTORIA, when some jest at her table touched on the things sacred to Victorianism, produced the crushing comeback: "We are not amused." The British people are no longer Victorian; it would not be possible today to name the things they hold sacred or to say definitely that there are any such things. Yet we are still capable of being shocked. When the full meaning of Admiral Darlan's appointment, and the consequences likely to occur in Italy and the rest of Europe, became clear to the British people, they were—to use the old Victorian word—flabbergasted. Patients suffering from shock do not react at once; they gasp. And very little in the way of visible reaction to this appointment has become obvious. There has not been the immediate fury of protest that greeted, seven years ago, the Hoare-Laval pact surrendering most of Abyssinia to Mussolini.

Even if such a fury of protest were felt, it would find few avenues of expression in the political blackout. The newspapers are under more severe pressure than ever before; the Parliament that was elected in 1935 on issues that no one remembers is not allowed to debate

the matter openly. A debate on Darlan has taken place in secret session; this means that M. P.'s are gagged and cannot refer again to the matter for fear of revealing or appearing to reveal whatever secrets were then placed before them. Neither censorship nor closed sessions of Parliament are defended any longer on the ground that secrecy is necessary to prevent our enemies learning things useful to them; the excuse is that our allies must not hear things which would displease them. As our allies now include Admiral Darlan, public debate on his appointment becomes difficult. Perhaps it would be simpler to acknowledge the real reason for secrecy, which is clearly that certain things ought to be concealed, not for fear that our enemies or our allies will learn of them, but for fear that the British people will.

In 1941 and 1942 North Africa served as the main prison camp for that government in which Admiral Darlan was at all material times either the second or the third man. Mr. Churchill, giving a message of encouragement to the French people during this period, promised them that they should be free again "in spite of the infamies of Laval and Darlan." The French penal settlement at Devil's Island was a long way off and inaccessible. So Laval and Darlan made, for those who opposed fascism and "infamy," new devil's islands in the hell of the Sahara. To the famine and misery of these prisons were sent Jews by the thousands, French anti-fascists, French patriots, Spaniards who had fought against General Franco, refugees from Hitler, and nearly a thousand men from the International Brigades. They

are there still. So far as we can find out, most of them are likely to stay there. President Roosevelt has made a request, and Admiral Darlan has answered it by announcing a grudging "amnesty." But the officials instructed to carry out this amnesty are those handpicked in the past by Darlan for their loyalty to fascism and their eagerness to collaborate in setting up Hitler's New Order.

These men may of course find it difficult to resist the natural generosity of their natures. Or they may, like other French officials in similar circumstances, point out that the amnesty cannot be implemented until all cases have been inquired into; it would be contrary to the great principle of equality to take one case before another and contrary to good bureaucratic procedure to allow release until all forms have been filled out. The fact that many of these forms are not yet printed is not their responsibility.

Even the best intelligence services have strange gaps in them: by some such curious omission the British government was never informed, four or five years ago, about the thousands of Germans and Italians fighting on General Franco's side in Spain. In the same way it is apparently impossible for the British government to discover whether any anti-fascists have been released in North Africa. It begins to appear odd to the British public that the correspondents of our newspapers, accredited to our forces there, never manage to say a word about these prisoners.

Most curious of all is the fact, well known to the whole of Fleet Street, that if the British government really desired to find out about these prisoners it need only lift a telephone and call the headquarters of Fighting France. There it could hear not only about 10,000 Frenchmen and 15,000 foreigners in the camps, but also about men who were on our side at Dakar long ago, men who welcomed and helped the American landing in November, but who have been not only jailed but subjected to certain ingenious tortures to make them reveal their "accomplices."

One argument about Darlan particularly puzzles the British: that this is just an American job. When they see the British Admiral Cunningham standing beside Admiral Darlan to take the salute of British forces in North Africa—a photograph widely reproduced here—they feel less certain that this can be true. When they read of a young sergeant in a French tank unit who surrendered to American troops and asked to join them, but who was sent home and then chased and shot at by Darlan's police as a deserter, they are astonished also to read that this man was smuggled out of North Africa by an American official. And those who read their newspapers with any care find it extraordinary that we are not allowed to know what American newspapers and public men are saying about Darlan. People here begin

to suspect a neat operation: that in Britain the Americans are blamed, while when protests rise in America someone else is blamed—perhaps the British. Neither people is allowed to know what the other is saying and feeling.

Only in one solitary British newspaper have I come across the sort of protest that we all expected to hear from America. The booming voice of Mr. Willkie got through to a London evening newspaper. Our evening papers, unlike our morning ones, do not cover the whole country. What Mr. Willkie says is news; yet what he said with great clearness in that article did not reappear in any of the morning papers that I saw; and I see too many.

Therefore while it is true that a few of the more simple-minded among the English are glad to say, "Of course it's the Americans' fault," the bulk of the population is more or less conscious that America is divided on the subject, and that the plan for using a Quisling victory to frustrate a European revolution is not likely to be popular with the American people.

The purely military argument advanced by General Catroux against the Darlan policy appeals to something rather fundamental in the British character. We like fighting from a secure base. The base does not have to be big; in 1940 it was not much bigger than these little islands. But it has to be "well found." It is a nasty feeling even for the man in the street to realize that while the British First Army with its American comrades-in-arms is pushing into Tunisia, its communications and radio stations and police, the power to move troops and the power to grant exit or entry permits to "tourists" are in the hands of a man the Germans found useful and accommodating when they were robbing and ruining France.

What is going to be done about it? In this country as I write people are recovering a little from being flabbergasted. Sometimes, after a bad bombing, the surgeons find that the effect of shock is not noticeable until the next day. That next day is coming here; a delayed reaction is setting in. Christmas and the New Year mean that Parliament is on holiday; but it is still a custom here to make good resolutions on New Year's Eve. The British people were told that Darlan's position was only temporary; they may easily make the good resolution that "temporary" does not mean 1943. How successful they will be in putting this resolution into practice probably depends largely on the possibility of linking together British and American efforts against Darlanism. If this link is not made, we shall get only a very slight change—from Darlan to Giraud or the like. But if the link is made, the American and British peoples may cease to fight an imperial war for the reestablishment of empires, and may begin to wage the people's war for which Europe is hungrily waiting.

Harlem at War

BY CHARLES WILLIAMS

IN HARLEM, the country's largest Negro community, the war doesn't seem to matter much. The people there have asked the question, "What will the war bring us?" The answer, as most of them see it, is "Nothing." They still want the United Nations to win, but only casually. They are for the United Nations as a matter of form, but their hearts aren't in it.

Harlem's people hoped for a while that the inequalities which "stung and dishonored" them would be swept away in the war. It was, after all, a war for the Four Freedoms. At the very least, they thought, race barriers in industry would go down under the pressure of war needs. They know better now. "It is true that some jobs have been opened to us," they say, "that economically we are better off. But most Harlem people can still find work only as domestics, chauffeurs, or common laborers. In other ways discrimination has not lessened; it has become more blatant and cruel." At a time when its soldier sons are dying, Harlem is conscious of this with an intensity that few white people realize. As a community, it feels oppressed and cheated.

You find this mood expressed in Harlem's newspapers, from its pulpits, on its street corners, among intellectuals and cleaning women—everywhere. One day last fall, for example, a typical cartoon in the *Amsterdam Star-News* showed a dead Negro soldier at the feet of a hard-faced military policeman with a smoking gun; the caption was, "Thanksgiving, U. S. A." A young Negro, refusing to report for induction into the army, wrote, "I cannot fight fascists in an army where I am treated as an inferior citizen." An editorial in the *People's Voice* said, "The tax on being black is still being levied." An educated and talented Negro with whom the writer was going to lunch paused before a restaurant and said quietly, "I can't go in there, you know." A letter from a Negro soldier in a Southern camp, quoted in the *People's Voice*, said, "Just yesterday they hanged a soldier only three miles from camp for no reason at all. . . . I am scared to leave camp."

The mistreatment of Negroes in the services is a continuing cause of Harlem's cynicism about the war. Murders may be infrequent, but Harlem runs over with accounts of "clubbings, insults, and abuse." "Morale builders," one person called them sardonically. One hears of Negro soldiers beaten by white civilians in Florence, South Carolina; of the jailing and beating of a Negro nurse attached to the Tuskegee Army Air Corps; of army nurses compelled to go without food for eighteen

hours while en route through Texas; of soldiers, back on furlough from the Solomons, treated well aboard ship but made to sleep on the floor of their train across the continent. It is difficult to determine the truth of these stories; the significant fact is that they circulate and are believed and resented.

Harlem is proud of its soldiers. It thinks that they are probably among the best in the country. But this does not affect its attitude toward the army's segregation policy and the navy's restrictions on Negro personnel. Some people in Harlem express disapproval of Joe Louis for donating the proceeds of one fight to Navy Relief.

The experiences of its boys in Southern army camps have given Harlem a new and keen interest in the problems of Southern Negroes. This was evident during the recent poll-tax debate. Though Harlem, of course, is not affected by the poll tax, the defeat of the bill to repeal it was taken hard, at least among the more intelligent elements of the community. Newspapers pointedly noted that reports of the bill's defeat were not permitted to reach Negro soldiers outside the country. A delegation of prominent New York Negroes, among them five ministers, went to Washington to observe the Senate debate on the bill. They were at first refused admittance to the Senate gallery, and were finally herded out of a Senate corridor at the point of guns. It was noticed with disillusion in Harlem that Vice-President Wallace, who had spoken so ringingly of the Century of the Common Man, failed to acknowledge a report of the incident sent to him. In a passionately angry editorial the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., editor of the *People's Voice*, wrote that the affair revealed that Washington "stinks with jimcrow, discrimination, prejudice, and hatred. . . . Now the stench and decay have reached into the Capitol itself."

Harlem, of course, is itself the creation of Jim Crowism, which is only less onerous in New York than in the South. For all New York's vaunted liberalism, Negroes can seldom obtain apartments outside of Harlem and a few other strictly Negro sections. Nor are they permitted to eat in many of the city's restaurants. Some Negroes like to speculate on why New York liberals, who become so furiously concerned at the least injustice to people in Burma or India, do so little about similar injustices in their own city. Though Harlem contains New York's worst slums, rents are higher there than elsewhere in the city—this, you are told, is part of the "tax on being black." Food prices are higher, too,

though Harlem housewives complain that only the poorest grades of food are sold there. School and hospital facilities are miserable. I walked up Lenox Avenue, in the heart of Harlem, with a Negro lawyer. "Here it is in all its glory," he said, pointing to rows of run-down, vermin-infested tenements in the side streets; "Harlem, the outhouse of New York, the thing for which we are expected to die joyously in the jungles of New Guinea or the deserts of Africa."

Harlem's "better elements" chafe under the impression, created by newspapers, that their community is overrun with crime. They admit that Harlem's crime rate is high but maintain that it is "no higher than in some other sections of New York, and certainly lower than newspaper accounts would indicate." Many stories of Negroes assaulting policemen are trumped up, they say, to conceal unjustifiable police assaults on Negroes. The *People's Voice* listed last month three instances of Negroes shot without provocation by policemen. But New York newspapers headed their account of at least one of these, "Detective Shoots Mugger." If the police want to clean up Harlem, its people ask you, why don't they curb prostitution and marijuana peddling? Why isn't something done to relieve its dreadful poverty?

It would be misleading to imply that Harlem has fallen into a kind of static despair, that it is waiting without much hope for something to be done for it. As a community Harlem is thoroughly tired of "Uncle Tomism." It is convinced that Negroes must organize and fight for what they want. The least popular Negro leaders in Harlem are those who advise forgetting about grievances for the duration. The Communists tried this for a while and lost followers in droves. A. Philip Randolph, chairman of the March on Washington movement, which compelled President Roosevelt to set up the Fair Employment Practices Committee, expressed Harlem's feeling at a meeting early this fall. "Negroes made the blunder of closing ranks and forgetting their grievances in the last war," he said. "We are resolved that we will not make that blunder again. Some of our appeasers say that if Negroes persist in fighting for their rights now, they are going to have trouble. Well, Negroes are already having trouble, and a little more trouble won't hurt." At one time the better-situated Negroes, the professionals and the intellectuals, thought they could rise to equality as individuals, by virtue of education and accomplishment. That notion has been quite thoroughly killed. "It doesn't matter who you are or think you are when you run up against the forces of reaction," Mr. Powell observed after his experience in the Senate, "a Negro is a Negro." As a result, some of the most able and gifted Negroes, who had more or less deserted Harlem, now are back in the fight.

Harlem is aware, of course, that it has made and is making gains. It is proud that most of these, like the

formation of the Fair Employment Practices Committee, are the result of the Negro's own efforts. It is encouraged by the new job opportunities that the Fair Employment Practices Committee has created. It is elated, though not in any servile manner, by every sign of fraternization between whites and Negroes. To realize how much this means to people who know that they deserve equality, one has only to look at their newspapers. They print with poignant eagerness pictures of Negro and white merchant-marine sailors swinging down a street together. The news that a single Negro girl had been given employment in the office of A. S. Beck was run under a two-column headline. The fact that no segregation exists at Fort Sill is jubilantly cited as proof that whites and blacks can get on together. Unfortunately, these signs of sanity in race relations, in comparison with what is happening in the country as a whole, are few and widely scattered.

It is a tribute to Harlem's basic loyalty to America that fascist propaganda has made no substantial inroads. Leonard Robert Jordan, the "Black Hitler" jailed by the FBI, had but a sparse following. Japanese propagandists, with customary thoroughness, invaded Harlem years before the outbreak of war, urging the solidarity of color, and Christian Front propagandists tried to exploit Harlem's resentment against some Jewish landlords. Apparently their combined efforts had only negligible results. Some of Harlem's people were surreptitiously pleased by the early "brown" men's successes against "white" Americans and English, and now, out of hurt-born malice rather than disloyalty, some talk of what Africans "will do to Americans if they get smart." Anti-white sentiment of a kind shows itself in other ways. A Negro soldier, asked to name a great member of his race, replied, "Joe Louis, because I don't think there's another Negro who doesn't go out of his way for the white man." But this is only race consciousness, which the country by every device of wrongheadedness has brought to a new pitch; it is not sedition.

Harlem's heightened race consciousness has taken a turn that is constructive and immensely interesting. Partly as a result of the insistent hammering of its newspapers and many of its leaders, Harlem is acquiring a sense of oneness with India, China, the West Indies, and, of course, Africa. A recent cartoon in the *People's Voice* showed an American Negro soldier holding a placard reading, "War Aims: Freedom Not Only for the People of Ravished Europe but Also for the Millions of Oppressed Colored People in Africa." Father Divine, who remains perhaps the most influential single person in Harlem, still preaches peace and tells his followers that only the freeing of all colored peoples everywhere can end war.

A few persons, such as Frank Crosswaith, chairman of the Negro Labor Committee, and A. Philip Randolph,

have at various times tried to imbue Harlem with some enthusiasm for the war. They have emphasized how much worse off Negroes would be under Hitler. It is, one person observed, "the kind of argument you can take into your head but not into your heart." The Communists are about the only important group in Harlem earnestly for the war. The best indication of how hard pressed Negro leaders are to justify active support of the war to their followers was provided by Mr. Powell several weeks ago. "My faith is really blind now," he confessed. "If it were not for that blind faith, this present society would not offer much to the Negro people."

What Harlem's leaders want most, however, is to direct the community's discontent into constructive channels. They are urging their people to study and improve themselves. More important, they are exhorting them to fight for their rights as a group. A meeting several months ago was told that "every Negro, big and little, preacher and craps shooter, Ph.D. and jitterbug, social

worker and whist fan, lawyer and longshoreman, must be made to realize that he must join with other Negroes to win our democratic rights now." The war is still regarded as a great, though swiftly fading, opportunity to accomplish something big. There is a feeling that should this war-time opportunity pass, the Negro will face a bleak eternity of fighting for piecemeal concessions which somehow will never add up to the one thing he really wants—equality. Harlem's leaders are saying, "If we don't fight for our rights during this war, while the government needs us, it will be too late after the war."

Whether Harlem, the country's largest Negro community, will rise to these exhortations—they are being heard in many other Negro communities, too—it is difficult to say. But while it debates whether or not to fight its own war, it isn't going to get very excited about the World War—not unless in some tangible way we demonstrate that both wars are the same.

"Suffer Little Children"

BY HERTA PAULI

WHEN I get to Lisbon," I told my little friend Marinka in Marseilles, "I'll send you fruits and chocolate." She shook her head earnestly: "Ca n'existe plus." If Marinka still lives, she is a big girl now—all of ten years old. I left Europe two years ago, but I still see her blue eyes and hear her sad grown-up voice. She never went to school, but at eight she spoke five languages, picked up in flight from one country to another. Her father was a Czech engineer; her ancestors were peasants settled in Bohemia for hundreds of years. Marinka was one of some 8,000 refugee children being cared for in France by various agencies before Hitler took over the whole country. Their present fate is unknown. It is often assumed that most refugees are Jews, but these were the children of the persecuted of all lands—of Spanish Loyalists interned in France, of Polish, Dutch, Belgian, or French fugitives driven from their homes by the Blitzkrieg, of patriots and anti-fascists and other sinners against Hitler's New Order.

Countless other homeless children, Jews and non-Jews, are scattered throughout Nazi Europe and the Near East. Last year the Joint Distribution Committee, the Jewish welfare agency known as "Joint" to a million people for whom it is the last hope, got 270 out of Rumania and Hungary with the aid of the International Red Cross. At present 800 are in Iran awaiting passage through Iraq; they came from Siberia but are Polish,

their parents having fled into Soviet territory when Poland was overrun. A month ago the J. D. C.'s representative in Lisbon cabled, "Succeeded after great effort in effecting release approximately eighty women and children from Gerona and Figueras prisons." This number represented about one-tenth of the total held in Spanish camps and city jails.

Until last November, however, there were more child victims of Hitler in France than anywhere else, for the simple reason that the Third Republic had been the only country in Europe to grant asylum without asking for money or bail. The first group crossed the Rhine in 1936. Almost wholly Jewish, most of them orphans of concentration-camp "suicides," they were cared for by a Jewish social agency known as the O. S. E., which housed them in a model home in Paris. In 1938, the year of *Anschluss* and "peace in our time," there was an influx from Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, as well as Germany, and the O. S. E. branched out, founding homes in the provinces of France and boarding children with French families. In the first year of war its activities could still be called normal social work. The deluge came with the Nazi drive to the west, when hordes of fugitives from Holland, Belgium, and northern France filled the roads leading south.

After the armistice and the emergence of Vichy from the ashes of the French Republic, the Line of Demarcation seemed the frontier between hell and heaven.

Throughout 1940 children of all ages often reached it alone; desperate parents had simply told them to walk "south and keep walking. Many knew only one name to ask for—"O. S. E." But the line was at best the border between hell and purgatory, for it became Vichy practice to inform the O. S. E. that children who had crossed it would be sent back unless taken into its homes at once. When this condition was fulfilled, French police often raided the hostels to "remove refugees over sixteen." Some children thus kidnapped for deportation were actually no more than twelve.

The O. S. E. homes—eventually there were twelve in the "free" zone, one in Paris, and one in Bordeaux—were constantly filled to overflowing. Troops of little *éclaireurs*—French Jewish boy scouts—came marching in close order to seek their sanctuary. When the Jews were expelled from Alsace-Lorraine and 2,000 more children were made homeless, the O. S. E. set up children's centers and an orphanage in the three departments into which the fugitives were herded. Its *patronages* (welfare centers with day nurseries and canteens) served thousands. Other relief agencies helped: the American Unitarian, Quaker, and Y. M. C. A. missions distributed food and clothing, and the Swiss Aid took full charge of many orphans, though its work was on a smaller scale than that of the O. S. E. The American Red Cross decided that aid to children was not within its province, but a French clergyman, the Abbé Glassberg, founded a special organization, the *Amitié Chrétienne*, to extend Christian charity to these innocent victims of Nazi wrath. Nevertheless, distress continued to grow at a pace which no efforts to alleviate it could match.

It had been evident since 1939 that permanent rehabilitation of the children could only be accomplished by removing them overseas. The J. D. C. in this country succeeded in enlisting the aid of the United States Committee for the Care of European Children, headed by Marshall Field, and of Mrs. Roosevelt. The time, however, was unfavorable. The English children fleeing from the blitz absorbed the country's attention. Besides, some relaxation of immigration rules was a prerequisite, and this, just before election, could hardly be proposed. No action was obtained in 1940, but the O. S. E. in France, to prepare for a favorable decision, selected from among its charges 1,000 who were "suitable for emigration by state of health, self-reliance, and physical and mental development."

Self-reliant they were, indeed. Manfred, for instance, had fled alone from his native Berlin when his father was deported to Poland in the 1938 pogrom, wandered through Holland and Belgium, and reached France just ahead of the *Panzer* columns. There he had been arrested as a "spy," acquitted, and interned, and finally he had almost died of typhoid in a camp in southern France.

All he wanted, he wrote, was to "begin life over in America." Manfred was thirteen.

Early in 1941 the United States State Department finally granted 500 special "children's rescue visas." The children were waiting; passage, funds, American homes were arranged. But now a new problem arose—that of escorts. Months of consideration were necessary before thirty-five qualified ladies could be hired. The first transports arrived here in the summer of 1941. One little boy just off the ship was asked, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" "When I grow up," he said, "I want to be the man who gives the visas."

After 200 children had been brought over, their transportation ceased. There was fear of torpedoings; and besides, the Portuguese lines, whose vessels were the only ones available, had not always complied with immigration rulings.

Last summer the Nazis began to bear down on Jews and other refugees in the occupied countries of Western Europe. Mass deportations to the east were ordered. The victims were rounded up and herded together for transport like cattle in a stockyard; in Paris the stockyard was the famous bicycle racetrack, the *Vélodrome d'Hiver*. In the third week of July, 1942, and again in August the *Vélodrome* was more like hell than anything else the human mind can imagine. There was one lavatory in the place, and the seats were too high for small children; if they relieved themselves elsewhere the guards beat them. The children could not be washed; measles and scarlet fever broke out, but the German army doctors who were called in termed the cases "unclear" and refused to order segregation. When the trains were made up, adults and children were sent separately. A French eyewitness wrote, "Il fallait brutaliser les mères pour les faire ouvrir les bras."

For weeks after the roundups children of from two to five years were found in and near Paris in the streets, in cellars, in abandoned rooms. There was no way of identifying them. They were deported—"destination unknown."

A number of children managed to escape from these horrors to unoccupied France. Many were caught and returned, but others swelled the small army cared for by the O. S. E. and the Swiss and American relief organizations. At the same time, as a result of French revulsion at the pogroms and intervention by Catholic prelates, chiefly the Archbishop of Lyons, the Vichy authorities were releasing small groups of children from the internment camps, mainly from Gurs and Rivesaltes. The latter also housed the Spanish Loyalists' children, interned since 1938. There were not many children at Gurs, the O. S. E. reported, "since the greater part of them had been transferred to Rivesaltes, a number had died, and about 100 had been released."

One consequence of the Paris atrocities was the re-

sumption of rescue sailings to America, 300 of the special visas being still available. Representatives of the Marshall Field committee selected fifty-five children to sail on the Portuguese liner *Serpa Pinto* in May, 1942. Of the fifty who left eventually for Lisbon, twenty-seven were Jewish refugees and twenty-three Spaniards. Social workers in France called them the "camp group" because all the children had been in concentration camps for longer or shorter periods. A special stop was arranged for their train at a station near Gurs, and the O. S. E. considered itself happy to obtain permission for fourteen mothers, interned there, to come and bid their children farewell, under guard. One of the escorts on the train described the meeting:

The children that morning knew that they were going to see their parents. Having been in camps themselves, they also knew how meager the food rations were. They did not eat their breakfast. Instead, they wrapped up bread, rolls, and bits of sugar, and when they met their parents, handed the food to them. The case of one little girl was particularly touching. She had been separated from her mother for more than a year, and had forgotten her native German because she had been learning English and French. When she met her mother, possibly for the last time, she could not converse with her. The package containing her breakfast which she handed over was her only way of showing how she felt—that, and the tears which streamed down her face.

The *Serpa Pinto* reached New York last June 25; the total number of children brought out of France was raised to 250. In August the unused 250 "special rescue visas" expired. On November 11 Hitler occupied the rest of France, sealing all roads of escape. And on November 15 the State Department granted 1,000 new children's visas.

Today some of the rescued children play in Central Park. The game is "prisoners and guards," with the guards beating the prisoners. But these children, the lucky 250, will probably forget.

Ever since November 11 offers to take refugee children have poured in on the various American organizations. Argentina, Chile, Mexico, Turkey, and other countries have agreed to open borders that previously were closed. In Washington, where 250 visas expired unused, 1,000 others lie unusable. American social agencies have had no word from their workers in France since the total occupation—they may have been arrested or shot. As to the children's fate, the worst must be feared. Only a few weeks ago the Polish government reported the execution of 250 children near Warsaw.

The children lie on the rack, undergo the trial. But we, the men and women who could have helped—governments, organizations, individuals—we are the accused. What we have done in the past was too little. What we are eager to do now—must it be too late?

In the Wind

THERE IS a measure of irony in the news that Republicans in Congress want to investigate "the public and private activities" of Harry Hopkins. Hopkins was one of the few among the President's advisers who believed that it did not matter if the Republicans won last year's elections. He urged the Administration against expending much effort on the campaign.

THE EMPLOYEES of a chemical firm in Nashville recently won an NLRB election and began negotiations for a contract. Since 98 per cent of the workers were Negroes, they thought it fitting to ask that Emancipation Day be included among their holidays. This was the only request at which the management balked. After long discussions it held firm but offered the union New Year's Day instead. The workers accepted, and only after the contract was signed did they remind the employers that Emancipation Day is January 1.

ACCORDING TO the London *New Statesman and Nation*, a shop in Shrewsbury recently started selling inexpensive busts of famous people. The first three in stock were Churchill, Lenin, and C. E. M. Joad, the liberal philosopher. Of the three, Joad, whose appearances on the Brains Trust radio program have earned him a reputation as a sort of British John Kieran, was the runaway best-seller.

KAISER SHIPYARD workers in Richmond, California, are staging a revue called "Hullzapoppin'."

SOME NAZI INDUSTRIALISTS apparently assumed that a German victory would be assured early in 1943. The contract for renewal of relations between American Bosch and Robert Bosch of Germany, the magneto manufacturers, reads: "... all agreements are suspended until March 31, 1943, or until the date of the termination of the war—whichever date is the later."

POLITICALLY SPEAKING, the time of day can often be read by noting what bait the *Daily Worker* is using to lure subscribers. At present it is offering a small American flag and a cast of the American eagle. "Show your pride in America," it says, "by draping Old Glory in a corner of your home or office!"

THE NEWSPAPERS said nothing about the marked differences in the volume of applause accorded our several allies when the President mentioned them in his message to Congress. China drew twice the ovation accorded to either the British or the Russians, and mention of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek brought down the house.

THE EIREAN PUBLISHING COMPANY of New York is offering a book which, it is claimed, proves that the Bible was written by Irishmen and that Hebrew is only a dialect of Gaelic.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Wanted: A Political Strategy for Asia

BY LIN YUTANG

I AM a believer in the Hindu idea of *Karma*, the doctrine of actions accompanied by their natural necessary consequences. In religion, it means retribution or divine justice. But in secular terms it means simply that we reap what we sow, that our present actions are determined by our previous actions and habits of thought, and they in turn produce certain reactions both on ourselves and others that we shall not be able to escape from in the future. *Karma* is no more than the law of cause and inescapable effect in the human realm of moral action. Buddha himself put this very well in clear psychological terms in the very first sentence of the "Dhammapadam": All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded upon our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts. Our political strategy today is based upon our past concepts of Asia, from which we cannot escape; and by our very actions today we are producing long-term political effects, real though invisible, from which our sons and grandsons shall benefit or suffer. It is my profound conviction that the course of Asia in the next decades is being determined here and now.

At present, no one but the Germans and the Japanese has a well-thought-out philosophy of war regarding Asia. It is remarkable that Haushofer himself has made "Monsoon Asia" and the Pacific the dynamic point of his geopolitical thought, that he has in concrete terms advocated a Eurasian transcontinental bloc as the ultimate aim of German power politics, and that he has seen the political value of allying the forces of Central Europe with the Asian independence movement ("Asia for the Asiatics") as a means of destroying the Anglo-American hegemony. It may be a godless philosophy, showing the last spasms of a dying deterministic and materialistic *Weltanschauung*; but it is a philosophy. We have not a philosophy of war or of peace anywhere to match it in its concrete global conceptions. What Germany is today is the result of what German Nazi leaders have thought; what we are doing to Asia today, as embodied in our political actions, is the result of what we have failed to think about Asia.

I cannot believe that the determining concepts of Asia in the brains of our democratic leaders, in contrast with the Germans, have ever gone beyond the Aladdin stage. Asia is no more than an Aladdin, and any specter conjured up of "an aroused Asia" can be received with no more than a half-amused and half-tolerant credulity. So

far as our political strategy with regard to Asia hitherto is concerned, we have gone ahead planning our war and our peace whether Asiatics like it or not.

Two test cases make this apparent, India and China in this war. The impression is inescapable that we take the attitude that what the Indians think and feel does not matter, that we have sufficient force to quell the Indian rebellion, that the Congress leaders are safely in jail and out of harm's way, and, that being the case, that the situation is perfectly satisfactory. All we need to do is to defend India for the Indians out of a sort of *noblesse oblige*; in fact, we are stationing English troops in India for the very altruistic purpose of saving her from bloodshed and chaos. As if the denial of the Atlantic Charter to the Indians was not enough, and "lest there be any doubt in any quarters about it," Churchill declared the British war aims very classically in six words, "We mean to hold our own."

This point of view would be perfectly satisfactory for me if it were a private war between England and Germany. As the war happens to be not only a private war between Germany and Britain, but involves Americans, Russians, and Chinese, such a declaration produces a confusion among all the Allies and serves only to demonstrate that politically the Allies are marching out of step. There is no unified political strategy for Asia. So far as Asia's participation in this war is concerned, no greater damage could be done to the Allied cause than the six brief homely words with which Churchill expressed, I hope incorrectly, the war aims of the English people. What U S. saw and the Japanese saw, Churchill simply did not see. And if I interpret Churchill's words correctly, Britain is fighting a twentieth-century war in order to take off its boots after the war and climb into a nineteenth-century bed comfortably mattressed in India, Burma, Singapore, and Hongkong. There must be thousands of English people who think differently; if these liberals fail to speak out for the true England, they are doing a great disservice to their country and to the Allies. Since Churchill is too good a man to retract what he says, it will take not a few but a hundred English voices of the true England to counteract the harm he has done to the cause of the Allies. Unless indeed what Asia thinks does not matter.

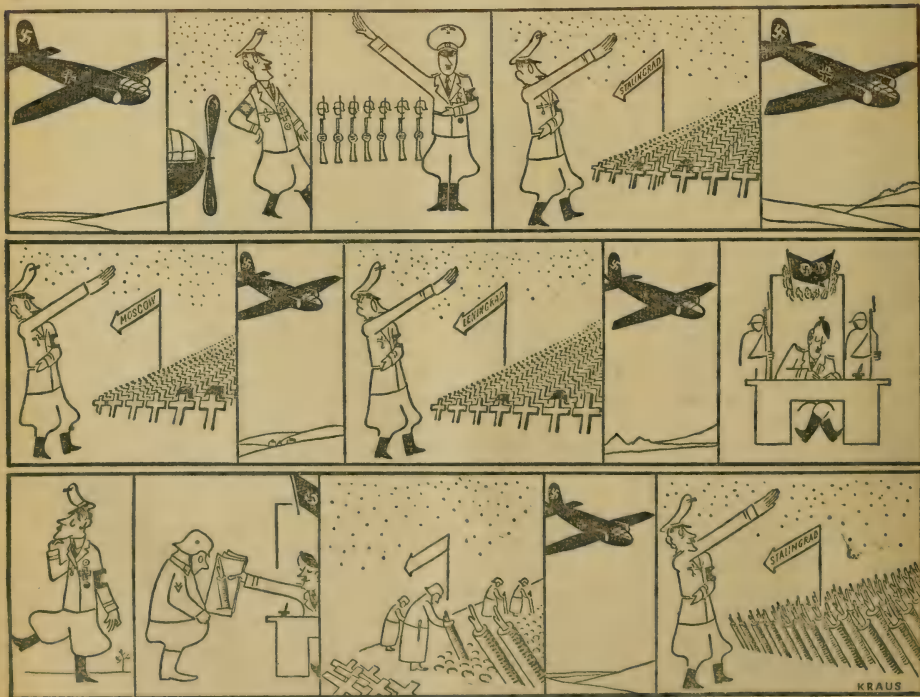
The case of China throws into even greater relief the confusion arising from an inadequate political strategy

for Asia. The complexity of the problem of India is matched by that of the political motives controlling Anglo-American policy toward China. The Atlantic Report in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, which gives the best analysis of policy and consequences in Asia so far published, underscores the complexity of these motives. It says, "There is every reason to believe that the China front has been neglected for political rather than purely military reasons." It emphasizes that "this division of political attitudes toward Asia would be less alarming if it were not reflected in strategy." "Suspensions of China arise from ignorance of the Far East and from fear that a strong China and a strong Russia might develop aggressive tendencies. Hence the reluctance to crush Japan. Hence the argument that the course of wisdom consists in maintaining a strong Japan in order to block the ambitions of our present allies." We are still victims of power politics which frustrate our will to get together and fight and dream together for a better world to live in. Professors of geopolitics are lecturing at the army camps and injecting this godless Germanic poison into the minds of American boys.

On the surface, it would appear to be a sort of mystery that the China front, which by every sound conception of military and air strategy should be the primary

front against Japan, should become the forgotten front; that China should receive 2 per cent of the lend-lease aid which is 12 per cent of the total American war production; that China should be asked to wait patiently under conditions of fantastic inflation and isolation from supplies for another three or four years until Europe's trouble is resolved, and that Japan be allowed the same number of years to consolidate her Greater Asia man-power and resources. It is also fantastic to believe China's offer of help in military strategy against Japan is not wanted, or that a unified strategy against Japan with China has not been formed a year after Pearl Harbor, or that the present Burma campaign is being planned without the knowledge of, or consultation with, available Chinese officers sitting in Washington. It would be like planning the restoration of the Atlantic sea lanes for England after their loss without consulting England.

No single factor can account for this anomaly, for which American boys will have to pay dearly with their lives when the time comes for crushing Japan. It would be entirely incorrect to infer that it is not America's determination to crush Japan when the preparations are ready. Part of the cause is to be found in ordinary bungling, and in the necessity for time in clarifying our ideas about a complex subject, and part of it is just *Karma*,



Drawing by H. Felix Kraus

SALUTE ON THE EASTERN FRONT

the accumulated mental inertia in the underestimation of Asia. But we must not assume that our political leaders are just "dumb" political blockheads.

The fact is, when there is no unified and clarified political strategy toward the role of the Asian world in our post-war visions, the result is not absence of political strategy but a confusion of lame and halting strategies. It is inevitable that there should be divisions among any allies, and it is natural that each nation should think first of its own interests. Obviously, Hitler is a greater danger to England than Japan, while Japan is a greater danger to China than Hitler. Obviously also, American revulsion against Hitler is more against his ideology and more intellectual, while revulsion against Japan is more instinctive and based on the realities of the future of the Pacific area. It would be true to say that a small percentage of Americans hate Germans as Germans while a large percentage hate the Japs as Japs. But we must also think for England. It is obviously to England's disadvantage to crush Japan before she finishes with Hitler. If Japan should be crushed now while England has her hands full with Hitler, what would happen to Singapore and Hongkong and the whole Pacific area when Japan evacuates? Clearly American influence would predominate. On the other hand, supposing England wishes to crush Japan completely, she would wish to have her own soldiers on the spot in sufficient strength when Hongkong and Singapore and the whole Pacific area are being reoccupied. That can be only when Hitler is liquidated, and the entire R. A. F. can move to Asia.

Problems immediately arise when a conquered area is recovered. I have far too much respect for England's political sense to believe that she wishes her own disadvantage by defeating Japan too early. And when Russia's shadow looms too large, power politics, or what they call political "realism," requires a strong Japan to check a strong Russia. That is where the danger lies, the very seed for a terrible war hereafter, and that is why we liberals cannot go on with the innocent assumption that our diplomats are just unthinking blockheads. Following again the doctrine of *Karma*, I believe our political thinking today is sowing seeds whose fruit we shall reap only a few years from now. Nothing less than a reeducation of our power politicians or their removal from positions of power can save the world for a common peace. I refuse to believe that the power politicians who were associated with the London Non-Intervention Committee or with the Munich era are capable of getting out of the ruts of their thinking at this time of their life and devising for us anything other than an illusory peace of power politics.

Whatever the motives for ignoring both India's and China's part in planning the grand strategy of this anti-Axis war, the fact stands out that a condition of deplorable confusion in Allied political strategy toward Asia

HOW TO BE A GOOD SPANIARD

In spite of the continued overtures of Britain and the United States, General Franco's anti-appeasement policy goes on unchecked. The latest expression of fascist Spain's feeling for Britain is contained in a leaflet published by the Phalanx, of which Franco himself is now the leader. The leaflet sets forth "Ten Commandments for a Good Spaniard." One commandment runs: "Do not spread false rumors and slanders, for they are invented in criminal fashion by the British Secret Service." Another is: "Do not forget that Great Britain is responsible for everything evil which your country is compelled to suffer." A third is: "Think daily of Gibraltar and swear to regain it." A fourth is: "Hate England and pity the English."

exists. This confusion and the division of mind are making a sane and sound, logical plan for defeating Japan with the minimum cost impossible; on the other hand, they are causing a dangerous gamble with a consolidated and well-intrenched Japan and an isolated and disgruntled China. This confusion regarding Asia is closely related to the confusion regarding Russia. This confusion also paralyzes any willingness to create an Allied Supreme War Council, at least with the participation of Russia and China as equal partners, and results in the exclusive domination by Britain and America of war conduct and strategy. It is now clearly established that Anglo-American domination of the war existed in 1942, with no pretense of equality for the other United Nations. It is further clearly established that the strategy born of this Anglo-American domination is not entirely free of the suspicion of placing certain national interests above the common interests of all allies, and that even American and British aims in Asia and the Pacific are not the same. If, for instance, the broad policy of "defeating Hitler first" had been fairly discussed and decided upon in an Allied Supreme War Council with China's proper representation, instead of being arrived at arbitrarily by America and England, China would have less ground to complain, since this decision really involves and practically decrees at least three years of prolonged and intense suffering on China's part. Is this type of Allied leadership merely the continuation of the old big-power leadership at the League of Nations?

It is impossible not to draw the inference that Anglo-American domination of the war means Anglo-American domination of the peace and the post-war world. It is also unconvincing to tell the United Nations that there will be equality among the nations in the peace when there is not even a pretense of equality among the United Nations, or even the nations actually fighting, during the war.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY the Führer told his people two things about the enemy. In one place in his speech he said the Allies had hypocritically promised a heaven on earth to Germany; a few sentences farther on he said they were preparing a veritable hell for it. In the earlier passage he asserted that the enemy was "seeking to befog the German people with empty words . . . to undermine their morale with lying hypocritical phrases"; and then later, "the enemy has proclaimed his intention to tear German children from their parents, to butcher millions of young men, to split up the Reich and exploit it when it is helpless."

The truth is that Allied propaganda is so on its guard against making any commitments that it promises Germany absolutely nothing; it is often criticized for just this by persons who advocate dangling alluring peace terms before the German people. But neither has it ever played with the idea of revenge; the subject has never been mentioned by official spokesmen and very seldom by private individuals. In any case most Germans would think it improbable that the enemy would simultaneously use two methods that nullified each other. This was the mixture, however, out of which the Nazi leaders concocted their holiday meditations—not only Hitler but Goebbels and a host of lesser figures.

One ingredient of the mixture, the threatened hell on earth, needs no elaboration here. The horrible fate Germans must expect if they are defeated has often been cited to stimulate their will to win. It is the propaganda bureau's ace of trumps. On the other hand, the frequency and violence of the polemics against the siren song of a future heaven on earth are new. Evidently fresh cracks have appeared in the home front, and it is feared that the people may be taken in by the enemy's seductive promises. Of course their lowered morale is really due to the war's turn for the worse, but the Nazi leaders are trying to instill the notion that it stems from the enemy's lying insinuations. If the people can be convinced that the cause of their depression is a falsehood, they will struggle against it with a better heart.

The most interesting feature of the new "propaganda against propaganda" is that England and America are always singled out as the deceivers and never Russia. Russia is a threat to life and limb, but only the Anglo-Saxons are attacking Germany's virtue. Russia is simply a murderous foe, while the Western Allies are craftily trying to ensnare the German soul. This counter-propaganda has been gathering volume in recent weeks, but never once, so far as the present writer can discover, has it dwelt on Russian trickery. Repeated warnings are issued against listening to the broadcasts

from London, but none against those from Moscow.

The Nazis have been building up a defense against Anglo-American propaganda ever since Hitler drew his distorted picture of Germany's betrayal in 1918. Actually, of course, Germany's capitulation was brought about almost exclusively by the military situation, not by a psychological breakdown. But if there were any contributing psychological factors, the most important was undoubtedly the influence of the Russian Revolution. For Hitler, however, British propaganda, or rather Woodrow Wilson, was to blame for everything. It was Wilson who "with his Fourteen Points managed to bring about the spiritual disintegration of the unconquered German people and thus their destruction."

Now as then, according to the Nazi spokesmen, the American President seeks to make a dupe of Germany—of course in vain. "Wilson rendered the German nation forever immune to any second attempt. Since his time the word of an American President has counted for nothing. . . . Had the Germans in 1918, instead of putting their faith in Wilson's phrases, continued the fight with iron determination, the hostile forces encircling us would have collapsed." Today Germany is well aware that it must resist the siren song of the "English and American Jews."

The gentlemen in Berlin must have noticed that the German *Stimmung* was being infected by foreign bacilli, and that these bacilli were of western, not eastern, origin. They must have become convinced that the democracies, not the *Soviets*, exert an attraction on German minds. There is no other explanation for the fact that their propaganda against propaganda is directed solely against the American-English output.

Double Play in Hungary

ACCORDING to a dispatch from the Stockholm correspondent of the *New York Times*, Hungary wishes to recall its five divisions from the Voronezh sector in Russia "for a rest," and also requests the return of some 30,000 farm workers, who, it submits, might be used as hostages.

On the same day the Paris radio, as reported by the Associated Press, quoted a statement to Parliament by the Hungarian Minister of War. "Hungary will not content herself with fighting Bolshevism on the eastern plains," he said, "but will also fight it in Western Europe."

To anyone not familiar with the dual policy of the Horthy gang it might seem that Premier Kallay and his Minister of War were in open disagreement. Actually the Minister was speaking for Nazi consumption, while the official propagandist, from whom the first statement emanated, had in mind the recent successes of the United Nations. Perhaps if the latter prove responsive, Horthy will be permitted to resign in favor of Otto, and Hungary—as an "innocent victim of Nazi aggression"—will retain its share of the loot snatched from its three neighbors—Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Slovakia.

File and Remember

[Each week on this page we shall print items, short and long, taken from the British press and, less frequently, from the press of other Allied or neutral countries. This week we have clipped comments on the Beveridge plan.]

Will the Tories Swallow It?

IN GENERAL there is not the smallest doubt that the Beveridge plan is worth backing through thick and thin. It would be easy to pick holes in it . . . but what fundamentally matters is that it lays the right foundations. . . . Yet, as Sir William himself reminds us, social security . . . is by no means everything. . . . It was not within Sir William's reference to deal with the wages men are to receive when they are at work. . . . But clearly his plans will break down unless wages are raised in the worse-paid occupations; and an all-round minimum wage law is a necessary complement to it. No less clearly will it break down unless the state follows in general economic policy a program of "full employment," so as to reduce within manageable limits the numbers of the unemployed, and to make earning, and not living on social-security benefits, the normal way of life for all able-bodied persons.

The great question for the immediate future is: Will the Tories swallow the scheme? The likeliest guess would seem to be that, in the main, they will, but that they will try to whittle it down. . . . The Tories will probably try to preserve the vested interest of industrial assurance, and the approved societies with it, if they dare. But Sir William's case is so overwhelming that they may not dare if the Labor Party and untied publicists are sufficiently vocal and determined on the other side.—*The New Statesman and Nation* (London).

A Guilty National Conscience

In a general sense the decision to allow a report on social conditions to appear at this time was the work of a guilty national conscience. No return to the conditions of the past was thought possible. The left was demanding the pledge of a new world. The right—in the days of military inactivity—realized the perils of withstanding concession. No doubt they believed that a goodly array of burnished platitudes would stay the avalanche of public opinion until they were stronger for the fight and until their conscience had relapsed into its old accustomed inertia. Nothing else can explain the political lunacy, from their own point of view, of Mr. Churchill and his friends, which has tolerated the publication of Sir William's findings. For the mouse has been in labor and has brought forth a mountain. . . .

The issue will have to be fought on the political battlefield. For the men who brought Britain back to the gold standard at the behest of the financiers in 1925, the men who employed every weapon in their armory against the general strike, the men who reduced unemployment pay in 1931, the men who tolerated the distressed areas, are still alive, and as the prospect of military defeat begins to fade are starting to kick.

It will still be a battle, but we must thank Sir William for a weapon. And if he asked how it happens that a reformer so sedate has been able to fashion a weapon so sharp, and how a government so timid should have presented materials for its fashioning, we must answer in the famous words of Karl Marx that "war is the locomotive of history."
—*The Tribune* (London).

No New Principle

The implications of its proposals, viewed as a whole, reach far. Yet they involve no new departure in principle from the policies and methods which have characterized the development of the British social services during the last half-century. The prescription is for "a British revolution," in which the experience of the past and its tested institutions and the creative insight of adventurous minds both have their full shares. . . . The value of the report is greatly enhanced by the fact that it does not confine itself to the recommendation of an expansionist policy for the social services. It comes to grips with the task of bringing order and consistency, convenience and efficiency into the confused situation which has resulted from forty years of uncoordinated social legislation. . . . The government has been presented with an opportunity for marking this decisive epoch with a great social measure which would go far toward restoring the faith of ordinary men and women throughout the world in the power of democracy to answer the imperious needs of a new age.—*The Times* (London).

Freedom from Want

The Beveridge "Plan for Social Security" will stir up more controversy—and raise more hopes—than any project for social change since Mr. Lloyd George's National Health Insurance Bill of 1911. . . . Those who resist change should also reflect that this is a very different England from that of thirty years ago. It is an England that cannot be frightened by the bogey of state action. . . . If [the Beveridge plan] is carried through by the government, as in all its essentials it surely must be, it will be the redemption, on a large section of the home front, of the promises of the Atlantic Charter. It will go far toward securing for the British people "freedom from want," and, completed by a really national health service and by determined attempts to prevent cyclical mass unemployment, it will greatly strengthen our democracy by raising the happiness and well-being of "the common man."
—*Manchester Guardian*.

The Communist Position

Sir William Beveridge . . . is at pains to point out that the recurrence of mass unemployment would destroy the financial basis of his proposals. Although the security that the people seek can only be finally gained in a Socialist society, the adoption of the report would safeguard the population from sheer physical want. It would establish new and valuable standards and strengthen the determination of the people to maintain and raise them.—*Daily Worker* (London).

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Mr. Straight Faces the Future

MAKE THIS THE LAST WAR: THE FUTURE OF THE UNITED NATIONS. By Michael Straight. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

THIS is a good book about the most important thing in our lives—the war and the peace. Persons who buy Mr. Straight's passionate volume should send it on to friends in the armed services to read when they are through with the funnies.

Soviets in Russia—Cooperative Councils in China—Communal Councils in India—Neighborhood Councils in Britain—town meetings in America—revolutionary democratic cells underground in occupied Europe. Surely this in itself is a thrilling signal that we are on the right track at last. . . . Blindly, haltingly, the world is feeling its way toward one common end.

Here is an example of naive immaturity. There are more numerous examples of brilliance and fine intuition. The book is obviously the result of hard work, solid thinking, and courage. It probes the problems of peace more profoundly than any other book recently published in America.

Mr. Straight deals with the advantages that flow from United Nations collaboration, and cites some piquant facts on the lessons which the several armed services have learned from the combat experience of their allies. He also dissects the shortcomings of United Nations agencies. Here Mr. Straight's observations in Washington offer a one-sided yet valuable background.

It is in the treatment of peace problems, however, that Mr. Straight makes his biggest contribution. Despite the unreality which sometimes accompanies an emotional approach, Mr. Straight is actually a realist, because instead of starting at the roof or façade and splitting hairs about whether the future world structure should be a pentagon or a hexagon, instead of first tackling the question of what to do about the defeated countries, he feels that peace begins at home. The next peace cannot be better than the governments which make it. Nations create peace treaties in their own image. We ourselves must change if we expect to change the world so that the world can keep the peace. Advancing his scheme for the development of the Eastern Hemisphere, Straight says: "But again all these plans are meaningless in the absence of great social changes in Britain and America. . . . Only if we reach a new level of democracy can democracy be realized in Asia and Africa with our aid." The first question to be answered is not whether India is ready for freedom but whether we are ready for the freedom of India. If England remains the old England it cannot relinquish its empire. The prime requisite of a solid peace is the emergence during the war of a new England and a new America as part of a new world.

Straight wants a federated Europe, pivot of a federated world, but holds that "unless there is a fundamental change

in the social structure of Europe there will be no basis for European federation." His outline of this social change is sweeping and concrete. Generally speaking, he is a 145 per cent New Dealer who would retain war-time emergency measures long after the war ends. He apparently is not afraid of the bad effect which omnipotent, omnipresent governments usually exercise on human rights and individual freedom.

The stress of this book is on world organization. Peace, economic well-being, and social progress demand world organization, Straight contends. Colonial empires must cease, he feels, and be replaced "by the democratic development of former colonial territories by a world authority. In no other way can social progress everywhere in the world continue." Straight's detailed analysis of the relationship between imperialism and the world's future contains much that would give a longer view to myopic Americans. He does not imagine, as some innocents abroad do, that the British Empire or any empire will disappear by the process of voluntary self-liquidation. He quotes a recent speech by J. M. Keynes to the effect that after the war Britain must increase the volume of its exports "by at least 50 per cent compared with 1938." "There can be no if's about it," Keynes emphasizes. "Without it our hopes for the future are sunk." Unless a reorganization of the world's economy gives those exports to England it will not surrender its empire. And who could blame it? The problem of imperialism, which, as Straight demonstrates, is the key to peace and prosperity, cannot be solved by one nation's renunciation. It can only be solved through world organization.

One of the shortcomings of this provocative book is the absence of any adequate treatment of the possible role of Russia in the peace. Straight assumes that England, America, Russia, and China will have the same general interests in forging the peace. I wonder. He believes that "when this war ends we shall hold power of life and death over Europe and Asia. We shall be able to influence Soviet policy through the use of relief supplies." I doubt this very much. He does not know Moscow's resentment of foreign pressure. Even after the terrible 1921 Volga famine, with Russia and bolshevism weak, the Hoover American Relief Administration could not budge Soviet policy. But there is much in this book to compensate for its deficiency in respect to Russia.

I must take issue with Straight's thesis that "it is the new world or defeat." In other words, if we do not change during the war we shall not win the war. I wish that the fear, or hope, that this is true could serve as an added incentive to establish that new society which alone can guarantee a better life. But suppose we win with the old world. The fact is that our victories so far have tended to reinforce the old world against the new. Vice-President Wallace says fine things, but the moment the United Nations won in Egypt and landed in North Africa, Churchill demoted the progressive Cripps and announced that he would not liquidate the British Empire. Our offensive in North Africa was the occa-

sion for a flowering of Darlanism. It may therefore not be true that we can win only if we first build a new world. We may win with the old world and thus lend it greater resistance to change. That is why the joy of many Americans over our military successes has been mingled with sadness over the political setbacks that accompany those successes.

LOUIS FISCHER

Deep Waters

WILLARD GIBBS. By Muriel Rukeyser. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50.

LIKE the vast majority of my fellow-citizens, I must take the greatness of Willard Gibbs on faith. Miss Rukeyser calls in various witnesses to testify that he was one of the greatest mathematical physicists of all time, and I see no reason for doubting their opinion. We may also, I assume, take for granted the claim that his theoretical investigations paved the way for the most spectacular of modern chemical achievements; but even so I am still not certain either that he deserves a popular biography or that, if he does, Miss Rukeyser was the person to write it. If there really is anything non-mathematical worth saying about a man who, to an almost unparalleled degree, had no life outside his equations, it would appear that it could safely be said only by someone who began by knowing very thoroughly and precisely what those equations mean—which Miss Rukeyser does not pretend to know. It is obvious that she has worked earnestly and hard to equip herself for her task. She talks as well, perhaps, as any layman could about entropy and the laws governing the energy of a system. But it is hardly well enough to create any assurance that she is competent to speak, as she does at great length, concerning the ultimate philosophic significance of Gibbs's work; and at the risk of being thought an incompetent reader I am bound to confess, not only that I found her book very exceptionally hard going, but also that after I had finished I did not feel that I knew much more than I did before.

Perhaps less than a third of the more than four hundred pages is taken up with an attempt to explain precisely what Gibbs's work consisted of. The remainder is devoted in approximately equal portions to what struck me as irrelevance and rhapsody; the irrelevances consisting of facts about Gibbs's contemporaries, and the rhapsody of often breathless and Orphic generalities about the universe. Granted that there are insuperable difficulties in the way of writing a picturesque life story of a man who spent all his time thinking and who tended to be extremely reticent even about his thoughts, it still seems a bit absurd when one discovers that in a chapter called New Haven Childhood the subject of the biography is barely mentioned while the chapter is devoted to brief sketches of various people who lived in New Haven when Gibbs did. Nor can more be said for the various sketches of bits of American political, industrial, and social history, presented almost in the fashion of Mr. Dos Passos's "newsreels" and dubiously related to the subject by some remark either to the effect that "Gibbs was part of all this" or, much more frequently, "Gibbs had nothing to do with all this." Nor did I, for one, find anything much

more satisfying in the rhapsodical parts. The book begins: "Whatever has happened, whatever is going to happen in the world, it is the living moment that contains the sum of the excitement, this moment in which we touch life and all the energy of the past and future. Here is all the greatness of the dream of the world, the pure flash of momentary imagination, the vision of life lived outside of triumph and defeat, in continual triumph and defeat, in the present, alive." And the reader who can take that in his stride had better be warned that there are pages and pages just like it.

Miss Rukeyser has a number of notions—most of them I suspect quite a priori and also antecedent to her investigation of Gibbs—by means of which she hopes to unify the fragments of biography, social history, popularized science, and mystical rhetoric. I am afraid that one of these notions is that "only Euclid looked, etc." Another seems to be that the most significant fact about nineteenth-century America was a conflict between the superficially dominant struggle for the material or the useful and an underlying current of thought which aspired toward the absolute. Still another is that those philosophers who seek inclusive truth, those poets who lose themselves in mysticism, and those scientists who formulate more inclusive laws governing natural phenomena, are all looking for the same thing even though they do not understand one another; or, to put it more specifically, that when Gibbs tries to represent the behavior of chemical energy and heat by means of the same formulas he is really only using a special language to discuss the problem which is also that of the mystic. Now all these notions may at least adumbrate a truth, but it does not seem to me that Miss Rukeyser does much to clarify them. The task of relating to his times a man who had no direct relations with those times isn't an easy one, and neither is the task of explaining the significance of a work which one can only dimly understand. It is pretty enough to say that Gibbs "cut through a forest of axioms" and then to add, "He was, in this, working in the deepest American traditions. From the beginnings, from the European discovery of this continent, we have broken the fastest bonds," etc., etc. But other bold and abstract thinkers have been bold and abstract without an American background, and if, say, Spinoza and Newton were forever voyaging through strange seas of thought alone, what reason is there for doubting that Gibbs might have done so also even if he had happened to be born, as they were, on the other side of the ocean? A climax of absurdity seems to me to be reached in the fifth chapter from the last, which is entitled *Three Masters: Melville, Whitman, Gibbs*, and in which, by implication at least, we seem to be asked to see the relation between the second law of thermodynamics and the *White Whale*.

For all I know, the thesis or theses may be good ones. But if a good case could be made out for them it would be, I suspect, by someone who began with a thorough competence in Gibbs's own field and worked outward from an understanding of the core of his thought toward the periphery, where it merged with the thought of others: not, as seems here to have been the case, by someone who began with an *O Altitude!* and worked inward toward such comprehension as she could achieve of Gibbs's own immediate concerns and achievements.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Russia at War

THE RUSSIANS: THE LAND, THE PEOPLE AND WHY THEY FIGHT. By Albert Rhys Williams. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS has been in Russia off and on for the past twenty-five years, and has written of his experiences with deep sincerity and genuine human understanding. "The Russians" has the same warmth of feeling as his other books, but in many respects lacks their originality and thoroughness. He has drawn heavily on his past work, and in almost every case he seeks to explain the Russia-at-war of today in terms of the revolutionary Soviet Union which he saw being born in 1917 and watched developing during the years that followed.

Williams's explanation of why the Russians fight is clear and simple—indeed, it is often too simple. For example, a chart of How the U. S. S. R. Is Ruled opposite page 90 pictures the political bureau of the Communist Party as being elected by the Central Committee, the People's Commissars as being elected by the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet. Actually these men, like most important functionaries in the party and the government, are invariably appointed by higher organs rather than elected by lower ones. The Magnitogorsk city secretary of the party was always appointed by higher bodies in Moscow and not elected by the party members of Magnitogorsk. Williams's description leads the reader to believe that the Soviet Union is a functioning democracy in which the people actually choose leaders and policies. Actually it is a well-organized and highly centralized party state in which Stalin and the people around him act "in the interests of the toilers" with virtually no interference from below. The explanation of why the Russians fight is not to be found in the democracy of their state or party apparatus.

Williams's discussion of religion in Russia is interesting. He sums it up in the words of another American: "While we profess a faith, the Russians possess one." Young Russians today are inspired by national heroes rather than patron saints, by revolutionary theory rather than hymns and liturgies, says Williams, and goes on to describe very convincingly the Communist religion which has replaced the old Russian church in the moral fiber of the country.

Russia's role after Germany's collapse is one of the liveliest questions involved in post-war planning, and Williams makes a number of good points. "As America rejoices to see any country go republican, so Soviet Russia would rejoice to see any country go socialist." In Germany, he writes, the Russians would like to see a regime which would guarantee them against another attack like that of June 22, 1941, and would therefore wish to see Germany move to the left and become a full-fledged socialist state. This point of view is sound, and is not understood by many who call themselves friends of the Soviet Union. For the present Stalinist Soviet government, social revolution in Europe is significant principally in terms of security for the Soviet Union. Williams develops the point by showing the legitimacy of Russia's desire for strategic frontiers. The author is cautious, however, and does not locate specifically the frontiers which Russia should legitimately receive.

Williams oversimplifies very noticeably in his remarks on

Soviet-American relations. The Russians, he states categorically, are giving us the benefit of their battle experience. Many American army officers are today losing sleep because American observers, owing to the irksome secretiveness of the Soviet military and government authorities on all questions, military and economic, are not permitted to watch even American lend-lease equipment in action in Russia.

Williams's basic thesis is summed up on the last page of his book: "In their defense of Moscow and Leningrad, the Russians are fighting in defense of New York and Washington." His book gives the Russians the benefit of every doubt, and cuts many corners in their favor in considering this basic proposition. Objectivity tends to suffer, but by and large the book is fair, and it is of course well written.

JOHN SCOTT

The Poet, the Poem, the Reader

RUINS AND VISIONS: POEMS 1934-1942. By Stephen Spender. Random House. \$2.

TOO little has been said in behalf of those readers who find much of modern poetry unintelligible. Although they like and need poetry they do not find the relationship they have learned to expect between themselves and the poem. They know that somehow the lines of communication are down. They feel uncomfortable, bewildered, and the humblest among them conclude that it must be their fault. It is not their fault; most modern poetry is unintelligible.

The fault in serious modern poetry, especially American poetry, that accounts in large part for its unintelligibility is caused by a blocking of the basic process of communication, which demands that a thing must be both felt and understood before it is intelligible and capable of being communicated. When the poet writes only at the level of his feelings, the poem displays merely his own emotion. He has made a beginning, but he has not understood his emotion. He has not communicated what the reader is equally capable of feeling but cannot express. The poet has simply relieved himself of his personal need for creation and selfishly pre-empted all pleasure. This type of poetry, although superficial, may have considerable merit—as the poetry of Conrad Aiken, for example; it is at any rate readable, since it is generally written in the poetic tradition, from which it derives a kind of unearned increment of meaning. But another and far more fraudulent type of modern poetry is produced when the poet tries to understand his experience before it has been digested by his feelings. Then the poem displays in sterile abstractions (*disiecta membra*) what the poet has neither fully felt nor understood. He has not even made a beginning. The natural emotion he started with but did not completely experience betrays him; the melodic line is fouled by fragments of thoughts, and language and syntax are distorted. He has judged what he does not know. Any of the modern "intellectual" poets will serve as an example. They endeavor to interpret the world and all its accidents when the fact is that the very sense of their own personality escapes them. Possessing nothing, they can offer nothing to the reader save their own confusion, and for all their poetical careerism they remain anonymous.

In both cases the poet in his self-indulgence cuts himself off from the reader, who perhaps better than the poet knows the insufficiency of sensual satisfaction and mental involution. The writing of poetry is difficult in proportion as the need for poetry is unsatisfied, for the substitutes that always come in answer to an unfulfilled need obscure the need itself. The urgent need for poetry is not dispelled by substitutes or by the kind of poetry which is itself a substitute: the journalistic stimulants that pass for poetry, the current poetic sedatives, or the aphrodisiacs that merely jazz up the senses, and the sexes. And in the meantime both poet and reader suffer equally under the accumulation of what has not been communicated.

A poem achieves its purpose when it reconciles the multiplicity of life with the unattainable unity in which the self is liberated. The reconciliation is an act of faith as the metaphor is the reasoning of faith; consequently a poem cannot be proved. Poets have always been concerned with justifying the ways of God to man. Their subject has always been the eternal split between the will and the act. But in an unsettled world where the distance between the individual and society has widened and individualism itself is no longer a virtue, there seems to be a double split. In order to know his own nature the poet is forced to burrow deeper and deeper inside himself. The continual burrowing-within makes it increasingly difficult for him to reach outside himself. And while the split widens, the ever-retreating self, as if in imitation of the larger world, uncovers its own chasms of uncertainty and separation. It is not until the poet, with complete integrity, reaches outside himself that the poem can be communicated. Then it includes and transcends both poet and reader and still preserves the personal nature of the poet.

Spender's poetry bristles with all the important points in the strange and curious relationship between the poem and the poet. He lives so close to his experience that it is pertinent to consider his personality in relation to his poetry. Just as his poems are battles of opposing forces, and just as the best of his poems revolve around the idea of separation, so the personal counterparts of the conflicting forces fight within him for union. Spender struggles for a personal unity he does not and cannot possess. He is driven by a longing to accept himself as he is, down to his last labeled weakness, but refuses to do so because to accept himself would mean escaping full knowledge, and therefore full judgment, of his weakness and would consequently violate his essentially personal test for truth. In the exhausting struggle that ensues between judgment and justification, strength and weakness fight each other, everything turns to its opposite, and he is always betraying and being betrayed. "The iron arc of the avoiding journey/Curves back upon my weakness at the end."

To Spender it would seem that even the realization of anything but a continual progression means death, a way of life that is a continual escape—not death, but psychological murder to the sound of constant violence. The fact that his struggle in part willed is reflected in his unsuccessful poems and may perhaps account for the superficial similarity of his best and his worst work. But the virtue must be measured by the propelling need, and for Spender it is to fight through to an intelligible explanation of what is happening to his world in terms of what is happening to himself. He

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writes in the excitement in which he lives and tries to connect what he irreducibly is with what continually acts upon him. When he connects, the conflict is resolved, the poem is communicated, and his uncompromising honesty, his understanding and pity really function. When he does not connect, the conflict comes to no end or ends in a false truce, the poem is not communicated, and his virtues are discredited by his fears.

In a more settled period there would be a more economical expenditure of creative energy. There would be no need for Spender to create his own life and justify each stick and stone. The outside world would provide a frame for his personality, and he would be content to develop his poetry within its limits. He would not have to live his poems in order not to betray them.

Most of the sixty-seven poems in this collection will not be remembered; some of them, the greater part of the more recent ones, cannot even be read with pleasure. The best poems are in Part Four of *The Still Center* and in Part One: *A Separation of "Ruins and Visions."* They are wonderful. One closes the book with the feeling that the mere reading is only a beginning—that the poems will quicken into new life as they become part of experience and their total meaning is rediscovered. Through some such metempsychosis the excitement of a poem turns into working knowledge. (So few modern poems can wait long enough to be understood.) *The Double Shame, Darkness and Light, The Separation, The Human Situation, Variations on My Life, A Wild Race*—these are among the poems that will rise to Spender's name. The material is so completely mastered and under control that it is transformed into a simple outpouring of emotion. Moving tranquilly, with increasing lucidity, the poems proceed from the individually restricted confusion and despair to the general tragedy of understanding. In the last stanza of *The Double Shame*, for instance, there is a sudden breathtaking release, as if a wilderness of struggling and ungovernable matter has been dominated. When that happens, there is a rush of music, a "fall down shafts of love/Into the abyss of something human." The poem is over; it has really ended. There are other poems besides these six where Spender is "vital metaphorical," to use a phrase of Shelley's, a poet whom Spender recalls in many ways. This is the fourth stanza of *Two Armies*:

Finally, they cease to hate: for although hate
Bursts from the air and whips the earth like hail
Or pours it up in fountains to marvel at,
And although hundreds fall, who can connect
The inexhaustible anger of the guns
With the dumb patience of these tormented animals?

Spender's unsuccessful poems reveal the effects of the original danger to which he is exposed by his inability to separate himself from his experience. He is so terribly intent on discovering the meaning of his experience that it is difficult for him to see his poems objectively. He is certainly aware of the serious technical shortcomings they display, since he sometimes revises a poem to the point where it bears little resemblance to the first published version; yet excellent as his revisions are, they never turn a mediocre poem into a good one. His excessive use of a series of run-on lines in a long periodic curve becomes monotonous and facile; he over-

cultivates his favorite poetic plots into mannered and vacant formalism; his sound becomes turgid; his metaphors forced, and he writes like a sentimental schoolboy or, at times, like a corpse. ("I am glad to set down/The first and ultimate you,/Your inescapable soul"; or "For, as your face grew older, there hung a lag/Like a double chin in your mind.") Spender has enough affinity to Rilke to make all talk of influence unimportant. The influence of Rilke is certainly present, but being a natural influence, it is on the whole well assimilated. However, the Rilkean private world-meanings Spender gives to such words as glass and snow do not always come off. The very nature of Spender's poetry demands that his meaning be newly minted; when he draws on his old experience, on what he has already settled and exhausted, his emotion does not flow freely but becomes caked. Considering that he has no principle of order in himself, and that he refuses order by making the "still center" the quest for an absolute ideal, the perfection of his best poems is a curious and altogether overwhelming triumph, the tragic *quid pro quo* of a personal chaos.

H. P. LAZARUS

When Giants Meet

THE GREAT OFFENSIVE: THE STRATEGY OF COALITION WARFARE. By Max Werner. The Viking Press. \$3.

MR. WERNER grows in strength with every book he writes. Beginning in "The Military Strength of the Powers" as something in the nature of a statistical advocate of collective security, he proved in his last book, "Battle for the World," that he was quite adequate to the task of describing a war system in motion. In the present work there is so much that is not merely good but positively brilliant that it is useless to seize upon more than the central excellence from which all its other good qualities derive. It is Mr. Werner's grasp of the fundamental war plans of the two giants of Europe, the Reich and the Soviet Union, that gives symmetry and power to his argument. He has warm enthusiasm and deep convictions (and the former sometimes seems to color his estimate of the individual actions); he commands an abundance of facts. What gives his writing its sweep, however, is his orderly root-and-branch conception of the nature of war and of this war in particular.

This reviewer does not accept certain unessentials in the author's exposition. Mr. Werner, for instance, makes an incorrect use of Von Loeb's masterly article on defense, and he does not realize to quite what extent the conception of the so-called Archangel-Astrakhan line was fundamental to the original German war plan. But if Mr. Werner is correct in his main points, and I am certain he is, Hitler's intention, lucidly described in Alvarez del Vayo's article in *The Nation*, Fortress Europe, has already been frustrated.

In a comparison of the campaigns of 1941 with those of 1942 lies an understanding of the disaster that, still in its latent rather than in its catastrophic form, has befallen Hitler in Russia. The battles of attempted annihilation are over; designs for purely territorial conquest and economic acquisition have taken their place. In these finality is not to be sought.

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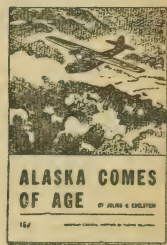
The new Archbishop of Canterbury was appointed by Prime Minister Winston Churchill against the wishes of Tory reactionaries in Britain. A huge audience in the Albert Hall, London, heard the Archbishop declare for transference of taxes from production equipment to ground values. (See *Christian Century*, October 7, 1942.) Churchill himself, in a volume recently issued in New York, says: "Who could have thought that it would be easier to produce by toll and kill all the most necessary or desirable commodities than it is to find consumers for them? It is certain that the economic problem with which we are now confronted is not adequately solved, indeed is not solved at all, by the teachings of the textbooks, however grand may be their logic, however illustrious may be their authors." Churchill is also for the taxation of ground rental values.

Send of mine for free copy of Churchill pamphlet, edited by Louis Wallis.

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If it be objected that Mr. Werner's central conception is not in accord with Stalin's November speech, then the answer is that the Russian leader was speaking to the Germans as well as to the Russians. It is difficult, that is, to accept Stalin's assertion that the German drives in the south were an attempt to carry out a vast outflanking move against the whole of the central Russian front. They were not. They were precisely what Hitler said they were, an attempt to stabilize the Russo-German front and get rid of the ruinous fighting there. And as such they were a confession of failure; the famous war plan had been scrapped for another, for an effort designed to reach a negotiated peace. The Soviet war plan, on the other hand, has never needed alteration. The multiple, limited Russian offensives correspond to a carefully worked-out plan. They grow stronger as the war continues.

It is natural that the author's handling of the Russo-German campaigns should be richer than his treatment of the other fields within the global war. That is not to say that his conceptions are incapable of development. As good and balanced a case for what used to be called a second front, but which is now to be called a western front, is contained in the later chapters. One reads it without the hostility which other presentations have aroused, because Mr. Werner does not convey the impression that the Soviet Union is the only country he cares about. He has a global view of a global war, not a Russian, British, or American view. There are other valuable things in this book, the merits of which are so great that one hopes Mr. Werner will hasten to fulfil the promise implicit in its last chapters.

RALPH BATES

Steig's Gallery

THE LONELY ONES. By William Steig. Foreword by Wolcott Gibbs, Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$1.

WE ARE all lonely. Marx predicted us almost one hundred years ago: alienating society with its alienated members. But we still have some sort of culture in common, and with attitudes popularized by reading and elevated conversation each dramatizes and justifies his loneliness. The titles of Steig's drawings—Who Are All Those Others? I Can't Express It, I Recreated Myself, I Do Not Believe in Misleading People, Why Pick on Me?—are not, as Wolcott Gibbs claims in the foreword, simply clichés expressing the private obsessions by which odd types set themselves off from everybody else. They are the means of self-defense and self-assertion that we all resort to in the various times of our various humors. For just who are the other boys and girls whose humors, according to Mr. Gibbs, are not quite like these? If the "rest of the world" really exists and is not just a class distinction, then Steig's drawings do not mean so much as they seem to. But I think Steig has got us all down, the whole well-informed class of us who read the liberal magazines, the *New Yorker*, and Modern Library books, whose hearts are in the right things.

Never in all history has there been so lonely a mass of people. The peculiar social form this loneliness takes is the convention of unburling the heart. Tell all, disarm others, and assert yourself. It must be realized that before the eighteenth century there was hardly such a thing. Confession was the furthest one could do. To unburl the heart is to use confession as a weapon, as personality insurance, and not for relief. The gift-bearing Greeks in Steig's gallery are self-assertive even when in postures of surrender.

Aside from the humor, the specific virtue of Steig's drawing is the directness with which he communicates his ideas to paper and our eyes. There is little pause between the impulse and its expression. But just because the shorthand is so quick and so efficient, it is not quite art. What makes cartoons usually something less than art is their dependence upon closed systems of representational signs in which little is ever improvised and reinvented. Line in cartooning is not felt for its own sake but used for conveying concepts. A face is made like this, an arm like that, surprise has exclamation marks, raised eyebrows and popping eyes, put in with a prescribed number of lines curving and meeting in a prescribed way. Steig tries to fight free of the cartoonist's habit and succeeds now and then, as in *Why Pretend? People Are No Damn Good*, and *Meditation Will Reveal All Secrets*. These cartoons are so intensely cartoons that they become something more, pure expressions of ideas. (Klee, coming from a different direction, did things similar if on a much higher level.)

But why ask the artist to do something he did not intend; why not take him for what he is? For what he is, Steig is certainly very good, but I am not sure that he is satisfied to be taken just for what he is. He is after a new genre in these psychographs, a new combination of literature and picture, and he does well enough to be judged by severe standards.

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IN BRIEF

THE COMPLETE ROMAN DRAMA.

Edited by G. E. Duckworth. Random House. 2 vols. \$6.

This is one of the few books that really do "fill a long-felt need." Outside the Loeb Classical Library there had been no means of making the Latinless reader fully acquainted with Plautus, Terence, and Seneca, to whom the European drama was indebted, for better or worse, far longer and more deeply than to their Greek predecessors. The translations in this edition are better chosen and more readable than most of those in its companion, the Random House "Complete Greek Drama." Most of the Plautus and Terence is done in prose, and all the Seneca in verse that does the old bore ample justice. The editor supplies useful notes and introductions to each play, conscientiously explaining the obscure jokes. His general introduction, also excellent, makes one of those "cases" for Seneca that beg the fatal question: Would anyone bother with him if the Elizabethans hadn't?

THE ROAD TO VICHY, 1918-1938.

By Yves R. Simon. Translated by James A. Corbett and George J. Mc Morrow. Sheed and Ward. \$2.25.

In modern war, propaganda plays the role of artillery preparation, says Professor Simon. He shows how Hitler took advantage of French dissensions to soften up the country, using persons who were thought to be, and perhaps thought themselves, nationalists, but who were really traitors to the best interests of France. This short book is a Catholic warning to the complacent, if any remain, to study the case of France.

THE REVOLUTIONISTS. By Selden Rodman. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.75.

This verse play, say the publishers, is "conceived as the second of a cycle of three long poems on the destination of modern man." About the slaves' revolt in Haiti in 1791, it centers on those two endlessly fascinating figures, Toussaint l'Ouverture and Henry Christophe. The action is rapid and the speech incisively fiery, but the characters are two-dimensional: they exist only as figures in political history, and as symbols of "the destination of modern man." In a word, Rodman's Toussaint is a natural for Paul Muni as Juarez. In structure, too, the work has defects of inexperience: it is really two plays, one about

Toussaint, the other about Christophe; the only connecting link is the Cause, which is exploited for twentieth-century significance at every possible moment, and some impossible ones. But the play is certainly stageworthy as an illustrated lecture on politics. It is to be performed in Haiti; one would like to see it nearer home. At least Rodman knows more about dramatic verse, and is less sentimental, than Maxwell Anderson.

DRAMA

Russian Melodrama

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE" is a melodrama written by one Konstantin Simonov and presented at the Guild Theater in an "American acting version" credited to Clifford Odets. It is a bustling busy affair thickly populated with heroes and villains, and it is perhaps the best play yet sent us from wartime Europe.

To say that is obviously not to say a very great deal, and I choose my words with care. The piece has considerable topical interest, and there is a certain amount of more or less convincing local color. It is also rather unusually well acted in broad theatrical fashion, even though Mr Odets does not seem to have been any too successful in concealing the wooden ring of the dialogue. But beyond that there is little to say except that the whole thing is conceived in disarmingly simple terms.

Even before the present war Russian playwrights seem to have taken naturally to melodrama, and they wrote it with a kind of unself-conscious directness. The result is that the present play, like those written twenty years ago to celebrate the Russian Revolution, seems more sincere and less factitious than those recent English war plays in which one feels the condescension of an author deliberately assuming a dramatic unsophistication neither natural to him nor native in the theater for which he is writing. But though all of these things tend to make melodrama acceptable, they do not transform its character. "The Russian People" is still only a melodrama in which stock characters and stock situations are labeled anew and the spectator is asked to forget that they have served many times before to represent other heroes and other causes.

The scene of the action is sometimes an occupied town, sometimes the headquarters of an isolated company holding out across the river. The play ends when the advancing Russians relieve the iso-

lated company and retake the town. Before this event takes place, one has met all the people one would expect to meet and seen happen to them all the things one has expected to happen. There is a heroic commander and of course a heroic young girl with whom he is in love. There is also a veteran of the revolution who is still hale and hearty, an intellectual proud to discover that he can fight, and a cynic who goes with a gallant smile to his certain death. For good measure there are, still further, the sadistic German officer, the cowardly traitor who collaborates with the Germans, and the sniveling traitor who acts as spy. Comic relief is introduced at the appropriate moments, and once the commander pauses long enough to tell how, when he heard Joseph Stalin over the radio urging everyone to "hold fast," it seemed, curiously, as though Stalin were speaking personally to him. The traitors get shot, the sadistic officer is poisoned, the minor heroes also meet their deaths; but the commander survives, and after the war is over he will marry the girl, who, fortunately, was rescued just before she was raped by a German soldier and will probably recover from a minor bullet wound.

Now I have no doubt that every one of these separate incidents has actually happened. Neither, for that matter, do I doubt that each of the sentiments has been felt. When life imitates art it is quite as likely to imitate melodrama or farce as it is to imitate tragedy or comedy. But the fact remains that the author of "The Russian People" very seldom succeeds in convincing us that he is copying life instead of copying plays, and when we are moved by what takes place on the stage we are moved more by what we know than by what he is telling us. If we know enough or feel enough about the present war and Russia's part in it, then his play may seem stirring and terrible. Taken out of its context, it would seem merely violent and stagy. Perhaps it serves a present purpose. But it would mean little to anyone who did not know that it was to some extent actual, and it will mean nothing to a reader ten or twenty years hence who may go to it in the hope of finding out just what the heroism of 1942 was like.

"The Doughgirls" (Lyceum Theater) is a frenetic farce ostensibly about Washington in war time. The intention is obviously to create something in the manner of George Abbott, and perhaps the most important thing to be said is that audiences seem to find it irresistibly

hilarious. I doubt whether the author himself could give a very clear idea of the plot, in and out of which pompous rubber administrators, girl snipers from Russia, and lascivious admirals wander irresponsibly, and it seems to be taken for granted that any reference to lend-lease is screamingly funny. I should like to go on record, however, as stating that to me "The Doughgirls" goes through all the motions of being funny without very often actually being anything of the sort; the audiences seem to laugh principally because it is so confidently assumed that they will. Most of the dialogue is composed of bits cast into the form of jokes, but the joke, if really present, nearly always eluded me. Take as illustration a single but typical example. When three young ladies discover that each is living in sin, one of them asks, "Is *anybody* in Washington really married?" And another replies, "Yes [pause], Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt!" Now I am well aware that on the vaudeville stage it used to be assumed that any reference to cheese or dill pickles was *per se* funny. But unless the same is now assumed to be true of the Roosevelts, I defy anyone to discover even the skimmed milk of a jest in the passage just quoted.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

THE book "Symphony Themes," compiled by Raymond Burrows and Bessie Carroll Redmond (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50), is offered not only for reference but for educational—or rather for self-educational—purposes. Three years ago Simon and Schuster were baiting "Men of Music" with the statement that the way to understanding of music was a book "which treats music in the terms of the men who created it." Today they are baiting their compilation of "1,193 principal themes from a hundred of the world's great symphonies" with Deems Taylor's statement (yes, Mr. Taylor is on hand again to do his usual dust-in-the-eyes-throwing job) that those themes are "just what the listener wants to know, and all that he, lay or expert, needs to know: the stuff of which symphonies are made." The authors themselves write, with the same deceptive plausibility: "The simple fact is . . . that the best way to understand what music is talking about is to have a simple statement of the subject itself. Most symphonic movements have two or more

subjects which can be very quickly stated."

But this isn't simple, it is oversimple: it over-simplifies the symphonic movement in a way that will, if anything, make listening more difficult for the reader. That is, it omits not only the formal design of the movement, which the reader will merely not be aware of, but all the contextual material in which the themes and their developments occur—for example, the material with which a theme or its development may continue before another theme or its development enters or reenters. Not only is the reader unprepared for this contextual material, not only will he ignore it in his preoccupation with themes and developments, but even though he ignores it the space and time it occupies will make it difficult for him to catch the themes and developments that he is intent on. He will find that in the first movement of the "Eroica" the subjects don't occur in the quick succession in which they are stated in the book, and that this makes the business of spotting them—in particular, of spotting the one designated as (6), which he is not told occurs late in the development section—less simple than he has been led to think.

But the book doesn't even do what it undertakes to do—doesn't, that is, give all the themes out of which the symphonies are made. "I can quote you," says Mr. Taylor, speaking of the first movement of Beethoven's "Eroica," "the charming passage where the clarinet, oboe, and flute build a little climax . . . but meanwhile I have forgotten two other phrases that, short as they may be, are undeniably themes." One of these phrases, possibly, is the one beginning at measure 23, with the cross-rhythm that not only is built up right away but is used later, from measure 248, to build up the shatteringly dissonant climax of the development; another may be the figure heard in measure 65, which also is developed immediately and put to further important use in the development, beginning at measure 186; and if they are Mr. Taylor won't find them in the book. Nor will he find the phrase beginning at measure 134, it he means that one; nor the theme in the second movement, beginning at measure 56, which provides the conclusion for the first section; nor the theme with which the coda of this movement begins at measure 209. And while the subject of the fugal passage in this movement is given, the subject of the fugal passage in the second movement

of Beethoven's Seventh is not; just as variations 4, 8, 12, 14, and 28 of the concluding passacaglia of Brahms's Fourth are given, but not the other variations. These are only a few of the examples that I found wherever I looked.

There are also questionable omissions, along with even stranger inclusions, in the hundred symphonies—questionable and strange on the basis of the authors' own statement that the group includes "all symphonies that are frequently performed or readily available on records, and many of those which occasionally find their way into concert programs," together with "some of the recent works by native composers, even though their frequency of performance does not yet rank with that of European masterpieces." The book offers, then, all the symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, Sibelius; it offers the Unfinished and C major of Schubert, but also the early and inconsequential Nos. 4 and 5; it offers the last three of Tchaikovsky, but also No. 3; it offers the last group of K. 543, K. 550, and K. 551 of Mozart, and his K. 504, K. 425, and K. 385, but omits the fine earlier K. 338, K. 297, K. 200, and K. 201, which are performed in concerts and are available on records, and includes instead K. 16, K. 110, and K. 444, which I didn't know existed even on paper; it offers a number of Haydn's best but omits the superb No. 92, which is available on records, and No. 88, which is possibly the most frequently performed of all; it offers Shostakovich's No. 1, but not his Nos. 5 and 6; it omits Mahler's First, Eighth, and Ninth, but includes Glazunov's No. 5, Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding," Vaughan Williams's F minor; it includes Strauss's "Aus Italien" which is never played, and his "Alpen-symphonie" which is almost never played, but omits his "Symphonia Domestica" which is played occasionally (and one must question the rigid adherence to the category of symphony that causes such works of Strauss to be included and his tone-poems to be omitted). Rightly it includes works by Roy Harris, Aaron Copland; but when is anyone likely to need the theme of Edward Burlingame Hill's Symphonies Nos. 2 and 3, Edwin Stringham's No. 1, Daniel Gregory Mason's No. 3 ("Lincoln"), Henry Hadley's No. 4 ("North, East, South, West"), Robert Russell Bennett's "Abraham Lincoln" Symphony, or even Howard Hanson's "Nordic" and "Romantic" and No. 3?

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Leaders in Exile

[A debate on the problem of political leadership among the German emigration was launched in an anonymous article in the Political War section on December 3 and continued with a group of letters from prominent refugees in the issue of January 2. We publish below a further comment on the same subject by Paul Hagen, author of "Will Germany Crack?" and research director of the American Friends of German Freedom.]

Dear Sirs: Some time during the fifth winter of war, the winter of 1943-44 or later, the Nazi regime will reach its final crisis. The military time-table hardly allows for an earlier date. At least one more year of gigantic losses, destruction from the air, wearing out of machinery, man-power, and productive power will intensify the multiple crises existing in Germany today. There will be an economic breakdown unprecedented in history, accompanied by complete political paralysis. Whatever the last-ditch fight of the Nazi black hundreds may be, the end will be a terrific explosion. Unlike the breakdown of 1918, there will be no Hindenburg to lead an army back, there will be no functioning administration, no organized opposition at home to take over, no unions or other national democratic organizations. The German left, especially labor, will be able to recover faster than any other element in Germany. But even it will emerge from the turmoil in an amorphous state, able at best to set up labor councils and similar organs of local authority; it will not possess nation-wide representation and authority or experienced leadership. There will be radical movements of the starving and desperate masses of people. There will be mass unemployment and millions of war prisoners and imported foreign workers struggling to get out of the country and at the same time millions of German soldiers fighting their way home to escape the fury of the liberated peoples of the formerly occupied nations.

Such is the probable outlook for the coming German revolution. The breakdown of the colossus of the German military and economic machine now ruling Europe will leave a kind of vacuum

into which will rush a tornado of upheavals and disoriented movements.

The smoking remnants of the Nazi state will furthermore be compressed into a small territory, something less than that provided by the former boundaries of the Weimar Republic, and open to invasion from everywhere. No matter where the eastern front line may have been established at the time of the defeat, Russian military and political influence will be overwhelming.

These are, briefly, the conditions which will exist when Nazi Germany breaks, and they must be kept in mind when your correspondents' questions* are considered. There is consensus of opinion in the answers so far published that certain German privileged groups and castes, which have been ideological servants of the Nazi conquest, and which might well reproduce the Nazi evil even after the Nazis are gone, should disappear too. There is little chance that these privileged groups of an old world which has gone down in blood and fire will find much support when the war is over. Quislings and Lavalis and clerico-fascists are in for a hard time. What an anachronistic idea it is to base the principle of future "legitimacy" on them or to plan for collaboration with them, as some people do!

To answer the second and third questions correctly is therefore of considerable importance. In a people's peace, able to set up lasting conditions of European security and reconstruction, the disarming of Axis fascism should be followed by *disarmament of all the surviving reactionary forces of Europe*. The job is to set free the delayed forces of the democratic revolutions in Central and Eastern Europe, and in Western and Northern Europe to continue the democratic regimes of the pre-Hitler time on a reformed base. I do not think this is a job for "top sergeants," as one of your correspondents suggested, not

* These questions were:

1. What forces in Germany—besides the Nazi Party—do you consider a menace to the peace of the world and to the freedom of the German people? How would you propose to deal with these forces?

2. Are you for a unilateral disarming of Germany and the policing and reeducating of the German people from outside?

3. Are the German people responsible for the material damage caused by Hitler's armies in the occupied countries? Are they under moral obligation to make restitution?

4. What kind of relations do you advocate between post-Hitler Germany and the Soviet Union?

even for nice American top sergeants. The mere idea smacks of the Teutonic. After the facts are known, after prisons and archives are opened, the judgment of the world about the passive responsibility of the German and Italian people may also change. It will be hard enough to disentangle the economic and political mess the Nazis have left; any blind, vindictive, and punitive action might destroy the basis of reconstruction for a long time and help no one.

Just ■ fascism was not ■ specific German sickness, so no simple "German solution" will be possible after this war. Several of your correspondents pointed out that the most adequate form of international, democratic, and peaceful relations after the war, in fact, the only guaranty of collective security, will be ■ European federation, participating in ■ world council of the great victorious powers. For defeated Germany there can be no other choice than to maintain peaceful relations with everybody in the decades to come. The problem of the others then will be not to keep it down but to keep it going, as it was in the case of France after Napoleon's defeat. I think history will show that in Europe Germany will get full understanding and real help only from progressive democratic forces, above all from the European labor forces.

I agree with Mr. Schwarzschild only when he says that the "scepter has passed" to others. However, to regard the German emigration simply as a agency for the victorious powers is to misunderstand its function completely. Today it is in a mess as every other emigration is and always has been. Tomorrow the many fine and highly qualified persons it has in its ranks will still have a chance to place their manifold experience at the service of the new militant German democracy which is bound to come, whatever may be the conditions imposed on a defeated Germany. Germany will need devoted helpers. Not looking for a Messiah, as is the fashion today, and not hoping, like the men of Coblenz, to be brought back and restored by foreign power, the emigration will fulfil its tasks of service best where its roots are: in the revived democratic movements of its own nation.

PAUL HAGEN

PAUL HAGEN

New York, January 8

The Discussion Is Opened

Dear Sirs: Our forefathers settled the problem of religious freedom by insisting that every human being had a right to choose his own faith. The next great problem which presented itself had to do with political freedom, and the Revolutionary War established the principle that men collectively have a right to choose their own form of government. Still later a great discussion arose over the problem of education, and we concluded that if we believed in religious and political freedom, we could ill afford not to educate all our youngsters.

Since then, a new problem has been pushing itself to the front—the problem of economic freedom, which didn't worry our forefathers because they never conceived of a corporate structure such as we now have. When I discuss this problem with educators and friends, nearly all of them agree that it is one which we must settle after the war, and which we should have had to settle anyway, even if war had not come.

Obviously, if that is the job we have on our hands, somebody has to do some clean-cut thinking on the subject. What I should like to see your journal do is to begin to consider the planks that must go into the platform of economic freedom, one by one, and to throw your columns open to a national debate on each plank. I should like to start the ball rolling by submitting the first plank, and here it is:

The most fundamental of all concepts is our concept of man. In a democracy he must be esteemed an independent personality, an inviolable soul, equal to all other free men in inborn rights, though unequal in physical and intellectual talents. He must be considered the central and most important product of society. Institutions are created for his benefit and not man for the benefit of the institution.

C. T. HABEGGER

Berne, Ind., December 23

Murder and Reprisal

Dear Sirs: Whatever practical effect your editorial Murder of a People in the December 19 *Nation* might have had was largely nullified by your veto of the proposal "that our air force systematically raze German villages in reprisal"—the only proposal that, if adopted, might stay the hand of the ruthless murderer.

You say that you are against such reprisals because German villagers have "nothing" to do with the massacres in Poland, because the destruction of such

villages would scarcely raise a shudder in Berlin, and, lastly, because vengeance raids in the name of the Jews would implant a long-lasting anti-Semitism among the survivors of such raids and their neighbors in surrounding towns.

Now as to the villagers' complete innocence, it is hard to see how in this total war civilians anywhere could be fully excused and separated from the doings of their armies. And as to Berlin scarcely shuddering at the extermination of German villages, should that be a fact, a few raids on Berlin itself could be added to the curriculum, these raids to be graded in duration and intensity according to the number of hostages then being executed by the Germans.

Finally, don't worry much about the new and longer-lasting German anti-Semitism. Aside from the fact that the Jew is somewhat fed up with the tolerance and good-will he has received in different qualities and quantities in foreign lands, and expects "on the day of liberation" to be permitted to rebuild Palestine on a larger scale, making it the biggest protector of the Jews and possibly of the persecuted non-Jew—aside from all that, there is no reason why the German people should not blame the reprisal raids on the savagery of their compatriots, as it is expected and meant they should do.

No one doubts that there must be some Germans who are against Hitler and all he stands for. Why not therefore believe these Germans also capable of declaring: "The death of these innocents is the price we must pay for" the scourge our compatriots helped to inflict on a confused and unguarded world?"

AVRA PILZER

New York, January 6

Debating Renewal

Dear Sirs: The *Nation* has long been one of my favorite periodicals, but for some time lately I have debated renewing my subscription. This debate followed an editorial that impressed me adversely.

I have regarded *The Nation* as a sound liberal, one that generally represented my sentiments. I have depended on it for the truth which our conservative and reactionary press withholds or ignores. Its exposé of the Dies committee was a contribution that deserved the commendation of all true patriots.

The editorial in question dealt with the rider attached by Senator Lee to the teen-age draft bill. I have observed so

much debauchery of our youths by liquor around the camps that I cannot understand your attitude. To say conditions under prohibition were worse is the verdict, as I see it, of those who do not know the facts.

I am tolerant of differences of opinion. But when one who poses as a liberal expresses his opinion in a way to indict the integrity of honest convictions it shakes my confidence in the sincerity of his liberalism.

W. E. HALBROOK

Little Rock, Ark., January 2

Services Not Wanted

Dear Sirs: Please make your editorial writers stop writing about the "knowledge and experience of the men and women who have risked their lives fighting Hitler within Europe," because that does not mean anything in this country. Make them reread the article of Alvarez del Vayo in the issue of December 5 in which he admits that nobody cares "to avail himself" of that knowledge and experience. People in office, he says, are "collaborating with all the half-fascists while ignoring or discarding altogether proved anti-fascists."

The writer of this letter is only a very unknown and probably unworthy European refugee. But there are plenty of once famous professors working as bus boys, noted editors doing errands, lawyers running elevators, and many others who feel as I do.

Do not get me wrong: I like to go the hard way; it is the more honest way in a world in which the really decent men find themselves in concentration camps or on the battle fronts. But don't speak any more about the valuable services we are able to render. We have read too many such articles.

WALTHER VICTOR

New York, December 24

Unjust Discrimination

Dear Sirs: Many local draft boards in various parts of the country are inducting into military service Chinese citizens whose dependent wives and children reside outside the United States solely by reason of the Chinese exclusion laws and not through choice. Other citizens with like dependents are deferred. This inequality of treatment constitutes an unjust discrimination against a group that is rendering loyal and unstinted aid to the cause of the United States and of the United Nations.

An undue hardship is further im-

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With an Introduction by The Editor

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As a regular reader of The Nation, you are presumably in sympathy with its point of view. If so, you are as eager to spread that point of view as we are. The Nation's Year Book, a collection of enduring articles published over the past twelve months, is a convincing ambassador for our side. Why not let us send a copy of this 104-page volume to those of your friends who are not yet acquainted with The Nation's progressive approach to world events? We have arranged for the free distribution of a limited number of copies to friends of Nation readers. All you need do is to write the name and address of some of your friends on the coupon below and send it to us. We will at once mail them a free postpaid copy of this book.

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posed upon the dependent wives and children of drafted Chinese by reason of the fact that the United States government cannot at this time transmit to China any soldier's allotment to his dependent family in that country. This inequitable arrangement terminates any assistance that these Chinese in America, as civilians, have managed to transmit through private channels to their dependent families in China, and thus increases the burden upon our Chinese ally and causes great suffering.

It is therefore important that fair-minded citizens urge Selective Service authorities to eliminate this unequal treatment of Chinese family men.

LIM A. HEAUM, Acting President,
Chinese American Citizens
Alliance, Pittsburgh Branch

Pittsburgh, Pa., January 5

Union Work Is War Work

Dear Sirs: The Highlander Folk School has recently received urgent requests from unions for educational and research workers. The Southern director of a C. I. O. union has asked for someone to do such jobs as classifying wage rates, running a lending library, and teaching parliamentary law. The school has been asked to supply educational directors for New Orleans, Birmingham, Atlanta, Memphis, Knoxville, Louisville, and Cincinnati. There is also a demand for secretaries familiar with labor problems and for persons capable of preparing material for presentation to government agencies.

Our ten years' experience at Highlander has acquainted us with labor problems, and the success of our method of dealing with these problems is attested to by the demands referred to above. Many young people, realizing that union work is war work, are anxious to make their contribution but lack practical knowledge and contacts. A three months' residence seminar has been planned to bridge the gap.

The seminar will open on February 1. Basic material and methods will be learned from directed reading, discussion, practical work at the school and in the community, and conferences with labor and government officials. Afterward, there will be provided opportunities for first-hand experience in the field under the supervision of staff members, former students in official positions, and other key labor people who are cooperating with the school.

Students will be selected for the seminar on the basis of their back-

ground and interest in full-time work with unions. The total cost for room, board, and tuition is \$25. Four hours' assigned work is required daily in the office, library, house, or on the farm. Highlander, located on a 200-acre mountain farm, is run cooperatively. Staff and students share in the work, and learn, sing, hike, square dance, and play volley ball together.

Men and women desiring to attend the seminar should enrol at once. Applications should include a statement of union or other group-work experience and additional qualifications.

MYLES HORTON, Chairman
Monteagle, Tenn., January 1

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS

- | | |
|---|-----|
| What Next in Africa? <i>by Freda Kirchwey</i> | 111 |
| Monopoly Bottleneck | 113 |
| Supplies for China | 114 |
| The Hard-Coal Strike | 114 |

ARTICLES

- | | |
|---|-----|
| Capital Notes <i>by I. F. Stone</i> | 115 |
| Talk on Guadalcanal <i>by Ira Wolfert</i> | 117 |
| White Book on Blackmail <i>by Robert Bendiner</i> | 119 |
| Pigeonhole for Negro Equality <i>by James A. Wechsler</i> | 121 |
| Carlo Tresca <i>by John Dos Passos</i> | 123 |
| Russia and the West: II. <i>By Reinhold Niebuhr</i> | 124 |
| Red Army Hits Its Stride <i>by Donald W. Mitchell</i> | 126 |
| In the Wind | 127 |

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

- | | |
|---|-----|
| As Simple as That <i>by J. Alvarez del Vayo</i> | 128 |
| Anti-Semitism: Norway <i>by Haakon Lie</i> | 130 |
| Behind the Enemy Line <i>by Argus</i> | 130 |
| File and Remember | 132 |

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- | | |
|--|-----|
| A Modern Socrates <i>by Mary Agnes Hamilton</i> | 133 |
| Artists in a Society <i>by Morton Dauwen Zabel</i> | 133 |
| The Mussolini Myth <i>by Gaetano Salvemini</i> | 134 |
| Jefferson, Citizen <i>by Jacques Barzun</i> | 135 |
| The Army of the Soviets <i>by Ralph Bates</i> | 135 |
| Shakespeare Today <i>by William Phillips</i> | 136 |
| Fiction in Review <i>by Diana Trilling</i> | 137 |
| Sassoon's War <i>by George Barker</i> | 138 |
| Films <i>by James Agee</i> | 139 |
| Art <i>by Clement Greenberg</i> | 140 |
| Music <i>by B. H. Haggin</i> | 141 |

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

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The Shape of Things

BY LIFTING THE SIEGE OF LENINGRAD AND clearing the Moscow-Rostov railroad to the banks of the Don, the Red Army has laid the foundation for new strategic movements which threaten to snap the enemy's "elastic" defense at several points. Up to now the military experts have been understandably cautious in assessing the potentialities of the second winter offensive. Last year's campaign, important as was its contribution to the attrition of the Reichswehr, proved that the recapture of thousands of square miles of Russia's vast terrain is not strategically significant so long as the invaders remain firmly intrenched in "hedgehogs" commanding vital communications. This year, however, the Russians have demonstrated their ability to crack the most strongly fortified positions. In order to relieve Leningrad they had to break through a ring of iron and concrete defenses which the Nazis had constructed with their usual thoroughness during the seventeen months' siege. The Red Army commanders found the necessary key in their formidable artillery, which, thanks to better weather, they have been able to deploy on a far greater scale than last winter. The same weapon seems also to have played a leading role in the capture of Rossosh, Millerovo, and Kamensk, the three strongly held railroad centers which barred the northern route to Rostov. These victories, north and south, present Hitler with a problem calculated to strain his "intuition" severely. Not the least disagreeable surprise sprung on him by the Russians is their ability to hit hard on several fronts simultaneously.

✱

GERMAN COMMUNIQUE FROM THE EASTERN front have been both meager and vague recently. But writers in the press and radio commentators have adopted a tone which suggests that the German people are being prepared for bad news. A call has gone forth from Goebbels's office for total mobilization of man-power. Germans who know that more than a quarter of the labor force of the Reich is now composed of foreigners must wonder how much more juice can be squeezed out of a dry lemon. And if their minds are not completely befuddled, they must wonder, also, whether the Russians have discovered how to resurrect the dead, for official sources, which only a few months ago were claiming the "annihila-

lation" of the last Soviet reserves, now stress the Red Army's superiority in numbers. Lieutenant General Dietmar, speaking as a military expert over the Frankfort radio, has attempted to explain this discrepancy by alleging that "the Russians are far ahead of us in exhaustion of the strength of their people." This is shown, he said, by the presence in the front lines of very old and very young men. On the other hand, the *Börsen Zeitung*, a leading Berlin newspaper, ascribes Russian successes to the use of "élite troops" hitherto held in reserve. More impressive than such Nazi statements of "fact" is Dietmar's admission that the task of holding and organizing German conquests has deprived the fighting front of valuable forces. The frantic new efforts of the Germans to build defensive lines all round the vast periphery of Fortress Europe are likely to prove a further drain on both military and industrial man-power.

✱

THESE IS A DIRECT CONNECTION BETWEEN the Russian successes, the German man-power crisis, and growing unrest in the Balkans. Since the beginning of the year reports have been received of attempted uprisings in Rumania and Bulgaria. The root cause in both cases is Nazi pressure for more soldiers, more workers, more supplies. Rumanian armies have participated in the assaults on Odessa, Sevastopol, and Stalingrad, and in all three battles their losses have been huge. Now Hitler asks for further blood offerings, and discontent is expressed by an Iron Guard plot to overthrow the puppet Antonescu. The Bulgarian government has long proved its willingness to accommodate its Axis bosses except in regard to one point: it has always refused to declare war on Russia or to send troops there. In this policy it has been guided by a well-considered respect for the boiling-point of the Bulgarians, who, however ready to accept German favors at the expense of Yugoslavia and Greece, are unalterably opposed to becoming embroiled with their old friends, the Russians, in a German quarrel. Latest reports suggest that the Nazis have once again acknowledged failure in this matter but are demanding as compensation that Bulgaria supply more workers for German factories and more troops for "police" duties in Greece and Yugoslavia. These duties may become increasingly onerous if reports from Ankara, to the effect that the Russian radio has advised the Croat and Serb partisans to link up with Mihailovich, are verified. Nothing could do more to magnify Hitler's Balkan headache than an end to this unhappy schism in the anti-Axis ranks.

✱

BOMBS ON BERLIN ARE A REMINDER TO THE Nazis to take seriously the President's prophecies in his recent message to Congress—a speech which they tried desperately to minimize. Mr. Roosevelt on that occasion reminded Hitler and Mussolini that their boasted superi-

ority in air power, which enabled them to strike with impunity at Warsaw and Rotterdam, had gone forever. "Yes," he said, "we believe that the Nazis and Fascists have asked for it, and they are going to get it." Nine raids on the Ruhr during the first half of this month followed by two successive attacks on Berlin have heavily underscored his words. Nor are these the only places where the enemy has felt the weight of ever-increasing Anglo-American air power. In the west there have been constant daylight sweeps over France and two night raids on the submarine pens at Lorient; in North Africa American and British fliers have cooperated in a constant assault on Axis installations and supply lines. These operations have played an important part in forcing Rommel's renewed retreat toward Tripoli. In Tunisia the air forces are keeping alive the offensive, which on land has been stalled by bad weather and communication problems, and we have air superiority to thank for the fact that the enemy has not been able to take greater advantage of the failure of our first dash toward Tunis.

✱

FOR A TIME DURING LAST SUMMER AND fall it seemed as if real progress was being made in dealing with the submarine menace. It now appears, however, that the decline in sinkings was due largely to seasonal conditions and that the advent of winter and spring mists may bring a serious crisis in transport. As proof that the submarine is, as Admiral Stark recently declared, "our first enemy," it is reported that the United Nations are losing at least two ships a day in the North Atlantic and six a day throughout the world. Although new construction in the United States has reached an unprecedented level of four ships a day, it is evident that United Nations ship construction is barely replacing losses; and the destruction of U-boats by the American and British navies, though large, has not kept pace with U-boat construction. The new U-boats are reported to be superior to those used a year or so ago, and Nazi submarine tactics are constantly improving. Meanwhile the production of American anti-submarine weapons has bogged down. The source of the trouble appears to be the fact that the navy is having great difficulty in obtaining priority rights for equipment to be used in the anti-submarine campaign. Unless the U-boats can be curbed we may find ourselves, as one observer put it, "marvelously equipped to fight a war in the Mississippi."

✱

WILLIAM M. JEFFERS, THE RUBBER CZAR, IS charged by army and navy critics with holding up anti-submarine weapons by seeking to have critical materials diverted to the synthetic-rubber program. Without question the rubber program is lagging. But the armed services insist that they can cut down their rubber requirements much more easily than they can sacrifice either

anti-U-boat equipment or the production of aviation gasoline. Since the military needs for rubber for 1943 can presumably be met from the present stockpile, Ceylon's output, and such synthetic production as now seems assured, Jeffers's drive for top priority has taken on a purely political aspect. Hundreds of thousands of motorists, especially salesmen, have been looking to Jeffers to produce rubber for new tires when their present ones wear out. While the rubber chief probably knows perfectly well that there can be no rubber for new civilian tires this year, or probably next, he has not been above issuing the kind of publicity that is calculated to win him motorist, and hence Congressional, support in his struggle with the armed services. The priority issue has been referred to James F. Byrnes, Director of the Office of Economic Stabilization, for settlement, and it is to be hoped that the decision will be reached solely on the basis of military considerations.

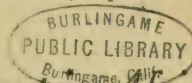
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WENDELL L. WILLKIE, A SELF-APPOINTED trouble shooter in a troubled world, has issued a timely warning against sacrificing "the tradition of the liberal arts" for the sake of war-time efficiency. Whether or not the danger is as great as he paints it, the trend is clearly in favor of extracting the maximum present usefulness from our colleges whatever the ultimate cost in cultural values. Should the war be over in a year, perhaps the net results will not be serious, but in the event of a drawn-out conflict control of the country will one day pass into the hands of a generation unschooled in the "humanities," a generation of cold and narrow technicians. "It would be a tragic paradox," as President Hopkins of Dartmouth comments, "if as a result of the war we were to allow our system of higher education to be transformed into the type of education which has made it so easy for a crowd of governmental gangsters like Hitler's outfit to commandeer a whole population." Mr. Willkie's concrete proposal, however, leaves us in doubt. He asks that a "nucleus" be left in the colleges "of men whose aptitudes qualify them as definitely for our long-range needs as other men are obviously qualified for, let us say, medicine." It is hard to say which would be the more difficult to find, draft-board officials capable of selecting this cultural élite, or students willing enough and brave enough to accept a war-time designation as "preservers of our cultural heritage." All the same, the country should be grateful to Mr. Willkie for focusing attention on a supremely important problem.

*

WHEN CARLTON J. H. HAYES WAS SENT TO Madrid as Ambassador, *The Nation* gave him the benefit of some rather grave doubts. We set off his long record as a democrat and liberal Catholic against his open defense of Franco in the Spanish War, and suggested that

judgment be withheld until Hayes had shown what he could do. But the speech delivered in Madrid on January 15 has demolished our most charitable hopes. In the midst of a vigorous statement of the American position in the war, Mr. Hayes, according to the Associated Press, "hit hard at Axis-inspired rumors that an Allied victory would mean the overturn of the present government in Spain." And then he made the promise, directly quoted on another page of this issue, that any future change that might occur in Spain would come from inside and not be the work "of the United States or of Spanish émigrés." Presumably Mr. Hayes is authorized to speak for the United States. Perhaps in the hour of victory over the Axis we shall leave in power the lesser dictators and Quislings to threaten the future peace of Europe. Perhaps—but if so, this war is being fought for strange and uncertain ends. When Mr. Hayes pledges the United States to defend fascist Spain against the Republicans who were driven out when Franco came to power, he raises even more serious questions. The freedom-loving Spaniards now locked up in prison camps in Africa or in exile in Britain and this hemisphere are not likely to be impressed by Mr. Hayes's promises. The moment the Axis falls, they will join their anti-fascist brothers in Spain in throwing out of power the dictator whom Hitler and Mussolini put there—unless Mr. Hayes plans to use the American army to prevent a democratic revolution in Spain.



What Next in Africa?

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

NORTH AFRICA this week looks like a Jack Horner pie filled with carelessly wrapped bits of high explosives mixed in with a few favors of questionable value. You pull your ribbon and hope for the best.

At least it can be said that a change of some sort is likely. And in the absence of real information it's a safe bet that any change will be an improvement. Whether the President and Mr. Churchill are conferring or are about to confer, whether Generals de Gaulle and Giraud are even now patching up an agreement, a new deal in North Africa seems to be in the making. That the present political set-up can't be allowed to continue is agreed on all sides: first, because public feeling, especially in England, won't tolerate it; second, because the turmoil behind our lines is a constant hindrance to a successful fight against Hitler's forces in Tunisia.

The only way to talk about what is going to happen is to guess. And the only way to guess is to pull the pie to pieces, and unwrap as many of the contents as we're allowed to.

Let's look at the few facts first. Perhaps the most en-

couraging fact is the presence of Harold MacMillan ■■ British Minister at Allied Headquarters. Mr. MacMillan represents the British government's determination to intervene in the mess—politely and in full cooperation with General Eisenhower and Mr. Murphy, but firmly. In this role, every word Mr. MacMillan speaks for publication carries the weight of the government that sent him to Africa. So his words are to be examined with great care. What the Minister said can be summed up in the following propositions: (1) The abuses carried on under the present French provisional government will not be tolerated by "the British and American people": specifically, the anti-Jewish laws will have to be repealed and the political prisoners freed as rapidly as possible. (2) Generals Giraud and De Gaulle will surely get together very soon, and their agreement will make possible necessary changes in the political set-up. (3) In spite of fascist and monarchist maneuvers, 90 per cent of the French in North Africa are for the Republic. (4) Allied activities in North Africa are watched throughout Europe as a demonstration of what the other occupied countries may expect when Allied armies land.

The efforts of Mr. MacMillan are certain to be in support of a change from Darlanism to republicanism; so his arrival must be greeted as an omen of better days.

Fact number two is of related and subsidiary importance. It is Brendan Bracken's statement which appeared on the same day as MacMillan's interview. Brendan Bracken, British Minister of Information, said that the British government solidly backs General Eisenhower and that no differences exist between it and the United States on policy in North Africa. Hailed by the New York Times as an answer to American "jitterers" and "snipers," this statement was, of course, a complete acknowledgment of the deep disturbance in British-American relations.

The British government is not sentimental about democratic procedures in the empire or anywhere else. But when a political blunder raises a political storm of the dimensions that blew up in England over the Darlan deal, then the authorities take notice. The British government wants no new Hoare-Laval rumpus on its hands. But even less does it want trouble with the United States. Having opposed our stubborn Vichy policy from the start, having backed De Gaulle and recognized his authority as the head of organized French resistance, Britain could hardly contemplate with approval the American maneuvers that produced Darlan and the mess that ensued. But it loyally kept its mouth shut, did its best to prevent news and criticism from reaching the public, and acted only when public indignation had risen to the boiling-point. It proposed a settlement, the terms of which have only been hinted at, sent MacMillan to Africa, and then issued a statement saying that everything was fine in this best of all possible alliances.

Fact three is a puzzler. Ugly and explosive, but not easily explicable. Fact three is the summoning of M. Peyrouton from his post as Vichy Ambassador in Argentina to North Africa to act, presumably, as head of the civil government there. Peyrouton is the very model of a Vichy collaboratorist. His relations with the Nazis were close; his own record is unsavory. In *The Men Behind Darlan*, in *The Nation* for December 26, he is described as Flandin's associate in arranging financial deals with the Germans. As Vichy Minister of the Interior he carried out a savage policy of repression against his fellow-countrymen who opposed Vichy and collaboration. His earlier position as Resident-General of Tunisia undoubtedly recommended him to the present authorities, and it is said that Admiral Leahy, during his stay at Vichy, developed a strong liking and respect for Peyrouton. If Darlanism is to continue to rule in North Africa, the summoning of this friend of reaction and ally of Hitler is easy to explain. If Darlanism is to be supplanted with any administration acceptable to anti-fascists, then Peyrouton's arrival seems ill-timed, to say the least. Was it, perhaps, a last card played by the sinister Nogues? Or is Peyrouton merely a delayed reaction, a relic of a policy about to be ended? One must hope that this last possibility is the correct one. But if the story is true that Eisenhower himself approved the importation of Peyrouton, then neither of the other facts I have set down makes any sort of sense.

I prefer to contemplate the fourth package in the pie—this one a blatant rumor. The rumor is that Eisenhower is fed up with Murphy and all his works. The story has a good foundation in logic, but that doesn't, alas, prove its accuracy. The sequence runs as follows: An ably planned and brilliantly executed American military expedition landed in North Africa expecting to be welcomed with comradely enthusiasm by authorities who had presumably been won to our support by the diplomatic efforts of Mr. Murphy. Instead it was met with gunfire and other evidences of hostility on the part of the French command as well as the civil administration. The efforts of Mr. Murphy and his young assistants had failed to subvert a single key man. Persons who were genuinely pro-Ally, De Gaullists and others, were clapped into jail. Eisenhower made a forced decision which netted him immediate military advantages. With no time to maneuver and little political experience, he soon found himself saddled with a full-fledged French fascist administration thoroughly uninterested in installing any one of the four freedoms in North Africa. The further efforts of Mr. Murphy have neither solved the political problems nor lessened Eisenhower's responsibilities. The power and unreliability of Nogues, who is known to be in constant and direct touch with Vichy, worry the American command—and with good reason. Eisenhower is said to be ready for a new deal all round.

The next few weeks will clear a confused situation which has been doubly confounded by the thick crust of censorship that lies over the whole scene. The best hope rests in the plan supposedly put forward by the British: to establish a temporary government in North Africa made up of men acceptable to both Giraud and De Gaulle who would take over civilian functions and move as rapidly as possible toward an administration based on the laws of the Third Republic. If such a scheme is actually cooking behind the scenes, our first adventure in occupation politics may still be rescued from total disaster.

Monopoly Bottleneck

THE testimony given by Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes before the Senate Small Business Committee dramatizes and illuminates the basic issue in war production. It is whether we shall fight this war with a maximum of comfort for monopoly, paying for the privilege in lives and extra years of struggle, or whether we shall make a truly total effort and thereby increase the volume of supplies and the means of offensive action at the disposal of our own men and the forces of our allies. Two personalities in present-day Washington are the symbols and leaders of these two opposing points of view. Representing the first is Ferdinand Eberstadt, corporation lawyer and Wall Street banker, now vice-chairman in charge of materials at the War Production Board and the most powerful single figure among the civilians in the production picture. The other is Secretary Ickes. Eberstadt brings to the problems of steel, aluminum, copper, and tin the complacent point of view of a man who has spent his life in the service of those who maintain monopoly and scarcity in materials; his actual knowledge of the problem of producing materials has been gleaned from the contract and the counting house. Ickes has spent much of his public life fighting monopoly, and he heads that department of the government which is intrusted with the guardianship of our basic resources and which is best equipped to hasten their development for war. Unfortunately, while Eberstadt is in control of materials, Ickes is on the periphery of power, forced to fight a kind of continuous guerrilla warfare for new sources of the metals and minerals which mean planes and tanks and guns.

In the picture drawn by Secretary Ickes for the Senate Small Business Committee one can see the purposes a war-production program controlled by monopoly serves in the strategy of big business. Control of both the military and civilian arms of the production program has given the big concerns most of the war business. In 1939, as Secretary Ickes points out, 170,000 small plants turned out 70 per cent of our productive goods; the 100 big

ones, "the blue-chip corporations," accounted for the remaining 30 per cent. Today this situation has been reversed. The 100 big concerns turn out 70 per cent of the productive business, mostly war work; 20 per cent of productive output has been eliminated by war-time diversions; the survivors of the 170,000 are trying to get along on the balance of 10 per cent. This is immediately important because it represents a pool of idle war-production capacity. Its ultimate importance is that it is speeding up a concentration of control in American industry that will make the maintenance of free government more difficult. Can anything be done about it?

The principal excuse for the idleness of productive facilities in small business as in large—for much of big business is carrying on its war work in special plants rather than with its normal facilities—is the lack of materials. But this lack of materials, as Secretary Ickes showed, is not due to any dearth of resources. It is due to the wasteful way in which monopoly has developed these resources, skimming the rich surface and leaving vast potentialities untouched. It is due to the hostility of monopoly to new methods for making and extracting basic materials. And it is due to the unwillingness of men drawn from the great monopolies into army procurement and the WPB to grant the loans and facilities required to obtain the vast additional amount of materials which could be drawn from the smaller mines and mills. Some of these mineral resources are "low-grade," but as Secretary Ickes explained, they are "low-grade," in the lexicon of a country so rich that it could afford in the past to ignore all but its most profitable sources of metal. Germany, Sweden, and Norway, Ickes said, have developed great industries from ores of a kind complacently dismissed in this country as of no commercial value—and still so dismissed, as may be seen from the record of the indifferent treatment the WPB has accorded the various programs put forward by the Bureau of Mines for expanding production of manganese, aluminum, copper, zinc, chromium, and other metals. Not the least important aspect of these programs is that they would release much shipping still being used to bring these materials from Russia, India, and Africa.

These possibilities for expansion of the production on which victory depends will never be realized so long as metals and materials are in present hands at the WPB. The steps necessary to tap all possible sources would cripple the whole strategy of monopoly. In the field of fabrication more materials would keep alive the small competitors of big business. In the field of extraction a vigorous program to increase output would save from bankruptcy the small competitors of our big mining corporations. The process sponsored by the Bureau of Mines for obtaining aluminum from low-grade clay would destroy the aluminum monopoly.

It is our duty toward our men and our allies on the

fighting fronts of the world to let nothing stand in the way of maximum output of weapons. *The Nation* hopes that Senator Murray and his colleagues of the Small Business Committee will fight at this session for a Metals and Minerals Administration to be set up in the Interior Department under an Ickes rather than an Eberstadt.

Supplies for China

TWO weeks have elapsed since the President assured Congress and the American people that "we are flying as much lend-lease material into China as ever transversed the Burma road, flying it over mountains 17,000 feet high, flying blind through sleet and snow." This was a fine, dramatic statement, one of the high points of the President's speech. But on the face of it, the statement just could not be true, and many of the President's hearers must have known that it could not be true. We have refrained from commenting on the statement until now in the hope that some correction or explanation would come from the White House or other source. So far none has. The Chinese have hidden their embarrassment with their usual suavity. T. V. Soong, Minister of Foreign Affairs, begged off when asked to comment. Chinese officials here have remained silent.

The exact amount of supplies being sent into China by air remains a military secret. But it is a small fraction of the 20,000 or more tons that were carried over the Burma road monthly when the traffic on the road was at its heaviest. This is not surprising. During the period of peak operations well over a thousand trucks were in use, each carrying four or five tons of supplies. In addition, a certain amount of material was flown in by air. Recent reports indicate that there are still only a few dozen transport planes on the India-China route. These planes have very limited cargo space; because of the distance about half of the available carrying capacity must be used for gasoline; and breakdowns and essential repairs must be allowed for. Even if a large proportion of the transport planes now in service in the United States should be diverted to this service, the Burma road capacity, limited though it was, could hardly be equalled.

It is not the President's business to check the figures that are handed to him, but someone whose business it is should have gone over them to make sure of their accuracy. It has been suggested that the reference in the statement to *lend-lease* material for China was deliberate—a good part of the supplies that went over the Burma road were not, strictly speaking, *lend-lease* material, but had been purchased by the Chinese government with loans advanced by the United States. We cannot believe, however, that the Administration would resort to any such quibble. We prefer to think that it was a simple, though astounding, error. Its unfortunate effects can best be wiped out by a simple correction.

The Hard-Coal Strike

THE action of the anthracite miners in refusing to dig coal rather than accept an increase of 50 cents a month in union dues cannot be condoned either by the public or the government; but the public should recognize that the strike is not an attempt on the part of "unpatriotic" miners to hinder the war effort but a revolt against John L. Lewis and his dictatorial leadership of the United Mine Workers. Moreover, the miners would hardly have resorted to so unpopular a move if they had felt they had any recourse within the union.

The U. M. W. treasury already contains some \$6,000,000. What the anthracite miner wants to know is why the union executive felt it necessary to take another \$3,000,000 a year from the membership. The answer is not obscure. Lewis wants more money to build and control a labor movement with which to fight Roosevelt and secure a dominating role in American life, especially after the war. And that concerns us all.

To be sure, the increase in dues was voted at a convention of the United Mine Workers which included delegates from the anthracite locals; they voted against it but were completely outnumbered by delegates from the bituminous fields. The check-off is written into the union's contracts, though the striking miners say that while they have agreed individually in writing to the deduction of \$1 a month for union dues they have never given similar permission to have the extra 50 cents withheld.

Lewis seems to hold all the cards. He has outlawed the strike, though he is promising the miners a rise in wages in April despite the Little Steel formula. Meanwhile he is accusing the War Labor Board of trying to interfere in internal union affairs. It is significant, however, that he did not go in person to the region of discontent—which has been a center of anti-Lewis feeling—and make at least an attempt to conciliate the miners and prevent the strike. Moreover, he insists that the demand for an immediate increase of \$2 a day in wages is the central issue. As for the question of dues, which obviously provoked the revolt, Lewis meets it with the bland statement that it is not an issue because the increase was approved at a union convention.

The impression is inescapable that Lewis is not really upset over a situation in which a recalcitrant rank and file—"the younger generation" as one union official put it—is exposing itself to public wrath by an ill-advised "wildcat" strike and which provides him with an opportunity to sneer at the War Labor Board and the Administration. If the President takes over the mines, Lewis will have even more to say about government dictatorship. But apparently he has no intention of entertaining so much as a discussion of the 50-cent increase in dues and thereby opening the way for a settlement.

Capital Notes

BY. I. F. STONE

Washington, January 17

F. *D. R. at Mason and Dixon's Line:* If the President's message to Congress is reread carefully, it will be seen that its most important statements point to the need for a renewed attack on the "peculiar institutions" which oppress common men, white and black, below the Mason and Dixon line. In his message Mr. Roosevelt said he had been advised that this was a poor time to speak of building a new world. From what source did this advice come? From Rayburn of Texas. For whom did Rayburn speak? For the oligarchy of Southern planters and Northern capitalists which rules the South. What keeps that oligarchy in power? Poll taxes, racial discrimination, the share-cropper system.

Mr. Roosevelt has been executing a series of strategic retreats. The message to Congress showed that he is confident that he can turn and fight successfully on the line of social security, full employment, freedom from want. The choice itself was pretty obvious; whatever the pendular swings of politics, people are unlikely to vote away their old-age pensions. More significant than the decision made by the President is the fact that he had to defy his own party leadership to make it. "I am told," Mr. Roosevelt said, "that it is a grave error on my part. I dissent." The dissent was a challenge to those Democratic Congressional leaders whose power rests on poll taxes, racial discrimination, the share-cropper system.

"Hitlerism, like any other form of crime or disease," Mr. Roosevelt said, "can grow from the evil seeds of economic as well as military feudalism." He took his stand with those who are not content merely to get rid of Hitler. Where in America can one find economic feudalism? In the South of poll taxes, racial discrimination, the share-cropper system. Mr. Roosevelt gave expression to his own basic faith, the secret of his hold on the masses, despite many compromises on his part and disappointments on theirs. "The issue of this war," he said, "is . . . between those who believe in mankind and those who do not. . . . There have always been those who did not believe in the people, who attempted to block their forward movement across history, to force them back to servility and suffering and silence." Where in our own country are "servility and suffering and silence" most apparent? In the South of poll taxes, racial discrimination, the share-cropper system.

Politics and Logic. Logic says that Mr. Roosevelt, in order to defeat his party opponents, must destroy the conditions on which their power is based. This can be

done by abolishing the poll tax, intensifying the fight against racial discrimination, and enlarging the activities of the Farm Security Administration in order to turn more share-croppers, tenants, and farm laborers into independent farmers. Unfortunately, politics is not so simple as logic. In politics the straight line is rarely the shortest possible distance between two points. The President is hoping at one and the same time to defy the Southern oligarchy and to placate it.

Mr. Roosevelt is going ahead with social security despite the advice of the Southern oligarchs. At the same time he is hoping to irritate them as little as possible on other fronts. The White House has passed the word along to soft-pedal the fight against the poll tax. The Fair Employment Practices Committee and the fight against racial discrimination are being elbowed to one side. Changes in the Department of Agriculture have weakened the forces in favor of a vigorous Farm Security program. The inconsistency is not so bewildering as it looks on paper. Mr. Roosevelt feels strong enough to defeat the Southern oligarchy on social security, but not strong enough to make a successful frontal attack on the sources of that oligarchy's power. "Cotton Ed" Smith can hardly denounce old-age pensions and get away with it, but he can get up and rasp, "How'd you like your sister to marry a Negro?"

Appeaser? Thus during coming months the President will be carrying on a brave fight on one front and retreating on others. The answer is not to denounce Mr. Roosevelt as a domestic appeaser but to recognize that this is another of those cases in which progressives must lead the President if he is unwilling or unable to lead them. Mr. Roosevelt is a shrewd judge of political possibilities. No one can doubt where his sympathies lie, but obviously he feels this is a fight he cannot lead, though it is one in which he must ultimately join. The job of labor and the progressives is to build up enough understanding of these issues and enough public feeling on them to give the President the support he needs before he can act against the most powerful bloc in his party.

Dilemmas. The President's task is complicated by several dilemmas. One is that many Congressional progressives, particularly from the Middle West, are isolationist, while the Southern bloc is internationalist. Mr. Roosevelt needs these Southern votes if he is to help build any kind of world order after the war is over. This is not so paradoxical as it may seem, for internationalism and progressivism do not always go hand in hand. The

outlook of the Southern ruling class has been as broad as the world markets on which it depended for the sale of cotton and tobacco. It has been for a low tariff, and the low tariff implies a friendlier attitude toward the world outside. At home this point of view has tended to be "liberal" in the mid-Victorian and National Association of Manufacturers sense, that is, opposed to restrictions on the freedom of capital to exploit labor and resources. Secretary Hull's outlook is typical of this class. Though the aid of these Southerners may be necessary from the point of view of practical Congressional politics, an alliance with them looking toward some kind of world order is hazardous. For about all they really want is a world made secure for trade and capitalist exploitation.

Squeeze Play. Mr. Roosevelt's task is further complicated by Republican strategy, which is to split the Democratic Party. From all indications, the Republicans will press the poll-tax issue, making it difficult for the President to refuse his support to the fight against the poll tax and even more difficult for him to maintain his hold on Southern Democratic leaders. If the President remains the prisoner of the Southern Bourbons while the Republicans abolish the poll tax, his understandable attempt to "navigate" this difficult situation may end in failure. He may find that he has lost the support of both sides. In Mr. Roosevelt's favor is the fact that the Republicans have neither sufficient sincerity nor sufficient freedom—from the great industrial interests which operate North and South—to press the issue too hard. They will seek to press it just hard enough to put the President on the spot. They may end by pressing it hard enough and helping to stir up public opinion enough to make it politically possible for Mr. Roosevelt to step in and complete the job and take the credit. He always has been nimble.

Hara-Kiri. The big danger here is not so much what Congress may do to the New Deal but what the New Deal is doing to itself in fear of this new Congress. All down the line New Deal agencies are quietly beginning to commit hara-kiri as progressive instruments of government. Just as the President substituted a Brown for a Henderson, so New Dealers lower down are bringing in conservatives and getting rid of progressives in their own agencies in order to shelter themselves against Congressional inquiry, denunciation, or budget curtailment. Sometimes no actual changes in personnel are made, but one observes a subtle but unmistakable shift of power within the agencies from progressive subordinates to those that are middle-of-the-road or reactionary. The biggest danger spot is the OPA, where Brown has promised to keep staffs intact but is under pressure to replace New Dealers with political appointees susceptible to political pressure. This is the sure path to a disastrous inflation.

The Democratic National Committee would like to take over the OPA and the lush patronage a purge would

offer. The conservative *Washington Star*, in an inspired story looking toward a purge of the OPA, says "the Democratic Committee is prepared to pass along to Mr. Brown any recommendations which members of Congress may make." This bodes ill for price control. The *Star* makes an admission which throws an interesting light on the attacks made upon the OPA: "It will be extremely difficult," it says, "for the new price administrator to move too fast in firing and hiring. The men now handling the rationing and price jobs are almost the only people in the country who have had any experience at such tasks." Why, then, replace them with the inexperienced? And why not be a little more patient with the difficulties which are inevitably encountered in doing a new job?

Wickard and Dollar-a-Year Men. Don't be taken in by Secretary of Agriculture Wickard's bar against dollar-a-year men in his Food Administration. It is a good smoke screen to throw around the resignations of Donald E. Montgomery, consumers' counsel and Herbert W. Parisius as head of the Food Production Division of the Department of Agriculture. For many years the milk trust and the packers and the big processing interests have been dominant at the Department of Agriculture, and the prospects are that they will be a good deal stronger under Wickard as the present trend continues. The issue in agriculture is essentially the same as in industry: shall the war program be used to further the wiping out of small holdings, the conversion of small farmers into farm laborers? In agriculture as in industry maximum output is only obtainable by bringing the small operator fully into the war program, but that means providing him with capital and extra facilities. The Farm Security Administration is the proper mechanism for this job, and the FSA has been weakened by the resignation of Parisius. The FSA may be operated in the future as a means of moving the small farmer off the land. As the Secretary of Agriculture says in his annual report, the FSA can "help some small farmers find other employment and . . . regroup the released resources for better operation." That is the monopoly recipe in the field of food production. I have the deepest respect for the Vice-President's gentle humanity and wisdom, but I ask, What's the good of speeches about the century of the common man if we are to run the war program in a way that will deprive more and more common men of their independence?

Censorship. José Caudros, a Bolivian journalist who came to the United States recently at the invitation of the *New York Times*, was stopped at Miami on his way home. Clippings of articles in the *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, *PM*, the *New York Times*, and *The Nation* about the Bolivian affair were taken from him. I have been unable to find out whether this was done by censorship or customs officials.

Talk on Guadalcanal

BY IRA WOLFERT

WHEN an American puts on a uniform, he doesn't seem to change his politics. If the ballots had arrived in time, the men and boys doing the fighting on Guadalcanal would have voted just about as they would have back home. Their ideas on war aims were no clearer than the ideas of people here. The most sharply defined, most immediately stimulating war aims on Guadalcanal were those a man could level on through his gunsights.

War as we fight it is not, apparently, a political education. Nevertheless, our men are getting something out of it that could prove valuable in so political a matter as winning the peace. Whether it will actually prove valuable we shan't know for some time. But meanwhile we have an opportunity.

When I was on Guadalcanal in October and November, the fighting was rough, and it went deep into everybody who took part in it. The naval battles, too, were heavier and more costly, usually to the Japs, than any others in the history of the world, including Jutland. Standing up to it all was a cross-section of the able-bodied American male population—in the navy, the marines, and the army. They stood shoulder to shoulder, and over their heads, in battle. They fought with passion, quite often with almost lunatic passion or they would not have won. We are a rich country in all the materials of war, but we were not rich on Guadalcanal in October and November.

Nobody who came out of that fighting could be immediately the same again. In the majority of cases the change was an improvement. I have thought all my life that no good ever comes to a man from war, but I was wrong. I, for example, came out of the battles I saw feeling surer of myself and with a special kind of self-respect. That seemed to be true of practically all the men once the disorganizing impact was over and thoughts began to flow normally again. Each seemed to see his qualities as a member of the human race in a new light. Even the minds least capable of generalizing were startled into an awareness of what a remarkable thing a human being is and what powers he has for bearing up under the unbearable and doing the work he has to do.

When a man has this special kind of self-respect, it is a very real power in him. I can illustrate this by two conversations on the same subject, the first with men who had not yet been in battle, the second with men who were recovering from the exhaustion that hits men when the battle is over.

The subject was strikes among workers in war factories. The first time it came up was on a South Sea island near the one on which Eddie Rickenbacker convalesced from his ordeal on the raft. When Rickenbacker came out of that atmosphere, he delivered some stinging criticism of the workers back here. He would probably have felt the same way about the workers at home even if he had never been down there, but the atmosphere there made him want to blast away. The fellows on the island, none whom had had the shaking experience of battle, were working desperately for \$50 or so a month, and they were sore at the money the civilian workers were getting and especially sore at all strikes because they felt that anything that put off production of the weapons to win the war put off the time when they could get away from their various Devil's Islands and go home.

These fellows asked me aggressively why, in a total war which is supposed to involve the whole population, such strikes were allowed. I told them, and they didn't like my answer. I told them it was just because this was a total war. The military phase was only a part of it, just something to deploy us into position to win its last battle, the battle for a peace that will give the workingman a square shake. The fellows back home, the ones they were sore at, the ones who were unwilling to give up the rights they had won, were joining in both battles at once. They were helping to win the war by their production of war materials and helping to win the peace by trying to make a world into which the soldier would want to fit when he went home and took off his uniform.

These island garrisons of ours were getting their news of strikes and of the reactions of workmen to the war from the radio and occasional newspapers and magazines, and that *Life* article on Detroit had burned into them. I told them that, as \$50-a-month guys who were going to be out of work when the war was over, they ought to be for anything that would give the workingman a say in the running of a business. But they didn't take to that at all. In fact, they said, the hell with that; they were against anything that was going to keep them in uniform a minute longer than it would take to lick the Japs.

Then, two months later, the same subject came up on Guadalcanal, among the same kind of \$50-a-month guys who were going to be out of work when the war was over. This was a day or so after the greatest of the naval engagements, the one that spread out from November 11 to November 15. We had all had a really rugged time,

and our nerves were not yet altogether unbuttoned. A pipe-smoking colonel, a very nice, decent, and reasonable man who votes the Republican ticket for reasons which I don't think are exactly clear to himself, but who got out into the foxholes with his men and shot off a tommy gun with them and crawled on his belly with them to deliver hand grenades—well, he wondered out loud whether the defense workers would have insisted on a forty-hour week if they had been on Guadalcanal during the last four days and nights. There was an appreciative stir among the men around him, about a hundred of them, all of them his.

The colonel's remarks moved me to quite an oration. I told those fellows what I had seen in the Bethlehem plant in Hoboken shortly after the war broke out—big, gripping posters saying "Remember Pearl Harbor" and pencil writing under them saying "Remember Pearl White." And I told them why that was, that while the plant was using high-pressure advertising to steam the men up it was unable to give them more than three days' work a week. And I told them what I had told the other fellows—that the workers back home had the chance to fight both fights at once, the military fight and the fight for the peace, and the earnest ones were not backing down from either one.

The colonel took the pipe out of his mouth to argue with me. The men didn't argue. They listened. They listened to me much more intently than they did to the colonel. I seemed to be saying something they had known all along was true but had not found the words for, while the colonel seemed to be saying something that was in their past, that they had given lip service to but had never really believed.

"If everyone is well off," said one marine, while the whole crowd listened respectfully, "and sees a chance for himself in his life ahead, then he's not going to fight to grab something, but just to protect what he's got. And the big shots ain't gonna be able to sell a bill of goods. If they try, they'll have to fight their own wars." Somebody said something about a soapbox, but most of the fellows nodded in agreement. Even the colonel said yes, but then he added, "Everybody goes for that, but if there was a U. S. O. on Guadalcanal we'd all go for that too, wouldn't we?" With this emphasis on the unattainable, the sudden lift of the crowd disappeared and gave way to a vague restlessness.

It is a fact that the majority of men on the winning side of a battle come out of it better able not only to think through to what they want but to insist against their own fears on getting what they want. Our men know what they want—the four freedoms. If they were told in a way they could accept how these four freedoms could be obtained, they'd help. They'd become an active force in the war's decisive battle, the battle for the peace. But the time is now. The time for our war aims is right now

when this feeling of self-respect is strong in the men. It is a feeling that seems to dissipate rapidly in the world in which we live. Our men came out of the trenches with it in 1918, but by the time the boats got around to bringing them home they were ready for the American Legion.

There is a ferment of ideas in the world and in the army, too, but little to show for it in the army. An exception is the procedure of Colonel E. F. Carlson of the marines, who runs his battalion of raiders like a man convinced of the value and efficiency of the democratic process. He prepares his raiders for each action by telling them not only their assignments but all the reasons for them, why this has to be done first and that second, why the enemy mortars have to be hit and put out of action at 14:20 o'clock and the enemy machine-guns at 14:25. The men are not only allowed but encouraged to discuss and criticize the whole plan, their own assignments and the assignments of others. Carlson's raiders have been decorated as a battalion. They are considered one of the best battalions in our armed services. But their commander's methods have not spread. Perhaps Lieutenant-Colonel James Roosevelt, who has won considerable distinction as an officer and fighting man with Carlson's raiders and is now to form his own raider battalion, will spread the notion an inch farther.

But in any large view the opportunity to get soldiers to make the democratic process effective as a way of life is being wasted. The men on Guadalcanal have about the same political opinions as when they left home. Some of the fellows have been influenced by the intellectual and emotional attitudes of their officers, most of whom are typical of middle-class America, but in general they are just where they were when they left off reading the newspapers and going to the movies and getting their opinions from them. There was just as much potentially fascist thinking being expressed on Guadalcanal as anywhere in the United States. For a while there seemed to me to be more, but finally I realized my estimate had been influenced by emotion. Each instance of it had the shock for me of a hundred when I heard it on our side of the barricades, where we were fighting for the democratic idea.

When the men are in battle they ask themselves, "What the hell am I doing here?" It's a question a man can't help asking when he is sitting out somewhere 9,000 miles away from home with shells and bullets hunting for him. I didn't meet a man on Guadalcanal who hadn't asked himself that question at least once. It's a question, too, that a man ought to be able to answer, and in a way he can accept heartily. I heard many strange answers and some informed and intelligent ones. But the marines and the navy were the only ones who came up with an answer that met immediate acceptance from everybody. Those fellows hadn't been drafted.

And what they told themselves was, "I asked for it and I'm getting it."

This is not the men's fault, nor is it the fault of the war. The war is a good one. If it succeeds in establishing the democratic process as the world's way of life, it will not have to be fought over again. It is our fault that the men don't know what the shooting is all about, the fault of everybody—teachers, journalists, politicians—who tries to put the emotions that shape men's lives into forms they can understand and accept.

For the right emotions are there. Those fellows of ours are fighting. They are not running out or giving up. Our green troops fight better than Spain's green troops fought against Franco. I saw our green troops—army men who had never been under fire before—step off their ships on to Guadalcanal and find themselves the target for the most terrible bombardment Americans have yet faced in this war. Somewhere between 50,000 and 100,000 shells weighing up to one ton apiece were exploding among them. Veterans of the fighting in France in the last war told me the bombardment ex-

ceeded in intensity anything the Germans had poured on them. But our green troops did not run. They began to fight at once as doggedly as the Spaniards did when they finally settled down at Madrid. I think it happened that way because they are solidier, better-integrated men and have been made so by the democratic process—what there has been of it in their lives. Every green man there—unable, as green troops are, to suspend the imagination, stop looking for the shell with his number on it and wait to see if it will find him—had to fall back on something inside himself to keep him at his job. He found it, waiting inside him to be used.

If somebody will show him now, while the emotion is still there near the surface, how to use it to help win the peace, then he'll help win it. But as it is, nobody shows him anything in a way that he can accept, and he goes on thinking only that he is fighting for his life against exploding steel. He hates fascism in much the way he hates to get up in the morning and loves democracy as if it were something he had been told at home he ought to love.

White Book on Blackmail

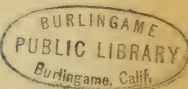
BY ROBERT BENDINER

IN MAKING public its own version of how war came, the American State Department has performed a valuable service. Cautious laymen need no longer withhold judgment on the ground that those responsible for our diplomacy know things that we can't know and that pending their revelations they must be given the benefit of the doubt. In a field as crucial as foreign policy is today that blind trust has already been carried dangerously far, considering the issues at stake. With the publication of "Peace and War," eventually to be issued as a "White Book," the official story has been told. It is for the country to decide whether or not the characters in that story have acted wisely and whether they are equal to the job that lies ahead.

Perhaps the most striking aspect of "Peace and War" is that it adds nothing important to what was already known. There is a sprinkling of new items, such as the endeavor of the Japanese a few months before Pearl Harbor to induce President Roosevelt to meet with Prime Minister Konoye aboard a Japanese warship, but by and large the report is a recitation of the facts as we have known them, supplemented by carefully selected bits of diplomatic dispatches and appropriate quotations from speeches and conversations. Disappointment awaits those who expected that when the State Department finally lifted the veil of secrecy we should really know why Spain was sacrificed to fascism, why General de Gaulle

has been the "untouchable" of American diplomacy, or why we felt called upon to give Italy the oil it needed to crush the Ethiopians. The omissions in "Peace and War" are painfully obtrusive. Here is a book carrying the subtitle "United States Foreign Policy, 1931-1941." In the entire document, running to 50,000 words, the Spanish Civil War receives three unilluminating paragraphs. The Free French fare even worse with a single paragraph to the effect that they existed, established a delegation in Washington, and received a certain amount of lend-lease aid. The affair of St. Pierre and Miquelon is completely ignored.

More important than the omissions are what appears to be the double purpose of the report and the contradictions which this duality imposes. The State Department attempts in its apologia to answer two opposing types of criticism: one which is isolationist and holds the Administration guilty of a will toward war; and another which is interventionist and holds the department responsible for inexcusable delay, inertia, and a will toward appeasement. The result of trying to meet attack from both directions is a curious exercise in ambiguity which faithfully reflects the formless policy we have been pursuing. Equally a reflection of the State Department's nature is the fact that a vastly greater effort is made in this document to placate the isolationists than to satisfy the interventionists.



It is not too much to say, in fact, that "Peace and War" is the department's earnest attempt to convince American isolationists that it was their policy which was tried. This seems to me both accurate and worth having in the record. What is more, the evidence as amassed by the department is impressive.

The most ardent isolationist must be convinced after studying the document that, far from dragging the country into war, the Roosevelt Administration held with incredible persistence to the hope that by placating the aggressors, by rejecting every attempt at collective action or economic sanctions, war could be prevented. In response to public pressure for the adoption of a collective-security policy, Secretary Hull, according to the report, declared in the fall of 1936 "that we could not accept that responsibility, which carried with it direct participation in the political relations with the whole world." One year later, in connection with contemplated action by the League of Nations to curb Japanese aggression in China, "the Secretary said that the United States had been approached on several occasions by other governments with suggestions for joint action; that while the United States believed in and wished to practice cooperation it was not prepared to take part in joint action, though it would consider the possibility of taking parallel action." Similarly when Mussolini attacked Ethiopia in 1935, Hull sent word to our representatives in Geneva that "he considered it advisable for the League to understand that definite measures had already been taken by the United States in accordance with our own limitations and policies . . . and that we desired to follow our course independently." Our course did not include invoking the vital oil sanctions against Italy any more than our "parallel action" in the case of Japan involved an embargo until much too late in the day.

In the spring of 1939, after the Nazis had seized Prague as a culminating gesture of contempt for the democracies, Secretary Hull could still say that "the United States hoped for a fair negotiated peace before rather than after the 'senseless arbitrament of war'; that the United States was prepared to make its contribution to world peace" via the conference table with Adolf Hitler.

No, in all fairness to the State Department, it cannot be said with a shred of honesty that this country was pushed into war by way of "entangling alliances."

But what answer does the department make to its interventionist critics? It says merely that it was not deceived, that it knew the ambitions of the Axis states from the very start. As early as 1935 George S. Messersmith, our Minister to Austria, reported "that the Nazis had their eyes on Memel, Alsace-Lorraine, and the eastern frontier; that they nourished just as strongly the hope to get the Ukraine . . . that Austria was a definite objective; and that absorption or hegemony over the whole of Southeastern Europe was a definite policy." Messers-

smith and Dodd warned the department, says the document, "that what the Nazis were after was 'unlimited territorial expansion' and that there was probably in existence a German-Japanese understanding, if not an alliance." Similarly, Breckinridge Long is credited with having warned from Rome that "any estimate of future possibilities must be based on one of two alternatives: first, that sufficient force would be applied to stop Italy's adventure [in Ethiopia] . . . or second, that Italy would be successful in attaining its objectives," in which case "there would be nothing but trouble in the future." And Ambassador Grew is said to have sent a dispatch from Tokyo as early as 1934 advising our policy makers that "things were being constantly said and written in Japan to the effect that Japan's destiny was to subjugate and rule the world. He said that the aim of certain elements in the army and navy, the patriotic societies, and the intense nationalists throughout the country was 'to obtain trade control and eventually predominant political influence in China, the Philippines, the Straits Settlements, Siam and the Dutch East Indies, the Maritime Provinces and Vladivostok.' . . . We would be 'reprehensibly somnolent,' Ambassador Grew warned, if we were to trust to the security of treaty restraints or international comity to safeguard our own interests."

Despite all this advance notice, the department fairly boasts, we refrained from taking action, either economic or political, that might have served to weaken the Axis powers or in any way check their advance. We did not use the "force" suggested by Long, nor did we take any steps to head off the Japanese. In fact it was Long himself who cautioned against oil sanctions against Mussolini, when the crisis came, just as it was Grew who opposed an embargo against Japan.

Adding confusion to paradox, the same document which reports all this advance knowledge—which in fact assures us that the President and Mr. Hull "early became convinced that the aggressive policies of the Axis powers were directed toward an ultimate attack on the United States"—also reports Hull as saying in April, 1939, that "he could not believe that any nation had entered irrevocably upon the road to war."

What "Peace and War" adds up to is that our policy makers expected each aggressive step taken by the Axis but rejected any approach other than verbal censure; that they hoped on each occasion that the succeeding step could be averted by this treatment and were invariably deceived; that they thought it all worth while, nevertheless, for the sake of preventing a world conflict, and that in the end, "despite" all their efforts, the world was plunged into war. As an unwilling witness against the doctrine of isolationism, the State Department has given valuable testimony. May it be taken to heart by those who already dream of again making the ostrich our national emblem after the war.

Pigeonhole for Negro Equality

BY JAMES A. WECHSLER

Washington, January 15

THE Administration's effort to combat racial discrimination in war employment has reached a sudden, explosive crisis. The blow-up is the direct result of Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt's order "indefinitely postponing" the Fair Employment Practices Committee's exposure of the anti-Negro coalition on the railroads—the coalition of rail management and "lily-white" unions to drive Negroes from present jobs and bar them from future ones. Public hearings at which the full story was to be told were scheduled to begin on January 25. Preparations had been announced as far back as last October; the move had been widely heralded in the Negro press and by Negro labor leaders, A. Philip Randolph describing it as a "showdown test" of the FEPC's power to put Jim Crow out of business. On January 11 McNutt formally called off the show. He promised that "other ways" would be found to secure "maximum utilization" of labor on the railroads. He didn't say how. One committee member commented privately, "They've been trying the other ways since the Civil War."

McNutt's action has obviously paved the way for the FEPC's collapse—either through the abrupt resignation of its members or the slow deterioration of its prestige among minority groups. But the story behind the ban provokes much bigger questions than the fate of the committee, which might conceivably be replaced by another agency. In the minds of informed officials here the crackdown on the FEPC has stirred inescapable suspicion that the "Negro issue" is to be pigeonholed—as if it could be for any length of time. Belief that McNutt's order is part of a deliberate retreat by the Administration has been publicly voiced by Negro leaders. This view is being communicated to the Negro people. Walter White, head of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, has openly charged that Marvin McIntyre, a Southerner and White House secretary, is "making the Administration's decisions" on the handling of the fight against discrimination; and that the decision is to stop fighting.

There are unmistakable signs that suppression of the railroad hearings is not an isolated administrative blunder committed by McNutt. I know that McNutt has privately told other officials he was acting at the direction of the White House, and was ready to "take the rap" for his chief. It is obviously unlikely, moreover, that the Manpower Commissioner would have made so contro-

versial a decision without consulting anyone except members of the Indiana Alumni Association.

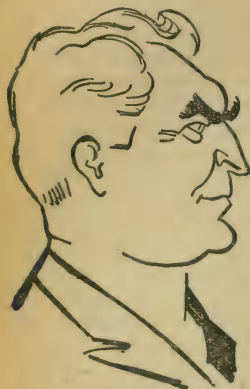
The consequences of his action will be vast—perhaps more serious than some Administration officials want to believe. McNutt's intervention in the railroad case threatens to overshadow the authentic progress made under the Roosevelt Administration toward giving the Negro—and other minorities—a better break at the employment offices. It will give the Axis radio plenty to say about our democratic pretensions. It directly affects war production, where full employment of Negroes is desperately needed. And it is a cruel slap in the faces of Negro Americans, whose devotion to the democratic cause has been so severely tried already.

The full impact of McNutt's action can be seen only in terms of the FEPC's background and the circumstances under which it has operated. On June 25, 1941, President Roosevelt issued his celebrated Executive Order 8802 declaring it to be official United States policy "to encourage full participation in the national-defense program by all citizens of the United States, regardless of race, color, creed, or national origin." The order directed that all contracts between the government and private firms should embody an anti-discrimination pledge. The Fair Employment Practices Committee was set up to act as an enforcement agency. The committee included representatives of the public—Mark Ethridge, a Southern publisher, was its first chairman—of the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O., of Negroes, and of industry.

To American Negroes Executive Order 8802 was a sort of minor Emancipation Proclamation. It was more than a pious thought; the order established concrete machinery as well as a firm moral foundation for carrying on the struggle against discrimination. To an equal degree, of course, the order aroused the hostility and hysteria of the white-supremacy fanatics in Congress and elsewhere. They have never been willing to concede that when a Negro asks equal employment rights he is not "propositioning" the boss's sister; the FEPC inevitably became the target of attack in all the best lily-white circles. But it went to work with impressive sobriety and a clear awareness of the potentialities of the situation. In retrospect one might say that the FEPC's chief defects were the product of timidity.

After holding public hearings the committee published findings of discrimination in many areas and issued "cease-and-desist" directives. Last April 12, for example, it exposed discriminatory practices in ten key

manufacturing plants in the Chicago and Milwaukee areas. It hit both employers and unions. There is no way to estimate conclusively the effectiveness of these reports and directives. Functioning with a meager staff and limited funds, the committee could not undertake to



Paul V. McNutt

police as well as to probe. If defiance of its orders was extensive, no showdown ever took place. Reports indicate that, whatever its limitations, the FEPC's exposures were sufficient in many important cases to alter long-established hiring policies. Its activities helped to create a climate of opinion in which employers felt a growing guilt about their traditional prejudices—in so far as they affected war

work. This was the essential beginning from which greatly improved practices might develop.

After Pearl Harbor speculation arose immediately as to whether the Administration would continue its frontal attack on discrimination or yield to pleas for "unity"—on Jim Crow terms. The FEPC was continued. Government officials from President Roosevelt down uttered repeated pleas to employers to break down racial barriers on the assembly lines. As the scope of the war effort became apparent, it was equally clear that the need for maintaining the anti-discrimination drive had grown rather than diminished.

Yet the FEPC faced mounting resistance. Representative Rankin and other noted Negro-baiters took the floor of the House to decry its activities. Throughout the first year of its life the committee operated on a budget of \$80,000. Then, last July, the President announced that the FEPC, which had been an independent agency directly responsible to him, was being merged with the War Manpower Commission. This step aroused widespread fear that the agency was slated for slow death; it was pointed out that its funds would be subjected to Congressional approval, that its acts would be submerged in the larger politics of the Manpower Commission. After months of negotiation, however, McNutt granted what appeared to be virtually autonomous status to the FEPC. He also promised to help obtain an increase in its budget. I have no reason to believe that McNutt was not earnest in these commitments. But other things were taking shape.

For one thing, the State Department, it is reliably reported, took exception to hearings which the committee was planning with regard to discrimination against Mexican laborers in Texas. The hearings did not occur. A high navy official suggested to the FEPC that hearings scheduled for the Detroit area would hamper navy "morale-building" plans. (I understand that this protest has been withdrawn since the current row broke out.) The Railroad Brotherhoods joined the railway magnates in behind-the-scenes pressure to stop the FEPC investigation. Governor Dixon of Alabama defied FEPC mandates in that state and virtually seceded from the Democratic Party. Most important, however, were the Congressional elections, the ensuing gloom in Administration circles, and increased White House dependency upon the whims of the Southern Democrats. McNutt is expected to go before Congress soon to ask for more money for the United States Employment Service and fewer restrictions on its personnel. Questions will inevitably be asked about the FEPC.

The developments cited were encouraging to those within the Administration who wanted to suspend all efforts against discrimination and who regarded Mrs. Roosevelt as an incorrigible idealist. At the same time, however, the FEPC was staying in business and appeared on the verge of obtaining an increased appropriation. It had hired Henry Epstein, former Solicitor General of New York, to conduct the long-advertised railroad hearings. Epstein and his staff had collected their evidence. And in a larger sense the FEPC, despite its inadequacies, was becoming a court of appeals and a hope for Negroes who found employment gates slammed in their faces. It needed more men and more money, but its mere existence was a symbol of the President's plans for a new deal for the Negro. The problem still remained enormous: a recent survey in relatively enlightened New York City showed that Negroes, who form 6.1 per cent of the population, formed 26 per cent of the unemployed.

Now even the symbol of progress and hope is slipping away.

Can we afford to "buy off" the Southern Democrats at the expense of the Negroes and other minorities? Can we afford it in the face of the man-power demands of the production program and the crucial challenges of psychological warfare? To put it bluntly, the hopes of Negroes have been raised, and their disillusionment now will be far more disastrous than if the President had never shown a willingness to wage this battle. There are delicate balances which must be achieved in pushing the campaign against discrimination; the FEPC was fully sensitive to them. But now, swiftly, the President must act to silence the doubts and despair which will envelop the Negro population. The FEPC must be kept alive. Its right to function freely must be reasserted. There is not much time to retrieve the ground already lost.

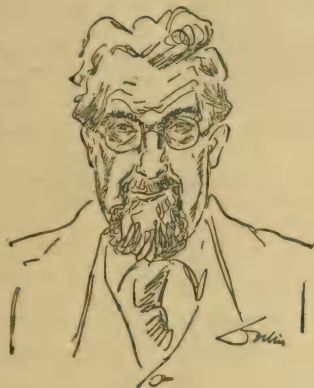
Carlo Tresca

BY JOHN DOS PASSOS

CARLO TRESCA was born in 1879 in Sulmona in the Abruzzi. Sulmona was an ancient stone town set in a bowl-shaped, well-watered valley in the midst of the highest mountains of the range that forms the Italian peninsula's backbone. It was a town of cobbled streets and old churches and large irregular squares that filled up on market days with peasants and their carts and booths and jingling donkeys. Traditions reached far back into the Roman past. The main street was named after Ovid, who was born there. There was an aqueduct with pointed arches. Many of the thick-walled houses of squared stone had been built in the fourteen hundreds. The portals of the churches were ornamented with stone carving of the early Renaissance. In the first part of the nineteenth century Sulmona had been a prosperous center of many small industries. Hats were made there and violin strings and textiles. There were many tanneries. The surrounding country was rich in wine, olives, grains; sheep grazed on the grassy slopes, and in the oak woods in the mountains pigs were herded.

Carlo was the sixth child of a well-to-do family. They say that in later life he very much resembled his father, Don Filippo. His mother, Donna Filomena, came of a family of doctors, lawyers, and professional people much respected in the locality. Carlo grew up in a period when the town's prosperity was ebbing. Imported factory-made goods had put the handicraft industries out of business. Sulmona had become a railroad junction with roundhouses and repair shops and had a considerable population of railroad workers. Don Filippo's holdings of farming land had got tangled up in some unfortunate investments, and the family was coming down in the world.

Class lines were immensely rigid in the old Italian towns. The better people wore black broadcloth and starched collars and cuffs and scorned manual labor and everybody connected with it. Two of his elder brothers had managed to continue their studies in medicine and the law, but there was an effervescence about Carlo that kept him from fitting into the strict patterns of bourgeois life. He took to associating with the



Carlo Tresca

peasants and railroad workers. He was even seen eating and drinking with them in wineshops and taverns. He began to identify his life and their lives. He read Marx and Kropotkin. To his family he remained the favorite black sheep, somewhat indulgently nicknamed *il scapestrato*, the scatterbrain.

The social and economic organization of Italy was still semi-feudal. The liberation of the country from the Bourbons had not brought the freedom the patriots of the early part of the century had dreamed of. All over Europe workmen were boiling with the ideas of the Paris Commune. In Italy the Bourbons

had gone, but the church remained, blocking the way to progress. A certain explosive and direct logic was inborn in the peoples of Latin speech, and they had never lost their early Christian faith in the millennium. Direct action would bring about the revolution which would set workmen free to take over the good things of the world. Carlo became a Socialist agitator and secretary of the new Railroad Workers' Union, and began to publish a paper called *I Germi* (the *Seeds*), the seeds of revolution.

Impulsive, warm-hearted, with a taste for food and wine and flowers and everything that was lively in men and women, with the special aptitude for leadership of a man born to be looked up to, and with the best type of cold, shrewd Italian brains, he early became a danger to the established order. After a number of clashes with the authorities he had to run off to Switzerland to escape being clapped into jail. He was twenty-four years old.

Immigration to America was at the flood. It was natural that Carlo should be carried west with the great tide of his countrymen. He found himself in America still in Italy, but in an Italy set down in the middle of an unfamiliar exciting society. The immigrant was at the bottom of the heap, but he always had before him the hope of breaking through into prosperity by himself, instead of having to wait for the revolution. Meanwhile there was the struggle for labor organization, for better conditions on the job. Carlo Tresca, with his ready sympathy for anybody in trouble, with his passionate hatred of restraints on himself or anybody else, with his taste for danger, found himself a leader of his people in the class

war. It was a time of bloody strikes, mass-meetings, long-fought engagements in the courts. Careless of money or security, he became a leader of guerrilla forces.

In fighting that war Carlo Tresca learned a great deal about the United States. He never really learned to speak English, but in a way he became an American. He even came to see some of the advantages of the illogical law-abiding, law-twisting procedures of our peculiar type of political evolution. During the last ten years, in his last great fight against the Fascists and Communists, he became in the best sense of the word a conservative. His

last campaigns were all aimed at protecting the Italian population he loved against a new influx of brutal European logic. The great European revolution had turned into a gang war on an immense scale.

Against the gang leaders trying to organize the Italians of America for the destruction of our form of government and of our existence as a nation, Carlo Tresca kept up a subtle and ruthless war. Like most good generals his defense was attack. One day last week he fell into an ambush and was killed. I think it can be truly said that he died in defense of America.

Russia and the West

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

II

RUSSIA as a national state must find its security after the war, in common with other nations, in some broad scheme of mutual security in which it will deservedly share hegemony with Britain, the United States, and China. But this same Russia maintains an international revolutionary party which ostensibly believes in the march of history toward a world revolution that will solve all internal and international problems upon the basis of worldwide communism. Russia as a nation is forced to work out its salvation within historical complexities which defy all utopian dreams of world redemption. Russia as the fatherland of international communism is a threat to all the nations with which it must ally itself. How is this contradiction to be resolved?

To complicate the matter still further, the international Communist Party, though ostensibly devoted to the cause of world revolution, has increasingly become an instrument of the foreign policy of the Russian state. Through such use it has been discredited in most of the Western countries. There is a class struggle in every one of these nations, and it will probably become a more desperate struggle after the war. But the class structure is more complex than Communist theory envisages. The failure of Marxism to gauge its complexity and to understand the position in it of the agrarians and the lower middle classes was indeed a contributory cause of the rise of fascism. The Communist Party is no longer an effective instrument in the class struggle, not only because its dogmas only partially fit the social complexities of the Western world but also because its special relation to Russia tempts it to subordinate the necessities of the struggle in each nation to Russia's foreign policy.

Since the leaders of the Russian state are not likely to continue to desire revolution in the nations with which Russia is allied, and since in any event there is little

prospect of a revolution on the Russian pattern in those nations, however great the class tensions may become after the war, one would imagine that the liquidation of the Communist Party would be the inevitable strategy of the Russian leaders, who have already proved their willingness to bow to the "logic of facts" and revealed their primary interest in the security of the Russian state. Why do they not follow this policy? Is maintenance of the Communist Party merely a gesture of devotion to the faith of their youth, now discredited by the logic of history? Or does the Russian leadership maintain the party because it regards it as an effective instrument of Russian power in the international tensions which will inevitably appear in even the most favorably balanced world order? If both motives dictate the present Russian policy, the second is unquestionably dominant. The use of the party machine for agitation in favor of a "second front" clearly indicates the primary interest of the Russian leadership.

The question remains whether the Communist Party is in reality an effective instrument of Russian policy and whether it is one which nations allied with Russia can afford to tolerate. In answering that question a sharp distinction must be made between the forms taken by Russian policy on the continent of Europe, in China, and in the two great Anglo-Saxon nations.

In both China and continental Europe the Communist Party has greater potential strength and is a more serviceable instrument of Russian policy than in Britain or America. It is not likely that communism will prevail in China after the war. But on the other hand the Russians may fear that a united and powerful China will demand the withdrawal of Russia from Mongolia, and they may want to maintain the party for whatever bargaining power it may give them.

We do not know to what degree communism has been discredited in either Germany or France by the tortuous

foreign policy which the party had to follow or to what degree the prestige of communism in Europe will be increased by the ultimate triumph of Russian arms. But it is obvious that communism is still a living creed in large parts of Europe, and there is good reason to believe that it may become a rallying point for elements opposing any efforts to stabilize Europe along traditional lines. The conflict in Yugoslavia between the Chetniks and the Communist-supported partisans is a case in point. American foreign policy, with its dubious flirtation with Vichy and its even more revealing quasi-recognition of the Hapsburgs, is obviously pondering some general plan to prevent the bolshevization of Europe by furthering its domestic reconstruction upon the basis of Catholic loyalties, slightly refurbished dynastic politics, and the use of sobered but hardly regenerate military leaders. Against such a plan Russia is naturally maintaining all its instruments of power. And since the Communist Party in this situation can not only serve Russian policy but strengthen the efforts of the common people to ward off a retrogressive solution of the social problem, it can be a very effective instrument for Russia. Thus the efforts of the American State Department to prevent the spread of communism on the Continent are likely rather to have the opposite effect.

It is significant, however, that Britain is not a wholehearted party to the ridiculous politics of our State Department. It is obviously disquieted by developments in North Africa. While its impatience with certain aspects of Washington diplomacy is not due solely to its special relations with Russia, it is a fact that these relations are more intimate than the bond between Russia and ourselves and are bound to become even closer. A symbol of the difference is that the isolationists in America still hope that somehow or other Germany and Russia will destroy each other, while the chief British isolationist of yesteryear, Lord Beaverbrook, has become the primary champion of continued collaboration with Russia.

Anglo-Russian collaboration after the war is bound to be intimate because the two nations will need each other in the stabilization of Europe whatever the framework of international relations. The British are still quite uncertain about our continued partnership after the war. They cannot be sure that we shall not try once more to disavow the responsibilities of our power, or at least to reach a mean between isolationism and interventionism that will satisfy both these impulses in our population. The British are much more certain of Russia as a partner than of us. Even in the event of our collaboration they would require Russia as a counterweight against our superior power. I do not suggest that the world can or ought to be organized again in terms of a precarious balance of power. I suggest merely that the strength of opposing forces is bound to be considered in even the most ideally conceived world organization, just as it is

in domestic politics. It may be added that though a radical revolution is hardly likely in Britain, there is every indication that domestic politics there will have more affinities with Russian collectivism than with the very probable efforts of post-war America to throw off the political restraints which have been placed upon industry and to make one more adventure in laissez faire.

Whatever the differences between British and American politics, it is clear that the Communist Party cannot usefully serve social revolution or Russian policy in either of the English-speaking nations. It is too obviously a tool of the Russian state. Nations resent nothing quite so much as the manipulation of domestic political forces by a foreign power. The loyalty of the Communist Party to Russia has become particularly odious among us because it must always hide its loyalty behind pretended devotion to some mythical international working class. The inconsistencies of Russian foreign policy, understandable when viewed purely as parts of the policy of a state seeking to maintain a precarious security in an unstable world, become ridiculous when defended as furthering the welfare of an international proletariat.

The continuance of the Communist Party will actually be an embarrassment to good relations between us and Russia for the simple reason that international policies which would be mutually beneficial to both nations will be rejected by our reactionaries on the ground that Communist advocacy of them proves them to be beneficial only to Russia. We have a suspicion that the Russians will mistakenly regard the maintenance of the party as more necessary among us than in Britain. The ties of common interest between us and Russia will be less strong than the ties between Russia and Britain; the friction will be greater. But that is all the more reason why the irrelevances of Communist Party politics should not be allowed to aggravate the friction.

The Russians can hardly be expected to know the Western world well enough to understand this hazard to mutual relations. That is why in a post-war settlement we may have to demand something analogous to the banishment of the Jesuits in the Peace of Westphalia. That banishment was not completely successful, and our efforts may not completely succeed either. Even if Stalin should liquidate the Communist Party in the Anglo-Saxon world, he is certainly not powerful enough to liquidate orthodox communism as the creed of a minority of intellectuals and workers. If he cuts it adrift, it will probably revert to its purer, more international, and more apocalyptic form. It will in short become Trotskyite. It will be fatuous rather than dangerous. At least it will not embarrass, by its support, the only possible settlement of world problems, a settlement in which Russia as a nation must be allied with the other powerful nations in the hegemony of a world organization.

[The first part of this article appeared last week.]

The Red Army Hits Its Stride

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

TWICE the Red Army has rolled back the Wehrmacht as it stood on the verge of success. But this winter's Russian victories are different from last year's in having strategic as well as tactical importance; they contain the threat of continued offensives more dangerous than any Germany has faced in the war.

On November 19 the initiative passed into Soviet hands with startling suddenness when Red Army units pushed against both bases of the Stalingrad salient in an attempt to encircle the attacking Germans. The move was definitely a surprise to the Nazis, and until their reserves slowed down its early impetus, the drive inflicted heavy casualties and made large gains. But though it rendered the German position much more critical, it did not entirely succeed as an encircling move.

A few days later action opened on the central front, in the Rzhev-Vyazma-Velikie Luki triangle, where the Russians had long enjoyed superiority in force but had been unable during the summer months to make a genuine break-through. The objective of this drive was to cut off German communications by land with the troops besieging Leningrad and thus to help in raising the siege and at the same time endanger the German troops north of the Russian offensive line. German resistance in this area proved extremely strong, though the capture of Velikie Luki, one of the strong German fortresses, and the partial encirclement of Rzhev represented definite tactical gains. They might also mean that an answer had been found to the Germans' "hedgehog" defense, which had been singularly successful in guarding important outposts in 1942. However, the large number of fortified strong points remaining in German control in the immediate vicinity and the distance a successful thrust would have to cover indicated that this Red Army offensive could not constitute an immediate major threat.

Far more important was the offensive launched south of Voronezh along the middle Don on December 16. To all appearances the Germans were again unprepared, and two break-throughs were scored, as they later admitted in their communiqués, one along a front of more than fifty miles. Both spearheads advanced southward at a rapid rate, inflicting extremely heavy casualties and capturing or by-passing several German fortified points.

It is quite possible that this march south through the Don valley, led by General Nikolai Vatutin, may prove the most important single maneuver of the war. It offered a twofold threat. Moving south, the Russians passed to the rear of the partially surrounded Axis divisions at

Stalingrad, and on January 1 a Soviet communiqué stated that the army of the middle Don had made a junction with a Soviet spearhead which had renewed the advance southwest of Stalingrad, thus isolating forces estimated to consist of twenty-two divisions of German and Rumanian troops and drawing a band of steel across their only line of retreat. In early January the Red armies started to constrict the German pocket.

The second purpose served by the push down the middle Don was greater though less immediate than the sealing of the Stalingrad salient. After their initial progress had been slowed by strong resistance, the Russian columns again gathered momentum, and at the moment of writing they are reported to be less than sixty miles from Rostov. The opening of a fourth and inexplicably strong Russian offensive in the North Caucasus in late December and the advance of spearheads southwest from Stalingrad to flank the German Caucasus conquests increase the danger to the whole German position in southeastern Russia. The strongly fortified and well-equipped key points upon which German defenses rested last year have not proved serious obstacles in the south. The size of their forces in this area, their steady loss of ground, the insufficiency of the exit across the Kerch Peninsula, and the narrowing corridor north of Rostov are factors which the Germans can scarcely afford to disregard. Their position is becoming militarily untenable.

The entire winter campaign is a high tribute to the Soviet High Command, especially to Vatutin, who has been the most successful among the field commanders. For the first time in the war the Red Army chiefs appear to have out-thought and out-maneuvered their opponents. Victories this year are not primarily the result of cold weather; the comparatively mild winter seems to have conferred its greatest benefits on the Russians. While no more land has been regained than was recovered last winter, the areas taken have been far more important, and the offensive is still young. The continued blows in many widely separated regions suggest that the Russians have retained their numerical superiority and have also considerable industrial strength left. Improvement in leadership and tactics has been marked. In rapidity of movement the Red Army now rivals the Wehrmacht. It has found the offensive punch which it formerly lacked.

But Russian strength is not the whole story. German lines of communication are long and hard to maintain. The North African campaign has probably diverted few troops, but it has drawn off some of the dwindling

strength of the Luftwaffe. Rising plane production in the Allied countries, plus bombing for which the Germans are unable to retaliate effectively, is taking away from Hitler the ability to maintain aerial superiority in Russia or anywhere else. The long eastern campaign has caused a severe drain on his man-power with no let-up in sight, and the reserve divisions which he had hoped to rest during the winter have had to be thrown in to avert disaster.

The Russian front has always been the hardest one to interpret, and several mysteries in the current situation have not yet been satisfactorily cleared up. The first concerns the German situation at Stalingrad. According to orthodox military ideas the 300,000 Axis troops there are slated for destruction. Yet last winter smaller garrisons occupying strong positions were surrounded and nevertheless maintained themselves until spring. Supply was one of the headaches of the German officers before Stalingrad even in the early fall, and it seems highly unlikely that an entire winter's supplies could have been accumulated. Yet nothing in recent communiqués has suggested frantic efforts to break out of a closing trap. Another interesting question is whether General Vatutin's Don armies, with enemy troops to the east, west, and south, are themselves safe from being encircled in turn. The German retreat in the northern Caucasus, where Soviet forces have long been weak, is hard to account for unless it was necessitated by threats elsewhere.

Though reports from Sweden have generally been unreliable, a fairly plausible explanation of the riddle of southern Russia recently appeared from that source. It was to the effect that a break occurred between Hitler and the General Staff when Hitler demanded a continuance of the fruitless attempts to take Stalingrad and reversed the decision of the army chiefs to withdraw to an easily defended winter line. The yes man, Zeitzler, tried to carry out Hitler's program, failed, and is now undertaking, under much more difficult conditions, the retreat to prepared positions planned for earlier in the season. This explanation, if true, may help to account for the large number of prisoners taken and their indifferent morale. It may also solve the mystery of the behavior of the German armies before Stalingrad and the rather surprising way in which they have been outgeneraled and outmaneuvered. It may well be that Hitler is again replacing his veteran generals with yes men whom he trusts to carry out his intuitions.

All these things point toward eventual defeat of the Axis, but it must be remembered that territorial gains in Russia do not alone mean an early end of the European phase of the war. In case of necessity the German armies could retreat for hundreds of miles over scorched earth before being compelled to defend their homeland, and the Nazis will not give up before they are thoroughly whipped.

Russian victories are of vital interest to the United Nations from still another standpoint. They have delayed the necessity for an immediate opening of a second front, thus allowing time for further preparation and also for recovery from the renewed U-boat campaign, which, though it has not received much attention, is again cutting heavily into our shipping. But on this score we can, perhaps, comfort ourselves with the knowledge that Hitler's submarine successes are purchased at the cost of losses elsewhere, notably in the air. As he faces steadily increasing threats from many directions, his own powers are dwindling. Any move like the reinforcement of Tunisia is paid for by defeats elsewhere. Time is no longer fighting for the Axis.

In the Wind

BOAKE CARTER'S recently sworn allegiance to an "old Hebraic faith" has had considerable effect on his newspaper column. In a recent article which asks that the war be called the War of Expiation he says: "It may well be that Stalin is indeed another Cyrus, as reported in this dispatch recently, raised up by God to assist the Anglo-Saxon Celtic-Judaic people, as once before in man's history."

AN ORDER to reduce by a quarter of an inch the size of the wire clips that hold paper matches together will save, according to WPB figures, 200,000 pounds of steel a year.

FROM the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*: "Meadville's District Number 2 [draft] board has been ordered to send ninety-eight men and five Negroes on November 4."

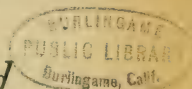
THE SIX LEADING trade unionists in Jamaica, B. W. I., have been imprisoned by the government for allegedly undermining morale.

A NEW YORK news letter, the *Rubicon*, has this to say about a proposed Italian-American good-will mission to North Africa: "Certainly, no appointment should be made of persons who have been militant anti-Fascists."

GEORGE SPIES, INC., a leading manufacturer of school jewelry, recently made this patriotic appeal to high-school principals: "A large proportion of our plant and personnel has been turned over to the war effort, and we need all the school jewelry business we can handle to help finance our war work."

IN THIS COLUMN for January 9 it was announced that Max Eastman would explain Ely Culbertson's plan for post-war organization in the March issue of *Reader's Digest*. Mr. Culbertson himself has written an article about his plan for the February issue of that magazine.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]



As Simple as That

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

FOR nearly four months now this section has been hammering away at certain specific points. We have considered them important enough to return to again and again. The points are these:

1. Hitler and his Axis accomplices will try everything before giving up.
2. Should he be obliged, for the moment, to renounce conquest by offensive, Hitler will intrench himself in "Fortress Europe," the stronghold fabricated out of the territories occupied or still to be occupied, and will try to win the war by way of peace maneuvers, cultivating disunity among the Allies and persuading them that an invasion of Europe would cost untold millions of men only to plunge them thereafter into bolshevism and chaos.
3. To disregard the fact that the defeat of the Axis still requires all our strength, to believe that morale can be sustained by cheap optimism and headlines screeching victory, is to do exactly the opposite of what the character and dimensions of this war demand. If it takes months to conquer Tunisia and Bizerte, the task will not be easier when it comes to storming the Brenner Pass.
4. When we gamble on dissension inside Germany we turn this war into a kind of Belmont track. Betting on the Reichswehr horse against the party's—on the generals against Hitler—is sheer waste of time. It is equally fruitless to trust to the diplomacy of appeasement to win over to the Allied cause the Francos who go about shrouded in a fiction of non-belligerence. In spite of the "Iberian bloc," in spite of assurances apparently given to Allied ambassadors, Franco in the end will march with Hitler.
5. The peoples of the United Nations have taken to heart the statements of their leaders—the Atlantic Charter, the four freedoms, the "century of the common man"—and they will not easily permit the reaction to present them with a world order no better than the one which produced two wars in the space of twenty-five years.
6. At the first sign of military success—hardly had the American troops landed in North Africa and hardly had the Russian advance made itself felt—reaction threw off its mask, discarded in an hour all pretense that this was a war for democracy, and prepared in every way to make good its own victory at the moment when hostilities should cease.

It is on these six points that we have tried to concentrate the attention of our readers. Whether the subject was political strategy in Latin America or Asia, whether it was a Darlanist or a Hapsburg maneuver, whether it was a speech of Hitler's or the anti-British and anti-American excesses of Radio Falange, writers of different nationalities have agreed on the essentials. This agreement is itself proof of the universal character of the present war. It is also proof that the name given to this section was no caprice, that this war is in large measure a political war, and that it is in this field, more than in the military or economic fields, that the United Nations still find themselves in a precarious position.

In every war—and in this one perhaps most of all—the thing that matters most is to know where one really stands, and to recognize what are the strong and the weak points on the enemy side and on one's own side. On the side of the United Nations the one weak point, and perhaps the only possibility of defeat, lies in the lack of a leadership capable of reaping the full benefit from the advantage that the Allies' superiority in material resources, in man-power, and above all in war aims gives them. With all his strength and stubbornness, with his ten years' head start in preparation, with Fortress Europe armed to the farthest corner, with the Francos and Lavalis all on his side, Hitler still cannot escape defeat if the democracies eventually decide to wage the only kind of war that can inflame the enthusiasm of free men.

Up to now there has been little evidence that things are looked at this way in those quarters where the conduct of the war is planned and executed. Instead of emphasizing the idea of a people's war as the struggle progresses, the people, their desires, and their reactions have more and more been shoved aside. More and more the war is being looked upon as purely a job for the generals, and the peace as an object on which the future "authorities of the United Nations," now being turned out in series on the assembly lines at certain American universities, will demonstrate their superior sagacity. The result is already to be seen. For every step forward in the military sphere we have moved two steps backward politically, and this procession has in turn reacted unfavorably on the military operations.

A growing irritation and mistrust is weakening the common front of the forces aligned against the Axis. It doesn't help much that identity of feelings and purposes is exalted in official messages and telegraphic greetings

exchanged on birthdays between chiefs of states. The facts speak for themselves with all the weight of their undisputed existence. When a magazine like *Time* runs a leading article entitled "Disunited Nations," when the British Prime Minister has to call a secret meeting to tell the House of Commons what he thinks of the political deal in North Africa, when only last week the British censor considered it necessary to prevent certain editorials in London papers from being cabled over here, when in his remarkable dispatch from London in the *New York Herald Tribune* on January 13 Geoffrey Parsons, Jr., says that our foreign policy "is under question by our allies as it has not been for many years," when one hears on all sides the urgent need for "committees of the United Nations"—then the offices of Elmer Davis and of the British Ministry of Information are put to a pretty severe test. And such differences of opinion are no less great between others of the nations of the Allied coalition. In the face of all this it seems hardly necessary to produce further proof of the lack of political leadership on the side of the democracies.

It is this lack of leadership that is responsible for a situation which, if it continues, will hamper the military effort and delay victory, if it does not compromise the outcome of the war. Moreover, it may create such antagonism between the Allies that when the war is over there will be no common purpose upon which to build the international organization that alone can make impossible a Third World War.

It has already led to a sad state of confusion. Listening to commentators on the radio or in the press this past week, one could hardly avoid the impression that the real enemy in North Africa was the Fighting French, who placed so many difficulties in the way of an agreement with the former Vichy collaborationists. For some of us this is no new experience. At more than one meeting of the Council of the League of Nations I had to contend with gentlemen for whom the real aggressor in the Spanish war was not Germany or Italy, which by invading Spain had torn up the League Covenant, but the Republican government which dared to burden the Council with its troubles.

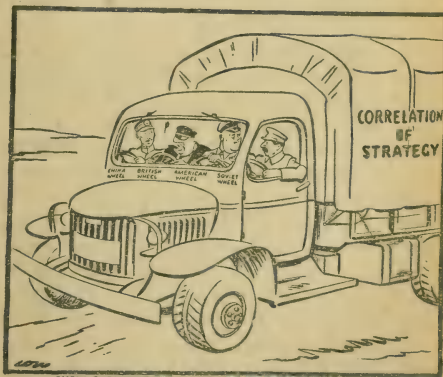
The same thing is happening again. And the danger is that Americans of good faith—the others, the appeasers, know well enough what is going on and what they themselves are up to—will be completely at a loss. The danger is that they will put the blame for what is happening, not on the lack of a straight political line for the conduct of the war, but on the peoples of Europe, of Asia, of Latin America—those irresponsible who don't appreciate the sacrifices that the United States and other great powers are making to save them from a Hitler victory. Most of all, the danger is that they may come to believe that there is only one set of alternatives: either to impose the American point of view, or if pos-

sible the Anglo-American point of view, by an action combining relief to the distressed countries with a paternal but strong hand that would put an end to so-called "factional rivalries," or, once the security of the Western Hemisphere is obtained by military defeat of the Axis, to give the whole thing up and go back to the isolationism of the last twenty years.

No, we are not confined to such a calamitous choice. There is a much more rational alternative. Wage this war as a war of the people for a democratic victory and for a democratic peace. Fight for democracy without being afraid of the democratic world that will come in the end even if we must go through a painful period of disorder and revolution.

To take this position it is really only necessary to remember one thing, a thing that seems to have been forgotten lately: that this war was started by fascism, and that the real point of issue between the two sides is fascism as against anti-fascism. For this war to make sense it must be a war of democracy against fascism, allowing for no possibility of an alliance between fascists and anti-fascists, or of regarding semi-fascists as friends and true anti-fascists as undesirable.

Just by remembering that this is a war between fascism and anti-fascism it will become clear why in North Africa the French anti-fascists don't want to collaborate with ex-Vichy fascists; why Austrian democrats can't cotton to the idea of restoring an Otto von Hapsburg who, though undoubtedly not a fascist himself, is not likely to take a stand against the clerical reaction through which the little Metternichs of our time hope to neutralize the effects of Russian victory. It will become clear why Latin American leaders insist that if the invasion of Europe would start with Spain and restore the Spanish Republic, the Allies could count on the whole-hearted support of Latin America. It will become clear why Lin Yutang, in the last issue, denounced the men "associated with the London Non-Intervention Committee and with the Munich era." And it will become clear that years of



fascist crimes have created a problem that must be contemplated with courage and imagination; and that a fundamental revolutionary process is under way which must go on to its bitter end and which cannot be cured by canned milk and vitamins, seasoned with a dash of democracy.

Just by remembering that this is a war between fascism and anti-fascism people will discover what is at the root of the evil in the present crisis of the United Nations and what is the way out. No complicated or tortuous interpretations are needed. Fascism against anti-fascism. It's as simple as that.

Anti-Semitism: Norway

BY HAAKON LIE

Secretary, Executive Board of the Trade Unions of Norway

IN THE minds of my people the attack on our Jewish compatriots is the cruelest thing that ever happened in our country. For Norwegians it has always been a matter of course that all people had the right to enjoy the freedom we so jealously guarded. We never had a race problem. That is why the Quisling attempt to create a problem met with such instant protest, and why the atrocities which followed have provoked the deepest feelings of bitterness, hatred, and sorrow.

As long as the Nazis still hoped to conciliate us, they paid heed to the protests and forbade the local Quislings to proceed with their plans. But when they understood that Norwegians refused to take part in the "New Order," an open fight broke out, and the Jews, as always, became the chief scapegoats.

From the time Quisling was made Minister President in February, 1942, things went worse for the Jews. A new decree was issued which denied them the right to remain in Norway. We didn't take this too seriously because we didn't see how it could be carried out. But soon we learned. Quisling, wishing to give his regime the semblance of legality, called a National Assembly to which were invited representatives of the various industrial and commercial organizations, among them the Nazi-controlled trade unions. The plan failed completely because the workers resigned in a body. This action, organized by our underground leadership, was a high spot in our movement of resistance. The prestige of the Germans received a serious blow, and they now had to find other ways and other agents.

Shortly after this affair an incident occurred near the Swedish border. A Norwegian who was helping two Jews escape shot a Quisling border policeman. This was used as a pretext for a systematic attack directed against the whole Jewish population. A decree ordering the confiscation of all property belonging to Jews was followed by an order to arrest all Jewish men and boys

over fifteen years of age. Eight hundred were sent to concentration camps, and Jewish families were robbed of their clothing, their jewelry, even their wedding rings. The climax was reached on November 26, when 1,000 Jewish men, women, and children were herded aboard a 9,000-ton ship bound for Poland. These Norwegians will never again see their homeland.

Try as they would, the people of Oslo were unable to stop the deportation of their countrymen. Crowds gathered at the barriers of the pier—the police had to block off the whole district. The police showed their sympathy, but they could not disobey orders.

Norwegian church organizations and Norwegians individually have protested against these horrors. But anyone who signs a letter or a declaration does so at the risk of his freedom, if not of his life. More than one Norwegian has in this way signed his own death sentence. The Nazi terror, however, only renews our will to fight. "A people conquered but not vanquished is the victor."

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

THE title of the American "White Book," "Peace and War," reminds me of Tolstoy, and so do its contents. As proof that America was guiltless of causing the war the volume is completely successful; as a record of accomplishment it is rather depressing. Public opinion here sensed that fact, and the book's appearance had few reverberations.

It was a real surprise to hear its echoes resounding in Germany as if they would never end. When I say "in Germany" I mean within Germany itself. Material sent from Germany to foreign countries, by wire or wireless, included very little about the "White Book." Nor was it more than touched on in the news served up to the occupied regions. The German people, however, were treated to an overwhelming bombardment of comments. Certainly German newspaper readers and radio listeners read and heard ten times as much about it as Americans.

The drumfire began promptly on the day of publication in Washington and continued for a whole week. Editorials appeared in serial form; column-long quotations from Italian, Japanese, and all kinds of Quisling newspapers gave samples of "world opinion." M. Laval, an undisputed expert in world politics, was dragged on the scene. Countless neutrals, including a Portuguese so-called "historian," were mobilized. Documents were dug up in refutation, allegedly from the archives of the conquered nations. On the third day the German newspapers in a body dedicated their front pages to the subject. At the press conferences in the Wilhelmstrasse the well-known government spokesman Dr. Schmidt discussed it

Non-Intervention

"If the political and social institutions of this country undergo change or modification in future years it will be the work of Spaniards within Spain, not of the United States or of Spanish émigrés.—
From a speech by Ambassador Hayes in Madrid on January 15, 1943.

four times. And morning, noon, and night, variations on the theme came over the radio.

It is interesting to observe the technique used in a dictatorship for putting across a campaign of this sort. Never once were any passages quoted from the "White Book." Disproof, unmasking, revilements poured out in a cataract, but not the most rudimentary abstract of the contents was given. The only concrete fact communicated to the public was that the United States tried to place the blame for the war on the Axis.

The Goebbels argument was developed along three main lines. First, the "White Book" was presented as evidence of growing difficulties within the United States and between the Allies. "The hand of the Jewish master-criminal Roosevelt can be clearly traced in it. The real reason for its issuance at this time was the meeting of the new Congress." The attention of Congress was to be diverted from the Administration's failures and the necessity of new sacrifices. Or, as Schmidt of the Wilhelmstrasse expressed it, "Economic difficulties and the draft have created so much unrest in America that Roosevelt had to issue the 'White Book' to try to overcome it." The American reader of Ambassador Grew's recent book will be astonished to learn that the "Report from Tokyo" also necessitated the publication of the "White Book." There was "great popular indignation" in the United States because the President had "refused to act upon Ambassador Grew's reports and adopt a policy of appeasement toward Japan." The mood of the English people was cited as another reason for the fabrication. "Britain begins to realize that Roosevelt's megalomaniac policy embraces the destruction of the British Empire."

Secondly, the "White Book" was called a "monstrous forgery," "the most shameless diplomatic document ever published." "The diplomats who concocted it and whose reports are reproduced in it are well-known crooks. The character of the documents is especially well illustrated by the author of one—Mr. Douglas Miller, the former commercial attaché who wrote 'You Can't Do Business with Hitler.' This is the swindler Miller." He was usually found engaged in "criminal not diplomatic transactions," was often "under investigation by the Berlin police, and was obliged to leave his post in great haste."

Thirdly, it was charged that the "White Book" itself provided incontestable proof that Roosevelt, not Hitler, was responsible for the war. "The document is the most

severe bill of indictment ever brought against Roosevelt." "Every page presents proof of American guilt." It "clearly demonstrates that as far back as 1937 Roosevelt had decided to drive Europe into war and in the ensuing turmoil set up a Jewish empire." It "historically confirms for all time that Franklin D. Roosevelt was guilty of launching the Second World War to an even greater degree than his friend Churchill."

As I said above, such a voluminous reaction from Berlin was a complete surprise. The Nazi leadership was under no apparent compulsion to make such an uproar, for the Allies would have found it technically impossible to pump many details from the book into the German people; 144 pages of compact diplomatic reports are not easily popularized in short radio broadcasts suitable for furtive listeners. There seemed to be no necessity for Goebbels to "refute" and "unmask" so extensively. We should have expected rather that he would content himself with a few belittling remarks.

If he departed from his usual custom he must have believed he had good reason to do so. It looks as if the Germans were increasingly occupied with a question on which their morale greatly depends. It is not the most important question for them; that, of course, is will they win the war. But the more doubtful they feel about this question the more urgently the second presses for an answer: Was the war really necessary? The Nazi leadership seems to feel that the people are reverting to this question more and more frequently. Hence its excessive reaction to an event which might ever so slightly nourish the people's doubts. Under other conditions the "White Book" might well have been ignored; it seemed necessary at this time to try to smother it under an avalanche of counter-propaganda.

Nazi "Socialism"

FROM the Bulletin of the International Federation of Trade Unions we get this interesting illustration of the workings of industrial National Socialism. Wage ceilings in Germany are so low that it is only by means of individual increase of production that workers are able to meet the rising cost of living. But the "joker" here is that as soon as a whole group succeeds in increasing its output the scale of the contract is lowered on the ground of "technical improvements." Of course the employer gets state aid—he often receives advances on government orders up to 50 per cent of their value. In one of the largest and best-known building companies funds thus obtained exceed the amount of its own capital. With such aid it is not to be wondered that the great armament concerns are accumulating enormous reserves. The "Gute Hoffnung" mining combine has increased its capital out of its own means from 80,000,000 to 104,000,000 marks. The Rochling-Buderus steel works has trebled its stock capital out of dormant reserves. This firm is, to be sure, very close to the government. The owner is Herr Rochling, a member of the Reich's Munitions Council.

File and Remember

[Each week on this page we shall print items, short and long, taken from the British press or, less frequently, from that of other countries.]

Fear of Betrayal

WE ARE not alone in feeling an uneasy curiosity about the recent mission of the American envoy, Mr. Myron Taylor, to the Vatican. The propertied conservative class in America, terrified lest communism or socialism should play a part in the creation of the new Europe, tends to look on clerical fascism as the most hopeful alternative. That is why it smiled on Darlan, on Franco, and now on Otto Hapsburg.

No irreparable harm has yet been done, though in France as among ourselves the fear of a betrayal is undermining the confidence of youth in the men, on both sides of the Atlantic, who lead us. While the Americans reproach us, with only too much justice, about freedom in India, we have our own grounds for doubting them. We are glad that our own government has treated the Fighting French fairly by placing them, under General Le Gentilhomme, in charge of Madagascar. . . . General de Gaulle, because he was the first soldier of distinction who refused in the hour of collapse to despair, has become the symbol of resistance. There is always a danger in accepting any soldier, even in war time, as a political leader. The merit of General de Gaulle in our eyes is that he is acting with this underground movement (socialist, radical, and democratic-Catholic), in which we see the hope of the future.—*New Statesman and Nation* (London).

On Power Politics

National power politics carried on by the traditional ruling classes of the traditional Continental countries—it is a most fascinating spectacle to see these rising like a phoenix out of the ashes of the "New Order." If the process becomes more marked, as it probably will, it will provide many tempting opportunities to political warfare—and many dangers to the building of a stable peace. We have no reason to discourage developments which may contribute to a speedier collapse of our enemies. But we have still less reason to encourage them to anything like the point of even the slightest commitment. We certainly have no ill-will against any European nation—or class—as such. But we can never sacrifice the interests of those who stood by us in our dark hours and suffered in our cause to those who tried to run with the hares and hunt with the hounds.—*The Observer*.

"No Negotiations in Progress"

In the House of Commons yesterday a Labor member asked Mr. Eden "whether the government in consultation with the United States and the U. S. S. R. is preparing a common program of post-war economic cooperation so as to carry into effect the objects of the Atlantic Charter, the lease-lend agreement, and the Anglo-Russian agreement."

Mr. Eden replied, "Although no negotiations are at pres-

ent in progress, the British government has every intention of working with these and other nations toward such a common program."

The situation, therefore, is that the governments have still to come to brass tacks. "Contacts," "talks," and "intentions" must not be confused with negotiations. The planning of post-war reconstruction is still in a tentative stage. Those of us who hoped that a rapid advance had begun must realize that, so far, the governments are proceeding at a slow march. Nor is it yet certain that they are all in step.

Cannot the pace be quickened? How long, we wonder, will preliminary contacts and conversations go on? How soon will long-distance diplomacy give place to decisive conferences? How soon will the round table, rather than the ocean cable, become the means of communication? . . .

We urge the government to examine with critical eyes the machinery by which the preliminaries are being conducted. We urge it to seek methods of speeding up that machinery. . . . If we stumble into the next peace as blindly as we stumbled into the last one, the consequences of our negligence will dwarf even the present catastrophe.—*Daily Herald*.

Open City?

I suspect that most of the arguments we hear for and against bombing Rome have, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, nothing to do with the case.

There are people who look on Rome as holy ground, not because it has been made sacred by the blood of martyrs, but because of the political influence it can wield among reactionary elements in Europe who may be ready to do a Darlan on the Axis. They are looking to the clerical fascism Darlan represented to establish the political guaranties that a "liberated" Europe is not a socialist Europe.—*Reynolds' News*.

Controlled Enterprise

Mr. Morrison [in his first public address since he became a member of the War Cabinet] was clear that much of the social control of production made necessary by the war will need to be continued into the peace, if the high purposes which the nation has set before it are to be attained. Control must not operate to stifle the essential spirit of initiative, enterprise, and adventure. As Mr. Morrison said, no natural reason exists why control should be a cramping, limiting thing. Properly exercised, it should be stimulating and enlarging. He reminded his hearers that enterprise does not need to be private in order to be enterprise. In this century, with its inevitable tendency toward centralized organization, private management has often resulted in restriction, in a slowing down of activity, and in consequent unemployment, while many of the most remarkable examples of enterprise have been public. Mr. Morrison instanced the electric grid in this country, the great constructive work of the Tennessee Valley Authority in the United States, and engineering and industrial achievements in Russia. Russian needs and conditions are very different from ours; but it cannot be without significance that so much vigor and imagination and spirit of adventure should have proved not incompatible with public control.—*The Times* (London).

BOOKS and the ARTS

A Modern Socrates

LET THE PEOPLE KNOW. By Norman Angell. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

THE pages of contemporary criminal fiction are sometimes brightened by a device known as the "lie-detector." This mechanical instrument is never quite convincing. Completely convincing, however, both in the precision of its aim, the sensitivity of its recording, and the unsparring honesty of its operation, is the sociological lie-detector by now perfected by Norman Angell. His method is that of Socrates, as of every great teacher: carefully, patiently, candidly he extracts and assembles the questions that bother the plain man. Stating them fairly, he draws out their often unconscious emotional associations. Then he subjects them to an analysis as vigorous as it is frank. Names vanish; things emerge. A mass of confused particulars is finally assembled into a significant pattern.

His new book is, I think, the most successful and the most useful example he has given us of the application of this method. Its title aptly indicates its purpose: let the people know what it is all about, this war in which their present and their future are involved. Let them, above all let the boys who are perhaps to die and certainly to endure long and hideous hardships, understand why this horror is upon us again after twenty-five years of fears and fumbings, so that we see what we must do, to prevent its rhythmic recurrence. The "quality of the public mind, the quality of the common people's political judgment," is the vital factor in the shaping of our society. If it is confused and divided, no blueprint will save us. "The present miseries of the world are not due to lack of 'book-learning,' but to lack of better understanding of the great commonplaces of human association."

It is therefore to these "great commonplaces" that the lively and eminently readable pages of this book are mainly devoted. Its text—a text central to democracy—can best be stated in the author's own words: it is that "the right of each to life must be defended collectively or it cannot be defended at all; that if we will not defend the rights of others against violence, we shall be unable to defend our own and will ourselves become the victims of that violence." War came because we failed to see this in time, allowed violence to destroy its victims one by one. Peace will not endure unless we act on conviction. At present it is blurred for the average mind; issues, often rooted in ignorance, constantly and skillfully exploited by the enemy, confuse and divide it and conceal its vital outline. It is Norman Angell's primary task to clear away the confusion and heal the division by lifting into the light and faithfully exploring a series of questions, constantly felt but less often fully discussed—awkward questions, heavy with unconscious feeling, about British imperialism, Russian communism, India, the "old school tie," the New Deal. This task he performs with the skill of a great surgeon. Thus he clears away a mass of dead

tissue he has found surrounding the current view of the British Empire by clearly expounding the Statute of Westminster of 1931, and showing how the statute carried to its final stage, so far as the dominions are concerned, a process of transfer of full responsibility—the same process which is approaching fruition in India and being prepared for in the colonies by steps appropriate to their various levels of development. Talk of British "ownership" is today absurd and wholly unreal: the various parts of the Commonwealth have achieved through friendly discussion the freedom the United States had to win by fighting. To loosen such a free association of peoples would not only be to play the dictators' game for them; it would be to undermine the principle on which alone we can build a stable world of growing freedom. Slowly and painfully social science has brought us to realize that the isolated and self-sufficient individual cannot exist. The same is true of nations. Safety, freedom, growth depend on a cooperation that allows scope for difference. To maintain and extend such cooperation between Britain and the United States is the main object of this honest, faithful, and stimulating book.

MARY AGNES HAMILTON

Artists in a Society

ENGLISH PAINTERS: HOGARTH TO CONSTABLE.

By Andrew C. Ritchie. Johns Hopkins Press. \$2.25.

ENGLISH painting charms by its paradoxes: by the spectacle of a general tradition of minor and mediocre effort giving birth to three masters and several schools of great and even revolutionary stature; by a continuity of aesthetic servility that extends, on human and social grounds, an appeal as irresistible as that offered by any modern nation. Roger Fry went so far as to declare that its limitations were due to "what amounts to a congenital optical deficiency," and no observer can remain unaware that his own vision, applied to British painters, is obstructed by everything from the social and personal distractions of an era of good taste like the eighteenth century to the suffocating anecdotalism of the Victorians. Yet these discouragements provide the integrity of the genuine talent with great and dramatic antecedent advantages: thus the luster that attaches to Hogarth, Bonington, Constable, Blake, and the Norwich school; thus the wit and independence that absolve the limitations of Romney, Cotman, Brown, Rowlandson, and the satirists; thus also, alas, the weight that drags at the powers of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner and wholly sinks most men even a shade less talented than these in the bogs of fashion, academicism, political melodrama, moral utilitarianism. The steadily recurring taste that led a nation to its periodic triumphs in line drawing, handicraft, folk art, cabinet-making, and architecture operated at the feeblest possible level in pictorial art, obviously because this medium was the one most amenable to the ethical obsessions of the English, to the uses of bourgeois flattery in portraits and

subject-pieces, to the hunger for imperial exoticism and the discreet removal of human terrors, passions, violence, and abomination to the confines of those enormous frames of glaring goldleaf which now represent the only money value in the galleries of the Victorian potentates. English painting is usually literary but it is seldom poetic. It offers the compromises, utility, and embarrassments of prose.

Its history, as apart from the consideration of its isolated geniuses, cannot be written without the reinforcement of the conditions in society, thought, and literature that explain its successes in satire, illustration, and characterization. But where the chauvinistic scholarship of earlier days justified English painters by these facts, recent criticism has reversed that procedure—which was fundamentally the procedure even of Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites—by setting the English product against its Continental rivals, accepting the initial sacrifice entailed by that contrast, and rescuing the surviving talents on sanely judicial grounds. Or it has frankly accepted the secondary status of the art, and by relating painting to moral, literary, and utilitarian motives, produced a series of the most valuable cultural studies we have had in recent years of the extra-aesthetic role occupied by painting as an underprivileged servant of social progress—invariably the least considerate of its masters. Fry, Wilenski, Binyon, Read, and Roger Hinks have led the first of these activities; the second has produced such valuable studies as Elizabeth Manwaring's "Italian Landscape in Eighteenth Century England," Christopher Hussey's "The Picturesque," John Steegman's "The Rule of Taste," and Kenneth Clark's "The Gothic Revival."

Mr. Ritchie's book—lectures given at Johns Hopkins—is not to be compared with these in length, detail, or documentation, being a slighter sketch on the order of C. B. Tinker's "Painter and Poet." It starts by disavowing a defensive position on its subject and by hoping to show that the mercantile and industrial prosperity which enslaved the average English painter after 1688 also accounts for the creative individualism whereby "Hogarth, Blake, and Constable foreshadow the determined independence of a Cézanne and Picasso." His chapters on Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Blake, and Turner and Constable say many good things: about the difference between moralism and satire in Hogarth, about Reynolds's compromises and the deadly dishonesty they have fostered ever since at the Royal Academy, about the contrast between Turner's reckless eclecticism and Constable's heroic tenacity of purpose, about how Blake extended the resources of painting by the "inevitable struggle with material means of representation which all great artists, and none less than Picasso in our own day, have experienced in a search for a more complete externalization of their visions." All this points to the fundamental significance of a monument like English art and to the modern import of that "Wordsworth-like 'speech of common men,'" the "English individualistic current in all its satirical, mystical, and naturalistic variety," that he seizes on for the redemption of his painters. But it would take more social and literary annotation than Mr. Ritchie gives, and also a more consistent aesthetic analysis, to show the full scope of this phenomenon and its value to the interpretation of painting in the last hundred years. The implicit problem is one now oppressively apparent in Ameri-

can art, in its new era of social and nationalistic prowess. The situation once present in Italy, Holland, France, and England has passed to the United States, and if Mr. Ritchie does little more than sketch it, he does that modestly and so may lead his readers to the kinds of study I have recommended above, which have become an urgent necessity among the promoters of our own pride, ambition, and general confusion in art.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

The Mussolini Myth

BALCONY EMPIRE: FASCIST ITALY AT WAR. By Reynolds and Eleanor Packard. Oxford University Press. \$3.

THE authors of this book, husband and wife, correspondents for the United Press, took the place, in 1939, of another correspondent in Rome who had been expelled for sending out the rumor that Mussolini was sick. The Packards never did anything to merit expulsion. They lived in Rome in an artificial world of Fascist politicians and newspapermen and foreign correspondents, most of whom were affiliated with the Fascist propaganda machine. This was the worst possible vantage-point for anyone wishing to understand the real conditions and the state of mind of the Italian people. But the Packards were not interested in anything of this sort. They were reporters engrossed in gathering and getting out "good news" ahead of other journalists. They had no time to go back to past events or to get in touch with those Italians who do not live in Rome and who, fortunately for their intellectual and moral health, have nothing to do with newspapermen.

No wonder, therefore, that the Packards are persuaded that "history" will "certainly" divide Mussolini's dictatorship into two parts. The first part ran from the end of 1922 to the end of 1934 and "was marked by his collaboration with the democratic powers of Europe, including France and England." During these years Mussolini "did carry out a social program that was good"—"child and maternity welfare, social security for workers, housing and reclamation schemes, general improvement of sanitation, water-power projects, and agrarian reforms of all kinds." The second part began in 1934 when Mussolini planned the war with Ethiopia. "From then on he became a menace to world peace. He dropped his domestic reforms and concentrated on building up a war machine for conquest."

Had the Packards gone a little farther in their investigation they would have learned that from 1925 to 1934, no less than in the following years, Mussolini was in constant conflict with France; that he became a menace to world peace from 1934 onward, not because he became naughty just in 1934, but because Hitler had come to power in Germany and therefore Mussolini was at last in a position to join hands with somebody who could effectively challenge the rest of Europe; that Mussolini carried on the war in Ethiopia in 1935 and 1936 with the full consent of the French government and thanks to the underhanded connivance of the British government; that his intervention in Spain from 1936 to 1939 was accomplished in accordance with the British Foreign Office; and that, therefore, it is

not true that he became a menace to world peace solely when he began to disagree with the "democratic powers."

As for Mussolini's domestic reforms, they had either been enacted by the pre-Fascist regime, or were paper reforms and window dressing, or were bound to be enacted by anyone who was in power in Italy, since no government could have squandered billions of yearly revenue without doing some good in some sphere even if a great deal of evil was being done in all other spheres. Anyhow, let us thank heaven for the fact that the Packards do not relash again the trains which run on time or the beggars that are no longer to be seen in the streets.

On the day that the news got about that Mussolini was going to declare war on the United States of America the Italian employees of the United Press "were standing around looking forlorn and lost." The headwaiter of the restaurant the Packards frequented told them: "It is terrible. It is the end of everything for Italy." "He wore the party badge himself," they continue, "yet he talked about the Fascists as though he were no part of them." At the end of the meal he offered them a bottle of champagne as "a sort of farewell present" and said, "May you return soon." When they paid the salaries of their employees, "many turned their heads away as they shook hands with us; they were embarrassed at the tears that welled in their eyes." The book swarms with evidence of kindness and friendship on the part of humble folk. But the Packards were not taken in. "Just how far could such friendliness be trusted? Certainly these people were risking their positions, even their careers to be so friendly with us. Were they thinking ahead, thinking of the day when Americans would return to Italy? No other people can be so sincerely friendly and yet make such effective use of friendliness as a means to an end." If the two Packards had spent more time with Italian peasants, fishermen, and housewives, and less with newspapermen, Italian and non-Italian, they would have drunk the champagne of the headwaiter with less suspicion.

The chapters devoted to the Ethiopian War, the Spanish War, the Greek War, and the conditions of the Italian armed forces are worth reading. The last subject in particular is handled with keen intelligence and on a basis of diligent and correct information. Had the actual state of the Italian navy, air force, and army been made known to the public outside Italy, Mussolini's bluffs would not have been as successful as they were, and many evils would have been prevented. But it took a World War to make the foreign correspondents lift some veils from the face of truth.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

Jefferson, Citizen

JEFFERSON HIMSELF. Edited by Bernard Mayo. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.

AS THE young lady who went through Monticello ahead of me said to her mother, "Why, they never told me in school that he was an architect!" Very likely not. Though Jefferson and his house have now reached the fame required to adorn a nickel, the man's versatility and genius have remained almost secret among his compatriots. No doubt this

is an indirect sign of his continued power as a living influence: a man can still be a Jeffersonian, and it is therefore necessary to down him, usually with the remark that Jefferson never foresaw the Industrial Revolution.

In Mr. Mayo's attractively printed and illustrated volume the American reader will have a chance to discover one of his most distinguished and lovable fellow-citizens. Made up almost wholly of extracts from Jefferson's diaries, letters, and public papers, this book is at once a personal narrative, a history, and a work of philosophy. The skill and tact that have gone into making it deserve our best thanks. At times, indeed, the tact almost overshoots the mark: Jefferson's love for Mrs. Cosway was certainly such as to need no hushed introduction; and since Mr. Mayo very properly modernized spelling and punctuation, one wonders why he prints, in his own portions of the text, "Maison Quarée at Nismes." But these are trifles. The sounder objection that one may have to snippets from great works is here overcome by the total number given, the range of subjects they deal with, the adequacy of the brief remarks introducing each group, and—on practical grounds—the impossibility of giving the public more at a first sitting. Let us hope, however, that the plan, already thirty years old, of bringing out the important writings of our great Presidents in large single volumes may be revived as the result of this present publication. As I recall, only a Washington was issued. We could do with a Jefferson, not to mention a Hamilton and a Wilson.

JACQUES BARZUN

The Army of the Soviets

THE RED ARMY. By Michael Berchin and Eliahu Ben-Horin. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

IT IS impossible to write a really good book about the Red Army. The necessary materials are not accessible, even to high-ranking Soviet citizens. It is not surprising, therefore, that Messrs. Berchin and Ben-Horin, who are not versed in military matters anyway, have not been able to set down more than the usual collection of informational bric-a-brac. Yet the reader having even the slightest acquaintance with military life will find this book only a hazy sketch of the hard-fighting, disciplined force that astonished Hitler.

In dealing with the Red Army's relations with Soviet society as a whole, the authors are much more successful. Every army, in greater or less degree, expresses the political principles and characteristics of the society from which it is raised. If this seems to be truer of the Soviet army than of the British or American, it is because we are accustomed to our type of society and because the Soviet Union is a country in stormy transition. The successive appointments and dismissals of the entire corps of political commissars, for instance, indicate that the Russian leaders have not been, until recently, sure to what extent the contemporary political atmosphere would prove breathable to a mass army in heavy exertion. The November abolition of commissars, wrongly represented by some as evidence of a political struggle between the officers and the Communist Party, was, in reality, the consequence of the Red Army's exhibition of sound morale. Only for one brief moment and on one sector did

Russian orders of the day report retreating soldiers throwing away their arms; and that was at the very height of the German onslaught. Since that now distant month in 1941 there has not been the least sign of weakness.

Nevertheless, if the Red Army's morale must be declared sound, that is not to say that its political temper is identical with that which prevailed in the time of Lenin and Trotsky. Messrs. Berchin and Ben-Horin, who do not follow the party line but who show no bitter prejudice against the Soviet regime and its party, point to two reasons for the change. Once the Red Army was really red and not merely "beautiful," ■ Duranty would translate the Russian word. "But with the development of the civil war and the increase in numbers of the armed forces, the Soviet composition and the psychological make-up of the Red Army underwent a radical transformation." That is perfectly understandable. Similar transformations occurred within the Spanish Republican army during the civil war.

The authors have another explanation of the change, the conventional one now in vogue with almost every writer on the Soviet Union. When the Kremlin rulers became convinced that the world revolution was not likely to get under way for a while, they "decided that the Soviet state had to intrench itself for the time being, and, accordingly, shaped the Red Army to be the defender of the state and of the regime. The revolutionary phrases remained, but the international spirit gave way, step by step, to the spirit of nationalism." This thesis, about the only proposition which is asserted by both Kremlin diplomats and the Trotskyist opposition, seems far too simple to this reviewer, particularly when the question is raised in its military aspect. Nevertheless, the authors' discussion is extremely interesting. And since the future of the world depends upon what course the Kremlin takes, the present book is valuable enough for the help it gives on these points.

RALPH BATES

Shakespeare Today

SHAKESPEARE AND THE NATURE OF MAN. By Theodore Spencer. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

THEODORE SPENCER has undertaken one of the most difficult of critical jobs: to present a unified and consistent picture of the Shakespearean world. If he has not entirely succeeded, it is at least partly due to the disorder and uncertainty of our thinking about Shakespeare. For there is scarcely any Shakespearean criticism these days, in the way of contemporary reevaluation. Nor do we have a precise *idea* of him, ■ we do of practically every other large figure. The fact is that he is no longer a part of our literary imagination; hence we do not feel the critical compulsion of certain periods in the eighteenth and nineteenth century to renew the Shakespearean image. Instead, he has been largely appropriated by the graduate schools and put through the mill of research. But while this new genre of literary detection has immensely increased our textual and biographical information, ■ the same time its making a fetish of fact and its lack of historical and literary bearings has almost hopelessly fragmented our entire approach to the Shakespearean problem.

Spencer's feat is to have organized the dangling parts of Shakespearean scholarship into an interpretative scheme that ostensibly reveals the underlying values and beliefs of the plays. Briefly summarized, his thesis is that Shakespeare was ■ writer of the transition from the medieval to the modern and that he gave dramatic form to the deep-seated conflict between the traditionally optimistic, orderly conception of the universe and the new mood of pessimism and skepticism. And Spencer's approach, basically an examination of the more striking correspondences between the theoretical life of the time and the actual content of the plays, helps to define the cultural conventions at Shakespeare's disposal. There are also some remarkable insights into the sources of Shakespeare's leading ideas. But the trouble with Spencer's description of Shakespeare's intellectual background is that it is at once too literal and too general. It is too literal in that it is couched in terms that are more applicable to the cosmological concern with good and evil of minds like Hooker and Donne, and could at best be used to explain only the marginal meanings in Shakespeare; it is too general in that by taking in almost every Renaissance figure it fails to account for the secular and naturalist accent peculiar to Shakespeare.

As a result, Spencer's reading of the plays—especially the tragedies, which he regards as the consummation of Shakespeare's philosophy—is largely deductive and analogical, as he tries to fit them into the cultural abstractions of the Renaissance. In Spencer's version the tragedies reenact the clash between order and chaos, good and evil, appearance and reality. Spencer argues the case with some textual plausibility, but, obviously, the drives and entanglements of the leading characters go far beyond these simple antitheses. True enough, *Iago* is, as Spencer asserts, a personification of evil concealed behind a benign appearance; but how explain his compulsive ambition, which is rationalized—it is patently not fulfilled—through his destruction of *Othello*? Nor can *Lear*'s worldly madness, which to my mind is an expression—or symbol—of his inability to understand his predicament, be reduced to the dry schematism of harmony and disorder. Spencer's analysis really provides no clue to the distinctive features of the Shakespearean hero, who brought into literature a peculiarly modern pride of ego; self-dramatizing and monstrously self-conscious, driven by a kind of obsessive energy, he constantly strains his personality in the effort to hold on to its reality.

As Eliot once remarked, Shakespeare's portrait has been retouched each time he has been brought up to date: for example, there is the rough-and-ready genius presented by Johnson, the Faustian soul-searcher of Goethe, the imaginative sage of Coleridge, the demonic spirit of Wyndham Lewis. Lately, however, there has been a tendency, in the more formal scholarly studies, to present Shakespeare as a virtuoso. Something of this tendency has crept into Spencer's re-creation, in which Shakespeare appears as a sort of eclectic genius, who was fixed within the bias of his time, but whose extraordinary powers are to be explained mainly by his grasp on what Spencer calls the universals of human existence, that is on life, struggle, death, the relation of man to nature, society, and heaven. And in Spencer's attribution of an "affirmative" and highly moral vision of life to Shakespeare,

there emerges an essentially conservative, almost religious figure, intent on preserving harmony and proportion in man's inner being as well as in the world at large. Thus conceived, Shakespeare becomes a secular theologian of the good life—bearing a striking resemblance to those literary men of today who would replace the faith of the past with the fashionable image of "tradition."

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

Fiction in Review

TO DISPEL some of the mystery that surrounds the life of Italians in America, two new books have appeared in these last weeks—"Maria," by Michael De Capite (John Day Company, \$2.50), and "Mount Allegro," by Jerre Mangione (Houghton Mifflin Company, \$2.50). With the exception of the Negroes, probably no large minority in the United States has received so little serious attention in fiction or been so stereotyped in popular art as the Italians. If this is a situation in which the Italian Americans themselves are not without responsibility (after all, despite their numbers, they have produced very few writers and artists), here are two books which should help explain why they are such peculiarly easy victims of ignorance and condescension.

Both books are first novels, both are written by young men born here of Italian parents, and both make it pretty clear that the Italians, of all the foreign-language groups in this country, are probably the most resistant to absorption into a new culture. Although the people in "Maria" and in "Mount Allegro" live in large American industrial cities, they are aware of the life around them only to fear it. They huddle together in their little Italys, clinging to their native land by every means at their command—language, food, religion, social and family ties. They left Italy in most instances because of poverty, but the slightly better livings they earn over here seem small compensation for the fields and the olive trees and sunlight to which they dream of returning. Even their gregariousness doesn't tempt them beyond their own family groups. When Mr. De Capite reports that in 1914 his Little Italy learned that war had broken out in the old country only when a fire attracted sightseers from "outside," we begin to grasp the problem of Italian American assimilation.

But apart from their parallel backgrounds Mr. De Capite's and Mr. Mangione's novels have few points of similarity. "Mount Allegro" is not even strictly a novel, but a well-ordered series of recollections of Mr. Mangione's Sicilian childhood in Rochester—lively, witty, easy in the manner of the *New Yorker*, a kind of Italian "Life with Father." Mr. Mangione has traveled a long distance in the course of his self-education; at moments he may appear to be a bit uncertain whether he is any the better for having reached the place, now, where he can poke even such serious and tender fun at his past, but this is a self-consciousness he shares with most of the first-person writers for the *New Yorker* and has little to do with the fact that he is an Italian: the reminiscence form, with its substitution of tolerance for passion, has a way of betraying both author and subject. Mr. De Capite's "Maria," on the other hand, although full of expressed feeling, is fairly dull compared to "Mount Allegro"; passion without personality turns out to be less good reading

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than personality without passion. The heroine of his title is an American-born Italian girl who at sixteen marries the man her parents choose for her. Maria's detailed history, through two marriages, motherhood, and up to the brink of old age, is Mr. De Capite's dual indictment of the Old World culture that formed her and the New World culture in which Maria has such difficulty making her way.

The America of MacKinlay Kantor's novelette "Happy Land" (Coward-McCann, \$1.25) bears very little resemblance to the America of Mr. De Capite or Mr. Mangione. Rusty Marsh, a "typical" small-town boy, has been killed in the Pacific, and to comfort his father by showing him that where there is something to live for there is something to die for, Rusty's grandfather rises from his own veteran's grave to reconstruct the boy's life. It is a charming life, but in the opinion of at least one reader too overwhelmingly on the side of high-mindedness for credibility; the men fighting in the Pacific are heroic but they are also human. We at home ought certainly to be able to draw fortitude from stronger stuff than this.

Of the latest, the fourth, volume of Upton Sinclair's fictionalized history of the modern world, "Wide Is the Gate" (The Viking Press, \$3), it should be noted for the record that Mr. Sinclair has currently completed the period between 1934 and 1937 and that Lanny Budd, that wonder boy of ubiquity, is still as much at home with Hitler and Göring ("Ja, Lanny!" he is greeted by Göring) as he is with the depressed masses of Germany and Spain. If you can swallow Mr. Sinclair's non-dimensional characterizations and not be too much thrown off by the naivete with which he describes

the world of wealth and power—in his innocent way he really leers, like a socialist small boy watching a capitalist strip-tease—"Wide Is the Gate" is an easy way to refresh your knowledge of events not very distant from memory.

DIANA TRILLING

Sassoon's War

THE WEALD OF YOUTH. By Siegfried Sassoon. The Viking Press. \$2.75.

THE fate of Siegfried Sassoon presents something embarrassingly like an object lesson to the contemporary poet, for in his work I see displayed the moral that, at the risk of losing his intellectual head, the poet should always remain at a remove from the subject of his poems. I do not mean that the poet must necessarily inhabit either a glass case or an ivied tower or the mantel shelf: I merely mean that the poet who has too large and too sharp an ~~ax~~ to grind usually finishes up by cutting his own throat with it. (The discomfort of such an operation constitutes perhaps its most moral characteristic.)

Siegfried Sassoon has a war on his conscience. He has it, if I may say so without levity, buzzing in his bonnet, skeleton in his cupboards, displayed on all his sleeves, and both between and upon every admirably written line of his memoirs and his poems. How it happens that Sassoon should have succeeded in arrogating to himself so great a sense of guilt I find explained in the demonstrable fact that he is a poet; and poets, along with criminals, seem to suffer more than most from this consciousness of impersonal responsibility. But only so long as this sense of guilt functions under the jurisdiction of the poem does it remain sane. For when the poem functions under the jurisdiction of the sense of guilt, then it is propaganda and not poems that result. This, as I see it, indicates the difference between Hopkins, who, fanatic as he was, remained ashamed of the domination of the poem over the responsibility, and, say, Rudyard Kipling, for whom the responsibility always dominated the poem. It was the pity and not the wrongness of war that moved the greatest poet of the First World War. It is the wrongness of it that has turned too many of Sassoon's poems into a tremendous roll of logs.

Here, however, in "The Weald of Youth," where Sassoon rather applauds peace than condemns war, where he merely remembers his own youth, I see all his curiously posthumous dignity exemplified. The book simply describes Sassoon's somewhat rustic life until the day in August, 1914, when everyone's death suddenly became possible. He speaks with great charm and grace of such matters as a bicycle ride to Rye, a horse race almost won, the publication of his first collection of verses, his meeting with the slightly supercilious Apollo Belvedere in gray slacks who turned out to be Rupert Brooke, and his part in a village cricket match. And all this is observed, as through St. Paul's glass darkly, through the never-to-be-mentioned melancholy of the war that ended it all. I have called this book posthumous, because clearly someone died. I think of Sassoon as the poet who spent twenty years decapitating himself with an idealistic battle-ax.

GEORGE BARKER

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IN BRIEF

THE JERVIS BAY AND OTHER POEMS. By Lieutenant Michael Thwaites, R.N.V.R. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

The title poem in this collection is good rousing narrative, says Stephen Vincent Benét. It is, except in the passages where the vocabulary becomes literary and symbolical instead of nautical and direct; but there are too many such passages. The Newdigate Prize poem, *Milton Blind*, which concludes the book, is an excellent specimen of the kind of work for which admiring dons give prizes. In between are half a dozen, more or less, really lovely lyrics—*The Tunnel*, *Coming into the Clyde*, *The Tactician*, *Air and Water*, *The Well*. The perils of steering a true poetic course may be somewhat abated if Lieutenant Thwaites can manage to use these lyrics as navigating stars; but it will be a difficult voyage.

VAN LOON'S LIVES. By Hendrik Willem van Loon. Simon and Schuster. \$3.95.

In order to tell the life stories of certain historical characters, from Erasmus to Thomas Jefferson, from Confucius to Queen Elizabeth, and many more, Mr. Van Loon had the pleasant idea of describing a series of mythical dinner parties at his native town of Veere in Holland. Illustrated in his own pleasing style and embroidered with a full account of some uncommonly good menus with the accompanying music, the book is interesting enough to read if taken intermittently. But why go to the trouble of bringing back to life Descartes and Emerson, say, or Emily Dickinson and Chopin, only to have them talk like Mr. Van Loon himself?

THE ENJOYMENT OF ART IN AMERICA. A Survey of the Permanent Collections of Painting, Sculpture, Ceramics, and Decorative Arts in American and Canadian Museums. By Regina Shoolman and Charles E. Slatkin. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$10.

This is a historical and descriptive account of art through the ages rather than a catalogue of the collections in American museums. The many illustrations, however, are of works housed permanently in this country. From these the reader gets an idea of the enormous artistic wealth produced by other peoples which is now in our institutional

hands. This country, apparently, became imperialist in art long before it became so in anything else. The book is magnificently produced and belongs in every reference library for the sake of its plates alone.

ANTHOLOGY OF NORWEGIAN LYRICS. Translated by Charles Wharton Stork. With an Introduction by C. J. Hambro. Princeton University Press for American-Scandinavian Foundation. \$2.75.

Mr. Hambro gives a succinct and clear account of Norwegian poetry from Welhaven (1807-1873) and Wergeland (1808-1845) to contemporaries who have written poems of Norway under the Nazi invasion. Mr. Hambro is high in his praise for the translator, Dr. Charles Wharton Stork. "Every single poem is rendered in English in a form identical with the original; the rhythm and the meter, the grouping of rhymes, the distribution of masculine and feminine rhymes correspond exactly to the Norwegian text." Unfortunately, a man can do all this and still not be a good translator: the reader who has only the vaguest ideas of the quality of Norwegian verse will do some uneasy wondering, one suspects, as to whether the originals are quite as prettily versy as Dr. Stork makes them sound. Even if it runs up the cost, the originals should be printed, in this kind of collection, on the facing pages; the method is hard on the reader, and harder on the translator, but in the long run fairer to the original.

FILMS

WILLIAM DIETERLE is to be respected as a man who obviously wants to make fine moving pictures, and to use them for serious teaching. It would be a pleasure to say better of him, but that is at best a pleasure deferred. "Tennessee Johnson" is another of those screen biographies for which thousands of cultivated people will lay aside "Jalna" for an evening because they like to feel benevolent toward a really good movie. It is as sincere as Henry Wallace, whom it is perhaps predominating, and now and then, helped usually by Van Heflin, the sincerity breaks loose from its male nurses and becomes vigorous and warming for a minute or two. Lionel Barrymore, too, is sometimes better than you could think possible after all these years of grunting to stay awake under the boredom of his assignments. The rest is Dieterle's cus-

tomy high-minded, high-polished mélange of heavy "touches" and "intelligent" performances. Within the limits of its nearsighted traditions it does its very best; but anyone who wants a measure for the inadequacy of that should watch Morris Ankrum, as Jefferson Davis, announcing the secession of Mississippi.

It is unimportant whether Ankrum is perfect, or anywhere near it. The important thing is that he works in a world apart from the rest of the company; a world where good historical films have a chance to exist. He looks like a daguerreotype, not an impersonation. He bears himself like a man of 1860, not like a studious actor in a costume picture. He talks like a half-crazy devil. He supplies, in fact, the two primal requirements of the camera, in whose neglect or dilution you might better not use a camera at all: living—rather than imitative—visual, aural, and psychological authenticity, and the paralyzing electric energy of the present tense as against the rest of the show's gloss, comfortably researched reenactment at eighty years' remove.

Perhaps it is unkind to knock a picture for its neglect of problems which never occurred to its makers, and which are habitually neglected throughout an industry; but I cannot feel it is irrelevant. Here by some accident is this actor, dead right in every essential, showing up the bumbling of the rest. If all that he means had been realized, and studied, the following suggestions would be unnecessary.

Since Americans of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries differ in face, bearing, speech, and spirit as deeply as the men of different races, scour the country for the atavisms and actors who can at least suggest the difference, and preserve us from any more of these affable masquerades.

The historical events or inventions must look like newsreels made under ideal conditions, or poor ones if that edges the illusion of veracity.

The "private-life" scenes must attempt a related kind of realism which so far has only been dabbled at, staggily, in Lubitsch's earliest films, and innocently, through transcendent chromos, in "The Birth of a Nation."

If you can give this realism poetic clarity without blurring its naturalistic clarity, you will have the beginnings, at least, of a good historical film, instead of a Drinkwater play.

All this detail will be as dead weight as its neglect is unless it is given pres-

ent-tense immediacy rather than the customary optative pluperfect. The use of orthochromatic film will at least help toward this; whereas the seed-pearl shine which is so rarely appropriate to romance, irony, and special atmosphere, and which possesses even newsreels today, will drown in fatuousness every other care you take.

In this film, instead, where the common people are intended to mean so much, the one faintly convincing rural face is Heflin's when he briefly recalls Barthelness in the first production of "Tol'able David." Much more nearly typical is a bit by a supposed country boy who has a city face and body and a new straw hat which is scissored into a calendar reminiscence of a Whittier poem.

Those who think that I am quibbling over detail instead of deploring an ignorance of basic obligations should logically think the same if I objected to a performance of a Mozart quartet on a bass ocharina, a kazoo, and a team of Hickman whistles, or pointed out inadequacies in a production of "Coriolanus" which was staged by a particularly art-minded group of fox terriers.

I have given perhaps exorbitant space to "Tennessee Johnson" because it furnishes, for many, the illusion that Hollywood is "coming of age," and because a lifetime subscription to the *Atlantic Monthly* does not seem to me synonymous with "coming of age." In the little space left, a few regrets and recommendations.

Hitchcock's "Shadow of a Doubt" is a much better and more interesting picture, with some real attention to what places and people really look like, in Santa Rosa and in New Jersey, some very good (and some fussy) photography by Joseph Valentine, and some clever observation of rabbitly white-collar life which, in spite of a specious sweetness, is the best since W. C. Fields's "It's a Gift."

"The Commandos Strike at Dawn" will remind you why John Farrow won the Critics' Award for direction with "Wake Island." It is "mature," for Paul Muni begins as a meteorologist widower and ends as a corpse. It glorifies the common man, for Muni says, "We Norwegians are sturdy folk." Its climax is a commando raid in which no point is made of the likelihood that every trick of fighting has its countertrick and that the enemy, having boned up on them, may not be entirely cooperative. The raid is done in what currently passes for montage, so freely used in "Wake

Island." It has about the relation to Eisenstein's montage that a whickering prose, punctuated entirely by dashes, has to good poetry. Lillian Gish, formal and archaic though she is, shows how far pictures have degenerated since her time.

"Journey for Margaret" contains a few poignant flashes on children and parental emotion, some writing ("I'm mad at 1940," etc., etc.) as awful as the people who talk like that, and a well-meaning performance by Fay Bainter which suggests that if Anna Freud—whom she is supposed to echo—really treats children like that, they were far better left shocked in the bomb-rubble than deshoocked in her clinic. Those who want to see evil, cruelty, and some archetypal national diseases should see "The Powers Girl" and two out of three other musicals; few other films manage, even inadvertently, to get down so much. The subject here is American bitchery, with a demon photographer and his insurance-ad Mom and Pop thrown in, and some overloaded music from Benny Goodman, who should have refused to take off his glasses.

The best recent war short is "Conquer by the Clock." It develops some questionable emotion over a munitions girl who, through sneaking time for a cigarette in the ladies' room, sends a dead cartridge to a soldier and the soldier to his death. It fails to suggest that the same thing might have happened if her visit to the toilet had been sincere; but like "Private Smith of the U. S. A." it shows that when Slavko Vorkapich can keep his hands off a fancy transition (he still cannot) he is one of the straightest and most sharp-eyed men in Hollywood.

JAMES AGEE

ART

AMERICAN SCULPTURE OF OUR TIME: GROUP SHOW. At the Buchholz and Willard Galleries, until January 23.

THERE has been a renaissance of sculpture in this century. How much of one becomes evident when you try to recall the names of outstanding sculptors between Houdon and Rodin. Thorwaldsen? Barye? Rising industrial capitalism, with its concern with distances, energies, and dreams, found sculpture too literal a medium in which to express itself well. Rodin, finally, managed to put into stone something of the nineteenth cen-

tury that had been expressed by others in poetry, painting, and music, but in doing so he dissolved the Renaissance tradition of sculpture. It is mainly the work of painters—Cézanne, Renoir, and even Seurat and Van Gogh—that has made sculpture once more possible as a great form. In our time there have been Maillol, Despiau, Lehmbruck, Brancusi, Lipchitz, Laurens, and others; the occasional sculpture of painters such as Renoir, Matisse, Picasso, Braque, Gris, and Masson; and the production of the constructivists and their similars—Pevsner, Gabo, Vanton-gerloo, Giacometti, Gonzales, and Arp. Significantly, these last derive their antecedents from painting rather than sculpture, and their work, except for Arp's, is more pictorial than sculptural in its effect.

The renaissance has reached our country. In the twentieth century we have had for the first time two professional American sculptors worth mentioning, Flannagan and Lachaise, and the constructor or fabricator, Calder. Now there is David Smith, whose work puts in the shade almost everything else at the Buchholz and Willard exhibition. Not that many of the other sculptors and the examples of their art are not well chosen. A small bronze nude by Lachaise is the best I have seen in his bulbous style, the distortions of which usually seem gratuitous; there are also two good bird themes of Flannagan's, an excellently compact stone ram by Heinz Warnecke, heads by Burlingame and Laurent, a fine Calder mobile, a wooden lady by Steig, and even a heroic stone head by William Zorach that is not quite so pompously inflated as most of his work. Peter Grippe, using cubism in a way that does not remind one of the cubist sculpture of painters, and adding a bit of Picasso's latest style of decomposition, has hold of an idea which he has not yet succeeded in embodying in his terra cotta.

All this shows the comparatively high level sculpture has reached since the nineteenth century—leaving aside the hideous expressionistic, "functional," and stylized statuary of which only contemporary sculpture is capable, and of which there are enough samples present. Yet of the better work none comes close enough to great art. None except David Smith's "Interior." Smith, who, fittingly, is more smith than carver or modeler, has welded and molded rods of steel and bronze into a sort of horizontal cage figuring the skeleton of the

organism which is the family, and whose corporeal identity is the house. Molded into the framework and given by the merest resemblances are a key, a wall picture, a reclining female, and other domestic items. Smith shows for almost the first time that a house can be a proper subject for sculpture in the round. However, the work does not stand on its symbolism but on its formal energy, for which the symbolism is only a springboard. One's eyes are led along the rods without a misstep; the divisions of empty space within them have a life of their own and develop and change like chords in music; and the rust on the metal adds the right final touch.

It is obvious that Smith aims at effects closer to drawing than to sculpture. He employs the "metaphysics" of line to direct and connect across intervals of space; the essentially sculptural, on the other hand, presents itself with more solidity, its form rise from a central mass and are related to each other by it, with the sense of possible touch and weight brought into play. (See G. L. K. Morris's interesting article on the connections between sculpture and painting in the current *Partisan Review*.) But Smith's linear style is perhaps closer to the nature of metal itself as we feel it today, for metal has become pliable under the welder's tools as it never was for those who could shape it only by casting and hammering.

Smith is thirty-six. If he is able to maintain the level set in the work he has already done—of which other fine examples may be seen in the back room of the Willard Gallery—he has a chance of becoming one of the greatest of all American artists.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

MUSIC

THREE years of daily reviewing for a newspaper enable me to luxuriate in the blessedness of being able to stay away from orchestral concerts and solo recitals by the dozens, and to attend the few that give some promise of being worth hearing and writing about. Thus my interest in Mozart and in Szigeti caused me to attend all five of Szigeti's Mozart sonata recitals in the Y. M. H. A., the first of which I discussed a few weeks ago. Although some of the works that I heard for the first time turned out to be quite dull there were two, the superbly dramatic K. 379 and the fine K. 306, that were exciting

discoveries; and as it happened each provided an occasion for the great playing—great, for one thing, in the power of its wonderfully inflected and sustained large-spanned phrasing—that one can expect to hear from Szigeti sometime during a recital, when after achieving mental equilibrium he functions at the highest point of communicative intensity. For those great moments I willingly endure the scratchy, wiry sounds he is likely to produce in the opening work of the program, when he is not yet at ease, or the fussy or distorted phrasing he may indulge in later on; whereas for no amount of Heifetz's dazzling perfection of sound and technique would I listen to what he makes of Mozart—or, for that matter, of Beethoven or Bach or Schubert (the simplicity of his phrasing in the recorded performance of Schubert's Trio Op. 99 is exceptional; and I am inclined to ascribe it to the influence of Feuermann). I should add that I would have got even more pleasure from the performances if Szigeti's partner had been a pianist and musician of a stature commensurate with his own, or at least without the deficiencies and mannerisms that one was increasingly aware of in Andor Foldes's playing.

Koussevitzky being the great conductor and the considerably less than great musician that he is, I go to one of his concerts only infrequently, to hear a new work which interests me, or to hear the almost unbelievable playing he gets his orchestra to do in the music of twentieth-century French and Russian composers that he does understand well—to hear those performances of Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony," Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fêtes" and "Après-midi d'un faune," and Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloë" that are among the wonders of the age. The January concert in Carnegie Hall that I attended began with Corelli's Sarabande, Gigue, and Baderine, in which one heard the fabulously beautiful sound and finish of the Boston Symphony strings, and also the excessive vehemence of Koussevitzky's treatment of what he evidently thought of as the "climax" of the Sarabande (I could imagine the plastic continuity of the passage as Toscanini would have played it). Then came Martinu's new Symphony, which enabled one to hear the even more astounding sound and finish of the entire orchestra, and which Koussevitzky performed very effectively. The effect, however, was only that of a pleasantly inconsequential, if gorgeously orchestrated work, produced by

a man whose musical feeling seemed to have translated itself into obsessive ostinato rhythms, mostly in three-quarter time, that he had managed to keep going until he had the four movements of a symphony.

Berlioz's "King Lear" Overture got me into Carnegie Hall for a performance by Mitropoulos with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. The work is, as Tovey put it, "a magnificent piece of rhetoric in tragic style"; it is, moreover, an early piece, in which nevertheless the Berlioz ways of thinking—melodic, harmonic, orchestral—are already present, lacking the richness and sureness and subtlety of their maturity in later works, but astonishing and exciting even in their youthful sprawling vigor. On Christmas Day, on the other hand, C. B. S. broadcast Bernard Herrman's performance of a few passages of "L'Enfance du Christ," one of Berlioz's last works, which W. J. Turner said was his best. Having heard only a few passages, and these few broadcast in a way that caused the orchestra to be blanketed by the voices, I am not in a position to have any strong conviction about the work; but I will mention the impression I got from much of what I heard—that the Berlioz ways of thinking were operating with the expertness of age where poetic impulse was no longer effectual.

As for the Metropolitan Opera Association, I have not yet heard any of its productions, but hope to be able to report on them soon. Meanwhile, I have been interested by the Metropolitan's announcement that Friedrich Schorr, who had wished to retire, had been persuaded to stay for at least one performance with which the Metropolitan would bid farewell to an artist who had given it distinguished service for many years. I have, that is, been struck by this gracious acknowledgment of a debt to one artist, and the failure to make such acknowledgment to another artist who deserves it no less. For many years the exquisite voice and musicianship of Elisabeth Rethberg constituted one of the Metropolitan's most valuable artistic and financial assets; recently Mme Rethberg, whose singing used to be effortless, has got herself into difficulties of voice-production that have made her short of breath and unable to stay on pitch; and at the beginning of this season the Metropolitan announced her "resignation" without as much as a verbal statement of its indebtedness to her for her long and distinguished service.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Booth, Beveridge, and the Work-Shy

Dear Sirs: Editorial reference to the Beveridge report in a recent issue of *The Nation* prompts me, a visitor to the United States at the present time, to submit to you some observations on a subject to which I have devoted considerable time and attention in the past fifty years.

1. You rightly say that the foundations on which the Beveridge report rests were laid over thirty years ago. I believe they were laid in Charles Booth's "Life and Labor of the People of London" (1889-1903), and in the later published accounts of researches made by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, particularly their "Break-up of the British Poor Law." I know that Sir William Beveridge has built on these, and that they have provided the bricks and mortar to which you refer as being used by various British governments for building a new social structure.

2. Nearly fifty years ago, when the Asquith government at the behest of the Webbs established labor exchanges, my friend Beveridge was known to his London familiars as "Fluidity of Labor Beveridge." I recall this because at a meeting of the Economic Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, shortly before the outbreak of war, Sir William Beveridge expressed his personal opinion, in answer to a question I put, that the result of the labor exchanges and the social services built around them had been to render some classes of labor less mobile than they had been in other days.

3. I have not yet had an opportunity of studying the full text of the report, but when you refer to the "impending final overthrow of the Poor Law system" I venture to predict that when all is said and done, there will remain a hard core of defiant, intransigent human creatures. Although the "won't work" have now been largely eliminated in England, the "work-shy" persist. Note in passing that the able-bodied Scot until after the last war did not have the legal right to food and shelter if he were destitute that was acquired by the Englishman by an Act of Parliament passed in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and around which the whole of the British social amenities have been built. In re-

cent years this right has been translated into the right to work. This right, in one form or another, will probably survive the "final overthrow." Some day the courts will have to be asked for a ruling as to whether a man will be required to take work one, two, three, or any given number of miles away from his home. At present the man is the sole arbiter.

4. Despite all the mechanics of progressive social legislation the human problem will persist, and spiritual considerations alone will suffice for the "won't work" and the "work shy." In saying this I do not forget that even the Salvation Army some forty years ago promoted a bill in the British Parliament to establish labor colonies with powers for the compulsory detention of the residuum of human derelicts whom they found slipping through their hands in their various social activities. The principle of this bill was approved by an interdepartmental government committee, and the bill got its first reading, but liberal (?) opinion, seeing an infringement of the liberty of the subject, saw to it that the bill got no farther, and vagrants—sources of moral and physical contagion—were left free to roam at will. DAVID C. LAMB,

Commissioner of the Salvation Army
Detroit, Mich., January 15

[We agree that "the right to work" will survive the enactment into law of the Beveridge proposals; in fact, we see it as the moral basis for whatever degree of government intervention is necessary to insure a high level of employment, failing which the "abolition of want" can hardly be achieved. Commissioner Lamb, however, seems to be concerned about the right not to work and suggests that new steps will have to be taken to deal with the voluntary unemployment which the Beveridge scale of payments might seem to make too attractive. But he will not deny, we are sure, that the last thirty years, during which Britain's social services have been steadily enlarged and increasing efforts have been made to prevent unemployment from resulting in utter destitution, have seen a steady decline in unemployability and vagrancy. Some bums no doubt are born but most of them are made—by ill-health, by maladjustments in childhood, by the de-

moralization occasioned by prolonged unemployment. The Beveridge proposals attempt to deal with some of these causes, and the effect of their enactment would undoubtedly be to diminish still further "the residuum of human derelicts." No doubt a few natural bums, recruited from all classes, would continue as eyesores on the social landscape. But an economically healthy society should be proof against their contagion, and we ourselves could bear an occasional pan-handler better than the sight of the most humanely administered concentration camp.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

The Hindu-Moslem Chasm

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* of January 2 Reinhold Niebuhr, reviewing Shridharani's "Warning to the West," says that "the deep chasm between Hindu and Moslem is racial as well as cultural and religious." Deep or not (and here the real question would be, Who wants to deepen it?) that chasm is not racial. Jawaharlal Nehru told me that 95 per cent of India's Moslems are former Hindus converted to Islam by the Mohammedan conquerors of India. Mr. Jinnah, the president of the Moslem League of India, told me that 75 per cent of India's Moslems are converted Hindus. So the chasm is not racial.

I find it very indicative of a certain war-time type of American liberalism that Dr. Niebuhr contrives to write a long review of a book on India by an Indian nationalist without once mentioning the evils and mistakes of British imperialism, to which the bulk of the book is devoted. LOUIS FISCHER

New York, January 11

Oriental Self-Righteousness

Dear Sirs: I should like to remind Mr. Fischer that Shridharani's book in both title and content is primarily an indictment of Western arrogance toward the Orient and deals only secondarily with British imperialism, as a part of a general Western policy. I chose to accept the indictment as essentially true and to devote some of my limited space to a refutation of what seems to me a dangerous illusion—the idea that ethnic friction is caused purely by the white man's shortcomings.

Mr. Fischer quotes Nehru and Jinnah in order to disprove my contention that religio-cultural tensions in India are "racial as well as religious." According to Nehru, the racial element amounts to only 5 per cent and according to Jinnah to only 25 per cent. Suppose we split the difference and say that it is 15 per cent. That fact hardly supports Mr. Fischer's conclusion: "So the chasm is not racial." Does the fact that the tension between Belfast and Dublin is primarily religious disprove the contributory element of racial friction between Scotch and Irish?

Mr. Fischer and I are in essential agreement upon the main question. But he tends to bow in unqualified contrition before the Oriental indictment of the Occident, and I think it important to refute the compensatory self-righteousness of the Orient because it is a source of political confusion.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

New York, January 14

Security for Jews

Dear Sirs: In your editorial *Murder of a People* (December 19) after discussing various proposals for counteracting the scientific murder of millions of Jews, and after suggesting, among other things, threats of retribution and protests to be relayed to Berlin via Franco and the Vatican, you conclude that "it is unlikely that any of these measures would make the slightest difference to the Germans." And let me add that they would not make the slightest difference to the two million Jews who already have been sacrificed on the altar of international fascism or to the millions more who face the same fate.

You, no doubt, realize that this process of extermination is not a new atrocity invented by the Nazis but rather the culmination of a 2,000-year-old recurring crime of civilization against the Jewish people. Surely the world owes it to its most frequent martyrs to admit the inadequacy of stop-gap and piecemeal solutions of the Jewish problem. If we are helpless to stop the current blood-bath we must certainly take the steps necessary to prevent its recurrence.

Will the democracies attempt to solve the Jewish problem by creating for the Jewish nation new havens and new asylums and thus relegate it to eternal minority status, with all the woe and suffering appertaining thereto? Or will the world finally admit that the only realistic and abiding solution for Jewish homelessness lies in mass immigration

into Palestine and the reestablishment of that country as the national Jewish Homeland?

How long can the United Nations deny to the Jewish people their divine and historical right to take their rightful place in the family of nations? How long can the United Nations deny to the Jewish people the elementary right of self-defense through the creation of a Jewish army for Palestinian and stateless Jews? How long can the United Nations deny to the Jewish people the right to rebuild their own thousands of Lidices on their own soil?

Let us, liberals and democrats, who were so shocked by this "murder of a people" band together *today* and not "on the day of liberation," not only for joint expression of horror and sympathy, not only to demand retribution for the Nazi murderers, but for the speedy realization of this only positive solution. Let us see that Jews obtain "the peace and security which they have gone through hell to merit" by establishing the long overdue National Jewish Homeland and admitting it to the ranks of the United Nations.

LEONARD ROSENFELD

New York, January 4

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American radio, get aboard!

DALE WARREN

Boston, Mass., January 16

Myron Taylor, Episcopalian

Dear Sirs: Your correspondent, Dolph Swenson, may be quite right that there is a mysterious influence being exerted on the State Department by the Roman Catholic church, but it is only fair to point out that Myron Taylor is not a member of that church and that Mr. Swenson's implication that he may be carrying out "the wishes of the spiritual head of his church" is based on misinformation. Mr. Taylor is and has been a prominent and useful member of the Protestant Episcopal church and is a communicant in good standing of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City.

JOHN MCGILL KRUMM

New Haven, Conn., January 15

Prejudice or Fear?

Dear Sirs: I have been a resident of the South for seven months, and I object strongly to any representation of anti-Negro prejudice as an expression of the white man's struggle for survival. That is specious "reasoning." We are creating deplorable conditions and then blaming the colored man for becoming the victim. In the same way we are making an education difficult for him to obtain and then accusing him of being stupid and ignorant.

I hear constantly the statement that the Negro is innately inferior to the white, and so he doesn't deserve anything better. Is the superior white man afraid of the inferior Negro? Is that

why the whites won't let the colored establish a USO at Camp Tyson? An anticipated 4,000 Negro soldiers have no place to go for something to eat or to spend their leisure time. But these troops will become objects of vicious criticism when trouble breaks out.

H. C. HART

Nashville, Tenn., January 14

Progressive Teacher Speaks

Dear Sirs: The accent of despair in the article *Violence in the Classroom* by Agnes E. Benedict, in your issue of January 9, seems to me unworthy of the author of "Progress to Freedom." Do not the forces of war place all that we call civilization "in imminent danger"?

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It is certain progressive education will come into its own in winning the peace. Most liberal teachers do not broadcast their plans and progress, but it does not follow that they "cherish the comfortable illusion that all is well with our schools." There are, of course, many defeats as grievous as the New York cases mentioned in the article, but the progressive American teacher, like our armed forces, is "hell-bent" for victory over "an authoritarian approach, regimented pupils, and a formal and bookish curriculum." R. L. M.

Chicago, Ill., January 19

One Woman's Meat

Dear Sirs: I hope you will feel it worth while to stop in the midst of your morning mail long enough to read what a friend of mine has to say about *The Nation*. It has been my custom to send her my copy as soon as I have read it. Speaking of a plan whereby she might receive the paper in another way, she says: "Don't stop *The Nation* till you hear I am launched on the new plan, for that little paper is my meat and drink. It's astonishing how little one can get from other sources that doesn't appear sooner or later, at least in brief, in *The Nation*. That fact helps to reconcile me to the severe curtailment of my reading." MARY R. LAKEMAN

Rochester, N. Y., January 15

Praise Preferred

Dear Sirs: I quote from your opening editorial note in your December 26 number commenting on Mr. Henderson's resignation:

But it is probably fair to say that no one could have succeeded at this task in the face of constant sniping from a section of the press more interested in discrediting the New Deal than in winning the war.

Substitute President Roosevelt for Mr. Henderson in this statement, and your journal for the "section of the press," and you have a very true picture of what you are doing. You, of course, are not trying to discredit the New Deal, but you do seem more interested in vindicating your own pet theories than in winning the war. At least, I do not now recall a single strong, affirmative paragraph from any of your editorial force in the past four or five weeks in approval of the President and his acts. Anybody can find fault—suppose you try the other course.

FRANK C. REID

Pasadena, Cal., January 5

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

145

EDITORIALS

- Design for Victory 148
- How Large an Army? 149
- The Next Step 150

ARTICLES

- Moral Issue for Mr. Hull *by I. F. Stone* 151
- Germany After Hitler *by Hiram Motherwell* 152
- Impasse in Puerto Rico *by W. Adolphe Roberts* 155
- The Jews of Europe. III. Alternatives to Zion *by Philip S. Bernstein* 158
- In the Wind 161

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

- Fascism Without Mussolini *by Gaetano Salvemini* 162
- Sikorski's Opposition *by Peter Davenport* 163
- Watch Spanish Morocco! 165
- Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 166

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- The Antrobuses and the Earwicks *by Edmund Wilson* 167
- Poetry of Latin America *by Mildred Adams* 168
- Pan-Europe, Old Style *by M. W. Fodor* 170
- Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 171
- The Beverage Plan *by Maxwell S. Stewart* 172
- Nothing Too Much *by Rolfe Humphries* 173
- The Nazi "State" *by Hans Ernest Fried* 174
- Fairy Tales for Guernica's Children *by Philip Blair Rice* 176
- Drama Note *by Joseph Wood Krutch* 176
- Art *by Clement Greenberg* 177
- Music *by B. H. Haggin* 177

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

178

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The Shape of Things

HITLER HAS STRUCK AT THE MARSEILLAIS, and as might have been expected, they are hitting back. The inhabitants of the great French seaport have long been noted both for their toughness and their devotion to Republican tradition, and when forty thousand of them were ordered to leave their homes they instinctively resisted. The Nazi authorities demanded the evacuation of the Old Port district, perhaps for the purpose of building fortifications, more probably to hamstring the underground movement which had found that rabbit warren of narrow alleys and dark courts a useful base for operations. When troops moved in to clear the area, the inhabitants answered them by digging up arms and building barricades, and the Nazis have now resorted to artillery and tanks. It is no doubt a hopeless contest, but it serves as a reminder to the world that the France of the Revolution lives on. *Allons, enfants de la patrie . . .*

✱

WITH THE FALL OF TRIPOLI AND THE imminent Russian threat to Rostov and Kharkov, propaganda on the Axis home front has gone into sharp reverse. For a month or more Dr. Goebbels's men tried to ease the Germans gently into the knowledge that the Wehrmacht had run into trouble all the way from Leningrad to the Caucasus. A kind of military double-talk was evolved in which a withdrawal became an "elastic defense in depth," doomed divisions became "hedgheggs," and a full retreat was simply a "detaching from the enemy according to plan." This verbal gloss has now been abruptly abandoned in favor of the strongest medicine the Herrenvolk have had to take since they inherited the earth. German papers, with orders to go the limit, have blossomed out with such heads as "The Fate of the Reich Is at Stake." The Russian sweep is compared with the German break-through from the Meuse to the English Channel, and the master race is urged to prove itself "spiritually stronger" than the once decadent and plutocratic British. These sudden shrieks of alarm reflect more than the fact that Germany has had sharp military reverses. Nazi leaders, hoping for a stabilized Russian front during the winter, had banked on returning hundreds of thousands of soldiers to the Reich to assist in the desperately needed overhauling of the transportation sys-

tem and of factory machinery. Instead, the Nazis are now compelled to risk defeatism in order to drive home to German workers the urgency of straining every muscle to keep pace with American war production. With the Italians, the shift was even more sudden and more stunning. Up to thirty-six hours before the fall of Tripoli Italian communiqués told of "operations continuing in our favor." Signor Gayda now announces that the sacrifice of the city was carried out according to a plan worked out even before the launching of General Montgomery's drive—a kind of Rommel pay-as-you-go plan, as it were, with the Germans going and the Italians paying.

✱

A STORM IS ABOUT TO BREAK OVER THE head of the American Department of State, and it remains to be seen whether its guiding spirits will know enough to come in out of the rain. Time was when only we "professional cranks" worried over the deep maneuvers of Mr. Hull's agency, but the appointment of M. Peyrouton to the governorship of Algiers has thrown the field wide open. It was last November that we introduced the temporary expedient of fighting fascism with fascists on the North African front. Now, nearly three months later, the Nürnberg laws which they introduced are still in force; Radio Algiers still broadcasts anti-Semitic propaganda; Radio Dakar still eulogizes *le Maréchal*; Spanish Loyalists remain behind barbed wire; and the man who Himmelerized France has been brought out of an obscure retreat in Argentina to become civil administrator of Algeria. Confronted with a direct question concerning the scandalous muddle in North Africa, Secretary Hull, as Mr. Stone relates elsewhere in this issue, smugly suggested keeping our minds on the war and implied that he was interested in the military aspects of the North African situation, not the political. This crowning touch of irresponsibility opened the sluiceways of public dissatisfaction. The sober New York *Herald Tribune* demanded an explanation; other papers launched a campaign to clean house in Mr. Hull's musty old quarters; Paul H. Appleby, a responsible official attached to the department, resigned in protest over the whole policy; and even Ernest K. Lindley, one of the department's most assiduous defenders, was forced to take issue with his heroes. It is widely believed that the forthcoming pronouncement on United Nations strategy will advance a solution of the North African tangle. If it does, the State Department may be saved again, but it can hardly be exonerated.

✱

THE INNOCENCE AND UNWORLDLINESS OF the political boss, which are so conclusively displayed whenever he appears on a witness stand, have always made us wonder why the American people persist in believing that he is cynical and shrewd. Take the case of Mr.

Flynn before the Senate committee. He didn't know that the paving blocks with which his courtyard was paved were city property, laid down with city labor, until he was told so by his law partner two months later; and then, according to his partner, Mr. Flynn was "astounded, surprised, distressed, angered; and swore considerably." He didn't know that the Mr. Flegenheimer he commissioned as a deputy was "Dutch" Schultz. Neither he nor any of his friends had anything to do with obtaining a federal job for Daniel Daly, foreman of the grand jury that found no indictment in the paving-block incident, though most of us have the delusion that political bosses interest themselves as a matter of course in such appointments, which are vulgarly known as patronage.

✱

ROBERT MORAN, FORMER COMMISSIONER OF Public Works of the Bronx, rather smudged the alabaster cast when he said he had resigned his job because "politics in New York at the present time is not any place for a decent man," but his testimony in favor of Mr. Flynn contradicted this bitter and no doubt thoughtless remark. Mr. Moran denied that he was a political protégé of Mr. Flynn although he admitted that the future Minister to Australia (it seems to be in the bag) had recommended him for the Public Works job. It was Mr. Moran also who said that because of the war and the problems it created for him the small matter of paying the city employees for their work on Flynn's farm had "slipped his mind until he found out that Mr. Kern was investigating the situation." Having read the reports of the Senate hearings with care, we cannot but conclude that Mr. Flynn and all his cronies are selfless, high-minded, cultivated, idealistic gentlemen who are being persecuted; we reject the idea that their unanimous testimony has anything to do with that old adage about letting him who is without sin cast the first paving stone. But we are still opposed to having Mr. Flynn represent us in Australia. We don't see how our interests there can be adequately protected by a man who doesn't even know what's going on in his own back yard.

✱

A PAY-AS-YOU-GO TAX PROGRAM SEEMS certain to be adopted by Congress within the next two or three months. At the moment, however, there is a wide difference of opinion as to the best means of putting the income tax on a current basis. Despite repeated refutation by competent authorities, the preposterous Ruml plan has been effectively sold to a not unwilling general public. The most recent Gallup poll, for example, shows that 90 per cent of those who have opinions on the matter favor it. This is not surprising in view of the attractiveness of being "forgiven" a year's taxation. But the plan has created more confusion in the field of tax policy than any other proposal in history. So many persons

have got the idea that they will be excused from paying their 1942 taxes that the heads of the two Congressional tax committees have had to issue a stern warning that these taxes will be due as scheduled on March 15. It is doubtful whether even this warning has succeeded, however, in making the public fully conscious of the enormous taxes that will have to be paid in the coming year if inflation is to be headed off. For estimates indicate that an excess spending power of at least \$50 billion has been created by the war, which will have to be eliminated by higher taxes and war-bond sales if present price levels are to be held. Even to approximate this absorption of spending power, the pay-as-you-go program will have to be imposed, as the Treasury has indicated, on top of the present tax program, thus doubling up, in part at least, 1943 collections.

✱

ALL SORTS OF TAX PLANS ARE BEING OFFERED to sugarcoat the bitter realities of the 1943 tax prospects. It is alternately proposed that the Victory tax be repealed and that it be doubled. The Administration is said to have a plan for increasing the pay-roll tax under the Social Security Act to 10 per cent as an ingenious means of increasing the general tax revenue. And the annual drive for a sales tax has started—this time as a war measure. Representative Wesley E. Disney of Oklahoma, a member of the Ways and Means Committee who has long championed this obnoxious levy, has enthusiastically declared that "all roads lead to the sales tax." This year's drive is likely to prove especially serious because the sales tax, since it is paid in small dribbles, fits in with Congress's desire to conceal the tax increases as much as possible. Yet it has never been so important to resist the organized pressure for the sales tax as it is in a year when food shortages and high prices threaten to depress living standards to unprecedented low levels. Moreover, the sales tax is peculiarly ill adapted for tapping the available sources of excess spending power. A graduated spending tax which allows an exemption for necessities and rises in proportion to the amount spent is far better suited to war-time requirements.

✱

IN RECENT WEEKS THE VICE-PRESIDENT HAS been showing a new and most encouraging capacity to slug it out with his opponents within the Administration. His latest victory is an order taking from Jesse Jones those RFC subsidiaries which buy metals and other supplies abroad. Under an order issued by the President last April, the Board of Economic Warfare was given the power to issue directives to these subsidiaries. But Jones, who is tenacious and stubborn in holding on to power, has been able to delay the carrying out of these directives and thereby often to hamstring the BEW's activities. Mr. Wallace has ended the difficulty by an order taking over the personnel and virtually all the

functions of these RFC agencies, leaving the RFC with little more than the disbursement of the actual funds to pay for BEW purchases. In the future the BEW will negotiate its own contracts, which means that Jesse Jones will be unable to interpose a veto over clauses designed to improve wages and working conditions in Latin America. It is unfortunate that in one sphere of activity, the purchase of rubber, Jeffers has taken power from the BEW and given it to the RFC's Rubber Reserve. Under the wide authority given Jeffers by the President, there isn't much Wallace can do about that.

✱

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS APPEARS EAGER TO have the anti-trust suit filed against it by the Department of Justice tried anywhere but in the courts. It has already submitted its case to the newspapers, which have returned a vociferous verdict of "not guilty"—hardly a surprising result considering the relationship of the majority of them to the A. P. Now an attempt is being made to carry the matter to Congress through a threatened House investigation of the "circumstances preceding the filing" of the suit. This blatant effort to intimidate the Department of Justice is sponsored by Representative Shafer, who hails from Michigan but has long been dependent for political inspiration on the *Chicago Tribune*. We have heard much lately about executive invasions of the legislative branch, but in this instance, as in the case of Senator Wheeler's attack on the Department of Justice because of its sedition indictments, we are faced by legislative interference with the sworn duties of the executive. We hope that the department will resist these pressure tactics, but we are disturbed by Washington rumors of the early "promotion" of Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold and his replacement, as head of the anti-trust division, by someone more pliable. In the A. P. case there is, as Keith Hutchison will show in two articles beginning in the next issue of *The Nation*, strong prima facie evidence of monopoly, and no obstacle should be permitted to bar its submission to the courts.

✱

WE THINK DONALD M. NELSON CORRECT and the Truman committee wrong in their controversy over production of farm machinery. The committee's interim report on farm machinery and equipment seems to us an easy acquiescence in a point of view favored both by the farm lobby and the big machinery manufacturers. The facilities of these manufacturers are ideally suited to the production of several important items of heavy armament. Nelson and the Office of Civilian Supply made a wise decision in ordering the concentration of the farm-machinery business in the hands of the smaller manufacturers, thus freeing the big ones for war work. The War Production Board also seems to have been justified in cutting production quotas for the farm-

machinery industry. Though maximum farm output is important to the war effort, farmers entered this year with the greatest aggregate quantity of machinery in their history, much of it relatively new. The cut brings production only 25 per cent below the 1931-40 average; it has been compensated for by allowing production of repair parts at 67 per cent above the 1940 level. The cut will save 500,000 tons of steel, the labor of 100,000 men, and much valuable arms-producing facilities. After the boom in farm-equipment sales during the past two years the new quota should be ample. Judging from samplings made among farmers by the Office of Civilian Supply, it seems indeed to be greater than necessary.

✱

NOT SO LONG AGO REPRESENTATIVE COX OF Georgia was lustily thumping a tub on the dangers of interfering with administrative agencies. He was one of those who joined in the unsuccessful fight to enact the Walter-Logan bill. Now hearings before the Federal Communications Commission are revealing that he was paid \$2,500 by a radio station in Georgia some months after he helped it obtain a license from the commission. The hearings are not yet over and before they end should explain why the fee was paid the Congressman. It is a felony under Section 113 of the federal criminal code for a federal official, elected or appointed, to represent a client before a federal agency. The public policy behind this statute should be readily apparent to one who, like Representative Cox, has campaigned so vigorously for independent administrative agencies. The Congressman, with a striking sense of reciprocity, has countered the FCC's investigation of him by getting the House to make him chairman of a committee to investigate the FCC. Cox called the commission "the nastiest nest of rats to be found in the country," and his investigation should serve not only to distract attention from his own \$2,500 fee but provide the opposition with the first of the inquiries to "smear the New Deal" which are planned for this session.

✱

CHILE'S SEVERANCE OF RELATIONS WITH the Axis powers is no less welcome because the step was delayed so many months. The thirty-to-ten vote in the Senate approving the break shows that President Rios has overwhelming political support for his action. Because of this support, the breaking of relations has taken on a positive quality such as is usually found only in a declaration of war. In a statement announcing the action President Rios declared that Chile had an "essential interest in this fight" and added, "We are fighting so that all men and all nations may live in peace." A huge mass demonstration indorsing the move has been held in Santiago, with a vast majority of the political parties, labor organizations, and other groups participating. Japan also seems to have grasped the significance of the break, for

the Japanese radio lost no time in threatening retaliation against Chile. Both President Castillo and Foreign Minister Guíñazu of Argentina have stated officially that Chile's action will in no way influence Argentina's decision to maintain relations with the Axis. As long as they hold office, this is no doubt true. But the enthusiasm with which Chile's decision was greeted in the Argentine press indicates that it will have a profound effect on Argentine internal politics.

✱

SOME OLD CUSTOMS HAVE THEIR CHARM AS well as their uses, but they sometimes produce strange results. On January 21 the *New York Times* carried a five-column streamer running as follows: "Nazi Raid Kills 34 pupils." Reading the story one was brought up short at the foot of the column by another headline, to wit: "British Pay Honors to Dead Nazi Fliers." . . . Speaking of old customs, school ties are no longer to be made in England because of the shortage of dyes. We deeply regret their passing. What shall we substitute for that eloquent phrase "the old school tie," which has been sufficient in the past to indicate all the varicolored evils of toriyism at home and abroad?

Design for Victory

ASPATE of obviously inspired stories from Washington and London has made it clear that major developments in United Nations strategy are in the making. In commenting on these reports *The Nation* is handicapped by the probability that an official announcement on recent conversations between the chief Allied powers will appear after this issue has gone to press, but before it goes on sale at the newsstands. Nevertheless, it is not necessary to have access to the agenda of the conferences now concluding to have a fairly good idea of what has been talked about.

It has long been clear to us that no over-all design for victory was going to be achieved by the separate concoction of plans by each of the Big Four powers—the United States, Britain, Russia, and China. In this global war actions taken in one theater necessarily react immediately on every other theater, and no amount of liaison machinery can make the fractional strategies of a number of autonomous authorities add up to complete coordination. In the past year Russia has plowed a lonely furrow, even though America and Britain have helped to power its tractor, while China has been dangerously isolated, physically and psychologically. In some spheres of action there has been close cooperation between the two Anglo-Saxon nations, but unified policies on such momentous questions as political warfare and the defeat of the submarine menace have not been achieved.

All four of the great powers, however, are believed to have participated in the discussions which have been going on for the past two weeks, and if optimistic forecasts can be trusted, a global program for 1943 has been drawn up and a Supreme War Council charged with the task of carrying it into effect. This should mean that the man-power and supplies of the United Nations will henceforth be regarded as in a common pool and that the one central planning authority will decide how and where they can be used to the best advantage. Obviously this will be an extremely difficult assignment, particularly since Russia is not directly concerned with the war in the Pacific and China is not involved in the struggle in Europe. Yet all four powers are essentially at war with the same enemy, and as Alvarez del Vayo pointed out last week, if we proceed on the basis that this is a war against fascism in all its forms, the will to victory should be powerful enough to overcome inevitable national frictions.

Much as we sympathize with China's claims for greater support, we feel that the weight of Allied striking power must be employed in Europe this year. Hitler is groggy under recent blows. The Red Army has delivered a powerful left hook to his chin; the British capture of Tripoli and the Anglo-American concentration in French North Africa are the equivalent of a hard blow to the belly. But it would be fatal to let up now that he is staggering, for he will recuperate fast if allowed any time out. Rather, this is the moment for a knock-out punch to the solar plexus which can only be delivered by an invasion of the European fortress.

With such an opportunity it would be a fatal error to divert to the Orient the resources necessary to stage a major offensive there, and we feel certain no Allied conference could countenance such a proposal. On the other hand, some way has to be found of preventing the Japanese from consolidating their gains, and this means that we must maintain in the Far East a harassing defensive. The most economical way of achieving this end would be to increase the flow of supplies to China and so make possible the use of its abundant man-power.

Assuming then, as we must, that the major effort of the United Nations in 1943 will be in the West, what are the prerequisites of victory there? Recent anxious discussions of the submarine danger suggest one answer. In the field of production the United Nations now have a big edge on the Axis, and almost certainly we and the British have enough trained men to invade Europe. But the problem of keeping an invading army supplied remains a very tough one. Official silence toward the end of last year contributed to a popular belief that the submarine had been conquered. Now we are allowed to know that ship sinkings are keeping level with new construction, while the Germans are building new U-boats at about twice the rate that we are destroying them. How

this very grave situation is to be remedied we do not know, but one essential step would seem to be complete coordination of Anglo-American anti-submarine forces. We hope, therefore, that the rumor that this will be effected under the command of Admiral Sir Percy Noble, now head of the British naval delegation in Washington, is well founded.

An equally important preliminary to an all-out offensive in Europe is a full understanding on political questions between this country, Britain, and Russia. If we are moving rapidly toward the liberation of the conquered peoples of Europe, we must have a sounder political strategy than that cooked up by the amateur Machiavellis of the State Department. A necessary first step is the clearing up of the mess they have created in North Africa, the stench of which is blowing far across the Mediterranean and poisoning our cause in distant lands. Political prognosticators suggest that the question of North Africa will be firmly handled in the forthcoming report of the Allied conversations and that an agreement between Generals de Gaulle and Giraud will follow. We hope this information proves correct, for the present scandal, topped off by the appointment of Peyrouton, is worth many divisions to the enemy.

How Large an Army?

SENATOR BANKHEAD'S proposal that we let our allies do the fighting while we concentrate on production is but one of many recent indications that the most fundamental of all man-power issues—that of establishing a balance between military and civilian requirements—is still unsettled. Although Secretary of War Stimson some weeks ago announced plans for increasing the number of men in the armed services to 9,700,000 by the end of 1943, this decision is being challenged both within the Administration and in Congress. The Senate Military Affairs Committee has started an inquiry into the wisdom of expanding the armed services to this extent, and Under Secretary Patterson has felt it necessary to defend that plan. The question is not, of course, whether we should allow our allies to do our fighting for us; we already have more than seven million men under arms. It is whether we should see to it that our allies, who are at present doing most of the fighting, are properly armed and fed, or divert needed supplies from the fighting front for equipping an additional three million men to fight sham battles in our Southern training camps.

It is becoming increasingly evident that the United States cannot hope to raise and equip an army of ten or eleven million men and at the same time serve as the "arsenal of democracy." There is unfortunately real substance in former President Hoover's warning that some-

thing will have to be done to remedy the farm-labor shortage if we are to have sufficient food supplies for the exceptional demands of the war and post-war periods. While the man-power situation in industry is not yet as serious as in agriculture, both military and civilian production is being limited by lack of suitable labor. Donald Nelson admitted last week that there were many in the WPB who felt that we have gone too far in clamping down on civilian production.

So far our record in supplying our allies, with the notable exception of China, has been a reasonably good one. The announcement last week that we had shipped 2,600 planes, 3,200 tanks, and 81,000 trucks and jeeps to the Soviet Union in 1942 was a pleasant surprise. Unfortunately, however, there is growing pressure from army and navy authorities, as well as from Congress, for a reduction of lend-lease shipments in 1943 so that we may send more supplies to our own forces. In the case of foodstuffs—particularly dairy products and meat—there is grave danger that shipments may have to be cut down because of declining production here at home. Such a development, it need hardly be pointed out, would be a major disaster. The needs of our allies, of Russia and China in particular, are bound to become more acute with the passage of time. And as we pass to the offensive, the significance of supplies as a factor in speeding victory will certainly increase. Since much of what is needed can come only from the United States, we have a responsibility that we cannot safely dodge.

Some of the sentiment for keeping the size of our armed forces at a lower figure may, as Secretary Stimson charges, be isolationist in origin. There are still some persons against our participation in the war, and they would doubtless prefer to see the army kept small. But the essential arguments of those who urge a ten- or eleven-million-man army are just as clearly isolationist in character. Until recently the advocates of a large army argued that we must be prepared to carry on the war alone in the event that our allies collapse. Today, in view of Russia's amazing show of strength, one is likely to hear an even more sinister argument to the effect that a large army will be necessary to enforce America's will at the peace table. Those who believe in making United Nations cooperation as effective as possible during and after the war will not necessarily be on the side of a smaller and more manageable army. But they will ask that our allies be given a chance to share in the final decision on a matter of such great strategic importance. It is possible that there have been some consultations on the matter, but it is hard to believe that the Chinese, for example, would rather see equipment for three million additional men delivered to an American training camp than turned over to them for use in China. And we suspect that the Russians, the French, and the British feel much as the Chinese do.

The Next Step

WE WELCOME the appointment of Colonel Robert W. Johnson as chairman of the Smaller War Plants Corporation and look to him for the first vigorous attempt to bring smaller enterprises into the war program that has been made since Floyd Odium resigned. Such action is essential if we are to produce the materials and fabricate the armaments required to meet 1943's production goals. Colonel Johnson, as the head of the famous firm of Johnson and Johnson, pharmaceutical manufacturers, has made a deserved reputation as an outstanding progressive business man. He was the President's first choice to head the Smaller War Plants Corporation but decided instead to go into army ordnance. The experience gained in the army procurement service should be of great help to him in obtaining the cooperation of the armed services in spreading work from the topheavy backlogs of big business to the idle facilities of small.

Colonel Johnson's predecessor, Lou E. Holland, of Kansas City, is a man who showed great organizing ability in his home town, where he formed one of the earliest small-business pools to handle war orders. But Holland seemed unable to get results in Washington in the face of WPB Chairman Donald M. Nelson's covert reluctance to do anything but make speeches on the plight of small business. Holland may serve a useful function as Johnson's assistant, and Johnson, as a big-business man himself, may be less easily overawed by the dollar-a-year crowd. Johnson's appointment seems to be the result of White House prodding and of the dissatisfaction expressed by the Senate Small Business Committee with the record so far made by the Smaller War Plants Corporation. The chairman of that committee, Senator Murray, was one of the first to applaud Johnson's appointment.

In our opinion, Colonel Johnson has a better chance of success than his predecessors. His prestige, his backing in Congress, and the growing awareness of the problem's importance in the War and Navy departments are all in his favor. But it is unlikely that he will be as successful as the needs of war production and the preservation of small enterprise require unless given actual power over procurement. Since Nelson is unwilling to exercise this power himself or to delegate it, and there is some doubt as to the powers originally conferred upon him by the President, it would seem best to give this to Colonel Johnson by statute. The procurement services of army and navy are too much dominated by conventional thinking and big-business men in uniform for us to rely on their voluntary cooperation. Colonel Johnson needs power to direct the placing of contracts if he is to be successful and if we are to meet this year's goals.

Moral Issue for Mr. Hull

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, January 24

THOSE inspired stories you have been reading which blame General Eisenhower for the Peyrouton appointment just are not true. From all I know, on and off the record, General Eisenhower was distrustful of, if not opposed to, the proposal that Peyrouton be brought from Buenos Aires to be made Governor General of Algeria. In this connection it may be significant that the State Department has been attacking the General's brother, Milton Eisenhower, as a "trouble-making idealist." In the lexicon of our current diplomacy this means a man who dislikes duplicity, fascist stooges, and pint-sized Machiavellis. Eisenhower is second in command to Elmer Davis at the OWI, and it is no secret that the OWI is unhappy over the trend of events in North Africa. Davis admitted at a press conference last week that political prisoners, including men who helped our forces to land, were still held in concentration camps. The Nürnberg laws have not yet been repealed in North Africa. A liberating army that does not liberate is not the most inspiring subject for democratic propagandists.

The hope is that in the very near-future the President will clarify the situation, for decisions of importance are in the making. Unfortunately, what needs clarification is not so much the situation as the State Department. Mr. Roosevelt's statement of November 17 on the Darlan deal was sufficiently clarifying, but little attention seems to have been paid to it by the men directing our foreign policy. Informed opinion here is agreed that Darlan was prepared to do almost anything we asked of him. Blame for the failure to free political prisoners and to repeal the Nürnberg laws must be assessed against the State Department.

There is very little evidence that it pressed for either action, although Mr. Roosevelt had asked for both clearly and publicly on November 17. The way in which the request was made involved the prestige of the President of the United States in the eyes of the world, and diplomats are supposed to understand the value of prestige—at least they are always talking about it. When I first inquired at the State Department about the failure to repeal the anti-Jewish laws in North Africa, I was told that ours was not an occupying army and could not give orders to the civil population; the relations between the United States and the authorities in North Africa were relations between friendly and allied powers. In that case, the President's request that political prisoners

be freed and the Nürnberg laws be repealed would seem to be a matter to be taken up by our Minister, Robert D. Murphy, with the civil authorities in North Africa. How can the State Department operate on the theory that ours is not an occupying army and at the same time declare that the carrying out of the President's request is the responsibility of General Eisenhower and the War Department?

I suspect that men like Murphy, James Clement Dunn, Ray Atherton, and A. A. Berle have little interest in freeing those political prisoners. Berle as Assistant Secretary of State, Dunn as political adviser for Europe, and Atherton as acting chief of the European division were among the principal architects of our pro-Vichy policy. I know that these State Department officials are delaying, though they might hesitate openly to oppose, repeal of the Nürnberg laws. One of their arguments is that it might "offend the Arabs," a point on which Berle feels so deeply that he doubted the wisdom of appointing a Jew to the recent inter-departmental commission which went to North Africa. Someone has been confusing Islam with National Socialism.

More than two months have passed since the President asked that all laws in North Africa which had been inspired by Nazi ideology be repealed. The first State Department official to whom I spoke was Samuel Reber, assistant chief of the European division. He said the State Department was making a study of the question. Reber spoke vaguely of certain anti-Arab decrees and laws which should properly be repealed along with the anti-Jewish laws. This seemed sensible, until I checked it from French sources and found that the department's admittedly vague ("we're having it looked up in the library") ideas on French law gave an incorrect impression. Reber had mentioned the Lyautey decrees in Morocco as anti-Arab, but French sources insisted that instead of being anti-Arab, these decrees favored Islam by permitting Moroccans who so chose to live according to their own religious laws and customs rather than those of France. An Arab might have as many wives as the Koran allowed, though French law does not permit polygamy. Reber spoke vaguely of French Republican laws also involved in this question, but the only one a French lawyer could find was the Grennieux decree of the 1870's, which gave the Jews of France the right to be naturalized. When I reported back with these findings, an inquiry by the press office of the department brought a denial that the State Department was even studying

the question. I was advised to inquire at the War Department.

Later, at a press conference, I asked Secretary Hull, "Is the State Department taking any steps to follow through on the President's request of last November 17 that all laws inspired by Nazi ideology in North Africa be repealed?" The answer was that he wished we could get our minds on the war for a few minutes out of each day. He went on to say more in the same vein, and he was quite angry, but he did not answer the question. What the Secretary said was nevertheless revealing. We have a department, the War Department, for military matters. The State Department is supposed to handle political matters. The Secretary's answer implies that these political questions have little bearing on the war. Yet it is on the political issues of human equality and freedom that the President and the American people are fighting this war, and it is on these issues that our government appeals to the masses of Europe and Asia. Mr. Hull is fond of dwelling on moral issues in his speeches

but seems to resent it when he is asked to make his words good in the actual conduct of our foreign policy.

The final blow to State Department pretenses about North Africa is the news which leaked out here on the reasons why Under Secretary of Agriculture Paul H. Appleby resigned after three weeks as special assistant to Secretary Hull in charge of the Office of Foreign Territories. Appleby was asked by the President himself to take the post and was supposed to be in charge of all matters affecting occupied and conquered territory. He resigned when he discovered that behind his back Murphy, Dunn, Atherton, and Berle had arranged for Peyrouton's appointment as Governor General of Algeria. Appleby had reason to suspect that this was rushed through against the wishes of General Eisenhower, and he was angered when Secretary Hull dispatched a cable to Buenos Aires clearing Peyrouton's travel papers for North Africa less than forty-eight hours before a departmental meeting at which Appleby was prepared to present the full facts on Peyrouton's malodorous past.

Germany After Hitler

BY HIRAM MOTHERWELL

WHAT Germany will be like on armistice day is something for which our imagination has no precedent. This time will be radically different from last time. Germany on armistice day will be a social shambles comparable only to the anarchy of the Dark Ages. The German social structure of 1918 was devastated by fire. That of 1942, by the time total defeat comes, will have been blasted by dynamite, shattered not only by war but by Hitler's own hand.

THE GERMAN STRUCTURE OF NOVEMBER, 1918

The elements of German social stability which persisted throughout World War I, and emerged more or less intact when fighting ceased, were:

The Political Parties. These, though sometimes changing their labels, continued to represent substantially the interests they had promoted in 1914: the Nationalists—the Junker landowners and the aristocracy of the army; the Conservatives—the big industrialists and bankers; the Democratic "middle parties"—the shopkeepers, the professions, and much of the peasantry; the "Center"—that portion of the middle and working classes and peasantry organized, parallel with the Catholic trade unions, under the aegis of the Catholic church; the Social-Democratic Party—the majority of the wage workers and many of the lower middle class.

The Catholic Church. This, though not formally in politics, was a powerful force resisting radical change.

The Evangelical churches exercised a comparable influence, though less directly.

The Army (in part). Although the army as a whole ceased to be an instrument of the state, certain portions of it, preserving Junker discipline and tradition, constituted themselves independent political weapons for conservatism, and were far more successful in preserving the old Germany than the fiasco of the Kapp Putsch would suggest.

Big Industry. This came through the war intact, despite heavy wear and tear on its working equipment. At first, after the armistice, it replaced the banks as the national repository of liquid capital and source of slush money for reactionary politics. It was the first element in the German economy to reconstitute itself completely.

The Municipalities. The German municipalities were largely non-political and admirably administered. They maintained their governmental machinery and traditions straight through war and revolution and inflation. The same is true in lesser degree of some of the German states.

The Press. The German press preserved its individuality and traditions through the war untouched, save for military censorship and spasmodic pressure by the government.

The Peasantry. This was less an active political force than a reservoir of conservative influence. It held on to its food, voted for the same old politicians, and supplied

the rank and file of the monarchist regiments which periodically shot up the discontented cities.

The German Civil Service. This body of methodically trained, industrious, unimaginative, and incorruptible administrators remained the nervous system of the German state organization through thick and thin. To them orders were orders, whether emanating from S. M. (*Seine Majestät*) Wilhelm or from S. M. (Saddle-Maker) Ebert. Thus, though cabinets toppled and politicians followed one another as through a revolving door, the day-by-day business of government was carried on punctiliously, honestly, and—despite appalling disorder and starvation salaries—fairly efficiently.

THE INTANGIBLES

The chief intangible force that held revolutionary Germany in check after the 1918 armistice was hunger and the hope for speedy food. In Russia, the previous year, revolution meant to the masses "peace and bread"—the end of the war and "therefore" food. In Germany the war had already ended, and the masses rightly believed that further disorder would delay the restoration of normal food supplies.

A second intangible was the well-nigh universal belief—carefully nurtured by Allied propaganda—that since Kaiserism had made, and lost, the war, a democratic regime, presumably Kaiserism's opposite, would bring and preserve peace. The Fourteen Points were for a short time a powerful agent for the encouragement of a sincere attempt to achieve German democracy.

Another intangible was the reverence of the Germans for order and authority. When the superstructure of the social order was falling about their ears, and the invincible army itself was splitting and disintegrating, a red stamp on a piece of paper remained a command. To the Germans, if it is not in the official scheme of things it cannot happen. If the official weather report says "Fair," then the rain simply is not falling.

Parenthetically, the one intangible that most effectively wrecked the will to democracy and collaboration in post-war reconstruction was the exclusive-war-guilt clause of the Treaty of Versailles. Probably never in history have a few dozen mere words had so fateful an effect.

HITLER'S REVOLUTION THE REAL THING

Now compare the structural elements which survived World War I with those of which Hitler's Germany is made. While doing so, bear always in mind that there was no true revolution in Germany in 1918—only a change of regime. There *has* been a broad and deep revolution in Germany between 1933 and 1942.

All political parties except the Nazi have been suppressed and their underground remnants persecuted. All trade unions have been dissolved and supplanted by a state labor organization. Business and the professions have been purged and manacled, and authority within

them has been largely transferred to Nazi hands. The churches have, so far as Hitler has been able to contrive it, been split and gagged. The ordinary police have become Nazi errand boys. Even much of the army has been effectively Nazified. The press has morally ceased to exist. Such grand old names as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the *Berliner Tageblatt*, though doubtless retaining their old typography and make-up, are only names, commanding not a scrap of credence or authority. Above all, the civil service has been completely demoralized and forced to do the infinity of little crooked jobs whereby the Nazis administer the daily life of the land. As a force for social cohesion it no longer exists.

But not only has the social structure of old Germany been physically shattered; it has been spiritually dissolved by the Nazi poison. The tradition of inflexible service to the state and to the laws has vanished. Even Hitler dared not at first nick the granite of the German judicial tradition. To the astonishment of the world, the Reichstag-fire trial was conducted with absolute fairness and faithfulness to legal procedure. Today Hitler can instruct his puppet judges to render justice not in accordance with the law but according to "instinct." Everyone must take Nazi orders, not only to pervert justice for Nazi politics, but to levy graft for Nazi pockets. Every business office, every government bureau, is bossed by a petty Nazi chief either in the swivel chair or in the near background.

It is this denial of the Prussian state tradition—autocratically revered from the days of Frederick the Great down to 1933—that clinches the certainty of German moral fragmentation on armistice day. Even so recently as 1932 the judge who delivered an opinion based on anything but the law, the civil servant who accepted a bribe for winking at an infraction of *die Verordnungen*, would have been as unthinkable as a minister of the Gospel who introduced his mistress at a church sociable. Today not only the body but the soul of Prussian-German society is shot through with political disease.

To understand why this loss of faith in governmental incorruptibility is so devastating to Germany, you must bear in mind a basic peculiarity of the German character. That is its complete dependence on theoretical certainty as a prerequisite to action. The Germans' faith in government is rigid. For a century and a half they have believed that judges render judgment precisely according to the law, that state employees sign papers exactly according to the regulations. In this certainty they have been able to achieve miracles of organization. And for a century and a half their certainty was justified.

Then Hitler forced upon them a new certainty—that the Führer and his clique are always right. On armistice day they will see that this new certainty has brought them to disaster. Where shall they turn? What is there left for them to rely on? We can hardly imagine the spiritual panic of the average German on armistice day.

With total defeat the official Nazis will be yanked out of government, national and local, out of the pseudo-trade-union structure, out of the banks and business houses, out of the professional associations and the press, and out of the churches. Leaving what? An emptiness, an absence of certainty and authority, of any pattern for living, of any ruling force that can treat for peace in the name of the nation. When on armistice day certainty vanishes, Germany will be one vast psychosis.

STRUCTURAL ELEMENTS IN TOMORROW'S GERMANY

The Army. It is impossible, of course, to foresee what shape the German army will be in when the smash-up comes. Since it will continue to be whipped on to the fight until the last moment, it will probably tend to break down in all parts at once, like the one-hoss shay, with general refusal of commands, mutinies, killing of officers, mass desertion. But parts of the army will certainly carry over some of the Nazi authority and will doubtless attempt to set up the first post-Nazi government.

The Catholic Church. This has persisted relatively unimpaired in strength, although its political and social expressions—the Center Party and its associated Catholic trade unions—have been thoroughly crushed. The church commands the religious faith of at least 20 per cent of the German people. Its influence would be a definite element of support for any social order of which it approved. The Evangelical churches, though speaking for a much larger proportion of the population, are less well organized to exert political influence.

The Communist Party. This is in all probability the only one of the pre-Hitler parties, in Germany as in the rest of Europe, which has managed to maintain an effective underground organization. By virtue of this fact, and of the prestige of what will be victorious Soviet Russia, it will exercise influence out of all proportion to its numbers. Paradoxically, it will probably present itself as the party, not of revolution, but of law and order—which, by comparison with the surrounding chaos, may well be true. It will be out in front in its ability to reorganize and discipline the industrial workers, a substantial part of the professional and lower middle classes, the peasants of the large-estate regions of the northeast, and an unpredictable proportion of the defeated army.

The Small Peasantry. This appears to have come relatively unscathed, as a class, through the Hitler revolution. However, it will represent only a passive force for stability rather than an active force for the reorganization of social life.

Big Industry. This has been bossed and kicked around by the Nazis to such an extent that it will emerge from the war spineless and unable to exert positive political influence until its equities and its markets have been clearly defined—by which time a lot of things will have happened. Its natural ally, finance, will be literally nonexistent.

Large Landowners. In default of an army and state machine to protect them, the large landowners will be a liability rather than an asset to conservatism, especially since they are largely situated in the northeast, closest to Soviet Russia, which supplies a historical example to peasants living on big estates.

Such are a few of the elements out of which a new Germany might be built after the collapse. They are not sufficient material on which to construct anything that could be recognized as the old German Reich. That is gone forever. For in between these scattered fragments of stability there will be one immense vacuum—the space left vacant by the old German state. That has already been destroyed by Hitler himself.

ALTERNATIVE TO CHAOS?

Before the final crack-up—before total German resistance faces total annihilation—the German Junker-led army will in all probability present itself to the world as the destined inheritor of the Prussian state. When defeat becomes certain, when the Nazi regime is clearly doomed, the army generals will say to the world—doubtless through puppet politicians—and say in all sincerity: "We are the only force left which can eliminate the Nazis and form a government to prevent collapse of the German state. We are the only great tradition which has held over from Frederick the Great, all through the Nazi hysteria. Make peace with us now, before we are completely disarmed, or expect all Europe to go down in ruins." The argument will carry weight with many loyal persons in the United Nations who honestly believe that military order in Central Europe is preferable to total disintegration.

But a peace with the German generals would be only a truce. War would break out again in time—have no doubt of that. And meanwhile Germany's victims throughout Europe would turn the continent into a hell. The United Nations would find themselves in a virtual alliance to protect Germany against the nations it has butchered. The deal cannot go through. The German army itself could not restore order in Central Europe. Hitler has destroyed too much of the old Germany to permit its ever again being pieced together. There is no alternative to the final destruction of the German power and the chaos which will follow.

That chaos, at the beginning, will be as complete as it will be inevitable. Just because the Germans are spiritually so dependent on authority they will be Europe's most furious anarchists when authority collapses. Besides the fragmentation of the German economic apparatus—and its bombed and worn-out factories, its shattered transportation system, its exhausted farming land, its valueless money—we must expect a bewildering fragmentation of its social and political loyalties. The German body politic will fall literally to pieces. Although the old states of the Reich will try to resume their local

rule, they will not, in fact, be able to administer their own territories. Each city, in a mad scramble for available food and industrial materials, will become a law unto itself. Nor will the cities be able to maintain orderly government. They, too, will be riven with civil war and private murder as the people settle their scores with their Nazi oppressors. The units of local authority will more probably be such entities as church parishes, political party cells, hastily formed shop unions, district farmers' leagues, voluntary vigilante bands, improvised factional militias. And throughout the country will range wandering regiments of the former German army, which our forces will not yet have been able to disarm, looting and requisitioning, fighting one another in the name of some political gospel or slogan—the very substance of national anarchy.

THE FUTURE

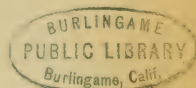
The Wagnerian legend pictures Siegfried holding the broken pieces of his father's sword, facing the alternatives of patching it together or making a new weapon of it. He decides he must grind it to powder and from the steel-dust forge another and sturdier sword to protect him against the curse of the old gods.

When armistice day comes it will be too late to patch together the remnants of the Reich. Germany will have been shattered. But Germans, the fine steel-dust of Siegfried's sword, will remain. They, their proud municipalities, their stern religious loyalties, their ancient adherence to local tradition and state, will eventually be dependable elements for the making of the new federated Europe.

[What forms may evolve out of Germany's chaos will be the subject of articles to appear in forthcoming issues.]

Impasse in Puerto Rico

BY W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS



THE economic life of Puerto Rico is at a standstill, and starvation threatens a large part of the population. The situation has been brought to its present acute stage by the war, but its underlying causes must be sought in evil conditions that existed long prior to the war. The problem calls for realism, and for harmony among the various elements seeking a solution. Instead, we find confusion in Washington and political feuds dividing the island. The House Committee on Agriculture in the last Congress was actually persuaded by Bolívar Pagán, Puerto Rican Resident Commissioner, to tack on to a bill appropriating \$15,000,000 to overcome the island's food shortage an amendment providing that none of the money could be used so long as Governor Tugwell remained in office. And last week the Senate Territories Committee approved a bill introduced by Senator Vandenberg to remove Tugwell from office. Before voting, the committee listened to a speech by Pagán in which Tugwell was accused of using the island as "a guinea pig for crazy experiments." But at least the fight has served to focus attention on the lamentable state of Puerto Rico.

Puerto Rico depends for income upon the exportation of sugar, its major crop, and of rum, tobacco, coffee, needlework, and fruits and vegetables. The United States takes 95 per cent of all exports, and in return the island imports from this country 40 per cent of its food, as well as almost everything else necessary to the life of its people. With the greater part of its arable land used for products for export, it cannot be self-sustaining. It long maintained a favorable, though diminishing, trade bal-

ance on paper, but that balance was always fictitious, for the lion's share of the profits from sugar and other industries went to capitalists in the United States.

Even before the war Puerto Ricans were desperately poor—the average income of a family was about \$200 a year. The island is seriously overpopulated, and tens of thousands of adults of the present generation have never held a job or earned any money simply because the opportunities to do so were non-existent.

When the German submarine campaign got under way in the Atlantic and the Caribbean last winter, Puerto Rican commerce was paralyzed. Some of the larger boats carrying freight to and from the United States were taken over by the navy; others were sunk. Smaller, slower craft, usually without refrigeration, were substituted. The minimum shipping needed to serve the island was 56,512 tons a month, and the War Shipping Administration was promptly informed of this fact. But according to the recent report of the Chavez Senatorial committee, the administration "picked from the air the figure of 25,000 tons and set it as the minimum tonnage to be allocated to Puerto Rico." Even this was not maintained. In September, 1942, the tonnage which reached the island had dwindled to a little more than 3,000 tons. After that the situation improved slowly.

Today the warehouses are glutted with sugar which cannot be sent out of the country. It could be more safely stored if converted into syrup, but containers for this purpose are lacking. Nor are there bottles enough for the rum distilled. The needlework industry, which used to pay scandalously low wages and had been injured by

the wage-and-hour law as well as by competition from China, is practically extinct. Coffee and tobacco, fruits and vegetables remain on the island for home consumption. But the supply of vegetables is so inadequate that the army has had to refrain from buying them in order to give civilians a chance.

Rice, the staple food of the masses, was almost all imported, and little has been received lately. The price has been fixed at eight cents a pound, an increase of two or three cents over normal prices. When a small quantity was put on the market, the supply was exhausted almost immediately in spite of rationing—usually two pounds to a person—by the storekeepers. The disappointed people rioted in several towns.

Potatoes have disappeared, except for a few very small tubers shipped in from Santo Domingo, which sell for twenty cents a pound. Macaroni and spaghetti are usually unobtainable. Meat is extremely scarce; the stockmen assert that they cannot afford to sell at the prices fixed by the government. Small quantities of beef, mutton, and pork from the Virgin Islands are bought by the rich at high prices. Lard has disappeared and vegetable substitutes are scarce. Olive oil sells at \$4 to \$5 a half-gallon. Small native eggs have found purchasers at \$1.08 a dozen. In normal times very little milk is produced on the island. The demands of the armed forces have made inroads into the small supply, and a cattle disease has further diminished it. Stations for distributing evaporated milk to children under seven have been established, but the stocks are low.

So far, bread is plentiful, though the quality is poor. All flour is shipped in from the States, and preference appears to have been given this commodity. Butter, rarely obtainable, sells at a minimum fixed price of seventy-five cents a pound. String beans are sixteen cents, cabbage twenty-five and thirty, tomatoes twenty to thirty cents a pound, and lettuce twenty to twenty-five cents for a small head. Native standbys, such as plantains, yams, and *yautia*, which ought to be abundant in a tropical country, fail to meet Puerto Rico's needs, for land which should be in the hands of farmers has been swallowed up by the huge sugar estates. A plantain now brings a nickel in San Juan, a fantastic price according to old standards. It is difficult to imagine what the great mass of the population, always penniless and always undernourished, is eating today.

Because he foresaw these conditions, attempted to reform Puerto Rico's economy even before the outbreak of war, and is seeking a way to free the people permanently from want, Governor Tugwell has become the object of bitter attacks. His enemies in the United States call him a visionary with a lust for squandering the public funds. In Puerto Rico the case against him is much more concrete. Politicians are disturbed by the rise to power of the Popular Democratic Party which supports him,

and the moneyed interests fear any prospect of economic changes; they are perfectly willing that the island should continue to produce mainly sugar while the immense majority of its inhabitants go hungry.

Shortly before we entered the war, a local program to stimulate subsistence farming was proposed. It was originally believed that the plan could be financed by the WPA, which still functions on a large scale in Puerto Rico, and this idea seems to have been encouraged by certain WPA officials. It turned out that regulations governing the relief agency made this impossible. After much valuable time had been lost in the attempt to obtain the help of the WPA, a bill appropriating money for the original purpose was introduced in Congress with the approval of Governor Tugwell. Defeated in one session, it was revived in 1942 only to be amended by Tugwell's enemies as described above.

In spite of some increased planting of crops under the guidance of the Insular Department of Agriculture, Puerto Rico's food problem, more than a year after we entered the war, is still unsolved. To extend the farming program, 18,000 tons of fertilizer are needed urgently, as well as a large quantity of seed. These would have to be imported from the States, and it is difficult to see how they can be brought in when every cubic foot of shipping space is needed for food.

The United States public may well ask how such an impasse could have developed and who is to blame for it. The situation is extremely complex. Rexford Guy Tugwell came to Puerto Rico under severe handicaps. His advocacy of the "five-hundred-acre law," which provides for the redistribution of land held by the sugar corporations, had made the wealthiest and most influential citizens his implacable enemies. The fact that he was named chancellor of the university as well as governor made a bad impression on other elements, an impression not wholly effaced by his early resignation of the chancellorship.

Tugwell assumed office just after the Popular Democratic Party, led by Luis Muñoz Marín, president of the Senate, had been victorious in the 1940 elections and was coming into full possession of the machinery of government. The Populares, as they are called, were in sympathy with his liberal ideas and with the New Deal. But they had drawn their strength from the masses, not from the educated white-collar class, and consequently provided Tugwell with little good material for public office. Moreover, they had won by a very narrow margin and were able to control the House only with the aid of the Unification Party, a collaboration which has often threatened to fail them. The election by island-wide vote of Bolívar Pagán as Resident Commissioner in Washington has enabled the Republican-Socialist coalition, Pagán's party, to claim that the Populares are not really a

majority party and that Tugwell has no right to govern through them.

From the outset Tugwell has been ruthlessly criticized by the island's leading newspaper, *El Mundo*, nominally independent, and its English-language subsidiary, the *World Journal*. *El Mundo's* attacks have been echoed over the radio by important groups, including the Association of Farmers.

What have been the specific charges against the Governor? We may dismiss as sheer nonsense the statement that he caused a "wave of communistic terror," neither Communists nor terror being at all in evidence. The charge that he is the tool of Luis Muñoz Marín and the Populares scarcely deserves more attention. No American chief executive needs to be the tool of any Puerto Rican, and we may assume that Tugwell has allied himself with the Populares because he feels that they share his ideas regarding the future of the island and will help him to carry them out. To bear out the accusation that he is impractical and extravagant, much emphasis is placed on his previous record in public life. His opponents also argue that it is unwise to institute long-term experimental projects at this time, under the extremely difficult conditions caused by the war. A planning board set up by the legislature and approved by the Governor has been savagely attacked, especially for the appointments made to it—a young university professor as head at a salary of \$8,000 and two other members at salaries of \$6,000 each. This would seem to be one of the most valid criticisms of the Governor and the Populares, for although Puerto Rican economy has long needed planning and revision, an expensive project of this kind is hardly practical now. Moreover, the National Resources Planning Board has a regional office in Puerto Rico which costs the people nothing and appears to be doing a conscientious job.

Other grounds for the charge of extravagance are found in the acquisition by the insular government of several power companies and in the entire set-up of the so-called Water Resources Authority, a project dear to the Governor's heart. In this matter the Governor's critics are undoubtedly influenced by the antagonism to government ownership felt by all capitalists, enhanced by actual loss of profits. It should be pointed out that in the past utilities companies in Puerto Rico have charged high rates and given poor service. The Water Resources Authority has not been functioning long enough for one to know whether or not it has revolutionized things for the better. Cases brought against it by some of the power concerns are still being appealed.

The insular law taxing all incomes of \$15.05 a week and up, just passed at a special legislative session, has been greeted with indignant protests. Since it is designed, however, to raise a fund for the relief of unemployment, it cannot be openly attacked by any political party. Certainly \$15.05 is too little for any person with dependents

to live on in Puerto Rico today. Yet had the tax been placed only on higher incomes, with the rate for those incomes necessarily greater, many persons now complaining would be still more outraged. Retroactive clauses in some tax bills passed by Popular Democratic votes and approved by the Governor have aroused resentment which it must be admitted is justified. The principle of retroactive taxation is a dangerous one at best. Property owners and business men in a country with a shattered economy cannot fail to be alarmed by it.

Governor Tugwell is charged with trying to establish a socialistic government in Puerto Rico and with suppressing civil liberties. Neither accusation seems well substantiated. The unwise and cumbersome ruling that all news from heads of departments and official sources must pass through the office of the Coordinator of Information at the palace lent some color to the charge of tyranny, but the idea did not originate with Tugwell, and the regulation, fortunately, has been abolished. Nothing the Governor has sponsored can really be called socialistic except in the broadest sense of the word. Government ownership of utilities and water resources is a commonplace in the world today. The distribution of sugar lands among the peasantry parallels agrarian reforms carried out in typically capitalist countries years ago. For that matter, the law restricting sugar-plantation holdings to 500 acres has been on the books, unenforced, for decades. It was adopted by an early American administration which was not inspired by any political theory but saw clearly that Puerto Rico, with its abnormally rising population, could not afford to allow the sugar people indefinitely to crowd out the cultivators of food crops. Tugwell and Muñoz are using simple arithmetic when they revive this law and insist that the distribution of land cannot wait for the end of the war. In 1899 the island's population was 953,243; in 1940 it was 1,869,255, having very nearly doubled in forty-one years.

Muñoz stated the other day that every head of a rural family was entitled to a minimum of a quarter-acre of land. He added, "If we can acquire 180,000 acres we can abolish the last remnants of the feudal system in ten years." Governor Tugwell is in hearty agreement, and if that makes him a socialist he is doubtless willing to be called one.



Rexford Guy Tugwell

The Jews of Europe

III. ALTERNATIVES TO ZION

BY PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

THE struggle to save the Jews must be waged on several fronts. First, Hitlerism must be destroyed. Not a Jew is safe as long as that philosophy rules anywhere in the world. It cannot be confined within any borders; its anarchistic nihilism drives it perpetually toward aggression. It must dominate the world or be destroyed; there are no other possibilities.

When the war has been won, Jewish rights and property should be restored in all countries where restitution is possible. For example, in France, Holland, Belgium, and Norway, where relatively small Jewish populations genuinely enjoyed equal rights, there should be insistence upon immediate restoration of those rights and of property seized by the Nazis from the Jews. These countries are on the whole orderly and law-abiding. Written records and a sense of justice still abide among their peoples. Such of their Jews as survive the holocaust may hope, however scarred, to regain their former status.

In Central and Eastern Europe, where most of the Jews have lived, it must be insisted that at least the principle of equality for the Jews be accepted. This war will have no moral meaning if at its end any people are denied the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness that others possess. The peace treaty should contain guarantees of human rights to Jews in all countries, and of minority rights in those East European countries where Jewish religion and culture can best be safeguarded by special provisions. There is no Jew, regardless of ideology, who will not work and fight for this principle: No good Christian, no genuine democrat can be content with less.

These rights, to have any meaning at all, must be protected by international police power. The unhappy experience of minorities from Versailles to Vichy demonstrates the emptiness of legal formulas without adequate machinery for enforcement and sanctions. The full safeguarding of minority rights is obviously bound up with the establishment of a superstate organization limiting the sovereignty of individual states. In the light of the recent intensification of nationalism in Russia, Great Britain, and the United States, the creation of a truly powerful league of nations may seem uncertain. But that minorities will be defenseless without it is very certain.

The principle of equal rights for all groups has been accepted by the various governments-in-exile. But what bearing does this really have on the Jewish problem in Central and Eastern Europe? Can the dignity and the

security of Jews be defended by laws against anti-Semitism? Can police eradicate prejudice? Can international guarantees genuinely assure Jews of equality or contentment in countries where they are unwanted? How long would the United Nations be ready to provide soldiers to keep minorities where they are not welcome? Will not the historic question of the position of the Jew in Europe still confront us, regardless of the outcome of the war? And must we not measure our hopes and plans against the realities of Jewish life in Europe? Let us look closely at these realities.

We are compelled to note in the first place that Jews were guaranteed precisely similar rights by the Treaty of Versailles. In the Polish Minorities treaty of June 28, 1919, which served as the model for all others dealing with minorities, Poland undertook to grant "full and complete protection of life and liberty to all inhabitants of Poland without distinction of birth, nationality, language, race, or religion" (Article 2). But it was soon demonstrated that in the dislocated post-war economy this treaty could not protect Jews against the traditional anti-Semitism of the Polish masses streaming to the cities or against the resentment of the rising Polish bourgeoisie with whom the Jews were in competition. Every Polish government was compelled to make concessions to Jew-baiting. They did not formally repudiate their obligations; they simply evaded them. The law restricting the Jewish religious slaughtering of animals was a clear illustration. Under the guise of humanitarianism a decree was enacted which was designed to drive Jews from their important position in the meat trade. Until that time 30 per cent of the butchers of Poland were Jews. The motives of the anti-Semites were made perfectly plain when their spokesman, Dudzinski, said in the parliamentary debate, "We desire to plunge a knife into the vital nerve of Polish Jewry and to make their lives unbearable." No treaty could prevent Vice-President Miedzinski from publicly proposing in the Polish Sejm in 1937 that all but fifty thousand of Poland's three million Jews emigrate from the country.

There is one way by which laws protecting the rights of Jews might be enforced, as was indicated by Sir Archibald Sinclair, leader of the British Liberal Party, in his reply to a Jewish delegation: "When the war is over we shall see to it that equal rights are promised to you in every constitution in Europe. But there is only one way to guarantee that this promise is carried out—to station

British troops in every country and to have them intervene wherever the promise to you is broken." It was obvious that Sir Archibald saw no possibility of such a course and was merely emphasizing the fact that paper promises are worthless if they run contrary to the wishes of the population.

With the steady deterioration of the Jewish position since Versailles clearly before us, we shall be not only naive but criminal to act on the assumption that another peace treaty, another blueprint for a new world order, will solve the Jewish problem in Europe. Such a treaty will help toward the solution only if it is supported by the will of the various peoples. Let us look at the prospects in countries with large Jewish populations, like Germany, Poland, Hungary, and Rumania.

In Germany who will supersede the Nazis? Will it be Otto Strasser, founder of the Free German movement and Hitler's Enemy No. 1? He insists in his recent book, "The Prussian Eagle over Germany," that in his new order the Jews may not acquire German citizenship, must be subject to alien legislation, and may not marry non-Jews. Will it be the Junkers? They are traditionally anti-Semitic out of snobbishness. Will it be the middle class? They fear the competition of Jews. Or will it be the youth of Germany, the most troublesome group confronting the Western world? How can the other nations live in peace with a generation utterly corrupted by Nazi unscrupulousness and ruthlessness?

Since September 1, 1939, the attitude of the Poles toward the Jews has somewhat improved. I have spoken to Polish leaders who expressed genuine gratitude for the loyalty and courage of the Jews in resisting the Nazi invasion. The Polish Premier Sikorski has promised the Jews equal rights. But after the war, as vast numbers of men again seek some foothold in a shaky economy, there will be a bitter struggle for survival. The Jews will find themselves as always in the most insecure interstices of the economic order. The Polish peasants have remained on their land; more than 80 per cent of the Jews have been dislodged from their homes. The Polish workers will be able to return to their factories, the lumbermen to their forests, the miners to their mines. But the Jews had been forced by history into the petty bourgeoisie. They have no roots in the soil of Poland, no abiding stake in its economy.

The Nazi conquerors have given more than 90 per cent of all convertible Jewish enterprises to Poles. In view of the deliberate squeezing of the Jews out of Poland's economy before the war, in view of the fierce competition for a livelihood which will follow the war, can we hope that these enterprises will be returned to Jews after the war, or that Jewish youth will be permitted to enter the professions on an equal basis? Moreover, signs of virulent anti-Semitism, now partially sub-

merged in the universal misery, are not lacking. Polish anti-Semites, it is reported from London, have formed a bloc of three parties within the Polish National Council to oppose Premier Sikorski's liberal policies. This is an outward manifestation of the fact that the Jews will have to continue to live with their historical problem in Poland, that their status will be at best the subject of continued acrimonious debate.

The prospect in Hungary is hardly brighter. As if to warn Jews not to hope for any betterment in the post-war world, Prime Minister Nicholas von Kallay solemnly stated in the Hungarian Parliament, "Never again will the Jews of Hungary be able to own land."

In Rumania the situation is even worse than in Poland. The Poles at least see that the Jews stand at their side in resisting the Nazis. Rumania, however, has lined up with the Nazis, and Rumanian leaders know that the Jews wish and work for the downfall of their allies. If Jews who fought loyally for Germany were accused of the "stab in the back" after the last war, what will they be blamed for after this?

The whole tragedy of European Jewry was made clearer to me by one experience in Rumania than by all these larger political considerations. In the summer of 1930 I went with Eugene Kovacs, Bucharest correspondent of the New York Times, to Balaceano, a little village in the north where there had been a pogrom. We found a community of thirty-five Jewish families that had been left desolate by hate-maddened peasants. Most of the Jewish men had been beaten physically; limbs were broken, heads were split open. Their homes had been smashed, their shops looted, their synagogues desecrated. The primary cause of the pogrom was economic. Abundant crops throughout the world that summer had forced down the price of Rumanian wheat. The peasants could not pay the debts incurred during the winter to the Jewish merchants and bankers. Frustration produced fury—and a pogrom followed. Every important agency of Rumanian life encouraged, condoned, or participated in the attacks. The signal for the outbreak came from the belfry of the village church. The schoolmaster led the rioters. The police conveniently disappeared from the village. The government refused to send troops to keep order. The women and children joined the men in the rioting and looting. The next day I saw the aftermath of the pogrom and spoke with the victims. As long as I live nothing can convince me that Jews will ever be able to live a normal, self-respecting life in Balaceano. They were utterly resigned to the idea that as this had happened to them innumerable times before, it would be their fate also in the future.

The tragic conclusion forced on the realistic observer is that for most of the Jews of Europe the continent is a vast Balaceano. Unutterably miserable, clearly unwanted, rootless, hopeless, they are driven about like the last

dying leaves before the chill winds of winter. There is nothing on the European horizon to which they may look with hope. The trend toward economic statism is against them. For whereas Jews might hope to survive in an economy of free competition, in Poland for example, their experience has taught them that state control is invariably employed in anti-Semitic countries as a device to eliminate the Jews. Nor have they heard adequate words of encouragement from the leaders of the governments-in-exile. Some governments have promised equal rights to Jews after the war, but there have been no specific promises on which to base the hope that the expelled Jews will be welcomed home again. I have yet to meet a single German Jewish émigré who wishes to return to Germany. One fine woman said to me, "Now that the Nazis have built a garage on the little Jewish cemetery where my parents were buried, I have nothing, not even their ashes, to return to."

The most saddening aspect of this situation is that it is not an aberration but the logical culmination of the whole history of the Jews in Europe. Of course the fanaticism of Hitler has given a special virulence to the current phase, but even he was the product, not the cause, of German anti-Semitism.

The Jewish problem in Europe, then, has existed so long, is so profound, so stubborn, that it must be accepted as it is. If the Jews had adopted Christianity, they would not have remained the one enduring dissenting, unpopular minority in Europe. But they remained Jews. If they had not been excluded by the church from normal economic pursuits, social activities, and civil rights they would not have developed those special characteristics which irritate some non-Jews. Perhaps if the nations had been richer in resources and less densely populated, and had developed policies making for peace and the free flow of commerce, the Jews might have been more secure. But Europe was poor, overcrowded, Balkanized, always ready to welcome war or persecution as a diversion from its unsolved problems, and the Jews were the handiest scapegoats.

A gifted people that is capable in freedom of being great and giving much is doomed in Europe to pogroms, degradation, fear, and the blocking of their creative energies. Their only hope lies in mass migration. But where shall they go? Let us examine briefly various possibilities for the mass resettlement of Jews.

Alaska. When the King-Havener bill to open Alaska for refugee settlement was introduced in the United States Senate in 1940, it was so vehemently opposed by the Alaska delegate to Congress, Anthony Dimond, by Colonel John Thomas Taylor of the American Legion, and by Senators Reynolds, Bone, and others that it was allowed to die a quiet death. Many Jews also were opposed to it because it contained discriminatory

clauses designed to prevent these refugees from entering the United States on the same basis as other inhabitants of Alaska.

Argentina. On October 12, 1942, a mob of 18,000 persons attended an anti-Semitic, anti-American mass-meeting in Buenos Aires and cheered wildly when General Molina attacked the Jews, the Communists, and the United States. Even if a considerable number of European Jews were admitted by Argentina, which is most improbable, they would obviously make a delicate situation worse and would soon find themselves in the same difficulties that had compelled them to flee Europe.

Australia. This is a vast, sparsely populated continent. But when it was suggested as a haven for Jews at the Evian Intergovernmental Refugee Conference, the Australian delegate replied, "Gentlemen, we in Australia have no racial problem, thank God, and we do not intend to have one started."

Biro-Bidjan. The role that Soviet Russia will play on the European continent after the war is at this moment unpredictable. It depends on how long the war lasts, on whether Russia will be exhausted by the prolonged struggle, on whether armies of Great Britain and the United States can successfully invade Germany, on which German groups, left, right, or center, emerge strong from the struggle, and on many other considerations. But there is little reason to hope that the national project at Biro-Bidjan which the Soviets established for the Jews will make a substantial contribution to the solution of the problem. After six years of energetic promotion by the government, only 19,635 Jews had settled in this Siberian outpost. Subsequently it was found that 11,450, or 58.4 per cent, had departed from the colony. In recent years more Jews have left Biro-Bidjan than have settled in it. Nevertheless, the Soviet government steadily refuses to admit non-Russian Jews to it, and no change in this policy can be expected.

Bolivia. On September 22, 1942, the Bolivian Chamber of Deputies approved a statute barring Jews specifically from immigration to their country. Although final disposition of this legislation is still unsettled, it leaves no doubt as to the attitude of the nation's leaders.

Dominican Republic. General Trujillo, President of the republic, announced in 1939 his willingness to permit 100,000 selected refugees to enter his country, and shortly thereafter a promising experiment was begun at Sosua. The Brookings Institution has recently issued a report which states that fewer than 500 persons have entered the colony and that it is already overcrowded. Investigation has revealed that the maximum number of refugees who could be absorbed in Santo Domingo is 5,000, not 100,000. Furthermore, the process of absorption in a country of this type must be slow and gradual, whereas the need at the war's end will be for the swift admittance of large numbers.

Madagascar. It was reported that Hitler had selected Madagascar as a dumping place for Jews before he decided to liquidate them. That this island is highly unsuited to the mass settlement of Jews was made plain by its Governor General, Léon Cayla: "It would be difficult to settle European workers in Madagascar because the demands of the native workers are very modest and competition by the immigrants would be impossible. As to agricultural possibilities, the only suitable region with regard to climate where European families could be settled would be the upper plateau, but free land is no longer available there."

Mexico. Mass immigration from European countries is now barred by regulations issued on December 17, 1942. Jews were bitterly attacked by rightists in the debates in the Chamber of Deputies which preceded this action. One of the most influential men in Mexico, not an anti-Semite, recently told a friend of mine that no more Jews could be admitted, for any immigration would be exploited by the powerful anti-democratic, anti-Semitic forces to overthrow the government.

United States. Although no post-war policies regarding immigration have yet been announced, there are indications that any large-scale influx would be contrary to the wishes of the American people. Congress recently refused the President the war powers he requested for fear he would use them to admit a number of refugee technical advisers. The American Legion at its September, 1942, convention approved resolutions to bar all immigration after the war. Let the United States, it demanded, provide jobs for its own returning war veterans "before we start trying to solve the world's unemployment problems." Although this is neither good humanitarianism nor sound economics—recent immigrants have added to American wealth by contributing new skills and ideas to the nation's economy—it is shrewd politics. With millions of men returning to a shrinking economy after the war, there will be no disposition to welcome large-scale immigration from Europe. Even some Jews—not this writer—would oppose it for fear of arousing anti-Semitism.

These, then, are the realities. I do not suggest that they be accepted as final. Every effort should be made to effect a liberalization of immigration policies. An agreement among all Western nations, or among all the countries in this hemisphere, to accept a reasonable number of refugees of all faiths would impose no hardship on any one of them. The economic reeducation and redistribution of the surviving Jews might enable them to adjust themselves better to industry and agriculture either in Europe or their new homes. A generous, practical, far-reaching program for the economic reconstruction of Europe will certainly improve the lot of the Jews. Finally, every man of enlightenment, every agency of good-will must continue to act on the assumption that the minds of men can

be educated, that their conduct can be improved, that this welter of blood and hate is not the ultimate fate of mankind. The Zionist solution, to which I shall devote my concluding article, should not, and in fact does not, exclude these other possibilities for ameliorating the condition of the Jews. It does bring to the solution of the Jewish problem in Europe a realism, a boldness of imagination, a constructive statesmanship which alone are equal to its magnitude and its persistence.

[The concluding article of Dr. Bernstein's series will appear in our next issue.]

In the Wind

IN THE LETTER COLUMNS of the Goshen, New York, *Democrat and Independent Republican*, a reader of that journal contributes his bit to war morale: "Because official Washington has become the antithesis of everything that is hateful in American government is no reason for the American people to give up the fight."

BY WAY OF THE MADRID RADIO comes word that a large party of German "ski-experts" has arrived in Spain to instruct the inhabitants of that sunny land in the technique of the Arctic sport.

A MUSICAL REVUE by members of the Louisville Central Labor Union is packing 'em in two nights a week at the recreation hall of Bowman Field, Kentucky, an army air training base. Previous entertainments had never drawn much of a crowd. The union troupe now has invitations from Fort Knox and U. S. O. centers in the Louisville area.

CHILE RECENTLY experienced a spy scare when a series of personal notices addressed to "Charlie" appeared in newspapers throughout the country. Investigation showed they were "teaser" ads for the movie "Charlie's Aunt."

THURMAN W. ARNOLD explained the government's side of the coming anti-trust suit against the Associated Press at a recent meeting of the International Executive Board of the American Newspaper Guild in New York. It was strictly off the record, but *Editor and Publisher* came out with an accurate summary a few days later.

THE MAGAZINE *Free World* is being microfilmed each month and sent to India by the OWI.

THE CATHOLIC LEGION OF DECENCY has made no statement as yet on the case of Donald Gordon, a versatile journalist who was recently discovered to be editor of both the *Catholic International*, a religious monthly, and *Top Kick*, a magazine of smutty cartoons for soldier consumption. Formerly an editor of two publications banned from the mails on grounds of obscenity, Gordon has made the *Catholic International* more brazenly anti-Semitic than *Social Justice* ever dared to be.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.]

Fascism Without Mussolini

BY GAETANO SALVEMINI

IT WAS a great relief to learn that Elmer Davis, director of the Office of War Information, does not expect open revolt in Italy against the Nazi overlords. Any sensible person must realize that until the British and American armed forces smash the Nazi-Fascist military machine, a revolution cannot be anticipated in any of the Nazi-controlled countries. Unorganized and unarmed people cannot start revolutions against governments provided with machine-guns, artillery, airplanes, radio, telephones, and all the means of transportation. Nobody insists that the French, the Belgians, the Dutch, the Norwegians, or the Danes should revolt against their Nazi masters. Only the Italians are called upon to stage a revolution—as if they were better provided with the essential means of warfare than other countries. This doubtful privilege has been bestowed upon them solely because British and American armed forces may attempt a landing in Italy, and an Italian revolution at the right moment would be a godsend.

But in rejecting the prospect of an Italian revolution before a military breakdown occurs, Mr. Davis should not also discard the expectation of revolutionary upheaval after the Fascists' military power has begun to crumble.

In Italy today people can be divided roughly into three groups: (1) a small but organized and armed pro-Nazi minority, buttressed by Nazi troops and the Nazi Gestapo; (2) an anti-Fascist minority, larger than the first but unorganized and unarmed, ready to come forward at the first opportunity; and (3) the "masses," suffering from malnutrition, dejected, desperate, in a state described by John O. Crane in the *New York Times* as "political coma." Men and women who go to bed starving and wake up not knowing where to find food for their children do not start revolutions. Revolutions are not launched by masses anyway, but by aggressive minorities. The masses follow.

While there is no doubt that Italy swarms with underground revolutionary cells of every political color, nobody can guarantee that a revolution will really be attempted when the Fascist military structure collapses as a consequence of military defeat. Much that has happened in the world since June, 1940, could never have been predicted. Revolutions no less than battles often depend on fortuitous circumstances: news late in arriving; a man standing at a door, breaking in; the door happens to open; a corporal's toothache. If there had

been a man like Lenin in Berlin at the time of the German collapse in November, 1918, or in Rome after Matteotti's murder in June, 1924, history would have taken a different turn, though nobody can say in what direction. However, one can still express wishes and hopes which are reasonable under existing conditions, and state what should be done to govern events as far as is humanly possible.

As reported by the New York press, Mr. Davis said: "There is no sign of an active group [in Italy] which could organize real resistance, and we are not encouraging it." He would have come closer to the facts had he stated that the State Department and the Office of War Information not only are giving no encouragement to any groups which might organize resistance, but are actually doing everything in their power to discourage such action. Since they cannot rely upon a revolution in Italy before British and American armed intervention has smashed the Fascist military machine, and since a later revolution would serve no military purpose, they are not interested in anti-Fascist revolution. Further, they do not intend to have any such nuisance. According to the American Plan for a Reorganized World described in the *American Mercury* for November, 1942, one of the American aims is to "prevent revolution from developing in the defeated countries." It appears that Article 3 of the Atlantic Charter, which pledged Britain and America to "respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live," is to be interpreted as meaning that they will be allowed to choose only forms of government like those of Franco in Spain or of Pétain in France, or such as "Otto of Austria" would set up somewhere in Central Europe.

As for Italy, the theory that "one man and one man alone" is responsible for the present war between Italy and the United Nations enables us to understand why the King of Italy, quintessence of "legitimacy," is consistently ignored in the short-wave broadcasts to Italy from America. "This government," Mr. Davis said, "is not broadcasting personal attacks upon King Victor Emmanuel." He might have added that anyone addressing the Italians on an American broadcasting station must pledge himself not to remind them that the King is as responsible as Mussolini for the tragedy of present-day Italy. And an army of newspapermen is instructed by the State Department to teach us, day in and day out, that if not the King then at least his son is to be re-

garded as the "leader of the anti-Fascist groups"; or perhaps the Crown Prince's wife, or the King's cousin the Count of Turin—since unfortunately the Duke of Aosta is no longer alive—or Badoglio, or Grandi, or Mussolini's son-in-law, Ciano; even Caviglia and Orlando, eighty and eighty-two years old, respectively, are dragged out of the attic and dusted off for our delectation. Graziani, too, has been put back in circulation as a possible successor of Mussolini, the sadist Graziani who in Cyrenaica dropped native chieftains from airplanes to smash on the ground below.

It may be that the names of all these prospective opponents of Mussolini's are disclosed in order to sow mistrust and suspicion between them and Mussolini and thus make the situation in Italy more confused. If this is so, it indicates a failure to realize that any eventual advantage is outweighed by important disadvantages. For twenty years most of these possible "successors" have been indispensable accessories to Mussolini's crimes. If they ever thought of breaking away from Mussolini, they would be fools indeed to do so now. The fear of revolution which blinds the leaders of the "liberty-loving" peoples makes the lot of Fascists a comfortable one everywhere in the world.

Sir Gerald Campbell, special assistant to Viscount Halifax, has told us that "although Italy may wish to withdraw from the war, the country has no leader with whom the United Nations might negotiate," and he has expressed the hope that "such a leader will arise" (*New York Herald Tribune*, November 7, 1942). Sir Gerald well knows that while under a free constitution the opposition always has a leader, under a dictatorship any leader or possible leader would be dispatched to the next world as soon as he appeared. Matteotti experienced this fate. Summoning Italy to produce a leader now—because Sir Gerald needs one to negotiate with—is a joke, if he is to be sought among those who have fought fascism these twenty years while British Foreign Ministers were traveling to Rome to do business with Mussolini. Leaders to supplant Mussolini cannot appear before the breakdown of the Fascist regime; they will rise up then from among those who are on the spot. Actually, what Sir Gerald wishes is to negotiate with someone who was among Mussolini's henchmen during those happy years. Signor Grandi, who was so popular with the Cliveden set when he was Mussolini's ambassador to Great Britain, might do. But no revolution in Italy, for heaven's sake!

While serenades are being sung under the windows of every available pro-fascist "leader" in Italy, Assistant Secretary Berle, in his address of November 11, exhorts the Italians to "drive out the traitors and foreigners who have led Italy to the rim of destruction," and reminds them that "freedom is not a gift, it is an achievement; you have to attain it yourselves." At last someone has referred to "traitors" in the plural and not to "one man

and one man alone," and has told the Italians that they have duties to perform for themselves rather than for Great Britain and the United States. If it is absurd to incite the Italians to revolt before America and Britain have shattered the Axis, it is good sense to tell them that they will deserve no consideration if they do not win their own liberty by revolting when the Fascist military might collapses. But how can the Italians reconcile Mr. Berle's exhortations to revolt with Sir Gerald Campbell's search for a "leader"?

To be sure, nobody in his senses should expect American and British armies of occupation to start or to support revolutionary movements in any of the defeated countries. Their task will be to demolish the Nazi and Fascist military machines. What will happen while this is going on nobody can tell. As far as Italy is concerned, if I were in the habit of breakfasting daily with Almighty God—a privilege enjoyed by Viscount Halifax alone—I should advise Him to leave Mussolini, the King, and their associates in their places until the moment they sign the armistice; at that point, while the British and Americans are engrossed in immediate military tasks, He should stir up the anti-Fascist underground groups to make short work of Mussolini, the King, the Crown Prince, Badoglio, Grandi, Ciano, and their like. Then Sir Gerald Campbell would find no "leaders" with whom to negotiate except those who had formed the Provisional Government of the Italian Democratic Republic. After that order should be restored; that is, the armies of occupation should prevent any irresponsible extremist clique from seizing power, and the people should be given time to organize themselves again into political parties, to discuss the issues before them, and finally to choose their own new government. This would be the right course; and the United States, in pursuing it, would not only remain loyal to its traditions but would gain the love and gratitude of all peoples.

Sikorski's Opposition

BY PETER DAVENPORT

THE recent visit of the Polish Prime Minister, General Wladislaw Sikorski, to the United States has brought into the open his differences with his rightist opposition. The main issue is Polish policy toward the Soviet Union. Seeking to establish a policy which would be in line with Allied political and military strategy, General Sikorski has signed an understanding with Stalin and initiated collaboration between the two Slavic nations. And with this new relationship established, the Polish government in London has organized a large army on Soviet soil and in the countries of the Middle East.

Sikorski's action aroused immediate and violent opposition among the old reactionaries of the "League of Colo-

nels" that ruled Poland after the last war. Two adherents of the league withdrew from the Cabinet after the Sikorski-Stalin understanding. Soon an anti-Sikorski movement was organized in the United States under the leadership of Ignacy Matuszewski, former Polish Minister of Finance, aided by V. Jedrzejewicz, another reactionary. Although it has not succeeded in enlisting any considerable number of Polish Americans, the movement has been very aggressive and created serious disturbances among the immigrant population of large industrial centers. M. F. Wegrzinek, a Polish American importer and publisher of the Polish-language daily, *Nowy Swiat*, of New York, has been won over, and Wegrzinek's paper now carries editorials directed against the Soviets, Sikorski, and Czecho-Slovakia. Direction of the movement has been placed in the hands of a National Committee of Americans of Polish Descent, under the presidency of Wegrzinek. The committee has an official organ, *Biuletyn Organizacyjny*.

The activities of the faction led by Matuszewski and Wegrzinek not only create confusion and antagonisms among the Poles in America but through the international alliances of the clique may actually work against the unity of the United Nations. The movement was at first closely connected with the so-called "Independent Hungary" movement of Tibor Eckhardt. Wegrzinek, publisher of the *Nowy Swiat*, was, and possibly still is, also the publisher of the Hungarian daily *Amerikai Magyar Nepszava*, the mouthpiece of Eckhardt's movement; both papers have the same mailing address. The *Nepszava* has followed a policy similar to that of the *Nowy Swiat* and published numerous attacks on Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania. For years an exponent of Horthy's regime and an ally of Nazi Germany, it opposes a democratic

solution of the Central European problem. The collaboration between the Polish and Hungarian groups was very visible until the democratic Hungarian movement of Rustem Vambery fought Eckhardt to a standstill.

Worthy of mention also is the link that exists between Matuszewski and representatives of the "Greater Serbia" movement which for some time has been fomenting dissensions among Yugoslav Americans. This movement is outspokenly anti-Croat and anti-democratic and seeks to break up the unified Yugoslav state. It is formally organized in the Serbian National Defense, of Chicago, and its organ is the Pittsburgh *American Srbobran*, a Serbian-language paper written in the vein of the *Nepszava* and the *Nowy Swiat*.

Serving as a bridge between Matuszewski and the "Greater Serbia" group are some left-overs of Colonel Beck's diplomacy on one side and some Yugoslav diplomats on the other side. Active in this "exchange of thought" is one Edward Weinthal, now on the pay roll of the Yugoslav Ambassador, Constantin Fotich.

Of late Matuszewski has been going outside his own territory and taking a more than active "interest" in Yugoslav affairs. The *Nowy Swiat* recently printed an article of his in defense of General Draja Mihailovich. He partly repeated his arguments in a letter to the *New York Times*, which contained the following interesting passage: "The Polish, Lithuanian, Latvian, Estonian, and Serbian laborers and farmers cannot view the Russian experiment with the complacency of a Mr. Lamont." For this Matuszewski was rewarded by the *Srbobran* in its issue of January 4. In a discussion of the independence of Albania, that paper cast doubt on the intentions of the Soviets and reopened the question of the Polish-Soviet frontier.



Drawing by Hoffmeister

Watch Spanish Morocco!

MY NAME does not matter. That is to say it would be of interest only to the leader of the Phalanx in my native village, and he might find in it a pretext to proceed against my more remote relatives who still live there. The nearer ones have already spent three years in prison. But what does matter, since I am going to speak about military things, is my profession. I am a lieutenant of Carabineros, formerly with the Spanish Loyalist army. After the end of the war, like other men who had not been conspicuous in parties or organizations, I could disappear in the great mass of former Loyalist fighters—but of course on the condition that I should not go back to my native village. In Spain, under Franco, the terror may be very great, but the disorganization is still greater. The police work well only when directed by the Gestapo. Left to themselves they act in most contradictory ways, and if it is true that one cannot allow oneself to express out loud one's opinion of the regime, it is no less true that occasionally one can move from one corner of Spain to the other carrying on intense anti-fascist activities.

I think I am one of the last Republicans to come from Spain to the United States. Anyhow, I am one of the few to have come from Spanish Morocco after the landing of the Americans in Africa. I left Ceuta November 21, 1942. The previous weeks I had been in Gijon, Bilbao, Motril, and Málaga. When I left Ceuta, five days had elapsed since the publication of the decree ordering the partial mobilization of the Spanish forces. During those five days people talked about nothing except the entrance of Spain into the war. Everybody talked about it—military and civilians. In the coffee-houses frequented by the officers; in the popular bars; in the lobbies of the movie houses; in the markets. Consternation was general among the civil population. Opposition to Spain's coming in on the side of the Axis was enormous. No date was named. Some officers said: "Around next March, when the American and British decide to open the second front. Then the counter-move will start here. Hitler will try to attack from Spanish Morocco. Then we'll find ourselves dragged in." In this sort of talk there was no joy, no enthusiasm; it was discussed as something fatal and unavoidable.

People felt the same in Ceuta as in Gijon or in Bilbao or in Málaga. Everywhere the people are against the Nazis. And maybe some of the officers are, too. Nevertheless, our American friends should not rely too much on this state of mind. If the army of Morocco receives the order to attack, it will attack. And the army of Morocco is no joke. I don't read English myself, but some Spanish friends in New York tell me that when the papers here speak of the Spanish army in Morocco, they

put it at 150,000 or 200,000 men. Well, that may have been right some months ago. When I left Ceuta, the best-informed people spoke of half a million men. I have not counted them. But I saw with my own eyes the endless lines of *camiones* full of war material moving through the streets of Málaga, and all this was for Morocco.

Ceuta is very strongly fortified, and it is full of Germans. Not a single one of them in uniform, but it is only necessary to see them walk along the street or go into a cafe to recognize them. Probably many of them are not soldiers, but Gestapo men or agitators. I don't know who was the *tío alemán** who many years ago spoke of "the Spanish fly on the neck of France," but now one might speak of "the Spanish fly on the neck of the Americans." Those Germans in Ceuta, they have not crossed the Straits for nothing.

The signs of military action are not restricted to the south or to Spanish Morocco. At the same time they are fortifying the Atlantic coast [of Spain]. Probably, in case something goes wrong in Spanish Morocco, to prevent a British landing in the northwest. On November 2, also in 1942, I was sitting in a coffee-house on the Calle de Oria in Gijon when I saw passing by more than twenty *camiones* carrying artillery intended for the coastal fortifications. New airfields have lately been built. The most recent and most important one, at Aguño de Ribeira, dominates the Galician coast at its vital points.

For all this work of fortification, and for the construction and repair of military roads, the *batallones disciplinarios* are used. It seems that in New York stories have been published about several amnesties during the past year. It is the truth. Many people have been released from the prisons—but only to be put into these disciplinary battalions. The Franco regime is convinced that it pays better to use the prisoners for building fortifications than to have them shot or keep them locked up.

They may hope also, in the same way, by sending several thousand peasants back to the land, to get a better harvest next summer. All the wheat brought from Argentina is not enough to reduce the famine. Prices soar to the clouds. One kilo of dried beans costs thirteen or fourteen pesetas, and wages have not gone up; the average daily wage is eight and one-half pesetas. Not to speak of the price of clothes and other needed things. For the shoes I'm wearing I paid 104 pesetas—and they are bad enough. For this suit, 750 pesetas. If everything is so fantastically expensive, it is also partly due to the black market. It is scandalous, the extent of the black market in Spain today, and the greatest robbers are the Phalanx "purifiers."

Three years after the war the fighting spirit of the people has not diminished. The *guerrilleros* have only been reduced in the proportion that they have been killed, and some others have even taken the places of the

* Literally "German uncle," or more freely, "big guy." He is referring, of course, to Bismarck.

dead. While I was in Gijon, the bus from Gijon to Sama that carried the money to pay the workers in the mines was attacked by *guerrilleros* who took food and more than a million pesetas and killed four civil guards.

It is the discontent and opposition to the entrance of Spain into the war on the side of Hitler that makes the situation in Spain potentially so favorable for the Allies. If the Allies only use it! With 5,000 men I could take all of Galicia. To organize an army of 1,000,000 men in Spain to fight the Nazis would be the easiest thing in the world. But if the Americans go on putting their trust in Franco, they will have a rude awakening some day.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

ON JANUARY 14 Dr. Joseph Goebbels, after remaining on the defensive for some time, suddenly took the offensive. In the weekly article which he writes for his own paper—and which is reprinted throughout the country, read aloud from all radio stations, and referred to for days afterward—he launched one of the most furious attacks he has ever been known to make. The object of the attack was the enemy within.

Usually when Goebbels lets loose against enemies within, he does not define them very precisely. But this time he was fairly clear. "For the most part they call themselves conservatives," he said. And he quoted one of their characteristic remarks: "Pfui, how ordinary! The Nazis learned that from the Bolsheviks." It was plain that he was attacking the so-called "best people." He went on to picture their behavior as bordering closely on treason. "They couldn't go much farther if they were paid by the English."

What have these people done? Of what are they accused? Herr Goebbels brings a twofold charge against them: their mentality and their manner of living are both offensive. "They are completely unreliable. Continually looking for variety in their meals and amusements, they are just as changeable in their likes and dislikes, their ideas and opinions." "Their hearts and minds are absolutely empty. They are not worthy of living in these stirring times, for they are incapable of understanding them." "They are the ones who complain most bitterly about the war."

As for their manner of life, "They still stand aside from the problems and trials of the war." "Because honest, hard-working people give up their leaves, these idlers and parasites take longer vacations. They crowd the trains and lounge in winter resorts; they babble about the latest scandal, lament that dancing is not allowed, and eat up the peasants' butter and sausage." "They do nothing, are good for nothing." "They are plain lazy and unprincipled."

Such is the charge. What is the lesson? What message has Goebbels, the man of the people, for these persons "who call themselves conservatives"? About their mentality he seems to feel helpless. He contents himself with asserting that as a class they have no importance and the English can hope for little from them. "I know that the London propagandists will wind themselves around my utterance like ivy around the oak, but if London sees in this corrupt group an 'opposition to the war,' it does them too much honor." "They form only a small fraction of our people."

Their manner of life, however, must be changed. "Nobody has a right to withdraw from the war effort to further his private interests. In former times, perhaps, part of the people could wage war while the others looked on. Now such a division is intolerable; it angers the whole people. . . . All who wish some day to enjoy the fruits of victory must submit to the compulsions of the war. The leadership must mobilize all the nation's reserves. Anyone who refuses to do his share simply prolongs the war; if he does not cooperate willingly, he must be compelled to. We do not believe that any honest patriot will object to that. And so, let's go all-out." What, specifically, he meant by going all-out, Dr. Goebbels did not say.

What lay behind this outburst? Certainly it confirms the known fact that the "best people" in Germany are thoroughly sick of the war. But that alone would not have driven Goebbels to such violent recriminations. Normally it is not good propaganda to trumpet forth the fact that any kind of opposition to the war exists.

A cardinal Nazi principle was invoked here—one to which Goebbels gave classic form in his volume of memoirs. In 1932, he relates, the party found itself temporarily in a critical position. Goebbels thereupon said to Hitler, "We must get closer to the people. We must talk to them in their own plain speech." And he promptly started a turbulent campaign against the "barons," as the expression went at that time. Now a campaign has been started against the people "who call themselves conservatives." At critical moments Man-of-the-People Goebbels can always make good use of the class struggle.

In this instance he had an added motive in attacking a limited group. It appears from a talk given by General Dittmar several days earlier—other sources confirm this—that extreme measures had had to be taken on the civilian front: there have been new strict regulations and an excessive number of arrests. Goebbels, clearly, is trying to make these measures more palatable by conveying the impression that they are chiefly directed against "idlers and parasites" and those "who lounge in winter resorts." They are really all-out measures against everybody, but they will be less unpopular if they are presented as an all-out attack upon a small group.

BOOKS and the ARTS

THE ANTROBUSES AND THE EARWICKERS

BY EDMUND WILSON

THE *Saturday Review* of Literature of December 19, 1942, published an article by Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson asserting that Thornton Wilder's play "The Skin of Our Teeth" derived from James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake." At the time this article appeared I had been concocting the following little parody, based on Book I, Chapter 6, of Joyce's book, which I was intending to send to Wilder. I did not send it because the *Saturday Review* article would have taken the edge off the joke; but since the assertions of Messrs. Campbell and Robinson have been rather widely questioned, I am producing it in corroboration:

"What pyrrhotechnical edent and end of the whirled in comet stirp (a) brings dionysaurus to Boredway yet manages to remain good bronx orpheus; (b) gave Jed horrors but made Mike meyerbold; (c) was voted a tallulahpalooza and trumpet allakazan by the waitups of the dramatrical dimout; (d) stamps them bump, backs them bim, oils them in the bowels and rowels them in the aisles, causes them to keep buckups and sends them hope sobhappy; (e) adds a dash of the commedia dead-hearty and a flicker of Fleerandello to the whoopfs of hellzapiaffin; sidesteps coprofoolya but seminatees heimatophilia; (g!) translinitates polyglint prosemetics into plain symbol words of one syrupull; (h---!!) disinfects Anna Livia and americanizes H. C. Earwicker?

"Answer: Skfinnegone Sleek."

The Messrs. Campbell and Robinson are, of course, quite right in their contention that Wilder has been influenced by Joyce. "The Skin of Our Teeth" is based on "Finnegans Wake"—as Mr. Carl Ballett, Jr., another writer in the *Saturday Review*, has pointed out—in very much the same sort of way that "The Woman of Andros" was based on Terence's "Andria." It would certainly have amused Joyce to know that a Broadway play inspired by "Finnegans Wake" had been praised by critics who were under the impression that his book was unintelligible gibberish. People like Mr. Wolcott Gibbs, who has ridiculed, in a skit in the *New Yorker*, the discoveries of the Campbell-Robinson article, make a very naive mistake when they assume that situations presented in the straight English of Thornton Wilder's play can have nothing to do with situations presented in the "kinks english" of sleep in which "Finnegans Wake" is written. It is precisely the same mistake that they would make if they insisted that "The Woman of Andros" could have nothing to do with Terence because Terence wrote in Latin. In Mr. Gibbs's case, it is clear that he has looked at the first page of "Finnegans Wake," one of the relatively few passages in the book which present a real appearance of opacity, and emitted a hoot of derision. That he has not explored Joyce for himself is proved by his invoking a passage which is not in "Finnegans Wake" at all but

which was printed in an article by Robert McAlmon before Joyce had removed it from his manuscript.

Mr. Gibbs's readiness to scoff at the borrowings indicated by Campbell and Robinson is due to his not understanding the peculiar kind of close attention to phrases, words, and rhythms which the reader of "Finnegans Wake" must cultivate. Words and rhythms here have a different kind of value from their value in ordinary books: they do not merely describe, they represent, the characters and the elements of the plot; and any real addict of "Finnegans Wake" recognizes in Wilder's play—though these may sometimes have been brought over unconsciously—cadences and words to which Joyce has given a life of their own. The general indebtedness to Joyce in the conception and plan of the play is as plain as anything of the kind can be; and it must have been conscious on Wilder's part. He has written and lectured on "Finnegans Wake"; is one of the persons who has been most fascinated by it and who has most thoroughly studied its text.

This derivation would not necessarily affect one way or the other the merits of Wilder's play. Joyce is a great quarry, like Flaubert, out of which a variety of writers have been getting and will continue to get a variety of different things; and Wilder is a poet with a form and imagination of his own who may find his themes where he pleases without incurring the charge of imitation. I do not think that "The Skin of Our Teeth" is one of Wilder's very best things, but it is certainly an adroit and amusing play on a plane to which we have not been accustomed in the American theater lately, with some passages of Wilder's best. It deserves a good deal of the praise it has had and all of the success.

I do think, however—though what Wilder is trying to do is quite distinct from what Joyce is doing—that the state of saturation with Joyce in which the play was written has harmed it in certain ways: precisely in distracting Wilder from his own ideas and effects; and that it suffers, as a serious work, from the comparison suggested with Joyce.

In the first act you get, for example, the following line spoken by Sabina in her description of Mr. Antrobus: "Of course, every muscle goes tight every time he passes a policeman; but what I think is that there are certain charges that ought not to be made, and I think I may add, ought not to be allowed to be made; we're all human; who isn't?" This has obviously been caught over from the first book of "Finnegans Wake," in which Earwicker, in his fallen role of Lucifer-Napoleon-Finnegan-Humpty Dumpty-Adam, is arrested for obscure offenses. But this theme, which is wonderfully developed by Joyce at a length of several chapters, gets no

farther attention from Wilder. Antrobus in the second act becomes self-important and careless, falls for the hussy Sabina and is ready to divorce his wife; but we do not hear anything about him which makes us see why he should fear the police. The promising scene in the third act between Antrobus and Cain falls flat because the father is not really made to share the guilt of the son. Again, the letter which, in the second act, Mrs. Antrobus throws into the sea is Wilder's echo of the letter which plays such an important part in Joyce. But this scene is rather pointless in the play because it is simply something caught over and has no connection with anything else; and rather irritating to readers of Joyce because the letter is one of the main themes of "Finnegans Wake," in which it represents the mystery of life itself, whereas Wilder has merely exploited—and in a rather sentimental way—Mrs. Earwicker's version of it ("Finnegans Wake," pp. 623-624).

Again, the character of Sabina-Lilith seems conventional and even a little philistine in comparison with the corresponding characters both in "Finnegans Wake" and in Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah," another work which "The Skin of Our Teeth" resembles without, I imagine, owing anything to it. The Lilith of Joyce is Lily Kinsella, who plays the remote and minor role of a woman who is odious to Mrs. Earwicker for having once had designs on Earwicker; but the conception of the Woman as Seductress is impossible to identify with any of the individual women of either the Earwicker family or the dream-myth. You cannot put your finger on her or isolate her because she may under appropriate circumstances be incorporated in any one of them: by the wife in her younger days, by the daughter in her adolescence, by the niece who is known as the "prankquean." She is something that any woman may be at some period or moment of her life. The Lilith of Shaw is the principle of change who always breaks up the pattern and leads to something different and higher. But the Lilith of Wilder is a hussy: parlor-maid, gold-digger, camp-follower—a familiar comic type perhaps a little too close to Mrs. Antrobus's disapproving notion of her.

Finally, I believe that Wilder has been somewhat embarrassed and impeded by the model of the Earwicker family. He has taken over the Earwicker daughter—in "The Skin of Our Teeth," Gladys—and done with her practically nothing; and he has tried to avoid taking over the twin Earwicker brothers, who give Joyce a Shaun as well as a Shem, an Abel as well as a Cain, and figure in their duality the conflict inside the personality of their father. Wilder has got rid of Abel by having him killed by Cain in the Ice Age phase of the Antrobuses before the play begins; and in the subsequent phases he does not show us or hardly shows us the people whom Cain attacks. Thus we never see Cain confronted, as Joyce's Shem always is, by his inevitable complementary opponent—with the result that there is no real dramatization of the "war in the members" in humanity. Even the scene between Cain and Antrobus, as I have said, fails to get this on the stage. The pages of "Finnegans Wake," with their words that take on malign meanings, produce a queer effect of uncertainty. The Antrobuses are a little too cozy, even when ruined by war.

Poetry of Latin America

AN ANTHOLOGY OF LATIN AMERICAN POETRY.

Edited by Dudley Fitts. New Directions. \$3.50.

THIS anthology has been in the making for at least a year and a half. The man-hours of labor that have gone into it, if laid end to end, would bridge the gap in the pan-American highway. The number of people who have tried to be helpful about it, if each bought a copy, should insure its financial success. It would be a pleasure to report that the finished product was worth the devoted effort that has been lavished on it.

But something went wrong. Perhaps there was a fundamental weakness in the concept of a single volume that would give us a complete picture of Latin American poetry. Perhaps Latin America is, as any number of people have said, a figment of the imagination created to satisfy the Yankee love for a simple tag; and if so, a collection of poetry made on that basis would also seem artificial and unsatisfactory. Perhaps poetry freezes when used in the service of propaganda. Perhaps too many cooks spoiled the mulligatawny. Or perhaps the fault lies with the editor.

At any rate, here in this fat volume are 226 poems from 95 poets in 21 countries. All poems are "modern," which is to say that, as the editor defines the term, they all date since the death of Rubén Darío in 1916. Each is printed in its original Spanish, Portuguese, or French, with an English translation on a facing page. All translations were made to order, as literal as possible, and the making took a corps of sixteen translators.

The first effect on the reader is of bewilderment. Ninety-five poets are too many to meet at once in any language, or in any four languages. Turn the pages and famous names flash by—Alfonso Reyes, César Vallejo who wrote those moving poems about the Spanish Civil War, the great Gabriela Mistral, Cicerón Huidobro of Chile with some poems in French and some in Spanish, Jaime Torres Bodet of Mexico, Nicholas Guillén of Cuba with his pen dipped in acid, Alfonsina Storni of Argentina. But the best of them flash by too quickly and are buried under the weight of a host of lesser men. One understands that in a volume of this kind—with the Coordinator's Office behind the scenes—it is politically courteous to include a poet or two from each country. But surely it would have been better to have presented the best poet, or the two best poets, and to have presented them well, rather than to have thrown in so many and given so few a chance to be fully savored.

In certain instances good poets are presented not only too skimpily, but in such fashion as to give the reader a totally wrong impression of the character of their work. Otero Silva of Venezuela, for example, whose work is largely and bitterly political, is here presented as the author of a couple of mild love poems. Pablo Neruda, one of the most socially aware of modern poets, here contemplates himself, though he is also allowed one ambidextrous political blast in which he celebrates the defense of Madrid and the creation of the Soviet Union.

If it is difficult to find any understandable basis of choice of poets or poems—aside from the statement of the editor that he chose poems that would translate literally—it is

equally hard to figure out why they are arranged, or unarranged, as they are. Presumably the editor had a scheme, but this is the wrong place for editorial subtlety. Whatever the chosen pattern of arrangement may be, it is too well hidden to help the reader. The 226 poems are flung at him in a single volley, and he must make his way among them as best he can.

His way is not helped by the quality of the translation. It was a Chinese scholar who was credited with that immortal rendering of a famous poem, "It says here about a bird," but Mr. Fitts has allowed his corps of translators to go only one grade above that, and he rewrote any attempts they made to go higher. Shunning any part in modern efforts to improve the quality of translation from Spanish and Portuguese, he has kept strictly to the classroom method—"to stay as close to the original as possible, line for line and sometimes word for word." "Our versions," he adds, and is thereby redundant, "are not poetry, except accidentally."

Why he, or anyone else, thought it a good idea to turn foreign poetry of great charm and diversity into English non-poems made out of blue denim is a puzzle. It can hardly please the poets, if they read English. And if they do not, there is the Spanish version of Mr. Fitts's preface to show them what his standard of translation is. He has a kind of unripe schoolmaster attitude toward the whole book, and it is possible that in making it he had the needs of his own prep-school students in mind. However, if this is the secret of much that is puzzling, it still does not explain why he has not grouped poems in some reasonable order as well as having them translated for an eighth-grade intelligence.

The word-by-word method and the admonishing forefinger are bearable in prose, though even there they seldom make for more than the first step in good translation. But in poetry they defeat their own purpose. For poetry is not primarily a statement of a fact.

And if you rob it of what Mr. Fitts seems to consider mere trappings—its word color, its rhythm, its play of allusion, its web of sound—you are likely to destroy not only its beautiful surface but also its sense. The words into which you try to put its meaning may all be in the dictionary, but the non-poem in English does not say what the poem in Spanish said. So the reader who must depend on translation, or he who tries to compare the English with the Spanish, the French, the Portuguese, is doubly misled.

For the average North American reader this volume is a kind of tourist's trip through Latin American poetry. In it he will find that south of the Rio Grande they write verses about love, and death, and children. About goat pens, and legs, and dawn, about mangoes and Indian girls in spring. Sometimes they are preoccupied with rain; sometimes they are drunk with bright color. They touch on the class struggle; they write movingly about the Spanish war. Having wrung the neck of the romanticist's "delusive swan," they still tend to linger over its decaying guts—or perhaps that, too, is the editorial touch. They write surrealist poems full of strained images, and wistful quatrains about street corners. They are sensitive to all the recent European models.

Perhaps this is all the average reader wants to know about Latin American poetry. If so, he will be content with this book. But the best poets in countries to the south merit a

better introduction here. Their poetry is a living part of their life, and if this is the best attempt we can make at turning it into our tongue, we'd better learn to read it in its original Spanish, or Portuguese, or French and stop making anthologies that only distort one of Latin America's most cherished art forms.

MILDRED ADAMS

Pan-Europe, Old Style

VICTORY IS NOT ENOUGH. By Egon Ranshofen-Wertheimer. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.

IN THE thick jungles of the literature of post-war reconstruction Egon Ranshofen-Wertheimer's "Victory Is Not Enough" constitutes a bright spot. This outstanding book, however, deserves both praise and serious scolding. The analysis of the situation and of the mistakes of the period after the First World War is probably the best among the many of its kind, even better than that of Professor E. H. Carr in "Conditions of Peace." The trouble with most books on reconstruction is that they are written either by people who know only the European mentality or by those who know only that of the Anglo-Saxons. Ranshofen-Wertheimer has the advantage of being well acquainted with both Anglo-Saxon mentality and the mind of Europe. He was born and educated in Austria, the most important melting-pot of Europe, and became correspondent of a Vienna liberal newspaper in London. Later he came to this country.

The knowledge of the two mentalities almost predestines Ranshofen-Wertheimer to acquaint us with the problems of peace. While even his analysis shows important flaws, he approaches the period 1919-39 from a very sane angle. He gives a good analysis of the German mind. All those who advocate German national unity after this war should read Wertheimer's arguments carefully. He rightly proposes, like Professor Carr, a cooling-off period before peace is concluded. He praises Metternich for letting the Congress "dance" for the whole year of 1814. "If only the Conference of Paris in 1919 had danced—danced through the winter and the spring of 1919-20—the world might be happier today." His analysis of the failure of political socialism in Europe is also lucid and convincing.

The trouble starts when Ranshofen-Wertheimer comes to consider a solution for war-torn Europe. Many details of his propositions are interesting, but the general scheme is in part old and in part extremely reactionary. In his analysis Ranshofen-Wertheimer appears in the guise of a progressive liberal. But when he tries to deduce the lessons of the failure of peace after the last war and attempts integration, he cannot disentangle himself from his early Austrian past. This Austrian heritage made Ranshofen-Wertheimer, just as it made another Austrian, Adolf Hitler, extremely suspicious of Soviet Russia. And thus, after 250 pages of brilliant analysis, he falls back on the scheme of another Austrian, the Pan-Europe of Count Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi was a typical Austrian. His father's family through the Coudenhoves was Flemish, through the Kalergis Greek; he had French and other European blood in his veins, and his mother was a Japanese. This mixture made the noble count a "typical" Austrian.

In the late twenties Count Coudenhove-Kalergi developed a scheme to save Europe, bleeding from the wounds of the last war, and proposed a synthesis of the nations into a huge European federation. At that time France was the military master of Europe, and Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, who was much under the influence of French culture as were most of the higher classes in Austria, tacitly visualized this future Pan-Europe under French leadership. Britain was no longer interested in European affairs, and Soviet Russia was still treated as an outcast from the society of "decent" nations. In 1930 Aristide Briand, the great French Premier, "borrowed" Coudenhove's Pan-Europe plan, which thus received official notice. To make the bait of European unity sweeter to certain countries, Coudenhove counted on the anti-Soviet feelings of most of the conservative governments in Europe and started a very strong anti-Soviet and anti-Stalin propaganda, excluding Russia from the European unity. To please France, he also excluded Britain.

Ranshofen-Wertheimer steps into the heritage of Coudenhove's Pan-Europe and serves it up to us in almost the old form. He has forgotten even to invent a new sauce for it. The world, however, has changed since Coudenhove. France will never become the dominating European power. The fate of Britain and Russia is definitely tied up with Europe, and no European unity can be imagined without them. Wertheimer's Pan-Europe would play the continent into German hands. Herr Wertheimer went to sleep in 1930 apparently. Otherwise he could not propose that the new European federation should exclude Russia.

Liberals will rightly be impatient with this book, yet I must say that everyone who wants to understand the problems of European peace should read the first 250 pages.

M. W. FODOR

Fiction in Review

WE HAVE a tendency to forget, nowadays, that in the long run what really counts about a novel is the story it tells. "To create a world" is not only to evoke the emotion or atmosphere that surrounds situation, but to create situation itself, in some of the dramatic suspense of actual life; and observation, sensibility, documentation, however fruitful they may be as adjuncts to a story, are no substitute for action or plot. But the sin of telling us everything except what happens is certainly never the sin of our best serious writers, only of our next-best serious writers; and it is never the sin of frankly commercial writers. The addiction of even the educated public to detective stories can be explained quite simply by the fact that thrillers are our most readable books; naturally they will be the most read.

For instance, of four recently published novels, one, "The Gaunt Woman" by Edmund Gilligan (Scribner's, \$2.50), is a spy story; another, "Tropic Moon" by Simenon (Harcourt, Brace, \$2), is a psychological novel by the well-known French writer of detective stories; a third, "Circle in the Water" by Helen Hull (Coward-McCann, \$2.50), is a problem novel conceived on a one-cut-above-commercialism level of earnestness and literacy; and the last, "The Looking Glass" by William March (Little, Brown, \$2.50), is elabo-

FACTS we need are given in these books

VICHY TWO YEARS OF DECEPTION

By Léon Marchal

The former Counselor of the French Embassy in Washington, now on the Fighting French staff, here presents a searching report on the Vichy regime from capitulation under Pétain to total enslavement under Laval. As Chief of the Trade and Industry Department of French Morocco, M. Marchal initiated negotiations for sending supplies to North Africa. He gives much valuable information on affairs there and revealing analyses of the men of Vichy. \$2.50

ITALY from Within

By Richard G. Massock

What Mussolini's regime has done to Italy is here expertly reported by the former Chief of the Associated Press Rome Bureau. "The most revealing and convincing picture of the Italian nation at war which we have as yet had."—N. Y. Herald Tribune books. \$3.00

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rately artful. In the same descending order, from spy story to literariness, they hold your attention. "The Gaunt Woman" is a Literary Guild selection and will go to thousands; if they are troubled about their literary taste because they honestly prefer Mr. Gilligan's exciting war yarn to Mr. March's circumambulatory investigation of small-town life, they should remember that even good novels are novels you can't put down.

Not to suggest, then, that "The Gaunt Woman" is really a good novel, it is still good entertainment and should give you pleasure. Mr. Gilligan tells the story of a fishing schooner out of Gloucester which runs full sail into a mother ship for German submarines; halibut fishing gives place to spy chasing, with its full quota of sentimental hokum, piousness, and not quite credible heroics. But what is unusual about "The Gaunt Woman" is that it also has the lash of the sea and a lot of tacking and rigging which this reviewer enjoyed enormously, without pretending to judge its authenticity. By successfully combining a sea story and a spy story, in other words, Mr. Gilligan has rung an exciting change on the usual war thriller.

Although "Tropic Moon," Simenon's novel of French Equatorial Africa, includes a murder, the author of the Maigret stories is here concerned not with tracking down the culprit—we know who did it from the start—but with the effect upon a young Frenchman, new to the tropics, of discovering that his mistress is a murderess. The heat and fever, the confusion of a young man's relation to a woman who has given herself not only to him but to every white man in the settlement, the new moral standards the hero is up against in the governing class—all this is material, certainly, for a better novel than Simenon has written, but what he has written is swift and clever, rather more complex, psychologically, than Somerset Maugham's colonial stories yet in much the same manner. The main fault of "Tropic Moon" seems to be an excess of the virtue of objectivity; by keeping himself too much out of his novel, the author leaves the picture a little bare. At the end of the story, for instance, the exposition is so sparse that we are left with some of the hero's own confusion.

And then, far less interesting than either Mr. Gilligan's book or Simenon's, there is Miss Hull's novel about a writer who hasn't the stamina to retain his integrity. His first opus, a realistic slice of his early life in Maine, loses Miss Hull's novelist his college post; so he comes to New York, where the struggle to retain his vision is even harder, despite the devotion of the most devoted wife in current fiction. Eventually he gives up the battle, sells his soul to Hollywood, leaves his wife for a divorcee, and hires a ghost—all of which, if you are acquainted with the creative processes in second-rate stories, could have been predicted from the beginning. And yet Miss Hull's novel, like Rachel Field's "And Now Tomorrow," is a notable example of the special kind of talent it takes to create a fictitious reality—although her portrait of the artist as a human being is only less embarrassing, in the way in which artists in the movies are embarrassing, than her companion portrait of the artist's wife.

Finally, scarcely interesting at all, there is "The Looking Glass" of William March. With the "Spoon River Anthology" in one hand and Kraft-Ebing in the other, Mr.

March draws a composite picture of life in a small Alabama town in the early years of the century; in his Reedyville, not a family but has its lunatic or other horror, and although this may be accurate reporting—after all, all Southern novelists can't be themselves crazy, much as a reader unacquainted with their territory may sometimes like to think they are—Mr. March is rather too coy with his psychopathology to hold even our morbid interest. One's chief response to "The Looking Glass" is irritation with its author; Mr. March's novel fails to support the consideration his short stories seem to have earned for him. DIANA TRILLING

The Beveridge Plan

SOCIAL INSURANCE AND ALLIED SERVICES. Report by Sir William Beveridge. American Edition Reproduced Photographically from the English Edition. The Macmillan Company. \$1.

READERS who approach Sir William Beveridge's celebrated report with the expectation of finding a convenient blueprint of the post-war world are doomed to disappointment. Contrary to a rather widespread impression, the report is confined solely to the problem of social insurance; it does not stray into the larger aspects of post-war planning. Furthermore, it is quite apparent that Sir William was interested primarily in the mechanics of unifying and strengthening Britain's social-insurance system and little concerned with elucidating his plan for an American audience. Americans who are not familiar with the existing social-insurance arrangements in Great Britain, and the background of these arrangements, will find it extremely difficult to understand and evaluate the specific recommendations of the report and will be somewhat mystified regarding the applicability of its principles to our own social-security legislation. For this reason it is particularly important to understand just what it is that is proposed.

Many of the features of the Beveridge plan merely represent an extension of the traditional British approach to social security. The program is based, for example, on the established British principle that social insurance should be paid for jointly by the employer, the employee, and the state. In contrast with American practice, it also rests on the principle of equal contribution and equal benefits regardless of income. Moreover, in considering the audacious scope of the program, it must be remembered that the British social-insurance system has always provided much broader protection than is afforded by our Social Security Act.

Ignoring changes in detail and the manner in which the conclusions are arrived at, Sir William makes eight significant recommendations. These are: (1) the integration of Britain's social insurance system to cover all normal risks; (2) the extension of protection under that system to all Britishers regardless of age, occupation, or income; (3) a general increase in benefits so as to provide the essentials of life as set forth by competent social surveys; (4) creation of special protection for the special risks of married women; (5) creation of a system of children's allowances so that all children may have their minimum needs cared for; (6) abolition of Britain's historical cumbersome system of workmen's

compensation in favor of a simple plan for disability benefits; (7) provision of funeral benefits in place of the shocking waste of private industrial insurance; (8) elimination of the distinction between unemployment insurance and unemployment assistance, and the payment of the unemployment benefit indefinitely, without means test, as a right.

Each of these recommendations involves a minor revolution in Anglo-Saxon thinking regarding social security. As Sir William declares in the foreword, "a revolutionary moment in the world's history is a time for revolutions, not for patching." Taken as a whole, the program is so complete and so carefully planned that it is scarcely open to criticism. From an American standpoint the benefits are low; but the protection offered is so much more adequate than is now commonly given, either in this country or Britain, that no one will quarrel seriously with the report on that basis. Politically, too, the recommendations are extraordinarily astute. Full consideration is given to all legitimate questions and doubts, and the whole program is so neatly integrated that it can hardly be subject to piecemeal attack. Although the organization and vocabulary of the report are highly technical, it is so permeated with a spirit of practical idealism that no one can read it without an enhanced respect for the value and dignity of the common man.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Nothing Too Much

THE GREAT AGE OF GREEK LITERATURE. By Edith Hamilton. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.50.

THE first sentence of Miss Hamilton's preface reads as follows: "My former book, 'The Greek Way,' which is included in this volume, was an incomplete work." To that volume, published in 1930, Miss Hamilton has now given a new preface and added five new chapters—on Pindar, on the three historians Thucydides, Herodotus, and Xenophon, and on the religion of the Greeks. That this material is interesting in itself, and does round out the former volume, there can be no doubt; but there is in some of it, particularly that which describes the historians, an ever so slight, and ever so slightly disturbing, difference of tone, a suspicion that the book has been not merely completed but brought up to date; as if modern events had impinged a little too much on the author's consciousness, and we were being prompted, in our study of the wars between the Greeks and the Persians, the Athenians and the Spartans, to consider Persians and Spartans not strictly as such but as prototypes of our enemies; and tempted into a too facile identification of ourselves with Greeks, in the one case, and Athenians in the other. I do not think Miss Hamilton consciously means to do this, or wants us to do it: elsewhere she is quite severe about such excessive, sentimental, un-Greek attitudes: "We . . . make a refuge from a world that is too hard for us to face by sentimentalizing it. The Greeks looked straight at it. They were completely unsentimental. It was a Roman who said it was sweet to die for one's country. The Greeks never said it was sweet to die for anything. They had no vital lies."

Miss Hamilton writes with ardor, clarity, and high spirit; at the same time she has constantly in mind the Greek prin-

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The new Archbishop of Canterbury was appointed by Prime Minister Winston Churchill against the wishes of Tory reactionaries in Britain. A huge audience in the Albert Hall, London, heard the Archbishop declare for transference of taxes from production equipment to ground values. (See Christian Century, October 7, 1942.) Churchill himself, in a volume recently issued in New York, says: "Who could have thought that it would be easier to produce by toil and skill all the most necessary or desirable commodities than it is to find consumers for them? It is certain that the economic problem with which we are now confronted is not adequately solved, indeed is not solved at all, by the teachings of the textbooks, however grand may be their logic, however illustrious may be their authors." Churchill is also for the taxation of ground rental values.

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ciple of "Nothing too much." A good thing, too; for just a little more, and she would seem to be gushing, and adoring "her" dear Greeks. She does not trim, or hedge. This forthright habit leads her, at times, into inconsistencies, or statements that sound pat, or sweeping. The reader will find many questions raised, and not all answered; he is not relieved of the responsibility of doing some thinking for himself. Nothing too much. Or, as an American character puts it in "Ruggles of Red Gap," "I can be pushed just so far." Does not this apply also to accepting ideas that are sane, orderly, and wholesome? Take Socrates, for instance. Are we being merely morbid and modern if we find him not entirely a fount of wisdom but also a bit of a bore, with a fair-sized streak of Polonius in his make-up? Or is Socrates himself maybe a little perverse? "How I wish" (he said) "that wisdom could be infused by touch. If that were so, how greatly should I value the privilege of reclining at your side, for you would fill me with a stream of wisdom plenteous and fair, whereas my own is of a very questionable sort."

It may be that in confining herself to a great age Miss Hamilton is bound to oversimplify, to generalize too much, to underemphasize the wild and Gothic side of Greek genius, and if their whole literary history from Homer to the Alexandrians were covered, a juster portrait would emerge. Freud once, on an official occasion when he was being acclaimed as the discoverer of the unconscious, disavowed the praise; he said that long before his time the unconscious had been discovered by the artists of the human race. To the understanding on which he based a therapy the Greeks contributed, certainly, more than their share; and it is perhaps unjust to them to leave out the Gorgons, Harpies, and Chimæras dire, the Furies and Minotaurs that they created in themselves, found, faced, and mastered.

The printed page of Miss Hamilton's book is a delight to read; and even the jacket contributes to its enjoyment, its clean blue and white bringing to mind the flag of Greece, the skies and the streets and the houses of Athens.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

The Nazi "State"

THE NAZI STATE. By William Ebenstein. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.75.

THE battle against the onslaught of Nazi ideas is not yet won. To this day, serious writings about Nazism are a mere trickle if compared with the stream of Nazi-tainted clichés which are assiduously put forward under many a disguise. True, Hitler's most ghastly crimes are generally despised in so far as they receive publicity, though some—for example, the mass sterilization and eugenic murder of "Aryan" Germans—have received little attention. Yet on certain vital questions—the sources of Nazism, the real mistakes of the Versailles treaty, the social changes wrought by Nazism, the relative strength of pseudo-nationalism and pseudo-socialism in National Socialism, the technique by which a punctilious Nazified bureaucracy has been able to dispense with legality yet still keep a government running, to mention just a few—there exists as yet not even general agreement among the professional students of politics.

Whoever writes about the Nazi government runs two dangers. If he tries to present it in terms commonly used to describe the familiar traits of the American scene, he may easily obscure the degenerate monstrousness of Nazism. And if he stresses the irregularity of the Nazi structure, the irregularity not only in a moral and ethical sense but in the techniques and handicraft of government and the variegated aspects of political life, he may obscure the international ramifications of Nazism and the existence of similar trends in contemporary societies outside of Germany.

Professor Ebenstein has faced and mastered this dilemma in an exemplary way. Those who study his book will recognize that its very title, if properly understood, is a sort of danger signal because it expresses a contradiction in terms. He calls his book "The Nazi State," but to speak of a Nazi state is the same as to speak of "the biased judge" or "the square circle." The Nazi state is not a state in the accepted sense. This is not a question of terminology. It goes to the root of the matter. Ever since the emergence in the Western world of a pattern of independent states living side by side, it has been axiomatic that the two essential elements of a state are a definite population and a definite territory. A people forms a state when it exercises exclusive jurisdiction over a particular portion of the world's surface—their "country." Citizenry and territory—these are not only two necessary concomitants but two limitations of every state. Otherwise, the coexistence of a plurality of independent states becomes impossible. In order to have such a thing as a comity of nations, the nations must exist side by side, and not inside of each other. But this, among many other fundamentals, the Nazis boldly deny. They destroyed the very concept of citizenry by outlawing part of their own citizens, and by unilaterally extending their jurisdiction over persons living outside of Germany and owing allegiance to other states. At the same time they destroyed the very concept of the state territory by extending their political activities all over the world.

Nazi "diplomats" behave not very differently before and after the actual military occupation of foreign countries. From the outset the Nazis not only mutilated the school curricula in Bavaria, but through various methods of direct action worked for the same thing in Hungary and Bulgaria; they harassed freedom-loving persons not only in Berlin but also in Ankara; and John Schmidt of New York or Juan Schmidt of Buenos Aires was to be forced into the self-same worldwide S. A. as Johann Schmidt of Breslau.

The author clarifies the basic anomalies of Nazism by "translating" them into the categories of accepted political institutions, taking great care, however, to show how much the meaning of these institutions has been twisted by that regime. He describes, for example, how "the citizen has been deprived of protection against illegal acts of officials." But he makes it clear that a Nazi "citizen" is not an equal among equals but a person who keeps a precarious place in a hierarchy of varying levels of inequality; that a Nazi "official" is neither elected by the people nor appointed by somebody responsible to them; that there is no judicial review, and if there were the judge could not possibly be impartial; and that, finally, it is mere negligence on the part of the ruling clique if "illegal" acts, that is, acts contrasting with

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statutory regulations, happen at all, since the Nazi top men can issue and amend and repeal whatever ukase they wish, and this will be "the law."

With equal clarity the author analyzes the devices used by the Nazis to romanticize their real aims. They organized their industry, for instance, along "corporate" or "estate" (*Stände*) lines. In reality, they combined the machinery of cartels with a militarized one-party rule and strictest police dictatorship, and then coated the whole mixture with Gothic turrets suggesting medieval "Meistersinger" coziness "without class differentiations."

The book complains little and explains much. It combines with extraordinary poise factual information and penetrating analysis. Everything is set out straightforwardly. At times the thoughtful frugality of the presentation is interrupted by just one or two tersely ironic and irate lines—which is like taking a breath of clean air but only in order to return immediately to the duty of exploring the morass which threatens to engulf us all.

HANS ERNEST FRIED

Fairy Tales for Guernica's Children

BLOOD FOR A STRANGER. By Randall Jarrell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

IN MOST of its usual connotations "lyricist" is not the word for Randall Jarrell. Despite his sensitive ear for sound values, no one would try to sing these elaborate chants of horror. His elaborate accentual line—Audenesque but used with greater control than by Auden himself—inclines toward the pole of meaning rather than toward the pole of form. Yet the poems have more in common with the lyric than the fact that they are short. What Jarrell has done more effectively than his contemporaries is to condense the impact of his time, the time of Guernica and Munich, into a personal experience. This experience is not a representation, however dislocated, of the events which prompted it, but of their effects in a consciousness that has sought to shut out the events themselves while giving free play to their flosams from the subconscious. We are shown not the air raid but the nightmares of a precocious child trying to sleep through it in a bomb shelter.

The child, as I have said, is precocious; it is one who has meditated sharply on science, politics, and metaphysics. The vision is none the less a child's, and, so we must suppose, with intent. Picasso drew upon children's art, with its blatant sheer colors and its sacrifices of grace and perspective to expression, in order to give supreme visual fixation to the agony of a period which could be adequately symbolized only in terms of regression to the infantile. For Jarrell, similarly, the relentless settling of Western civilization to its nadir could find its appropriate emotion only in a child's cataleptic fears and oppressions. To the child, living in the moment, pain is utter, unrelieved by memory or hope:

... nothing comes from nothing,
The darkness from the darkness. Pain comes
from the darkness
And we call it wisdom. It is pain.

So the imagery of the poems is that of drowning, of polar cold, of the doctor's waiting-room, of the solitary journey to a foreign city, and, above all, of the fairy tale with its inexplicably malignant witches and ogres. For Guernica's maidens the fairy godmother never came, and the prince sat across the waters clipping his coupons.

Jarrell's poetry is not, except by indirection, of the kind that we have been accustomed to label "social criticism." It seeks to isolate the evil of the day and make it into an eternal form of evil. And so we have the circumstantial sin of the "ego" foreshortened into the dumb writhings of the "id." Since the "id" is always with us, it would be incorrect to call such writing topical. The change of mood that has accompanied our passing from inaction to action does not invalidate a mood that may recur, and that in any case was valid for its circumstances.

A more appropriate judgment would be that Jarrell has pretty thoroughly explored the vein in which his first book was formed—for the "id's" habits are listed and obstinate—and that a second volume in this vein could be little more than repetition. A shift in the objects of attention would involve also a change in technique. There is at present, however, no reason to predict insuperable limitations on a talent that has the resources of thought and feeling to produce passages such as the following:

From the disintegrating bomber, the mercenary
Who has sown without hatred or understanding
The shells of the absolute world that flowers
In the confused air of the dying city
Plunges for his instant of incandescence, acquiesces
In our death and his own, and welcome
The fall of the western hegemonies.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Drama Note

DARK EYES" is certainly one of those titles which once heard is never remembered. It happens, however, to belong to a very pleasant little farce comedy now current at the Belasco and is worth writing down for those who would like an evening of light entertainment less witlessly noisy than most of the current farces. The subject is amiable pre-war Russians in a quiet Long Island household; the authors are Elena Miramova and Eugenie Leontovich, who ought to know their characters. And if nothing very new is said about the Russian soul in its comic aspects, at least the topic can still be amusing when handled with wit. The Misses Miramova and Leontovich act their own roles, and there were times when I wondered whether they made Russians behave so precisely as Americans suppose they do merely because the Misses Miramova and Leontovich have been here long enough to see themselves through our eyes or whether, surprisingly enough, Russians really are (or were) like that; but I will leave the determination of this fine point to others better qualified. One proverb I liked very much both for its hearty downrightness and for the fact that I imagine it is useful in many contexts other than the amorous: "If you love me do not hesitate to say so right out—but please stop pinching my leg."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ART

CUBIST, ABSTRACT, SURREALIST
ART. Guggenheim Collection. Art of this Century Gallery. Permanent.

A tendency dominant in painting since cubism is that which, by means of abstraction, collage, construction, and the use of extraneous elements such as paper, cloth, sand, cement, wood, string, metal, and so forth, tries almost literally to disembowel the painting. Its pictorial content no less than the physical fact of the canvas itself is to enter the actual presence of the spectator on the same terms, and as completely, as do the walls, the furniture, and people. What takes place within the borders of the picture has the same immediate status as the borders themselves. The new gallery Frederick J. Kiesler has designed for the Guggenheim collection of modern art carries this tendency to an ultimate conclusion by still other means. Unframed paintings are suspended in mid-air by ropes running from ceiling to floor, hung on panels at right angles to the wall, thrust out from concave walls on arms, placed on racks at knee level, or, with seeming paradox, put into peepshows and view-boxes.

That Mr. Kiesler knows what he is about is evidenced by this last; for paintings by Klee are seen in the peepshow and view-boxes; and Klee was almost alone among the more abstract artists to maintain the fictive nature of the world within the picture frame. And in a different way Marcel Duchamp insisted upon the same thing in his little quasi-cubist paintings, shown here—with less success—in a glass cage.

The surrealist pictures, thrust out on rods from tunnel-like walls, seem, because of the dramatic lighting, which switches at intervals from one group of canvases to another, to hang in indefinite space. This is exactly right, because it emphasizes that traditional discontinuity between the spectator and the space within the picture to which most of the surrealists have returned.

Except for the surrealist room, the gallery is, however, a little crowded and scrappy. Mr. Kiesler overdid the functionalism in not providing the other rooms with a more unified background. The ropes should have been covered with dark cloth and the walls toned more darkly to set off the high-keyed colors and pale tints of the abstract and cubist paintings. As it is, the eye is unable to isolate them easily.

Nevertheless, the décor does create

a sense of exhilaration and provides a relief from other usually over-upholstered or over-sanitary museums and galleries. And inadequate as it may be in each single department, the collection itself is one of the most comprehensive in this country of cubist, abstract, and surrealist art as a whole. In addition to the very fine Klee in the peepshow, there is a large orange painting by Ernst and a classical view by Chirico which are the best examples of these artists' work I have seen in this country.

CLBMENT GREENBERG

MUSIC

AS IN Strauss's orchestral works after "Don Quixote" or "Ein Heldenleben" so in his operas after "Salome" one hears prodigious technical powers which continue undiminished while the musical thinking they serve deteriorates in appalling fashion. "Der Rosenkavalier" provides an enjoyable evening; but what is enjoyable is von Hoffmannstahl's play, with which one hears now and then a bit of pretty music like the tenor's aria, the Princess's monologue, the Presentation of the Rose, the third-act trio and finale, but which one enjoys even during the long stretches when the music is nothing more than expertly contrived sounds with no significance in themselves or in relation to words and action.

In "Elektra" too it is what happens on the stage that is moving, not the music. It is, for example, the great scene of Elektra's recognition of Orestes, not the pretty tune which she is given to sing, and which is even less adequate to its situation than the music for the Princess's thoughts on old age in "Der Rosenkavalier." And elsewhere in the opera the music is again mere sounds shrieked by the voices and crashed out by the orchestra—sounds which exercise the power not of musical expressiveness in relation to words and action, but of mere physical assault on the ear.

"Salome," however, not only offers the Oscar Wilde play, which makes an excellent opera libretto, and which calls for precisely the luxuriant style of Strauss's musical writing; but this time Strauss achieves expressive vocal declamation and orchestral comment, underlining, and intensification which culminate in the powerful concluding scene with the head—though the score also has its vulgarities which culminate in the dreadful dance of the Seven Veils.

The performance of "Salome" that I

attended at the Metropolitan was superb in every respect. Lily Djanel's Salome was not without its operatic mannerisms and excesses; but they were few, and were only slight flaws in an impersonation notable for the plastic economy with which its high degree of dramatic effectiveness was achieved; and to her remarkable achievement of dancing the Dance of the Seven Veils plausibly she added the more important one of singing all the music which preceded the dance in a way that left her able to cope with the cruelly taxing climaxes of the finale. Frederick Jagel is someone I normally don't enjoy watching or hearing; but that liquid-brass timbre of his voice was excellent for the part of Herod, and when he didn't fling himself about he did some effective and amusing things in the part—for example his triumphant "Er hat deinen Namen nicht genannt!" to Herodias. Julius Huehn's rough-textured baritone was good for the part of Jokanaan, and despite a plumpness where he should have been gaunt he was an impressive figure while he stood motionless on the edge of the cistern; only when his arms began to make their wooden movements did this impressiveness crumble. There were such slight imperfections in a performance that was admirably put together on the stage by Herbert Graf; and George Szell, whose conducting of a Mozart program with the New Friends of Music Orchestra last season was quite unexciting, achieved a magnificent statement of Strauss's score in living sound this time.

At the performance were a number of soldiers and sailors—including some who evidently were not among the men pining for good music at the camps, for they struggled unsuccessfully to keep from falling asleep; and one of them, awakened by the final crash of the orchestra, muttered: "What's goin' on?" Even the ones who had stayed awake may have asked this question when they saw Salome wrapping herself around a silver plate on which was a not especially enticing piece of white cheesecloth—the Metropolitan touch of this production. And before that they had appeared to be baffled, as well they might be, by forty-five minutes of operatic fun consisting of Salvatore Baccaloni's huffing and puffing and eye-rolling and Bidu Sayao's hands-on-hips pertness in the endless recitatives of Pergolesi's "Serva Padrona," the persistence of which in the Metropolitan's repertory is a greater mystery to me each time I have to sit through its dullness. B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

The Teacher's Problem

Dear Sirs: Agnes Benedict's article Violence in the Classroom is timely and important in acquainting the public with the need for enlarged school services for children in war time, and for the spread of progressive methods of teaching. It should be noted, however, that the strength of the reactionary educators lies in a large measure in the impossible situations in which teachers find themselves. Regard for the individual child in an atmosphere of harmony and constructive effort is essential to the newer concepts. The teacher confronted with a large, difficult class becomes discouraged by the threat of defeat and frustration and falls back on the old disciplinary methods which make for efficiency, though at the cost of vital education.

The article has the following error of fact: "The Teachers' Guild of the American Federation of Labor joined with the reactionary Teachers' Alliance in demanding that the police commissioner send officers into the schools." The Teachers' Guild, Local 2, was the only organization which appealed to Police Commissioner Valentine for greater police protection for the schools. This appeal was made for police assistance in ejecting *unwily intruders* from the schools, for the protection of children and teachers alike. The Teachers' Guild, Local 2, has not joined in any action with the Teachers' Alliance. The programs of the organizations vary widely in both philosophy and method. The only reason for associating the two groups is the fact that both recognize the growing delinquency and want something to be done about it.

The public was confused by the deliberate misinterpretation of our action as calling for "the use of cops' nightsticks to discipline children" by the Mayor and by one discredited teacher group which in 1941 was expelled from the American Federation of Labor.

We believe that the guild's action, together with the publicizing of its comprehensive program for the curbing and prevention of delinquency, has made clear some important truths about the interdependence of social, public, and civic agencies in facing the delinquency problem. For more than a quarter of a century the union movement among teachers has emphasized the need for

teachers to view their problems in the light of the needs of the entire community. As a labor-affiliated teacher group, the guild accepts its responsibility to facilitate and encourage, both inside and outside the school system, the appreciation of the need for an immediate, integrated attack against the conditions that produce juvenile delinquency.

REBECCA C. SIMONSON, President,
New York Teachers' Guild, Local 2,
American Federation of Labor
New York, January 16

The Job to Be Done

Dear Sirs: With the war going as well for the United Nations as it is, one is tempted to accept many faults of which one should be critical. In the air corps, the lack of any discussion of current events, of why we are fighting, of the world after the war is a serious defect. As far as I can judge, the technical training is excellent. There is a shortage of good instructors but that is explainable.

The discipline is poorly administered. We are treated like boy scouts rather than soldiers. Soon the men lose respect for their superiors and practically disobey them. This is in regard to small matters. When one discusses the problem with the fellows who "goldbrick" and disobey, it is interesting to find out that they know they are doing wrong. They are not just lazy or unpatriotic. They are fed up with the childish way they are treated and the lack of responsibility given to them. For instance, here we keep our barracks cleaner than ever before—and there are no non-coms living with us or yelling at us.

The singing situation is perhaps the best illustration. In the air corps we have to sing when marching. Our superiors order us to sing as soon as we step off—even at 7 a. m. on dark mornings. Well, the fellows just refuse. In every situation, however, where it is natural for men to sing, they sing, and in a spirited fashion. The air corps has about six songs they order us to sing. We refuse to sing them. We sing our own songs and they are very lusty.

Very, very few of these fellows are aware of what is going on politically. They are too concerned with their own day-to-day existence. We need a rude

awakening. I am most concerned about the post-war situation. If victory comes with too little suffering, America will not have learned how the world has changed. People applaud Wilkie's speeches about Russia and China and then damn Roosevelt, whose feelings are much more genuine.

The more I think about the problem in the army, the more convinced I am of the need for those who feel as we do to get together and go to work on the men around us. Union members, liberals of all sorts, etc., should get together and start discussion groups. When I get permanently set I hope to do something of the sort. There is so much free time in the army that could be well used instead of wasted. Is anyone doing anything about it? If so let me know so that we can share experiences. The job can be done. The men will respond when properly approached. They simply do not have the initiative and do not realize the importance of it.

AIR TRAINEE
Somewhere in the U. S., December 3

One for Agee

Dear Sirs: Your newest film critic, Mr. James Agee, is excellent. His style I thought both swift and refreshing. Unfortunately once a month is not very often for such a column.

I sincerely hope more of his work will be forthcoming, as do my friends.

ALVIN LUKASLOK
New York, January 20

A Sponsor Protests

Dear Sirs: Your newest film critic, Mr. International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, received a communication from you on the letterhead of *The Nation* asking me, as manager of Local 155, to be one of the sponsors for a testimonial dinner for ex-United States Senator George W. Norris. We were only too glad to join in honoring this outstanding fighter for justice, Negro rights, and civil liberties. We understood that this testimonial dinner was in no sense a rally for political parties or political groups, especially since the sponsor list included individuals from many different political groups and parties. It was a tribute to George W. Norris, and it was only on this understanding that many individuals agreed to serve as sponsors.

The testimonial dinner included a broad gathering ranging from employers to labor leaders, Republicans, Democrats, and representatives of the American Labor Party and the Social Democratic Federation. After looking over the list of sponsors, we noticed that Norman Thomas, one of the outstanding liberal citizens and fighters for civil liberties and justice in our country, was not on the list. After questioning some people, we were informed that Norman Thomas was not invited to be one of the sponsors.

As one who disagrees with Norman Thomas on many problems, just as I disagree with many of the individuals and the Union for Democratic Action as a whole in principle, I believe that that was not the issue in this case. Because of the desire to honor George W. Norris, I overlooked, as many others did, that some political groups or splinter groups might utilize George W. Norris for their narrow sectarian aims. As a trade unionist, I know that Norman Thomas has contributed to the trade unions probably more than many of those who claim today to be a liberal driving force in our country. We did not act as sponsors or as participants to George W. Norris's testimonial to give prestige to the Union for Democratic Action or to Freda Kirchwey or any other individual.

We don't want to make a political issue of the George W. Norris testimonial at this moment, but many individuals present at the testimonial are indignant that Norman Thomas was not invited as one of the sponsors. We believe that no political group had the right to utilize George W. Norris for their own narrow personal political gains.

While many of these so-called liberals of the Union for Democratic Action may serve reaction in the future as some of them have done recently, Norman Thomas will still be in the ranks of labor and fighting for a better world to live in.

LOUIS NELSON, Manager-Secretary,
Knitgoods Workers' Union, Local 155
New York, January 9

[In arranging the dinner to Senator Norris it was decided quite deliberately that invitations to be sponsors or speakers should not be extended to men who have been fundamentally opposed to the war and to the whole Anti-Axis policy which led up to the war and gives it meaning. To the people who organized the dinner the idea of inviting isolationists and pacifists to take part would have seemed entirely inappropriate.—
EDITORS THE NATION.]

Caste and Vocation

Dear Sirs: Dr. Niebuhr, in his review of Shridharani's "Warning to the West" in *The Nation* of January 2, speaks of the Indian caste system as "the most rigid form of class snobbishness in history." One could not have a better illustration of the fallacy of claiming that the form of one's own government "is the best, not for himself only, but also for the rest of mankind" (Franz Boas, cited in the same issue). In the first place, it may be observed that no snobbishness can exist where there is no social ambition: Indians do not, like Americans, have to keep up with the Joneses. And let me add that the form of his social order is the last thing that it would occur to an Indian to apologize for, when he compares it with the informality of Western proletarian industrialisms. I say "industrialisms" rather than "democracies" because in these so-called self-governing societies the Indian sees nothing that can be compared with the really democratic character of the internal self-government of his own castes or guilds and his own village communities.

It has been very truly pointed out by A. M. Hocart, author of "Les Castes" (Paris, 1938), probably the best book on the subject available, that "hereditary service is quite incompatible with our industrialism, and that is why it is always painted in such dark colors." Mr. Hocart also points out that we must not be frightened by the connotations of the European words that are used to translate Indian terms. The caste system, he says, is not one of oppression, "but, on the contrary, may be much less oppressive than our industrial system." The members of the most menial castes are charged with certain functions; but there is no one who can *compel* them to perform them, otherwise than by the employment of a proper etiquette, addressing them with requests and treating them with respect.

Traditional societies of the Indian type are based on vocation. The vocation is sacred, and one's descendants in due course take one's place in the framework of society for the fulfilment of what is strictly speaking a ministrations (it was for exactly the same reason that Plato held that we owe it to society to beget successors). If the Indian has no children, this can be remedied by adoption; but if one's children adopt another profession than their father's, that is the end of the "family" as such; its honor is no more, and that holds as much for the lowest as for the highest



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functionaries of the hierarchy. As Margaret Mead in her recent book, "And Keep Your Powder Dry," has shown, the reverse situation in America, where "success" is thought of only in terms of social ambition and one therefore chooses a profession in which one can outshine one's parents, has precisely this destructive effect.

From the Indian point of view, social function or vocation is predetermined by a man's own innermost nature; and for that reason "success" in the Indian sense of self-perfecting is only possible in that type of activity to which one has been "called." On the other hand, as Margaret Mead has also pointed out, "the man who has shifted, easily and unworried so long as the pay was good, from one job to another, has no deep respect for himself." From an Indian point of view, to be able to adopt any profession at will, merely as a job and in order to earn money, as if the profession had nothing to do with one's innermost character, can only lead, in the words of René Guénon, to "the pure and 'inorganic' multiplicity of a kind of social atomism, and . . . to the exercise of a purely mechanical activity in which nothing properly human subsists."

The disastrous effects of Western contacts on traditional societies lie just there—that the vocational basis of the society is destroyed, and the worker reduced to the status of a "job man," usually a mere producer of raw materials; and if it may appear on the surface to be the European's arrogance that earns him the dislike of the Oriental, it is this destruction of his honor that even more, although perhaps less consciously, arouses the Oriental's anger. As Gandhi has said, India has been ground down, not so much under the British heel, as under that of modern civilization.

I have not written this letter because I feel called upon to come to India's defense, which would be unnecessary; but because it has become so urgent a necessity for Americans to be able to meet the members of other civilizations without condescension. There is only too much danger that after this war is over, Americans may still believe that they have a civilizing mission. It would not be too much to say that the greatest cultural deficiency of Europeans at the present day is their inability to meet the members of other civilizations on equal terms. Peace will be impossible until the West abandons its self-righteousness and "proselytizing fury." Dr. Niebuhr's general treatment is very fair, but still he does

not understand the Indian point of view as well as Indians understand the American. ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY
Boston, Mass., January 5

I don't think it adequate to describe and justify the Hindu caste system purely in the idealistic terms of "hereditary service" or vocational dedication. The most basic class distinctions of India were formed from conquest. The word used for them denotes "color," and to this day a racial difference between the Aryan conquerors and the indigenous population is perpetuated in the caste system. Furthermore lower castes are subject to serious disabilities, economic, political, and cultural. The religious doctrine of transmigration frequently justifies caste injustices by which the conscience would be otherwise revolted. One might ask in conclusion in what sense the poor outcasts can achieve any sense of human dignity "based on vocation." REINHOLD NIEBUHR

New York, January 15

Parnassus in Jersey

Dear Sirs: A group of liberals, with an artistic and literary flair, have organized a social, discussion, and arts club in Jersey City. They lack sufficient funds to furnish their club rooms. Any generous and sympathetic reader who may care to donate furniture, pictures, paintings, prints, bric-a-brac, vases, drapes, books, etc., which might otherwise be discarded, is implored to communicate with the writer. We will gladly call for these donations, and put them to good use in a city where free discussion and cultural edification are sorely needed.

J. OWEN GRUNDY, President pro tem.
The Parnassus Club, Jersey City, N. J.
December 29

Negroes and the War

Dear Sirs: This is just a note of thanks for the publication of the article entitled Harlem at War by Charles Williams.

It is particularly fortunate that *The Nation* ran this article after the distorted one by Warren H. Brown in the *Reader's Digest* entitled A Negro Warns the Negro Press.

On the day Mr. Williams's article was published, I received a letter directly from Pearl Buck. This was a copy of the letter written to Mr. Angell, the president of the Council for Democracy. Miss Buck very vigorously took issue with the Warren Brown article.

It is particularly heart-warming to know that there are some people who understand Negro leadership and the Negro press—people who know that we are not against America but for it, and because we are for it so vigorously we want to share all of its burdens and all of its victories.

A. CLAYTON POWELL, JR.
New York, January 19

Sacco-Vanzetti Case

Dear Sirs: I am undertaking a study of the way in which the Sacco-Vanzetti case has contributed to American literature. If *Nation* readers know of any pertinent references, may I ask them to send them to me at the University of Texas?

G. LOUIS JOUGHIN
Austin, Tex., January 5

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HIRAM MOTHERWELL was formerly foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*. His article is a chapter of a new book, "The Peace We Fight For," to be published next month by Harper and Brothers.

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ROLPHE HUMPHRIES has recently published a book of verse entitled "Out of the Jewel."

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 181

EDITORIALS

Anti-Climax in Morocco 184
Farm Prices and Wages 185
Hull and the Press 186

ARTICLES

Capital Notes *by I. F. Stone* 187
Burma and Our Pacific Strategy
by Donald W. Mitchell 189
The Truth About the A. P.—I. Growth of a News
Trust *by Keith Hutchison* 190
Woolcott and Fourier *by Edmund Wilson* 194
The Jews of Europe. IV. The Case for Zionism
by Philip S. Bernstein 196
In the Wind 200

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

The Führer-Makers *by Alfred Kantorowicz* 201
Japan's Racial War *by Selden C. Menefee* 203
Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 204
File and Remember 205

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Literature of the Third Reich *by Eric Russell Bentley* 206
William James *by Jacques Barzun* 208
The Poetry of Mark Van Doren
by Robert Penn Warren 209
"Heroic Historian" *by Louis Filler* 211
Dali's Autobiography *by H. P. Lazarus* 212
In Brief 213
Records *by B. H. Haggin* 213

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 214

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Notice to Our Readers

The *Nation* is making every effort to serve its subscribers and newsstand readers as promptly as possible. Although the magazine is mailed regularly every Wednesday evening, you may find that your copies sometimes do not reach you promptly. If they are delayed, the reason is war-time curtailment of transportation. We sincerely regret any delay and the inconvenience it may cause.

The Shape of Things

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS CAN buy two medium tanks or it can treat Martin Dies to another two years of self-seeking publicity. It can give our men in Tunis two 155-mm field guns or it can be spent by Mr. Dies on knifing their government back home. Representative Cox of Georgia has introduced a resolution to continue the life of the Dies committee through 1944. Even if Dies's motives were the best, that would be a scandalous waste of public funds. "We now have three highly competent agencies all working together—the FBI, the Army Intelligence, and the Navy Intelligence," as the Attorney General of the United States has pointed out. "It is always a pity to have this amateur stuff developed by Mr. Dies or any other individual." Dies has fulfilled his responsibilities with an incompetence that borders on the criminally negligent. The powers given him to track down subversive elements he has shamelessly used to vilify patriotic men and women whose liberal views are politically distasteful to him. Time and again he has come before Congress and promised to reform, but he has never kept his word. Last July he promised a thousand-page exposé of Nazi activities in the United States. The report was prepared but never issued. Instead he comes before Congress now with a list of forty names of government employees whom he calls "crackpots and radical bureaucrats," every one of whom has been devoting his energies to the winning of the war while Martin Dies has been engaged in sabotaging the morale of the country. We intend to deal with this subject more fully next week. Meanwhile, if you resent this scandalous misuse of taxes, let your Congressman know about it in terms he can't forget.

THERE IS NO NEED TO MEET HITLER'S proclamation with detailed refutation of its preposterous argument. No need even to remark upon its weak-spirited gloom. Gone is the exultation. Absent is the martial spirit. Everything in this document is in contrast with the dignity, say, of Churchill's appeals in times of stress. Even the political tricks are stale. By implication Hitler offers us the choice of a Europe overrun by the Bolsheviks or a negotiated peace. It is too naive. The world has seen who is the destroyer. Then, having tested the force of this vain appeal within his own furtive mind, as it were, Hitler suddenly mutters, "In this war there will be neither victor nor vanquished but only those who survive and those who are destroyed." Some have seen in this a repetition of the old threat of the Nazis to slam the door of history, if they are driven from the scene, with such violence as will horrify the world. But note how this man stumbles in his appeal to the German people—shouting one minute that Germany will surge on to victory and muttering the next that there will be no victory on either side! The wretched interjection may be a threat, but most likely it was a case of strained nerves. He cannot take it. There is so much he will have to take. The Russians have not yet finished with him, and we have hardly begun. *

FOR ALL THE HANDSHAKING THAT WENT on at Casablanca, it was evident from the first communiqué that all Gaul would continue to be divided in three parts. Part One is governed by General De Gaulle, who insists that fascists be eliminated from power along with the Vichy laws which they administer as his price for joining forces with Part Two. Part Two is governed by General Giraud, who lays down as the pre-condition of unity with Part One the complete merging of the De Gaulle army into his own fighting forces in North Africa. He is opposed to Vichy law, he says, though he would move slowly to eliminate it; but he makes distinctions among Vichy men, seeing a villain in Laval and a patriot in Peyrouton. Part Three, the 40,000,000 people of metropolitan France, suffers in a dazed helplessness. According to Count de Bois Lambert, who escaped from a French jail just in time to accompany De Gaulle to Casablanca, Part Three is alarmed at the power retained by such patriots as Peyrouton and Noguès in the very presence of the liberating army from America. "Extremist reactions," said Bois Lambert, "are to be feared in such conditions." Evidence accumulates to justify their fears. General Giraud has impressed correspondents with his sincerity, but also, says Drew Middleton, he has "astonished them with his political ignorance." One must be ignorant indeed to treat as a French patriot the man who served as Himmler to the Marshal and who from his retreat in Argentina assailed all Fighting Frenchmen as "cowards and traitors." Only the valor of ignorance, in fact, could allow General Giraud,

brought to power by the bayonets of the United Nations, to announce that democracy and decent treatment of the Jews in his domain are internal questions, "in which the world as a whole has no interest."

✱

THE FINNISH GOVERNMENT, IT IS REPORTED, has proposed a Finnish-Swedish alliance. Helsinki's intention cannot be mistaken. As the Russian advance continues, hope of Finnish victory disappears. Finland, therefore, must make defensive treaties—against whom? Some commentators have pointed out the danger from Germany; yet Sweden surely could not be of much assistance against the Reich. Other commentators, remembering that in 1940 Moscow strongly objected to Finland's attempt to form a Baltic alliance, have suggested that the proposed pact would be one way of winning some anti-Axis support should the Soviets prove vindictive. Peace is in the Finnish air. Mannerheim has refused to become a candidate for the Presidency; the pro-German, anti-American Finnish Foreign Minister will shortly be pushed out of office. The people are weary of a useless war. The London *Daily Mail* even reports that Helsinki has asked the Papacy to act as go-between. Yet formal peace is obviously impossible until the Russians have driven the Nazis from the nearby Baltic shores. When that has been done, Soviet demands will probably not be too severe, especially as the Finns are said to be willing to accept the 1940 frontiers established after the Soviet invasion.

✱

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CIVIL WAR IN Yugoslavia, the Germans on January 23 launched a new campaign, apparently directed against Mihailovich's forces alone. This may indicate that Berlin believes the Chetniks to be more vulnerable and more easily isolated from the people than the Partisan forces. The immediate result was a crop of rumors concerning a possible ending of the civil war. Noticeably absent from the British Communist press were the customary attacks on Mihailovich. Sources in Berne have reported that a deal is about to be made between the powerful Constituent Assembly, virtually the new Yugoslav government, and the royal government-in-exile. On the other hand, the London correspondent of the *New York Times* wires that matters are no better than they were. But, despite reports, London is not intransigently backing the royal government's foreign policy or its attitude toward the Partisans. And Moscow is probably less interested in the formation of a Yugoslav Soviet state after the war than it is in preparing for easy collaboration with United Nations forces should they invade the Balkans. Knowing that governments, temporary or otherwise, are established by invading armies, Moscow would probably prefer a friendlier collaborator than a restored royal government might prove to be.

LAST WEEK'S MAN-POWER HEARINGS BEFORE the Senate Military Affairs Committee indicated that the armed forces are determined to go through with their program calling for a substantial increase in army and navy personnel in 1943. Present plans call for a total of approximately 10,420,000 to be enrolled in the armed services by the end of the year—8,200,000 in the army, and about 2,220,000 in the navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard. Many observers, inside and outside of Congress, are still unconvinced of the necessity for withdrawing such a large additional number of workers from civilian production this year, and it is not yet certain that the President will indorse the recommendations of the services. In the course of his report to Congressional leaders on Casablanca he is said to have estimated that an army of 7,500,000 would suffice to finish the job. The higher figure desired by the services could be borne by the economy but only if far more drastic steps are taken to mobilize man-power for factories and farms. Mr. McNutt is again talking of drafting workers in non-essential occupations, and there is likely to be a revival of plans for saving labor by compulsory standardization of civilian goods. A necessary preliminary, however, to constructive action is a coordination of the overlapping government authorities concerned in man-power and the mobilization of economic resources such as is provided for by the Kilgore-Pepper bill. And, incidentally, a consolidation of legislative committees dealing with the subject might help to dispel confusion.

✱

THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE has reported out the Hobbs bill, which would make unions subject to penalties of the Anti-Racketeering Act of 1934. Heads of unions whose members are convicted of interfering with interstate shipments of any kind would be liable under this bill to twenty years' imprisonment and a fine of \$10,000. Thus, in effect, all strikes, picketing, or soliciting for union membership affecting truck, railway, or express service would be outlawed. Although labeled as an anti-racketeering measure, the bill obviously has nothing to do with rackets as such. Its one purpose is to break labor unions in so far as this can be done by federal law. A similar, though milder, measure was reported out by the Judiciary Committee at the last session of Congress but was kept from the House floor by public pressure. This year, however, the strengthened anti-labor forces are obviously hoping to rush the bill through as a Peglerian anti-racketeering measure before its implications are generally realized. No hearings were held, and the committee's action was taken in an executive session. Undemocratic tactics of this kind can best be countered by the traditional democratic methods of widespread publicity and the utmost popular pressure on Congress.

IN THE LETTER COLUMNS OF THE NEW YORK Times one day last week there appeared a communication under the head, "Mr. Wolfert States Position. Upholds His Report of Conditions as He Found Them on Guadalcanal." In the interests of accuracy the caption might have read: "*Times* Caught in Flagrant Deception. Distorted Correspondent's Report but Sees No Need for Apology." The letter was Ira Wolfert's painfully restrained complaint about the leading editorial in the *Times* of January 25, purporting to compare Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's version of how the men on Guadalcanal Island feel about the post-war world with the version set forth by Mr. Wolfert in *The Nation* of January 23. In his article Wolfert described a "bull session" on the island in which an enlightened if somewhat crudely formulated point of view was expressed by one of the marines. After the marine spoke, Wolfert wrote, "somebody said something about a soapbox," and when the colonel followed up by expressing the view that the marine's dream was fine but impossible of realization, "the sudden lift of the crowd disappeared and gave way to a vague restlessness." The *Times* editorial writer made it appear that the soapbox jibe was addressed to Wolfert, who had made similar remarks several days earlier, and that it was his speech that produced the "vague restlessness." He went on from there to compare Mr. Wolfert's position with that of the Popular Front in France, "which also stirred up a 'vague restlessness' among the French masses that in the end led to the French collapse." Ira Wolfert's reputation as an objective newspaperman can probably withstand the *Times*'s picture of him as a Popular Front soapboxer among the troops. The reputation of the *Times* for objectivity is left on somewhat shakier ground.

✱

THE AMERICAN-HUNGARIAN FEDERATION, which held a public meeting in Bridgeport, Connecticut, last Sunday, was founded some years ago by Ivan Nagy, emissary of the Hungarian Goebbels, Dr. Antal. It is composed of various mutual-aid and insurance societies. Its members are not interested in politics; its leaders are, as they proved by taking an active part in the congress, held in Budapest in 1938, of the World Federation of Hungarians, which bears a striking resemblance to the Bund der Auslandsdeutschen. The congress demonstrated for revisionism and the German alliance. The American-Hungarian Federation, which, as its president once said, "is not anti-German but pro-Hungary," is still part of the World Federation. Yet the Bridgeport meeting was honored by a message from Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Berle, Jr. He spoke of the "Nazi tyranny which is today plundering Hungary and sending Hungarians by thousands to die on the Russian plains." We had thought it was Horthy who

was sending Hungarians to die on the Russian plains. But wait. It seems that Horthy, having lost faith in a Nazi victory, would now renounce the German alliance and become the "Danubian Darlan." Perhaps Mr. Berle was just being "expedient" in omitting mention of the fact that we are at war with Horthy's Hungary.

*

DUN AND BRADSTREET SEEM TO HAVE BEEN hired by the army as an investigating agency. One of our editors had a call from a Dun and Bradstreet representative asking about an applicant for a commission. The investigator wanted to know if the person in question came of "an American background" and was surprised to hear that the applicant already had his commission. "An American background" is sometimes a euphemism for something else. What this something else is may be illustrated by the report recently given to us of a conversation between a Naval Intelligence investigator and a government employee. The investigator was a woman, and finally got to the question, "What is his racial extraction?" "I don't know what you mean," was the answer. "Well, you know," the investigator said, "is he Italian or Spanish or Jewish or anything like that?" "I never asked about his parents' nationality," was the reply; "naturally he himself is American." "Come now," the investigator said impatiently, "you know what I mean. Is he Anglo-Saxon?"

*

PROBABLY A GOOD DEAL OF THE EVIL THAT Governor Talmadge did lives after him in Georgia, but in one instance, at least, it has been undone. The Board of Regents has voted to reemploy, as president of Georgia Teachers College, Dr. Marvin S. Pittman, who was ousted, along with Dean Walter D. Cocking of the University of Georgia School of Education, in the course of one of Talmadge's rampages on "white supremacy." Enrolment in the Georgia Teachers College had dropped 50 per cent because the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools withdrew the accredited standing of the Georgia university system. Dr. Pittman will apparently return. Dr. Cocking, runs the report, has no desire to go back to Georgia at this time. We hardly blame him.

*

IN AN EFFORT TO BOOST NEGRO MORALE the OWI is distributing 2,000,000 copies of a booklet entitled "Negroes and the War." Lavishly illustrated, it describes what American Negroes are doing in agriculture, industry, and the armed services, outlines progress made by Negroes in all fields during recent years, and refers to the achievements of outstanding Negro citizens. In addition, it discusses what an American victory will mean to Negroes and what they have to lose if the Axis triumphs. The OWI has done an intelligent and sincere

job, and it is not its fault that other government departments persist in tearing down the edifice it is trying to build. The latest example of sabotage to come to light is the army's undermining of its much-advertised program for training Negro pilots and other air-force personnel. Unable to make any headway against prejudice, Judge William H. Hastie has resigned as civilian aide to Secretary of War Stimson, charging that the air force has not wanted Negro personnel from the beginning and that it is influenced by "wholly unscientific notions that race somehow controls a man's capacities and aptitudes." More than two years ago, Judge Hastie recalls, a plan for a segregated training center at Tuskegee was submitted to him. His detailed objections were ignored, and since then no projects affecting Negroes have been referred to him by the air command. Meanwhile, he says, Negro volunteers for the ground forces have been organized in "aviation squadrons (separate)" "without any specific military duties but with odd jobs of common labor the characteristic assignment." While attitudes like this persist, the best efforts of the OWI can hardly be expected to bear much fruit.

Anti-Climax in Morocco

CASABLANCA was a big story, but it did not quite match its build-up; so that the actual release of the news of the latest Anglo-American conference produced a general sense of anti-climax. The official communiqué was lavish in giving names of participants, but very sparing in its details of discussions and decisions. Correspondents on the spot did their best, but their combined efforts could only produce a colorful background to a very incomplete picture. Of course, any meeting between the war leaders of the two Western democracies is news in itself, and its dramatic interest was heightened by President Roosevelt's unprecedented flight. We can all applaud his physical courage and his disregard of conventions.

But when that is said we must record our feeling that Casablanca represents a great but fumbled opportunity. In an editorial in last week's *Nation* we commented on some of the obviously inspired stories which preceded the release of news of the conference and, with more optimism than discretion, suggested that the United Nations might be about to develop a political and military strategy based on real union. These stories were something more than reportorial wishful thinking. They came from several sources in Washington and London and were clearly based on inside tips. Yet the event showed that as forecasts of the Casablanca decisions they were wide of the mark.

It had been indicated, for instance, that all four of the great allied powers were engaging in the discussions;

it turned out that once again global strategy was being considered in an Anglo-American framework. It is true that the British and American governments were not alone responsible for this disappointment. Stalin was invited, apparently in the most cordial terms, to join Messrs. Roosevelt and Churchill, and an offer was made to suit his convenience by shifting the venue of the conference much farther east. The reason given for his refusal is that he was fully occupied directing the great Russian offensive, and this is a perfectly valid explanation. But if Stalin could not attend the meeting personally, could he not have been represented by some leading member of the Soviet government or at least have sent a qualified military observer? No entirely satisfactory answer to this question has been given by any commentator on the conference, and we are left wondering if the U. S. S. R. still feels insufficiently certain of the goodwill of its allies. Some of the recent actions of the State Department, it must be admitted, are hardly calculated to allay Russian suspicions.

Another forecast, which proved without foundation, hinted at the early advent of a supreme United Nations War Council. Apparently, however, we are to continue as before, with local Anglo-American unity of command on fronts where forces are jointly engaged, but no over-all authority to decide the main lines of strategy. No doubt, if it is impossible to get the leaders of the Big Four around the same conference table, it is too much to hope for a supreme War Council.

The most satisfying parts of the Casablanca communiqué, despite their necessary vagueness, were the references to coming military actions. Aided by a galaxy of high officers, the American and British leaders reached complete agreement upon "war plans and enterprises to be undertaken during the campaigns of 1943 against Germany, Italy, and Japan with a view to drawing the utmost advantage from the markedly favorable turn of events at the close of 1942." So far as Europe is concerned, that favorable turn is represented by the pocketing of the Axis forces in a corner of Africa and the ever-increasing momentum of the Russian winter offensive. These successes, however, have still to be exploited: first, by completing the clearance of Africa and so opening the Mediterranean gateway into Fortress Europe; second, as the communiqué says, by drawing "as much weight as possible off the Russian armies." Clearly, every blow we land on the Axis in the Mediterranean contributes toward the relief of the Red Army. But it is doubtful whether the German defeat on the eastern front can be turned into demoralization without the application of Anglo-American pressure at some point nearer to the Reich itself. The Casablanca communiqué implies that some new front is in the making, and we look for an early substantiation of this hint.

The chief political announcement of the Casablanca conference did not receive any official form. It was the

President's statement to the press that the keynote of the deliberations was "unconditional surrender" of the enemy. This is a good slogan which ought to put a severe damper on any peace-offensive moves which Hitler may have been contemplating. But we are regretfully unable to share Walter Lippmann's confidence that fixing "unconditional surrender" as our war aim means the unconditional doom of the Axis satellite regimes. The captive peoples of Europe, he continues, will now understand "that the future in each country lies, not with those who have collaborated with Germany, but with those among them who have resisted."

We agree that this is what "unconditional surrender" should imply, but the French African laboratory test suggests that we are far from arriving at any coherent war-and-peace-aims policy. The European peoples will judge us by deeds, and so long as these suggest that it is profitable to run with the Axis hare and hunt with the democratic hounds, we shall continue to gladden the hearts of Quislings while forcing our real allies within Europe to look for salvation toward Moscow. The fact that the Casablanca conferees failed apparently even to face this problem is the real measure of their failure to rise to their opportunities.

Farm Prices and Wages

WHILE news from the battlefields is on the whole encouraging, the defense of the home front has reached a critical stage. It begins to look as if the battle against inflation is being lost, that all we can hope for is a delaying action that will keep the front from collapsing completely. The most serious immediate threat comes from the farm bloc, which has pushed its bill for redefining parity through the House Agricultural Committee. It is predicted that the bill will be adopted quickly by the House and sent to the Senate, where sustained opposition is unlikely. Even the sponsors of the bill admit that it would bring a substantial increase in food costs. But they insist that the rise is necessary to stimulate the increase in food production which Food Administrator Wickard has requested for 1943.

Wickard's proposal to bring about this increase by paying a \$100,000,000 subsidy to the producers of the needed protein crops has come under heavy fire from the farm-bloc Congressmen. They argue that the proposed subsidies are "inflationary" because, unlike higher prices, they encourage consumption. The purpose of the subsidies is of course to alleviate as far as possible the existing shortages in dairy products, meat, and legumes, and thereby improve the nutritive quality of America's war-time diet. A subsidy to the growers of fresh vegetables was announced earlier with the same end in view. Any large government expenditure is inflationary to a degree, but the payment of subsidies makes it possible

to stimulate production without endangering existing price ceilings and to absorb through increased taxation the additional buying power created. Any further rise in prices, on the other hand, is bound to result in a demand for increased wages, thus setting off the spiral of inflation.

Increased food prices account for the bulk of the 22 per cent rise in living costs since August, 1939. Food prices are 33 per cent higher than before the war, and are continuing to rise at the rate of about 1 per cent a month. In view of this steady upward trend and of the farmers' demand for still higher prices, it is hardly surprising that organized labor is asking for a review of the Little Steel formula, which restricted wage increases to 15 per cent. The fact that the request is justified on the basis of common fairness does not make it less dangerous. Any substantial increase in wages is bound to be followed by renewed pressure for higher prices from the farm bloc. Already what might be called the employers' bloc is holding up the Treasury bill on the public-debt limit by insisting on a rider to repeal the \$25,000 restriction on earned income after taxes. Yet rejection of labor's demand for revision of the Little Steel formula would almost certainly lead to a wave of strikes and disputes highly detrimental to the war effort.

In this difficult position the War Labor Board will undoubtedly try to stave off disaster by some compromise on the Little Steel formula. As a first step a 5 per cent increase in the cost-of-living allowance is being considered; this would permit wage increases up to 20 per cent above the January, 1941, level. But such action assumes that the Administration will crack down and permit no change in the parity formula and will find some way of at least slowing down the increase in food prices. Politically this will be very hard to achieve. Price Administrator Prentiss Brown has announced that he expects prices to continue to rise at the rate of one-half of 1 per cent a month, which seems optimistic. The vast reservoir of excess buying power that has been created by the war—totaling at least \$50 billion—is bound to break through existing controls unless one of two things is done: either all consumers' goods must be so strictly rationed that the excess money can only be used for the purchase of war bonds, or the excess must be absorbed by taxation and compulsory savings. At the moment OPA policy seems to be headed, somewhat cautiously, toward the first of these alternatives. It is, however, an extremely hazardous and unpleasant course to follow. It presents immense problems of enforcement and plays into the hands of black-market dealers. The other alternative—drastic taxation—is politically unpopular, but appears to offer the only real hope of preserving our present wage-price ceilings and staving off inflation, which, as Bernard Baruch has said, is one of the most destructive consequences of war.

Hull and the Press

TO UNDERSTAND Secretary Hull's recent outbursts of peevishness over the press, one must understand the nature of State Department press conferences, which are stiff and musty affairs. Everyone stands. There is none of the good-humored give-and-take which exists in other departments and at the White House. The Secretary is not accustomed to be asked real questions, and the routine queries of department press conferences are answered in the vague phrases and ambiguous sentences of diplomatic communiqués. This language seems to come naturally to the Secretary.

The Secretary has not denied, because he has been unable truthfully to deny, recent stories in *The Nation* and *PM* on Bolivia and on North Africa. The overwhelming majority of American papers of all shades of opinion are critical of North African policy. Hull's moment of triumph at the time of the North African landing has dissolved into a dismal failure and left him and his moral pretensions discredited. He has sought to escape criticism by shifting responsibility for our African foreign policy to the War Department, the OWI, and the White House. At one and the same time he has accused his critics of not wanting information and has refused to answer questions when asked. As the *Washington Post* said in a leading editorial entitled Mr. Hull's Ire, these questions "are not answered by the slurring personalities in which the Secretary of State is by innuendo indulging or by the spleen which seems to characterize his latter-day discussions on high policy."

One of the innuendoes to which the *Post* referred was the Secretary's slur on Walter Lippmann. Another was his petty attack on our Washington editor, I. F. Stone. The Secretary uses questions planted with friendly reporters to permit the press to infer facts he will not take the responsibility for stating. It was of such a planted question that Stone asked whether the Secretary accepted the implication that the State Department opposed the Peyrouton appointment. Instead of replying, the Secretary asked his name and when told "Stone," asked, "You have some other name, too, have you not?" This was a reference to the fact that Stone was born Isidor Feinstein and that I. F. Stone is a pen name made legal several years ago. We know the Secretary is not anti-Semitic, but he has provided another incident on which papers of the type of the *Chicago Tribune* have seized to do a little dabbling in dirty waters. He has encouraged Congressional Jew-baiters like Rankin of Mississippi, who made Hull's remarks the occasion for a scurrilous attack on Stone from the floor of the House.

The affair does no credit to Cordell Hull. It is appalling that a Secretary of State should stoop to the level of a cheap and childish retort in his anxiety to evade a proper question.

Capital Notes

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, January 31

WHILE we announce the sending of a commission to Bolivia, one from Bolivia has already arrived in Washington. It is made up of the Big Three of tin—Patino, Hochschild, and Aramayo—and the purpose of their visit may be succinctly summarized as higher prices for themselves and lower wages for their workers. They may or may not find a friend in Joseph T. Rovensky, former vice-president of the Chase National Bank and former vice-president and director of the Patino mines. Rovensky says he has kept hands off tin since arriving in Washington in the middle of 1940 as right-hand man of Nelson Rockefeller. Rovensky is in charge of commercial relations at the Coordinator's office, and there is no evidence that he has played or will play any part in the tin situation. (Sometimes one wishes that the influence of the big business men here would work in reverse and that a man like Rovensky might buttonhole a few old associates and tell them of the Good Neighbor policy. I suppose I'm being naive again.)

The sending of a commission to Bolivia is something of a victory. Of the six members of the group I can report only on Judge Calvert Magruder, who will be chairman, and Robert J. Watt of the A. F. of L. Both are excellent appointments. The commission was picked at the State Department, and this may explain the absence of a C. I. O. member. One of its jobs should be to force the release of the forty Bolivian labor officials who are still in jail for their part in the recent tin strike. The appointment of a commission is an admission that the tin strike was not a Nazi plot but the result of genuine grievances; yet no step has been taken to reinstate in the Pan-American Union the official who had the courage to bring this situation forcibly to public attention. Ernest Galarza is looking for a job.

ANOTHER RECENT casualty among progressive officials is Gardner Jackson, a Shelleyan character whose rise and fall in Administration circles has become a political barometer. He has been fired by the Department of Agriculture, where he was special assistant to Under Secretary Paul H. Appleby. Though Jackson played a major part in making Secretary of Agriculture Claude A. Wickard Food Administrator, he was dropped in an effort to adjust the department's sails to big winds expected from the Dies committee. Jackson earned the hatred of the farm bloc by mobilizing labor counter-

pressure to support the White House during the parity fight. Farm Bureau bigwigs hate him for splitting their own organization and for his work with the Farmers' Union. The big lumber interests regard him as an enemy for his work to revive abandoned sawmills and expand lumber production. Jackson was also marked for slaughter because he sided with Parisius and the friends of Farm Security.

A sample of Jackson's work was his campaign for the establishment of a \$100,000,000 Forest Products Corporation to put idle sawmills to work. Some interested officials launched the idea last July, but the opposition of big lumber interests was strong. In November Jackson was called in. He dramatized the campaign with the help of Paul Rasmussen, who was formerly Floyd Olson's budget director and who now represents independent lumber owners in Minnesota. Rasmussen had come to the Agriculture Department to see if there were orders available for fabricating wood storage bins for farms. His group had had a contract for 2,000 but was unable to find the lumber in the yards of the Twin Cities. An engineer and woodsman was sent into the country; he found an abandoned lumber yard and mill and got farmers in the neighborhood to cut their timber. The idea of reviving these ghost mills offered a way not only to alleviate the lumber shortage but to increase farmer income. Jackson took Rasmussen around town to tell the story of this project and of the need for government funds to finance others like it. He ran into an obstacle in Ben Alexander, chief of the lumber and lumber-products branch of the War Production Board and president of the Masonite Corporation, which makes wall board. Alexander has big lumber holdings of his own on the coast and seemed to think there were too many lumber dealers already. A visit to one of Nelson's assistants and the announcement that Rasmussen would hold a press conference at the Mayflower and tell the whole story broke the log jam. Jackson was asked to postpone the press conference for twenty-four hours while Nelson himself had a chance to examine the facts. The WPB chairman agreed to the proposal, with some minor modifications, and the order establishing the corporation is now on the President's desk for signature. Obviously Jackson is a dangerous man.

THE OWI, with some of the ablest newspapermen in America working for it, has fought hard to be honest. Considering all its difficulties, it has succeeded to an

amazing degree in telling the truth. Its long-awaited survey on war production in the Detroit area is a good example of dispassionate reporting in a situation where there was great pressure to indulge in ballyhoo. A sample is its treatment of Willow Run. "One of the spectacular plants that attract a lot of attention and discussion," the OWI reports, "is the Willow Run bomber plant built by the Ford Motor Company, thirty miles west of the city, which is beginning to produce giant bombers though still in relatively small volume. There have been many disappointments in connection with the Willow Run operation, and the plant, even now, is far from peak production." The report reveals the extraordinary labor turnover at Willow Run: "In November it hired 3,900 workers and lost 2,100." This is blamed on housing and transportation difficulties. When the full history of the war effort comes to be written, it will contain no more extraordinary chapter than Ford's insistence on placing Willow Run out "in the sticks" and at the same time successfully opposing the housing required for the necessary labor supply. It is hard to believe that an industrialist as able as Ford could have overlooked the crucial housing factor.

Credit for the report must also be given to the WPB officials who approved it before release. These certainly included Vice-Chairman Charles E. Wilson and probably also Chairman Donald M. Nelson. One of the items in the report which interested me most was the comparison of Detroit's war production with its civilian production. "The physical volume of this production," the report says, "is not as great as when passenger cars rolled off the assembly lines, but the value is as great." The report goes on to provide the first glimpse of war as compared with civilian prices. "A medium tank costs the government about \$1.50 a pound—guns cost more—whereas a popular-priced automobile costs about 27 cents a pound." This comparison indicates that physical volume of war production must be far below civilian, and it is well to keep in mind that, except for the internecine warfare between Macy's and Gimbel's, battles are not won by dollar volume. Armament is, of course, more intricate than the automobile; it represents new production problems and requires more labor. But one reason for the increased labor cost is the waste and hoarding of man-power which come quickly to the attention of every visitor to Detroit. One wonders about some of these arms costs in view of the fact that while automobiles were built on machinery owned by the manufacturer, tanks, guns, and even jeeps are made largely on new machinery belonging to the government. Few prices are known, but those which come to light indicate that the cost accounting still takes little account of such intangibles as patriotism. The jeep, according to the war-stamp advertisements, costs about \$1,000. Army officers to whom I have spoken think \$400 would allow an ample profit.

THERE HAS BEEN a good deal of speculation here about the appearance of Sir Willmott Lewis, Washington correspondent of the *London Times*, as a witness for John O'Donnell of the *New York Daily News* in his successful \$50,000 libel suit against J. David Stern, publisher of the *Philadelphia Record* and the *Courier-Post*. The suit took on the appearance of a political battle between Administration and anti-Administration elements. It arose over an editorial Stern wrote attacking O'Donnell as, among other things, a "Naziphile" because O'Donnell in April, 1941, printed a story declaring that American men-of-war were conveying lend-lease materials to England. The White House called the story "a deliberate lie." Lewis has long been regarded as a kind of unofficial British ambassador. Yet he came forward to help O'Donnell. The Stern newspapers supported aid to England after the war began; O'Donnell opposed it. Lewis testified that O'Donnell was anti-Administration rather than anti-British. This was magnanimous, but untrue. In the meantime the appeasement press, the three big papers in New York, Chicago, and Washington which seem anxious to play John the Baptist to an American fascism, are hailing the verdict against Stern as a great victory. These papers are also anti-British.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT marked the tenth anniversary of Hitler's accession to power by issuing a 510-page volume on National Socialism. Though the book contains little that is new about Hitler or Hitlerism, it tells us a good deal—by implication—about the department. Much of it might have been written by George Creel. The volume consists of two sections, a 350-page hodge-podge of documents and a 150-page "treatise" on National Socialism. The treatise sounds as though the four officials who wrote it were bored to death with their task and had no difficulty in maintaining a diplomatically correct objectivity. The treatise ends with what the authors seem to think is a clincher, a quotation from a Berlin short-wave broadcast asserting that "National Socialism is a matter of the racial German." The authors seem not only to expose but to adopt this not too novel thesis. Their discussion of Nazi ideology, program, and methods occupies but 62 pages and exhibits a chaste unawareness of economics. Nazism is presented as a German racial phenomenon. The department traces Hitlerism, as it once traced Kaiserism, back to Herder and Hegel. Bernhardt is here again and "Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche (1844-1900), whose writings . . . glorified the blond Teuton beast." One sentence haunts me, "After the Nazis had gained power in Germany," the authors declare, "their spokesmen stated clearly that their program was not composed of temporary measures, as some German circles had been led to believe." I found myself turning back to that sentence and thinking of our own temporary expedients in French North Africa.

Burma and Our Pacific Strategy

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

SINCE our naval victories in November, the fighting in the southern Pacific has been relatively unexciting. The United States has made its position in the Solomons reasonably secure and has had well-deserved but minor successes in New Guinea. Further nibbling by MacArthur is likely, but can hardly be of great importance since the forces at his disposal are small. A major naval offensive awaits new plane carriers. These should be completed within the next several months. With American effort centered on the defeat of Germany, it is improbable that an immediate large-scale attack will be planned in the Pacific.

With a deadlock in the islands, southeastern Asia has become the most important sector of the war in the Far East. Here continued air fighting, a Japanese drive into the southern part of Yunnan Province, and a British push into Burma indicate more important action ahead. The strategic background in this area has changed considerably since disaster in Burma rewarded a poorly managed Allied defense in May, 1942. Save in the air, China is weaker than a year ago, the trickle of supplies formerly reaching it by the Burma road having dwindled to occasional drops brought in by plane. In response to the situation, Japan has transferred numerous divisions to Manchoukuo, but it still has not decided that the moment is propitious to attack the Soviet Union. Its strength in the air has passed the high-water mark; both its planes and its pilots seem to be definitely inferior to those of a year ago and are less numerous. The Bay of Bengal, in which Japanese sea power once scored startling triumphs, is now empty of naval vessels and has become a kind of watery no man's land. In India Wavell has been enormously strengthened, especially with mechanized troops and planes.

The operations in Yunnan and Burma cannot be counted major campaigns but are rather in the nature of preliminary moves. Japan's aim seems to be to reduce still further the supplies reaching China by taking Kunming and other stopping-points along the line of air transport. The initial failure of its attempt can be credited in part to the stubborn Chinese resistance and the mountainous terrain, but more to General Clare Chenault's American air force, which demolished enemy bases of supply. The performance of this unit, operating against an able opponent and under unusual conditions, has been one of the most brilliant feats of the war. Despite reverses, the Japanese have apparently not abandoned their project.

The tremendous difficulties faced by a British campaign in Burma can be summed up in two words—topography and transportation. Burma is separated from India by some of the most rugged mountains to be found in any tropical country on the globe, and the movement of men and weapons would encounter greater natural obstacles there than in any of the areas so far penetrated, save possibly New Guinea. These difficulties might be avoided by the use of sea and air transport, but a successful large-scale invasion by sea would either have to surprise the enemy or be made under the cover of naval and air supremacy, or meet both conditions. It would also require a great deal of shipping. The balance of air power is inclining heavily in our favor, but the availability of enough ships is more doubtful, even though the haul is relatively short. Man-power should present no problem, since Wavell, at least on paper, has over a million men at his disposal. The vitally important question of whether the British armies and such American and Chinese units as might be used have the tactical skill and leadership to meet the experienced jungle fighters of Japan on even terms can be answered only in combat. Reports indicate that Wavell is fully conscious of this problem and is pushing the attack on Akyab partly to develop improved transportation methods and tactics in difficult country.

The recapture of Burma offers many advantages. Bases would be made available for direct attacks on Thailand and Malaya. Regaining the Burmese oil reserves would be a definite benefit to the United Nations, though their loss would not greatly affect the Japanese as long as they hold the Dutch fields. The reopening of the Burma road would allow more supplies to be sent to China, which could again become an important factor in the war.

The advocates of a strong air war have been especially eager to retake Burma. They point to the indecisiveness of the present sea fighting in the Pacific and urge an air attack on Japan from continental bases. This suggested strategy deserves careful consideration. The difficulties of island-hopping as a means of defeating Japan are obvious. Is the method urged by the air-power school any more promising?

A glance at a map of Asia and a little sober calculation show us that heavy air attacks on Japan from continental bases is not now feasible and cannot be made easy. The Siberian bases glibly suggested by some enthusiasts are still pure fantasy. They will not be available until war breaks out between Japan and the Soviet Union

or until the German threat is liquidated. We should, however, keep this eventuality in mind and be prepared to take immediate advantage of any developments in the northwestern Pacific.

The only other possible bases are the Chinese-held airfields to the south, which are also within bombing distance of Japan. The failure to use them is due simply to the difficulty of transporting men, planes, and supplies to them. The opening of the Burma road as a line of land transport would not entirely solve this problem in logistics, since the road was always an emergency route of limited carrying capacity.

These considerations do not prove that a campaign to smash Japan from the skies will not some day be worth trying, but they do indicate that it is no simple undertaking. If any lesson of the war has been firmly established by events it is that attacks on industrial objectives must be continuous and made in great force if they are to be effective. Winning and adequately supplying bases for such large-scale attack would first necessitate the defeat of Japanese land power not only in Burma but in Malaysia and Sumatra and conceivably in the Philippines as well, the wresting of air and sea control over the South China Sea from Japan, large-scale transportation of supplies by sea to convenient bases, and overwhelming superiority in bombardment aviation. When these conditions can be met, Japan will be well on the way to defeat

irrespective of the possible effect of mass bombings.

A campaign in southeastern Asia must also be viewed in terms of the entire Pacific strategy of the United Nations. Up to the present that has been one of attrition rather than decisive action. Since our galling early defeats we have attempted to whittle down Japan's strength in the air and at sea while increasing our own. By our attacks and the enemy's fruitless efforts to recover lost ground we have inflicted severe losses—though not without risks and losses on our side, too. Although we have achieved considerable local success in both New Guinea and the Solomons it has now been six months since we opened the latter campaign. For some time we have not been forcing the Japanese to risk heavy losses in an attempt to beat off threatening attacks. Our war of attrition has become relatively passive, and we have already allowed the enemy too much time for strengthening his outposts and consolidating his gains.

It is useless to urge attacks when the military means of implementing them do not exist. But that is not the actual situation. We have in the Pacific at present the bulk of our navy, a nucleus of military strength, and superior air power. Perhaps this strength is not sufficient for an all-out attack, but certainly it is adequate for waging a more active campaign to wear down Japanese strength, and unless it is so used the task of decisively defeating Japan will steadily approach the impossible.

The Truth About the A. P.

I. GROWTH OF A NEWS TRUST

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

A PHILOSOPHER of the seventeenth century is reported to have said: "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." Substitute "news" for "ballads," and this apothegm is brought right up to date, as men in all parts of Europe today have learned the hard way. Listening to the whisperings of forbidden radios, desperately seeking information not "made" by their conquerors, they know so well the connection between "news" and freedom that they risk their lives daily to snatch it from the air and pass it on to their fellows. We in America can barely imagine either their plight or their passion. For constantly exposed to news in huge volume and variety, we take it for granted much as we take the air we breathe, accepting far too readily the guaranties of purity offered by its purveyors.

News is the oxygen of democratic society, and our form of government cannot long endure if the supply is impeded or allowed to suffer contamination. If any

group, by force or fraud, obtains the right to dictate our news, that group will soon dictate our laws. And the danger is nearer than most people realize, for, to paraphrase a famous parliamentary protest to Charles I, the concentration of control over the news has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

The main instrument of that concentration is the Associated Press, the news agency with tentacles reaching around the world which for some fifty years has operated to restrict the flow of new blood into the newspaper business. Now this organization has been charged, in a complaint filed by the Department of Justice, with "combination and conspiracy in restraint of trade and commerce in news, information, and intelligence among the several states." More particularly, it is asserted, the A. P. supplies news only to its members and maintains insuperable barriers against applicants who compete with newspapers already within its fold; further, by virtue of exclusive contracts with its members for furnishing local

news, it unfairly handicaps other agencies. It will become clear in the course of these articles that the department has understated rather than overstated the case against the A. P.

The answer to the complaint filed by the defendant not only denies all charges but declares that they are "based upon a construction of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and the Clayton Act which violates the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States in that, if the judgment prayed for herein were granted, it would abridge the freedom of the press." In short, it adopts the stereotyped offensive-defensive of the publishing industry whenever it is asked to comply with a law it finds inconvenient. In a case arising out of the discharge of Morris Watson, an A. P. employee and member of the American Newspaper Guild, counsel for the A. P. asserted that the Wagner Act was invalid because it was "a direct and palpable" invasion of freedom of the press. But a majority of the Supreme Court, in a decision delivered by Justice Roberts, dismissed this argument as irrelevant and unsound. The same plea was also raised in vain by newspapers contesting the government demand for disclosure of ownership in connection with second-class mailing privileges.

American newspapers are quite rightly zealous protectors of the freedom of the press, but they have served as its guardians for so long that they have come to believe that the First Amendment is practically their private property. They forget that freedom of the press means properly *freedom for a press* and that it involves not merely the right of established newspapers to operate without a government license but the right of any member of the public to buy or hire a press and print any matter for which he is prepared to take responsibility. Constant vigilance may be necessary to insure that this right is not curtailed by government action, but we must be equally on guard against a more insidious danger—its restriction by means of private monopoly. And if the Department of Justice's complaint against the A. P. is well founded, that danger is already a reality.

THE A. P.'S WAR OF NERVES

A special "expediting court" of three judges with Judge Learned Hand presiding has been appointed to hear this anti-trust suit, and to their judgment the case might well have been left. The Associated Press and its publisher-owners have, however, shown themselves unwilling to abide by the judicial process, and they have been fighting the case in the newspapers and in Congress. I have on my desk a large red volume twelve by nine inches, weighing over four pounds. It is a sample of the propaganda which the Associated Press has been distributing and might be described as the report of a packed grand jury. Within its covers are facsimile reproductions of hundreds of editorials drawn from newspapers which, because of their membership in the A. P., have a ma-

terial interest in the dismissal of the government's complaint.

Very little of this selected comment is devoted to any attempt to argue the merits of the complaint. Instead, we have that traditional corollary of a weak case—monotonous abuse of the plaintiff's attorney, Thurman Arnold, who must be remembering wryly the praise he received from many of the same papers when he attacked monopolistic practices of labor unions. In addition we have charges that the action is inspired by a political feud and allegations of a deep-laid New Deal plot to assassinate freedom of the press, together with flowery tributes to the beauty of the "cooperative" system evolved by the A. P. and hyperbolic claims for the purity of its motives and its methods.

In Congress, resolutions have been introduced by Representative Paul Shafer of Michigan and Representative Harness of Indiana asking for an investigation of "the circumstances preceding the filing" of the anti-trust suit. Another Congressman, W. Sterling Cole of New York, has called upon Attorney General Biddle to suspend prosecution of the case under a law providing for postponing anti-trust actions if they "would seriously interfere in the prosecution of the war." It is hard to see by what process of reasoning the A. P. case can be fitted into this category.

There might be something to be said for a Congressional investigation provided it included a thorough airing of the unprecedented propaganda campaign which is being carried on by interested parties. But Representatives Shafer and Harness have made it clear that their intention is to use such an inquiry to smear the Administration and to spread the myth, assiduously cultivated by A. P. newspapers, that the suit is solely designed to force the A. P. to reverse itself and open its ranks to Marshall Field's Chicago *Sun*. The truth is that denial of membership to the *Sun* figures in the suit only because Mr. Field is the first man for many years who has been willing and able to incur the financial risks of bucking monopoly by starting a morning newspaper in a big city dominated by an A. P. publication.

Representing as it does more than 1,200 newspapers, including almost all those in the morning field with more than 10,000 circulation, the A. P. can, of course, lobby very effectively. Most Congressmen appreciate publicity, and few can disregard entirely the influence of their home newspapers. Moreover, at least one Representative, Ellsworth of Oregon, and four Senators, Glass and Byrd of Virginia and Capper and Reed of Kansas, are owners or part-owners of newspapers enjoying the A. P. franchise.

What can be the purpose of this campaign of combined press propaganda and political pressure? Since the A. P. can hardly hope to sway the decision of the court, the only possible conclusion is that it fears a trial of the

issues and is therefore attempting by means of a war of nerves to bully the Department of Justice into withdrawing the suit. A bitter and fateful day for American democracy will dawn if it succeeds, for it will mean that a combination of press lords has proved able to put itself above the law.

BLACKBALL AND BLACKLIST

The A. P. can trace its ancestry back to 1848, when six New York publishers made an agreement to pool telegraphic and foreign news, but it only assumed its present shape in 1893. According to Oliver Gramling, author of "A. P.—the Story of the News," which can be regarded as approved by the organization, the foundation of the Associated Press of Illinois in that year was the outcome of a revolt by Western publishers against a corrupt alliance between the Associated Press of New York and a commercial agency called the United Press (no relation of the present U. P.). There are widely different accounts extant of the ensuing struggle between the two groups, but we need not concern ourselves here with who double-crossed whom.

The Western group of publishers pictured themselves, and no doubt quite sincerely, as champions of free enterprise fighting an attempt to organize a press trust. One of their number, James E. Scripps of Detroit, stated the issue thus: "Shall the newsgathering business be permitted to fall into the hands of a syndicate of mercenary sharks . . . or shall the newspapers continue, as in the past, to cooperate in the collection of their own news and to enjoy the advantages of controlling the service and getting it at actual cost." Urged on by such eloquent speeches, the Westerners decided to raise a fighting fund and invade the enemy's territory. A period of intense competition followed, but in four years the alleged monopolists of the United Press had been put out of business by a bigger and better monopoly.

The A. P. of Illinois was organized as an exclusive club. It admitted only proprietors of a newspaper to membership and divided these into two classes, "A" and "B," with the former given the right to blackball any new candidate for membership operating in their territory. Every member, however, was required to execute a contract agreeing to supply local news exclusively to the corporation and to abide by the by-laws, of which the most significant was as follows:

Article XI, Section 8. Sale or purchase of specials.—No member shall furnish or permit anyone to furnish its special or other news to, or shall receive news from, any person, firm, or corporation which shall have been declared by the Board of Directors to be antagonistic to the association, and no member shall furnish news to any person, firm, or corporation engaged in the business of collecting or transmitting news, except with the written consent of the Board of Directors.

Compliance with this article was enforced by the threat

of suspension or expulsion of member papers, and their employees were subjected to blacklisting if they were found having any dealings with a competing agency. In 1898, however, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* challenged this by-law by printing dispatches of the Laffan News Bureau, an organization which had been declared "antagonistic." It was duly suspended, but seeking legal redress, it finally obtained from the Supreme Court of Illinois an opinion declaring not only that the section of the by-laws of the A. P. of Illinois quoted above was null and void but that:

The appellee corporation being engaged in a business upon which a public interest is engrafted, upon principles of justice it can make no distinction with respect to persons who wish to purchase information and news, for purposes of publication, which it was created to furnish. . . . Its obligation to serve the public is not one resting on contract, but grows out of the fact that it is in the discharge of a public duty, or of a private duty which has been so conducted that a public interest is attached thereto.

This decision, which, in effect, treated the A. P. as a public utility, destroyed its usefulness as a publishers' protective society and proved a shattering blow to its members. They agreed that it was "impracticable to conduct a press association on the basis indicated by the court, the exclusive character of the news being an essential element of its value and incentive to its collection." The upshot was a decision to fly from the cold legal climate of Illinois to the warmer airs of New York, where a charter was obtained under a law specifically providing for non-profit-making corporations. The new corporation undertook "to admit all members of the Illinois corporation with rights and privileges as nearly as practicable exactly the same as those they now enjoy." At the same time, however, it was felt necessary to rewrite the by-laws so as to forestall another legal challenge.

The distinction between the two classes of members was eliminated, and all were given "protest rights" against the admission of new members publishing within their sphere of influence. Unless the applicable protest rights were waived, a candidate had to secure the affirmative votes of four-fifths of the members of the A. P. at the annual meeting or special meeting. These barriers, the incorporators were legally advised, represented "the extreme limit to which an embodiment of the old veto power could be safely attempted." In practice they have proved impassable. As the complaint of the Department of Justice puts it:

The purpose of the provisions relating to "protest rights"—to bar competitors of members from access to A. P. service—has been effectively achieved. . . . During the years 1900-28, inclusive, more than 100 applications for membership subject to outstanding "protest rights" were submitted to the vote of members. In only six in-

stances was there the requisite affirmative four-fifths vote. Moreover, in each of these six instances the favorable vote was due to special circumstances.

Changes in the by-laws in 1928 did not materially alter this situation. A side-entrance to the A. P. was, however, left open. Memberships were recognized as a species of property which could be sold and assigned, and any newspaper owner could purchase one if it were available in his territory. On a number of occasions this has meant that newspapers have been sold and killed just for the sake of the A. P. franchise. Thus Munsey, the old paper butcher from Maine, paid \$2,000,000 for the New York *Press* and its A. P. membership in order to merge it with the morning *Sun*, which had always been outside the fold. Later he obtained an A. P. franchise for the evening *Sun* by buying and slaughtering the *Globe*.

An A. P. franchise, therefore, apart from providing its holder with an exclusive news service, has a definite cash value. I have before me a "sales" letter from an A. P. divisional superintendent to the manager of a small-town newspaper. Urging the desirability of A. P. membership, this letter emphasizes that it is a capital asset and may be included as part of a newspaper's investment for income-tax purposes. But as the A. P. frequently points out, the assessment levied on each member in return for service is based strictly on actual cost. Hence the cumulative capital value of membership represents something for which nothing is paid. It is, in short, a monopoly value.

This fact is rather blatantly recognized in the amendment to the by-laws approved by the last membership meeting in April, 1942. If a "right of protest" is now exercised, only an affirmative vote of a majority of members is required, but, in addition, the applicant must pay "a sum equal to 10 per cent of the total amount of regular assessments" paid since 1900 by those existing members with whom he will compete, this sum to be distributed among the members in the applicant's field. On this basis, it is estimated, a New York morning franchise would cost nearly \$1,500,000 and would thus provide a handsome unearned increment to established A. P. members, while placing a discouraging financial handicap on any newcomer.

The capital value of the A. P. franchise also serves as a convenient strait-jacket for obstreperous members. M. Koenigsberg, former manager of the International News Service, tells in his autobiography, "King News," how W. R. Hearst, in the course of one of his frequent rows with the A. P., considered bringing a civil anti-trust suit against it. His lawyers gave the opinion that the A. P. was a combination engaged in the illegal restraint of trade but added that victory in the courts would compel the Department of Justice to seek its dissolution. "Upon such advice," Mr. Koenigsberg says, "judgment was reached that the millions of dollars represented in

the memberships owned by Hearst would be exposed to too great a hazard by the institution of any suit attacking the validity of Associated Press regulations."

KENT COOPER AND THE DRAGON

One of the A. P.'s trump cards in its struggle with the old United Press was the exclusive contract it secured with Reuters, the great British news agency, and for long after the flight from Illinois this alliance was regarded by the Board of Directors as an invaluable asset. Through Reuters the A. P. was linked with the Havas Agency of France, the Wolff Telegraph Bureau of Germany, and a score of national agencies tributary to these three, which, in association, ruled the news channels of the world. The A. P., despite its avowed hostility to commercial news trusts, bought exclusive rights to distribute Reuters' news reports in the United States and in return agreed that only Reuters should send A. P. news to foreign countries.

In his recently published book, "Barriers Down," Kent Cooper, present general manager of the A. P., pictures the American agency as a pure and forlorn maiden in the clutches of a sinister international dragon and himself as the valiant knight who for twenty years fought to effect a rescue. The foreign agencies, he asserts, were either subsidized by their governments or at least subject to strong official influences. The American news they distributed thus passed through a filter of un-American interests and was likely to emerge contaminated, while the foreign news they supplied to the A. P. was often tainted with foreign propaganda.

In declaring that this state of affairs was most unhealthy for the American press, Mr. Cooper is entirely correct. The fact that the A. P., while boasting of its purity and of the absolute integrity with which it handled the news, should have tied itself up with foreign agencies in this manner, in order to strengthen its domestic monopoly, was nothing short of a scandal. But his report of the battle to mend the situation is, to put it mildly, exceedingly disingenuous. Between the lines of his book the truth is revealed that his real opponents were not the foreign agencies but Melville Stone, general manager of the A. P. up to 1918 and afterward "counselor," and the Board of Directors. The compromising contracts could have been canceled at any time by a stroke of the pen. The directors, however, feared to take this course in the face of Mr. Stone's assertion, reported by Cooper: "When you get rid of those agencies, the expenses of the Associated Press for foreign news will double at least."

Apart from the question of expense, the directors were troubled by the prospect that the foreign agencies, once cast off, would link up with a competitive service or deal directly with individual newspapers, actions barred by their contracts with the A. P. Defending this position, Mr. Stone argued that it was a protection against foreign propaganda being fed to the American press, propa-

ganda which, presumably, the A. P. itself was able to detect and abstract before retransmitting foreign-agency reports. But as Mr. Cooper says candidly:

This bar, however, was not established through any altruistic motive of protecting American newspapers against any evil intentions of the agencies. It was established solely because if the foreign agencies served newspapers directly, the Associated Press could not compete with them on the same news.

Kent Cooper finally won his battle with the directors, partly, at least, by proving to them that the Scripps-Howard United Press, free from entangling alliances, was forging ahead of the A. P. in the field of foreign news. Convinced that the Reuters alliance was no longer an

asset, the board gave its general manager a free hand. Gripping his sword, he closed in on the horrid monster whose blood he had sought so long, but, alas, it turned into a reluctant dragon and surrendered almost meekly, forcing our unfortunate hero to end his book on a note of anti-climax. Nevertheless, we have to congratulate him on putting up a very good case against monopoly in news, whether the brand be foreign or A. P.

[In the second half of this article, to appear in the next issue, Mr. Huichison will tell the story of the A. P.'s effort to secure legal sanction for the concept of "property in news." He will also explain the mechanics of its stranglehold on domestic coverage in the morning-newspaper field.]

Woollcott and Fourier

BY EDMUND WILSON

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT is dead; and the hostile obituary in the New York *Herald Tribune*, which dwelt on his disagreeable traits, has prompted me to try to pay some tribute to his more attractive ones.

I knew Woollcott only slightly, but my relations with him were based on an aspect of him which may not have been very well known. He was born at the North American Phalanx near Red Bank, New Jersey, and I was born at Red Bank. The North American Phalanx was one of the longest-lived of the socialist communities that flourished in the middle of the last century, and Woollcott's grandfather was for many years the head of it. My family knew all his family, and my grandfather, who was a doctor at Eatontown, brought Woollcott into the world.

When I first came to New York and met Woollcott, I did not connect him with the Woollcotts of Red Bank or the curious old Fourierist building, half barracks and half hotel, to which I had been taken to call as a child. At that time, when I had just started working in the office of *Vanity Fair*, to which he was a distinguished contributor, I saw his more erinaceous side. I provoked him to ferocity one day by asking him who the Father Duffy was to whom he was in the habit of referring as if he were the Apostle Paul. I had spent a year and a half in France during the war but had never happened to hear of Father Duffy; and I had not grasped the fact that Woollcott had created for himself a calendar of saints whose glory must not be questioned.

But one day at the Algonquin he asked me whether I was the son of Lawyer Wilson of Red Bank, and we talked about the Phalanx. He told me about a Fourierist uncle who had devoted himself to painting with so much

single-mindedness and so little material success that he had finally had to go into bankruptcy. My father had extricated him from his troubles; and I presently discovered that a picture that hung in my mother's house—the old phalanstery building itself dimly looming behind the fresh green of the straight-stemmed New Jersey forest—had been painted by this uncle and was a memento of my father's relations with him. I had been struck, when Woollcott told me of this incident, by the evident admiration he felt for the completeness of his uncle's unworldliness: not only the number of pictures he had painted but the enormous sum of money he had failed for. I learned later that Woollcott had long been supporting the remaining members of his family.

From then on our relations were cordial. When a play of mine was done at the Provincetown Playhouse in the early nineteen twenties, Alec, then the dramatic critic of the *Times*, gave it a sympathetic notice but ended by explaining that his judgment might possibly have been somewhat softened by the fact that thirty-odd years before a certain kindly old country doctor had been called on a snowy night to attend Mrs. Woollcott of the Phalanx, etc. When he found out later on that the kindly old doctor had gone to Hamilton College, of which Alec was one of the most loyal alumni, my grandfather came to figure, from his connection with Alec's birth, as a species of Angel of the Annunciation; and I found myself involved in one of the sentimental myths on which he fed the unsatisfied affections that had for objects only his heroes, his friends, and the memories of his family.

This myth would occasionally crop up in his writings, and even after I ceased to see him, I would hear from him from time to time. One day I met him in the West



Drawing by B. Brussel-Smith
Alexander Woollcott

"Whistler Room" had been the title of my play at the Provincetown. Later on, when I published a study of Kipling, he wrote me several long letters on the subject, about which he had some sober and shrewd ideas. I had also, however, been writing about Dickens and praising his gloomy later novels; and this elicited from Alec a sulky "I do not care to discuss Dickens with you." He did, nevertheless, indicate his preferences; and I could see him as a child in the phalanxster lying in the hammock on a summer day with "Pickwick" or "David Copperfield." His point of view was perfectly infantile. It turned out that he did not like "Bleak House" simply because it was the only one he had not read as a child.

In the meantime, however, in the years of the depression, I had had with him a curious interview. I had been traveling around the country doing articles on labor and economic conditions, and he wrote me that he had been reading these articles and said he would like to talk to me. I invited him to dinner with us, but he replied that he was a much older man than I and that I ought to come to him. So I called on him at Sutton Place, where he occupied a splendid apartment that looked out on the East River. As soon as I entered the room, he cried out, without any other greeting: "You've gotten very fat!" It was his way of disarming, I thought, any horror I might have felt at his own pudding-like rotundity, which had trebled since I had seen him last. He did not rise and was wearing a dressing-gown, so I inquired whether he had been ill. He answered shortly, no; and wanted to know whether I thought he was ill because he was wearing a dressing-gown. There were other guests, and they kept coming and going. Drinks were brought—by a butler: Woollcott never stirred from his chair; and there was a backgammon board, at which people were playing. A secretary in a room beyond was typing an article for him; and he would rap out from time to time peremp-

tory orders to the butler, who was feeding a phonograph in a neighboring room with Gilbert and Sullivan records.

He made no attempt to talk to me, and I wondered why he had wanted to see me. At last there came a moment, however, when all the guests had gone and there was nobody but him and me. His demeanor changed entirely. He began to speak naturally and frankly: a note of uncertainty came into his voice, and a look of distressful anxiety tightened his brows above his spectacles. He asked me about the Communist movement in America. I told him a little, and he went on to talk about the North American Phalanx—on which he had been collecting material and about which he meant some day to write. He said that he had always known that labor was going to be the great force in the modern world; and he told me about the Labor Day rites at the Phalanx over which his grandfather had presided. He said that the kind of thing I had been doing was the kind of thing he should like to do: he should like to go around the country and see what was going on—he had friends in the West and the South whom it would be easy for him to visit; and the only thing that had prevented him from doing so was the fact that, reduced as his income was, he had difficulty in finding a chauffeur who could also do dictation and typing.

Then another batch of guests came in, and Woollcott resumed his role in the theatrical-journalistic New York world in which he was both a "personality" of print and a "star" in an eccentric part. I wasn't sure that anybody but me could recognize in his anagrams and croquet, his Dickens and Gilbert and Sullivan, his idealization of stage reputations like the Barrymores and Mrs. Fiske, and his general wide-eyed excitement of the semi-suburban Jerseyman over all that was going on in New York—could recognize in this the persistence of the atmosphere and the habits of an old-fashioned country life with which I was familiar from my childhood, but which seemed quite exotic, almost perverse, in the modern New York of the thirties.

When "The Man Who Came to Dinner" was done, I was rather depressed to hear that Woollcott was acting in the West the character drawn from himself. But when I saw the play in New York, I ceased to be troubled by this. Kaufman's comedy was stupid enough; and it was slightly offensive, like all his things, because it was an exploitation by an expert contriver of curtains and exploder of firecracker laughs of an idea that had better possibilities. But its very comic-supplement mechanics made it relatively innocent as far as Woollcott was concerned. Kaufman had put on the stage some of Woollcott's superficial idiosyncrasies without ever even attempting to do anything with his genuine personality. The bad side of "The Man Who Came to Dinner" was simply a combination of fiendishness and childishness, while the better side was simply a stage Santa Claus, as in the last

act of a play with George Arliss. A portrayer of the actual Woolcott would have had to show how his arrogance and venom arose from the vulnerability of an excessively sensitive man rather badly favored by nature and afflicted by glandular disorders. When Woolcott addressed his friends as "repulsive," it was like his greeting me when I visited him by telling me how fat I was: he was afraid you were going to find him so. And a real portrait of Woolcott would have had to show the part played in his whole career by the Fourierist background of the Phalanx.

His interest in communism, so far as I know, did not have any practical upshot; but a certain queer moral authority which he exerted throughout his career was based on a reckless idealism that derived from the idealism that had bankrupted the Phalanx; and what made him seem impossible to editors, producers whose plays he reviewed, and the arrangers of radio programs, was not so much his fits of bad temper as a boldness and independence, learned in the same school, which made him

contemptuous of other people's policies when they conflicted with his own judgment, and prevented him from hesitating a moment, when the issue demanded a choice, about throwing up any job, no matter how magnificently paid and no matter how fraught with prestige. The idea that "social betterment" and the "elevating" effects of the arts were the most important things in the world and causes to be served gratuitously was always alive in his mind; and one might be very far from sharing most of his enthusiasms and very much dislike his way of expressing them, and yet feel that his lights were not vulgar ones and that Woolcott had never betrayed them.

He had it, moreover, in common with the older American radicalism that, in the days of totalitarian states and commercial standardization, he did not hesitate to assert himself as a single unique human being: he was not afraid to be Alexander Woolcott; and even when Alexander Woolcott was horrid, this somehow commanded respect, and, in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," made him a kind of folk hero.

The Jews of Europe

IV. THE CASE FOR ZIONISM

BY PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

IT WAS to supply the elementary need of a homeless people for a home that the Balfour Declaration was issued on November 2, 1917, announcing that "His Majesty's government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." The purpose of this historic document, which was subsequently approved by fifty-two nations, including the United States, was understood and accepted by the parties most directly involved.

Winston Churchill stated the British intent when he said, "This pledge of a home of refuge, of an asylum, was not made to the Jews in Palestine but to the Jews outside Palestine, to that vast unhappy mass of scattered, persecuted, wandering Jews whose intense, unchanging, unconquerable desire has been for a National Home." Felix Frankfurter expressed the understanding of the Jews that "it was not merely a pledge to the fraction of the Jewish people who would actually settle in Palestine, but it was to be a national home for the Jewish people." The leader of the Arab delegation at the Peace Conference, Emir Feisal, also indorsed this objective. "Our deputation here in Paris is fully acquainted with the proposals submitted yesterday by the Zionist Organization to the Peace Conference, and we regard them as moderate and proper. We will do our best, in so far as

we are concerned, to help them through: we will wish the Jews a most hearty welcome home."

On the basis of this promise and inspired by this hope, the Jews began their return to Palestine. The significance of their achievements can be seen in the changes wrought between the two world wars. In 1919 there were but 56,000 Jews in Palestine, chiefly elderly people dependent on charity from abroad. Only a small percentage worked the land, and the agricultural economy was so disorganized and inadequate that the population subsisted largely on food shipments from the west. Men still remember with horror the frantic mobs at the docks clamoring for something to eat as the occasional boats came in.

Today, reports the American Jewish Committee (not a Zionist organization) in "Jewish Post War Problems," "the only bright spot for Jews on the many war fronts is Palestine, with its sturdy Jewish population of nearly 600,000 souls. Jewish Palestine is today an outpost of democracy in the Near East and a great military potential for the United Nations in both men and matériel."

In the past twenty-five years more than half a million Jews have been settled in Palestine; more have been admitted there since the advent of Hitler than to all other

countries of the world combined. This Jewish community is not only self-sustaining but is making substantial contributions of food, chemical, and industrial products to the armies of the United Nations in the Near East. Jewish "agricultural colonization in Palestine is the most remarkable devotion to land and reclamation of land that I have seen in any country of the New or Old World," wrote Dr. Walter Lowdermilk, assistant chief of the Soil Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture, after ten weeks in the Jewish colonies.

The \$500,000,000 which Jews have invested in the agriculture and industry of Palestine has resulted in the greatest proportionate increase of productivity that has occurred in any country in these decades of depression and instability. Whereas Jewish-owned land under wheat comprises only 6 per cent of the entire wheat area of Palestine, it produces 14 per cent of the country's wheat crop. Jewish land planted in barley is 4 per cent of the total barley acreage, but it has yielded 17 per cent of the country's total output. More than 2,000 Jewish industries and more than 5,000 handicraft establishments are now at work in Palestine supplying every basic human need. The new industries set up since the outbreak of the war manufacture glass containers, cardboard and paper, pharmaceuticals, crockery and household utensils, wool and cotton yarns, upper leathers for footwear, plate glass, plastics, heavy and fine chemicals, rubber hose and canvas, optical and scientific instruments, calcium carbide, steel and alloy steel, copper wire, bone buttons, and tire retreads. Sulphuric fertilizers are also being turned out. A useful rubber-regeneration plant has been built.

Under the impact of Jewish need, ingenuity, and capital, Palestine has become the most thriving country of the Near East. Its flourishing cities have had a phenomenal growth. Where only yesterday the sands shifted restlessly on the dunes north of Jaffa, there stands today an all-Jewish city of 200,000 souls—Tel Aviv with its brilliant culture, its youthful vigor, its gleaming new buildings. The rivers have been harnessed for electric power; cheap light and power are now available all over the land. Minerals extracted from the Dead Sea sustain mammoth chemical establishments, and the surrounding soil is being leached to renew its fertility. Busy fishing villages of European youth have sprung up on the inland lakes. A people who for centuries have known ships only as instruments of flight are now building and manning them.

Some of the perennial scourges of the East have been conquered. Professor I. J. Kligler, American-trained expert, recently reported:

The contrast between malaria incidence among the troops stationed in Palestine during the last war, or

among those stationed now in Syria, and that among the forces at present in Palestine is striking. Twenty years of malaria control have rendered Palestine the only country in this part of the world in which this infectious disease is of minor significance as a factor in troop morbidity.

Another major accomplishment reflects the underlying motive of the Zionist program, namely, to give Jews a normal life. To do this, it was necessary, according to the Zionist leaders, to change not only the political but the economic status of the Jewish people. That Jews must become farmers and manual laborers was an article of faith that revolutionized the economic habits of the European Jews who came to Palestine. Of the 104,000 agricultural and industrial workers listed in the census of 1937, 36,000 had been without definite occupation in the land of their origin, 8,000 had been merchants, and 17,000 had been students—the typical Jewish disproportion in Europe. Less than one-tenth of the 25,000 persons then engaged in agriculture in Palestine had worked the soil in Europe, and only 1,800 of the 13,000 workers in the building industry had done similar manual labor.

The results can be seen in new Jewish types—strong, self-respecting, unafraid. Psychologically and physically, they have much in common with the frontiersmen who cleared the wilderness and built the first settlements on the North American continent. The Palestinian Jews are the only Jewish community which under attack in this war has sunk its roots deeper into the earth, stood its ground resolutely, and demanded the right and the weapons to fight back blow for blow. It is not that they are heroes, but something in their attachment to their own soil gives them a quiet strength and courage denied to the harried, rootless Jews in Europe.

Most of the Jews who came to Palestine were determined not to reproduce there the inequitable economic order which had made life so insecure in Europe. Since they came to a backward, sparsely settled country, they were able to create new social institutions. They established a National Fund which purchased land not for private profit but in perpetuity for the Jewish people. Within the framework of capitalism Palestine developed the strongest free labor movement and the largest network of cooperatives and collectives in proportion to population to be found in any free country in the world. The General Federation of Jewish Labor (Histadruth) has 126,000 members, constituting with their families 40 per cent of the Jewish community of Palestine and dominating its political life. The federation's activities include the creation and direction of collective agricultural settlements, industrial and transport cooperatives, building guilds, educational institutions, cooperative finance institutions, maritime projects, health insurance, and unemployment relief. It has fought for and obtained work-

ing conditions and wages incomparably better than are to be found anywhere else in the Near East. The collective colonies have been so successful that Sir Arthur Waichope, former High Commissioner of Palestine, regards them as a pattern which the post-war world may well follow. He writes:

We are all interested not only in the war but also in any social or economic changes that may take place after the war, especially those needed to bring about a more equal distribution of wealth. . . . If changes in our social or economic structure are to be discussed, then it is worth while to consider the one example of such a system where people actually do live on an equal economic basis. And this example is of a people who can be judged by their deeds rather than by their theories, and who have made a success of their life for more than a generation.

Since these people are heirs of a long tradition of culture, they cherish the arts too in this new life. The richest Hebraic culture known in centuries now flourishes in Palestine. There is no more beloved orchestra in the world than the Palestine Symphony; Toscanini, among others, has conducted it. The schools are modern and progressive, and they are crowned by the Hebrew University on Scopus, which is already one of the foremost institutions of higher learning in the world. There has been such a renewal and enhancement of historical religious forms that for many Judaism has become vital again.

These cultural and spiritual developments are already fructifying Jewish life in America. This is likely to be the primary relationship of American Jews to Palestine, for it is not expected that many from this country will settle there. The settlement in Palestine will strengthen, not weaken, their position here. To the extent that it solves the Jewish problem in Europe and relieves refugee pressure, it buttresses their security, for it was the echoes of Hitler's answer to the Jewish problem in Europe which more than any other factor threatened them here. Further, there is something so sympathetic to the free spirit of the West in this heroic effort of an ancient people to emancipate itself by its own labor and bravery that a new respect for Jews is born in all Americans who come in contact with it—the enthusiastic American soldiers recently stationed there among others.

What of the future? The answer depends on economic and political factors which are not unrelated. For in the final reckoning the absorptive capacity of Palestine will determine whether the Jews can live in peace with the Arabs. An overcrowded country with all elements fiercely competing for a meager livelihood holds no promise. But a land being redeemed from ancient ignorance and poverty to the fullest modern productivity offers real hope.

Since 1919 over 500,000 Jews have been absorbed in an area of 1,500,000 dunam (a dunam is one-fourth of an acre)—less than one-seventeenth of the total land of Palestine. The Arabs inhabit about 7,000,000 dunam out of a total of 27,000,000, leaving practically two-thirds of the country uncultivated. Since much of this is the kind of "wasteland" which the Jews redeemed by irrigation or drainage for their present settlements, there is no reason why a substantial portion of it could not be used for the colonization of European Jews. Through irrigation and intensive cultivation the amount of land required to support a Jewish family has been steadily reduced from 250 to 20 dunam. Without any displacement of the existing population, according to reliable experts, there is room in the hill country and the maritime plains for 750,000 new settlers.

But the part of Palestine which challenges the imagination is the Negev, or southern Palestine, which is nearly equal in size to the entire settled north. This large region is inhabited today by a handful of Bedouins who barely eke a living from its parched and neglected soil. An irrigation project which experts regard as feasible can make this land fertile. Dr. Lowdermilk has written:

The Valley of the Jordan River offers a combination of natural features and a concentration of resources which set the stage for one of the greatest and most far-reaching reclamation projects of the earth. . . . After seeing the great conduits pouring water from the Colorado River into Southern California after crossing deserts and boring through mountains for 250 miles, such things on a smaller scale are also a possibility for Palestine. . . . The Holy Land can be reclaimed from the desolation of long neglect and wastage and can be made to provide farms, industry, and security for possibly five million refugees fleeing the persecutions and hatreds of Europe.

Dr. Bernard Joseph, chief legal adviser to the Jewish Agency for Palestine, believes that there is room for six million Jews. Whichever estimate is correct, it is clear that with a dynamic, imaginative program a large part of the surviving Jewish masses of Europe can find a home and a livelihood in Palestine. Their activities, it should be remembered, need not be entirely or mainly agricultural. Jewish Palestine can become the industrial and commercial center of the Near East. Jews have brought there the skills, trades, and industries of Europe. The future of Palestine should be conceived not in terms of the backward countries of the Levant but in the image of such small, progressive industrial and commercial countries as Belgium and Holland. The Jews are also experienced and skilful in trade. Situated at the crossroads of several civilizations and having access to two seas, the Mediterranean and the Red, the Jewish National Home might be developed into one of the great commercial centers of the world. It might find immense

new markets for its merchandise in Russia, India, and the Middle East. The possibilities of modern agriculture, industry, and commerce are so great that there is no foreseeable limit to the absorptive capacity of Palestine. Millions of Jews can be settled in it without displacing a single Arab.

But even if some displacement of the Arabs were necessary, this would ultimately be justified in the face of the desperate Jewish need. For there is no Arab problem in the sense that there is a Jewish problem. Fifteen million Arabs inhabit a region nearly half the size of Europe. A recent Prime Minister of Iraq admitted:

The size of the country is 150,000 square miles, about three times that of England and Wales, while the population is only three million. . . . What Iraq wants above everything else is more population.

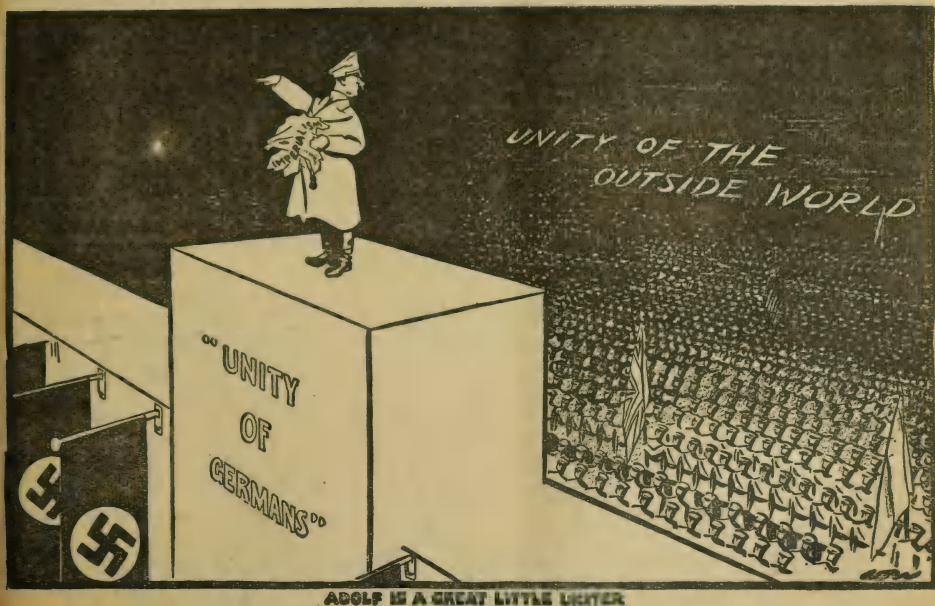
Actually, as all observers have agreed, the Arabs have benefited from Jewish immigration. The Royal Commission reported in 1937:

Up till now the Arab cultivator has benefited . . . from the presence of Jews in the country. Wages have gone up, the standard of living has improved; work on roads and buildings has been plentiful. . . . The general beneficial effect of Jewish immigration on Arab welfare is illustrated by the fact that the increase in the Arab population is most marked in urban areas affected by Jewish development.

The Arabs, it was shown, have chosen to live in greatest numbers in the neighborhood of Jewish settlements; and

the increase of the Arab population has closely paralleled the Jewish increase, not only through the lowered death rate but also because large numbers of non-Palestinian Arabs have seeped into the country to enjoy the highest standard of living in the Near East. It would be a calamity for the Arabs if the Jewish settlement in Palestine were to be liquidated, as is proved by the miserable state of the Arabs in Trans-Jordan, where Jews have not been permitted to settle. In fact, it is my conviction that the best hope for the emancipation of the Arabs lies in the example offered them by the Jews—the example of modern techniques in agriculture and industry, of education and public health, of cooperative enterprise and social progress.

The Arab opposition is political, not economic. It was fomented by the land-owning Effendis, who resented the intrusion of higher Western standards into their feudal economy. It was directed and financed by the Nazis and the Italian Fascists. The moment the war broke out and the British severed Arab connections with the Axis, the terror ceased completely. This is not to deny the existence of a genuine opposition on the part of some Arab elements. But since Palestine is so largely undeveloped and the Arab lands are so sparsely populated, and since for the Jews of Europe it is literally Palestine or death, the justice and the necessity of the Jewish National Home must be reaffirmed in spite of this opposition. If there is to be some equitable redistribution of the earth's resources after the war, shall not this apply also to the



ADOLF IS A GREAT LITTLE DICKER

Jews? Shall the Arabs, whose lands are so extensive that they cannot completely settle them for generations, be permitted to deny homeless Jews the right to settle on a part of the smallest of them?

When the war ends, there should be in Palestine, as apparently there will be elsewhere, a period of transition before the final political settlement is determined. In this period large numbers of homeless Jews should be settled in Palestine. Wendell Willkie has stated the correct formula: "The extent of that immigration must be measured by the needs of the Jewish people." This mass migration will cause least stress if done quickly. The Arab problem took shape from the British colonial policy, which made Jewish immigration a slow incessant stream of irritants. Swift large-scale Jewish immigration after the last war, in accordance with the purpose of the Balfour Declaration, would have established immediately a strong Jewish community in Palestine and have shown the Arabs that the British meant to keep their promise to the Jews. In the interest of peace in Palestine, let not the same mistake be made again.

While this swift immigration is taking place, large-scale reclamation, irrigation, industrial, and building projects should be begun. Since these will be far beyond the means of private Jewish funds, they should have international financial support, perhaps on a lease-lend basis. It will prove more economical to invest in constructive self-liquidating projects in Palestine than to dole out relief to Jews in Europe.

The political forms that should follow this interim period will depend on the entire world settlement. After the necessary period of large-scale immigration and economic development, Palestine should be set up as a self-governing commonwealth in a world of free commonwealths, with full equality of rights—civil, economic, religious, and cultural—for all the inhabitants of the land. Great numbers of the surviving Jews of Europe, it is hoped, will thus be emancipated from their homelessness. They will, for the first time in nineteen centuries, be the molders, not the victims, of their destiny. In this one place they will at last have freed themselves from the insecure minority status under which they have suffered and will be able to develop normally as a free people among the free peoples of the earth. They can thus play their rightful part in the building of the free world of tomorrow and make their distinctive contribution to it.

If the United Nations determine that this shall be, it will be. Here is their opportunity to solve the world's most persistent problem and to enable a gifted people, once more on their ancient sacred soil, to enrich man's spiritual life.

[This is the last of a series of four articles by Dr. Bernstein.]

In the Wind

FRANCES SWEENEY, founder of Boston's original rumor clinic and editor of the Boston *City Reporter*, reports that the largest chain of newsstands in greater Boston has stopped handling the anti-Semitic *Catholic International* because it didn't sell. Its editorial policy is thus summed up on its cover: "No Quick-Culture, No Psychology, No Social-Gospel, No Free-Love, No Free-Thought, No Art-Appreciation, No Sophistication, No Vitamins, No Advertising. No Fawning upon Christ's Enemies."

GOLD is now listed by the War Production Board among "materials that are available in significant quantities as substitutes for scarcer materials."

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD: The Czecho-Slovak National Council of America reports that special detectives have been placed in all railroad stations in Bohemia and Moravia to spot travelers who may deliberately delay and hamper traffic. . . . In Norway, says the Norwegian Information Service, the sensitive Nazis have put Quisling guards on all trains to prevent Norwegians from leaving their seats when German or native Nazis sit beside them.

A ONE-MAN CRUSADE against price-ceiling violators is being conducted by G. C. Terry, an ex-sailor, of Hollywood. On the first day of the crusade he haled three egg dealers into court and won \$50 from each. He now has scores of cases pending.

WELL, HARDLY ANYTHING: Last February the Nazi-controlled Radio Alpen broadcast the following military intelligence to Spain: "Very few of the Russian army are experienced soldiers. Others are reservists recently recruited with only very slight military training. Naturally, these untrained men cannot do anything against the well-trained, well-equipped German soldiers."

STUDENTS at the University of Michigan have organized a Man-Power Mobilization Corps, supplying student workers to farms, factories, and business firms. It is run without assistance from the faculty.

BOOK NOTES: Joe McWilliams, who ran for Congress with the support of the Christian Front in 1940, has written a book, "The Serviceman's Reconstruction Plan." It is being distributed by the Barrington Rand Press, Barrington, Illinois. . . . Subscriptions are now being solicited for "Hollywood Reds," a book to be written by Allan W. Wells. Advance circulars say it will give "a complete exposé of the Communist control of motion pictures made in Hollywood."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

The Führer-Makers

BY ALFRED KANTOROWICZ

IN THE elections to the German Reichstag of November 6, 1932, the Nazis suffered a remarkable defeat. In comparison with the last previous general elections they lost about two million votes, and instead of 230 deputies—two-fifths of the Reichstag—they returned only 197. A mere one-third of the German electorate had given them their vote. This setback was emphasized by even more decisive defeats at municipal and local elections in the following December. In Thuringia, for instance, the Nazi Party lost 40 per cent of the votes it had polled six months earlier; in Saxony and northern Germany it lost 50 per cent. Goebbels noted in his diary on December 6: "The situation in the Reich is disastrous."

The finances of the party were in a desperate condition. Under date of November 11 Goebbels wrote in his diary: "Received a report on the financial situation of the Berlin organization. It is hopeless. Nothing but debts and obligations, together with the complete impossibility of obtaining any reasonable sum of money after this defeat."

The great intriguer Franz von Papen yielded his post of Chancellor of the Reich to the great intriguer Kurt von Schleicher, a Reichswehr general. Schleicher planned to rely upon the Reichswehr on one side and the Democratic and Christian unions on the other, and to avoid open dictatorship. He succeeded in seducing the second man of the Nazi Party, its most brilliant organizer, Gregor Strasser, whose defection almost broke up the movement. "Deep depression throughout the organization," notes Goebbels on December 8. "In the evening the leader comes to us. It is difficult to be cheerful. We are all downcast, especially in view of the danger of the whole party's falling to pieces, and all our work in vain." On December 9, after a Reichstag session, he exclaims: "Wild excitement in the Reichstag. Everywhere rats flee from the sinking ship." And on Christmas Eve: "A sad Christmas. My heart is full of grief."

Then, on December 28, he makes a seemingly harmless entry which deserves close attention: "There is a chance of the leader having a discussion with von Papen in a few days' time. That would offer us a new opportunity." The expected conference took place in the first days of January, 1933, at the villa of Herr von Schroeder, a Cologne banker and representative of the big industrialists. It did indeed offer Hitler a new opportunity and thereby perhaps changed the course of history.

Von Papen, the gambler, wanted his revenge.

Schleicher had intrigued against him when he was in power; now Papen turned the tables against the new chancellor, whose tendencies had become a little obscure to the all-powerful iron and steel magnates. Of course, the events that led to the final catastrophe were determined rather by general social and economic conditions than by personal animosities, but there is no doubt that intrigue played a big part in raising Hitler to power. One of the most reliable chroniclers of those days, the late Rudolf Olden, at that time foreign editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, wrote of that fateful meeting in the house of the Cologne banker: "Politics as the conflict of *Welanschauungen* had dropped out of German public life. The battle was fought in the salons and antechambers between embittered gamblers. Everything turned on ambition, vanity, and personal advancement, not on principles or the good of the country."

Goebbels's diary contains the following under date of January 5: "The conference between the Leader and Herr von Papen has taken place at Cologne. It was meant to be secret, but through indiscretion news of it has got abroad. . . . The press is full of misrepresentations." Papen at once issued a vehement and categorical denial. But the two had been photographed together, and Schleicher laughingly passed the pictures around. He underestimated the strength of an alliance between Hitler, who still had a considerable mass following, and Papen, who had great influence with Hindenburg and was supported by the Rhenish industrialists.

Twelve days after the conference, on January 17, Goebbels wrote cynically: "The financial situation has improved all of a sudden." And added: "Now we must be prudent. There must be no mistake now, otherwise our great plan will again miscarry."

The "great plan" was helped to final success by another gigantic intrigue which paralleled the machinations of the iron magnates—the Osthilfe scandal. The Reich had granted subsidies running into hundreds of millions of marks to the great landowners of East Prussia, but the Junkers had spent the money not on the land but on luxuries and gambling. Many of the noblest Prussian families were involved, including the son of the President, Oskar von Hindenburg. The situation that developed is described by Olden as follows: "When Schleicher took over the plans of his predecessors [to settle peasants on the enormous estates of the Prussian Junkers] the agrarian magnates joined Papen and Oskar



[This cartoon by Georges Schreiber was published in *The Nation* on April 5, 1933, scarcely more than two months after Hitler had seized power in Germany. In the same issue the leading editorial carried the title *The Nazis Against the World*. Then as now *The Nation* saw in fascism and Hitlerism what the cartoon symbolizes—tyranny, devastation, and war. The world today is testimony to the accuracy of that vision and to the tragic failure of all the contradictory hopes with which the leaders of the democracies deluded themselves and their followers between 1933 and 1939]

von Hindenburg in opposing him. Schleicher then boldly threatened to expose the whole Osthilfe affair."

The alliance of the Junkers with the Rhenish industrialists sealed the fate of the Schleicher government. Advised by his favorite, Papen, and pressed by his son, who feared that his own and his father's connection with the scandal might become known, Hindenburg dismissed Schleicher and began negotiations with Hitler. On January 30, 1933, the corrupt Junker who happened to be President of the Reich made Hitler Chancellor.

Goebbels chronicles the events of those days. "January 27: Conference with the gentlemen of the Reichslandbund [modestly translated in Goebbels' book 'Farmers' Federation' but actually the Junkers]. All of them have taken their stand against Schleicher." "January 28: Herr von Papen has received instructions to approach cautiously the other parties with a view to exploring possibilities." "January 29: The great hour has struck." "January 30: It seems like a dream. The Wilhelmstrasse is ours!"

In two months the Nazis had been raised from near-ruin to supreme power. On December 8, 1932, Goebbels had written: "For hours the leader paces up and down the room in the hotel. Suddenly he stops and says, 'If the party falls to pieces, I shall shoot myself without more ado.'" Hitler and Goebbels have been reminding the German people of those days, laying stress on the fact that the Nazis have been in difficult situations before and come out triumphant. Even Hitler's threat to commit suicide has been quoted, their purpose is perhaps not only to reassure the German people but to suggest that the Nazis might be ready to accept the services of a Papen in the international field. Will they find one?

Japan's Racial War

BY SELDEN C. MENEFEE

JAPAN is fighting a racial war. Race riots and other instances of race prejudice in the United States are highlighted in Japanese broadcasts to Asia and the Americas. Even before Pearl Harbor, Radio Tokyo campaigned for "Asia for the Asiatics" by narrating the story of the lynching of Cleo Wright at Sikeston, Missouri. Every scrap of evidence that the colored races of this country are subject to discrimination is grist to the Japanese propaganda mill. Our immigration laws are held up before the Chinese and Indians to prove our dishonesty in claiming to fight for a free world. The evacuation of West Coast Japanese Americans is frequently referred to—India has heard wild tales of Japanese Americans hacked to pieces by white mobs, their houses entered, and their women attacked.

A Manchurian broadcast beamed to Asia sums up the Japanese propaganda line: "Democracy as preached by

the Anglo-Americans may be an ideal and noble system of life, but democracy as practiced by Anglo-Americans is stained with the bloody guilt of racial persecution and exploitation."

One aspect of Japan's racial war is the attempt to incite Negroes in this country against the government. It is estimated that agitation of this kind has affected in some degree at least 50,000 American Negroes. In Chicago three pro-Japanese Negro organizations were recently uncovered, and eighty of their members were arrested for draft evasion. In New York, in December, four leaders of the "Ethiopian Pacific movement" were convicted of sedition and conspiracy to commit sedition. The ringleader, Robert O. Jordan, was quoted as saying, "The war Japan is fighting is one of divine order, and Negroes should tie up with Japan."

There are several ways in which we can deal with Japan's racial propaganda. We can ignore it, which would be an easy way but a dangerous one. The racial problem will not solve itself. Or we can emphasize in our own propaganda the part the colored races are playing in the United Nations war effort. General MacArthur recently decorated three Southern Negroes for plunging through gasoline flames to save an injured pilot, and the fact might well be widely publicized. Or, thirdly, we can expose the intolerance and cruelty of the Japanese themselves. This is obvious enough in their attitude toward the Koreans and Chinese and in their treatment of their own *etas*, or untouchables. But propaganda of this kind leaves us vulnerable to counter-charges such as that made by the Japanese-operated Hsinking radio last summer: "The American propaganda machine has recently spread stories of Japanese mistreatment of Koreans. They should look at home first. Their Negroes do not enjoy the life of citizens."

The best propaganda anywhere and always is that of the deed; in this case, it would be to give greater equality of opportunity to Negroes. The President's prohibition of any discrimination based on race, creed, color, or national origin, which has been written into all war contracts, is one long step, and the work of the Committee on Fair Employment Practices is another. But many large defense plants still refuse to hire Negroes except for unskilled or custodial work because of union barriers, employer prejudices, or local tradition.

The admission of Negroes to the regular ranks of the navy, marines, air corps, and Waacs, and their admission to the army in numbers proportioned to the size of the Negro population are admirable moves. But Negroes are still segregated in the army, navy, and Waacs. In the marines they are accepted only as privates for the duration of the war. And they are excluded from the Waves.

We must have cleaner hands if we hope to convince the people of occupied Asia that they have something to gain by a United Nations victory.

The Problem Remains

A week has elapsed since the Casablanca conference, and in that time everything that could be said for or against it has been said. It is not incomprehensible that the average democratic citizen should fail to take a stand on the issues of the conference, greeted as he has been by a barrage of contradictory interpretations, and that he should prefer to leave the resolution of those issues to the "higher wisdom" of his rulers. This section, however, cannot take refuge in caution. For as the Casablanca conference—however important and encouraging may have been the military decisions reached—was from the point of view of political warfare a failure. It was worse than that. Until the Casablanca meeting one could hope that the developments of the war would one day convince the Allied leaders of the need to coordinate their political strategy and wage this war as a People's War against fascism. Casablanca has reduced that hope to a miserable minimum. If there in North Africa, in the midst of the appalling mess produced by the lack of a democratic war policy, the arguments for a United Nations Political Council were ignored, how can we expect a change in the official attitude that led to the situation in North Africa and will lead to dozens of similar situations when the Allied armies move into Europe?

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

IT HAS been noticed lately that an extremely dark picture of the war is being presented to the German people. About the Russian front especially the communiqués and even more the commentators seem to be telling the truth regardless of consequences. Of course they never fail to mention the certainty of ultimate victory, but they describe the situation as being temporarily both distressing and dangerous. For the first time the enemy is admitted to have had important successes. He has "superiority in numbers and material." And according to General Kurt Dittmar, speaking on January 18, "quantitatively," Germany "will be unable to attain even equality except locally."

Never before in this war have the Germans been addressed in such gloomy accents. Incidentally the official propagandists are making use of this seeming brutal frankness to improve their credit. "See how honest we are," they say. The star commentator, Hans Fritzsche, underlined it on January 23:

The enemy has always charged that we do not give a frank account of military operations. But the charge

is undeserved. No communiqués are more trustworthy than ours. We do not play down the gravity of the conflict or the extent of the danger.

However, it is possible to lie by stating the facts, and we should not draw too far-reaching conclusions from this new "line" of the Nazis. Actually it is all part of a carefully planned campaign.

This is proved by the fact that every particularly gloomy report is followed by a stereotyped demand for extraordinary efforts on the home front. As one example the same speech of Herr Fritzsche's may be cited:

We can only imagine with what heroism the German soldier is giving his all to parry the latest Bolshevik blow. Those for whom this sacrifice is offered can well be proud. But their very pride creates the obligation to be worthy of the sacrifice. The German people, a part of whom have remained almost untouched by the war, must now mobilize all their strength and throw it into the balance. There still exists in Germany a great reserve of workers. Only when all hands, men and women, are doing vital war work, intelligently and according to plan, will the mobilization be complete. Out of the bitter struggle comes the challenge: "Stake everything!"

In short, the alarming military situation is being exploited to bring about a further, all-out "mobilization of labor reserves." "In many respects," Goebbels wrote in his weekly article of January 23, "we are living lives not suited to a time of war. Many businesses now being carried on profit nobody, or at least very few; they use up labor and materials but contribute nothing to the result we are striving for." It is apparently on the agenda to strangle all business using labor and materials for purely civilian purposes. The prospect is made clearer by Goebbels' demagogic illustrations.

We all know [his article went on] that there are many shops in which practically nothing can be bought. They are worthless for the war effort. Let them go out of business and their employees transfer to more useful occupations. . . . I have been informed that the bars of the great cities offer no comfort to anyone. Scarcely anything to drink can be obtained in them. An aging pianist pounds a weary instrument. The patrons face each other in blank silence. . . . Why should this go on? Let the pianist provide recreation for the troops. Let the waiters get work in a war industry.

Evidently there is to be a new and bigger drive, first, to draw the rest of the women into production, and, second, to close all allegedly superfluous shops, firms, restaurants, etc. The recent "brutally frank" announcements about the situation at the front end invariably with the exhortation: now at last let us mobilize all labor reserves. The conclusion can be drawn that the tone of alarm is cultivated expressly to get the people to swallow the new regulations. That does not mean, however, that the situation is not really alarming.

File and Remember

[Each week on this page we shall print items, short and long, taken from the British press or, less frequently, from that of other countries.]

"From Expediency to Forgery"

VARIOUS American newspapers carried a story on December 8 purporting to show that, contrary to reports, the French underground movement was not unanimous in condemning the Allied deal with Darlan. The story quoted *Franc-Tireur* as welcoming the arrival of Allied armies in North Africa and accepting the arrangement with Darlan as a strategic necessity. This indorsement from one of the boldest illegal papers in France was good propaganda for the policy adopted by the State Department and followed, however reluctantly, by Whitehall. But in the light of De Gaulle's open opposition, it was hard to credit. Now the facts have come out, and they throw a rather unpleasant light on this attempt to push an organ of the French underground into the Darlan camp. *Tribune* (London) has published an article entitled *From Expediency to Forgery* in which it accuses an unnamed "American diplomatic source" in London of planting a garbled version of the *Franc-Tireur* statement on the American correspondents. *Tribune* sums up the facts as follows:

It so happens that a copy of this underground journal is in our hands, and we say quite bluntly that the full text of the article quoted by the "American diplomatic source" bears no resemblance to the text handed here to American journalists. All the quotations are correct, of course, but in their context they convey the exact opposite of the sense given by the American spokesman.

Read these quotations from this sheet printed by the obscure but true men of France. They welcome the Allied move into North Africa. "But we forget nothing," they go on, and recount the infamies of Pétain and his men.

"Today," they ask, "is a mere word, a bargain, or a mere smile to suffice the people of France to blot out this record? Oh, no, a thousand times no! . . . We shall not allow our victory—the victory of all free peoples—of all the glorious and obscure soldiers to be sullied. It will be, before and above all things, the victory of liberty, of world democracy, of anti-fascism, and of the Social Republic."

Here it is. It does not sound like three cheers for Papa Darlan. And there we have it. To sustain expediency its backers have to descend to political forgery.

Invade Europe Soon!

Last week I emphasized the increasing importance of establishing in the shortest possible time a second front in Europe. Since then many other British newspapers, including the *Times*, have returned to the same theme. . . .

The urgency of this strategic operation has been intensified by the unexpected delay in clearing the enemy out of North

Africa and using the Tunisian sea bases as a springboard—to quote Mr. Churchill—for a direct assault on Italy or on some other part of the mainland of Europe.

The situation in North Africa has not improved in recent weeks. The Germans have been heavily reinforced in spite of the gallantry of British submarines; and it is evident that the weight of Allied armaments, on land and in the air, is not yet sufficient for the decisive blow. . . .

But whether the Axis countries are to be invaded by way of the Mediterranean, or by the shorter and far less vulnerable route of the English Channel, or—as one hopes—by both routes at the same time, Anglo-American armies must have obtained a firm foothold in Europe before the great Russian offensives have worn themselves out—above all, before the German armies have had time to recuperate. . . .

I confess my uneasiness when I hear so many once-cautious people now lightly proclaiming a clear-cut victory in 1943. What reasonable ground is there for expecting so early a German collapse? In the last war there was a great Allied army in Western Europe from the word go. With the exception of a stretch of the Belgian coast the enemy's only outlet to the western seas was from German ports. The Allies controlled the Mediterranean and all North Africa; and Italy, now one of our European targets, was fighting on our side. . . .

It is unwise, therefore, to ignore or gloss over the fact that whereas in the last war the Allies were never driven out of Europe, our greatest task in this war, in the fourth year, is to force our way back into Europe. For the Anglo-Americans the bloodiest battles will begin when that decisive phase occurs.—A. J. CUMMINGS in the *News Chronicle* (London).

Warning from the Balkans

Hitler and his Quislings are finding the Balkans growing hot under their feet. The recent anti-Nazi activity among the peoples of Rumania, Hungary, and Bulgaria, coupled with the continued success of the partisan armies in Yugoslavia, all point the same story. Millions of peasants are on the move. They have been oppressed and starved for generations. They are land-hungry. They see in the liberating armies of the United Nations the hope of destroying not only the Fascist invaders but their own brutal ruling classes. . . .

Because of these facts, the Darlan episode in North Africa has struck a heavy blow at the cause of freedom in the Balkans. There are plenty of would-be Darlans in these countries. Some like Eckhardt and Otto Hapsburg are busy in America trying to secure nomination as the Hungarian Darlan. In the Balkan countries now are plenty of men who would willingly throw over Hitler if they could be sure that the Allies would back them against their own people. That way lies disaster.

The Allies have got to choose whether in this war for freedom they are going to secure the support of millions of peasants and industrial workers or whether, like Hitler, they are going to attempt to rely on a few thousand landlords and capitalists. If they want the support of the Balkan peoples, they must change their propaganda. . . .—COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI, President of the first Hungarian Republic, in *Reynolds' News* (London).

BOOKS and the ARTS

LITERATURE OF THE THIRD REICH

BY ERIC RUSSELL BENTLEY

"Soll es zu Tod, zu Leben sein:
O nimm uns, Führer, Wir sind dein."

A NAZI POET

THE Nazis began getting rid of their literary enemies the moment they came to power. In May, 1933, they publicly burned all the books which good Nazis are not supposed to read. This event is thus described in an official history of literature: "The fire of the pyres which flared up in German lands in May, 1933, is to us a sign and symbol of an inflexible will to purity. . . ." On June 7, 1933, there took place the first meeting of the purged Writers' Section of the Prussian Academy of Arts, of which Heinrich Mann had been president. It seems that Goebbels hoped that Stefan George would accept the presidency, but George declined. Unabashed, the Nazis appointed Hanns Johst, a much safer choice, and changed the name of the section to the "German Academy of Literature." Kulturminister Bernhard Rust was present at the inaugural session to congratulate the academy on its "inviolable independence and freedom of action."

A decree of September 22, 1933, set up the necessary machinery for the state control of literature. And not literature only. Literature, the press, radio, theater, music, painting, and the movies became the seven illiberal arts of Nazism. Each of the seven was incorporated in a division under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Enlightenment and Propaganda. The German writer had become a civil servant.

The servant did not lack a master. Goebbels reigned. As head of the ministry, the author of "Michael" had at last got the better of his professional rivals. Let them submit or flee. A board of censorship, handsomely named the Office for the Promotion of German Writing, was set up under the direction of Alfred Rosenberg, editor of the *Nationalsozialistische Monatshefte* and the *Völkischer Beobachter*, author of "Der Mythos des 20. Jahrhundert" and ex-tsarist spy. A black list of books which might not be published, sold, bought, or lent was issued. Most of the names which Weimar had celebrated were on it, for no man, the New Order proclaimed, could be a good writer if he was the least bit liberal or if even his grandmother was Jewish.

Yet the Nazis did not abolish literature. Hitler and Goebbels are both frustrated artists; they do not wish to eliminate the arts but to canalize them along their own dirty, narrow, and sinuous channels. There are many novelists, poets, and dramatists in Germany today. I shall try to explain what they are like.

The older writers fall into two classes: those who keep their mouths shut except on indifferent subjects; and those who, since they have spent their lives attacking positivism, science, reason, or Marx and defending Kultur, race, hero-

ism, or nationalism, now feel that they have come into their own and might as well collect the dividends. Among the former, Gerhart Hauptmann is the best known. He was for some time ignored by the Nazis—had he not been a radical?

—but in 1937 Goebbels attended a performance of "Michael Kramer" at which the poet received an ovation: Hauptmann was part of the New Order. Some writers of the first class attack the Nazis under cover of apparently harmless historical narratives of distant times and places. Ernst Wiechert is one of these. Ernst Jünger, who originally belonged to the second class, has also used this trick. Among the orthodox members of this class are Ernst Bertram, an Aryan member of the George circle who writes about Norns and explains that our conception of free speech is outmoded; Rudolph G. Binding (1867-1938), who defended the Nazi revolution against Romain Rolland's indictment in 1933; Ina Seidel and Agnes Miegel, both elected to the Nazi academy; and, above all, Erwin Guido Kolbenheyer, whom the literary magazines make more of than any other living author. Kolbenheyer is not a great artist, but he writes for the "high brow" and without prompting from the Nazi Party worked out for himself—before 1933—a philosophy of race and Kultur. The Nazis are doubtless amazed at such disinterestedness.

So much for the older generation. They patronize Nazism and are patronized by it. They are still somewhat pre-Nazi. The real Nazi tone is found chiefly in younger writers, though there is one older man who cannot be ignored. This is Hans Grimm, author of "Volk ohne Raum" (1926), a best-selling novel which sentimentally champions German imperialism in Africa. Grimm had lived in England without liking it: "The Germans," he says in his novel, "must be the allies of every nation that chooses freedom and defies England." This vulgar book is treated as serious literature.

Of the host of younger writers none, I believe, is of much merit. Their work frequently exemplifies the theories of Walther Darré, whose motto *Blut und Boden* led to a school of writers known, apparently in all seriousness, as *Blubos*. Those who emphasize *Boden*—Josef Ponten is a name for those who want one—write sentimental bucolics with the correct anti-rationalist attitudes. Germany is divided into regions, and the critics tell you just who celebrates each *Heimat*: Bavaria has its Billinger, East Prussia its Menzel, and the like. Literature is thus tied to the half-quaint, half-crazy Nazi theories of what will probably soon be called meta-geography. The literary histories link meta-geography with meta-ethnology. The Nordic race is subdivided into a number of *Stämme*, of which the Germans are one. A standard history is "Literaturgeschichte der deutschen Stämme."

The writers who emphasize *Blut* are not so harmless as the Cook's-tour rhymesters of the soil. They celebrate joy of battle; they recall the tribal dawn of the Teutonic race; they appeal to the *Volks*; they praise the Führer. The most famous of these poets is the leader of the Hitler Youth, Baldur von Schirach. Here is one of his poems:

Ihr sollt brennen!
Nicht wie Asketen
die in Gebeten
sich bekennen,

nein! Wie Soldaten
die tief in Gräben
Gebete leben
durch ihre Taten!

(You should be on fire! Not like ascetics who confess their sins in prayers, no! Like soldiers who, deep in trenches live prayers through their deeds.)

A whole volume of poems in praise of Hitler has been published. It is edited by a Nazi named Bühner, and among the contributors are several writers known before 1933, such as Agnes Miegel and the inevitable Kolbenheyer. Here are some extracts:

Er war die Antwort, wenn der Zweifel kam
Mit seinen hundert klugen, feigen Fragen;
Er war der Antrieb, der, was matt und lahm,
Stets wieder vorwärts riss zu neuem Wagen. . . .

(He was the answer when doubt came with its hundred clever, cowardly questions. He was the power which always rushed forward to new daring, whatever was tired and lame. . . .)

Die Augen leuchten bergseetief und klar.
Es strömt aus ihnen unsagbare Güte.
Es droht in ihnen Schicksal und Gefahr,
Das eine Kraft die andre stumm behüte.

Die schmale Hand, die Kinder zärtlich hält . . .

(The eyes gleam clear and deep as a mountain pool. Ineffable geniality streams from them. Danger and destiny threaten in them, so that one power may keep the other quiet. The small hand which tenderly holds children . . .)

The pseudo-saga literature of Hans Friedrich Blunck, first president of the Reichsschrifttumskammer, and Will Vesper, editor of *Die neue Literatur*, is not on a much higher level. Nor are the dramas of President Hanns Johst. The latter's play about Tom Paine is chiefly interesting because of the extraordinary message Johst contrives to extract from Paine's life—that the individual is to be sacrificed to national greatness. Another play, which Johst published in 1933, is a brutal account of the occupation of the Ruhr. Johst is a philistine, and one of several to whom the aphorism is attributed: "When I hear the word 'culture' I reach for my revolver."

Since the outbreak of war in 1939 German writers have been, in F. C. Weiskopf's phrase, either sergeants or sleepwalkers. Dream novels, fantasies, and the 'like have been written by Max Kommerell, Ina Seidel, Waldemar Bonsels, Gerhart Pohl, Werner Bergengrün, and others, as well as by Ernst Jünger, and these books have sold well. The sergeants include the old Nazi hacks—Johst, for instance, published a volume of poems on the Polish campaign—and a number of

younger zealots. What they are zealous about is chiefly war and victory, but the Nazi emphasis upon death and its gruesome splendor is now replacing the anti-plutocratic pseudo-socialism of "blood against gold." A "Songbook for Our Soldiers" opens with the lines:

Auf der Trommel liegt mein Herz,
Tambour schlage drein,
Morgen geht es todeswärts. . . .

(My heart rests on the drum, drummer keep on beating, tomorrow we move toward death. . . .)

Poetry, the Nazis know, is a weapon. Volumes have been published about each phase of the war—Norway, France, Britain, and the rest. About Russia, H. F. Blunck writes:

The eastern clouds burn red over Russian plains,
Where crows cry mournfully and somewhere death
Stands quietly awaiting you. . . .

The official Nazi publishers (Franz Eher Verlag) put out cheap editions for the troops. A special military functionary called Bibliotheks-Feldwebel makes it his business to provide the soldiers with "suitable" reading matter. One cannot know whether these methods are successful. The only concrete result I have heard of is that when one German soldier picked up a broadsheet on the Russian front he promptly gave himself up to the Russians, among whom he met the author of the poem which converted him—Erich Weinert, the German Communist. But so far this example is unrepresentative.

Yet there is abundant evidence that Nazi literature is not popular; the public's preference for escapist mediocrity is proof in itself. Even Goebbels can see that the quality of his writers is not high, and only a month or two ago he was berating them for not playing an adequate role in the New Order. He said they had ample opportunities. And indeed in what other country does the chief executive give an annual speech wholly devoted to culture? For lack of new Nazi writers the party was obliged to hunt through the histories for proto-Nazis. Books appeared with such titles as "Goethe's Mission in the Third Reich," "Schiller as Hitler's Buddy" (*Kampfgenosse*), "Heinrich von Kleist, Poet of the Folk," "Nietzsche and National Socialism." Probably every classic German writer except Heine has been exploited in this way.

Lists are issued of writers who are specially *volkhaft*. Once again the twentieth-century list is not impressive. The Nazis are not sure of their one great name—Stefan George, who as late as 1938 was applauded by one Nazi and condemned by another. They are on safer ground with Hans Carossa, Max Mell, Hans Franck, Friedrich Schnack, Hermann Stehr, Friedrich Griesse, Wilhelm Schäfer, and Paul Ernst, but who, aside from specialists, has heard of these gentlemen? It is obviously better strategy to "interpret" Hölderlin, Kleist, Nietzsche, even Schiller, Goethe, and Lessing. And there is this much justification for Rohan D'O. Butler's "The Roots of National Socialism," the best of the books against German culture: Germany has produced more fascistic literary men than any other country—what other land could produce such queer creatures as Julius Langbehn or Möller van den Bruck? The list of proto-Nazis is therefore very long, and is stretched by the *Nationalsozialistische Monatshefte* to include Kierkegaard and Emerson.

The histories have been, quite literally, rewritten. Hans Naumann's "Die deutsche Dichtung der Gegenwart" is a classic example. Everything was altered in the 1933 edition. For example: the 1931 edition contains an appraisal of Thomas Mann consisting of some strictures followed by a eulogy. In 1933 the eulogy is omitted. In 1931 a sentence began, "And therefore Heinrich and Thomas Mann rendered a higher service. . . ." In 1933 Naumann deleted the words "Heinrich and Thomas Mann" and substituted "they," "they" being a number of other writers. He also changed the following comment on a poem by Fritz von Unruh to the version indicated in parentheses: "Ethically it stands in the service of pure humanity (in the service of the cosmopolitan revolution) as one of the earliest monuments of that revolution from war which later became so general in our whole literature (in this literature)." The 1933 edition is dedicated to Our Leaders, Hitler and Stefan George.

Revaluation meant praising everything *volkstümlich* and denouncing or ignoring every Jewish writer, every liberal, and every Communist. Literary criticism degenerates to this sort of thing:

He [R. Göring] too seemed to me to have Jewish blood, for in his *Seeschlacht* he makes a sailor addressed as "you Jew" answer "you Christian." His speech melody too seemed to me Jewish.

Or this:

Max Dauthendey's father was twice married, to a German and to a Jewess. The poet has been described as the son of the first and also as the son of the second. The birth certificate affords for has not been forthcoming.

Both these quotations are from a standard work, Adolf Bartels's "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur."

This reconsidered historiography is not a mere catalogue of authors in two columns, approved and forbidden. There are also ideas, absurd ideas, huge, ugly, sprawling, Germanic generalities. For instance, the whole of cultural history is interpreted as a struggle between the Germanic and the Western, categories that have been passed on by the Nazis to Aurel Kolnai, Lord Vansittart, Butler, and Peter Viereck. But the Nazis differ from these latter about the dominance of the Germanic in Germany. According to the Nazis, Germany has too often been dominated by foreign Western thought. One historian, Walter Linden, declares that this domination lasted about a thousand years (800-1800 A. D.) and that only now are the Germans coming out from under.

Every principle advanced in Franz Neumann's "Behe-moth" is horribly confirmed by a study of the German literary scene. On the one hand, regimentation and a purely negative order; on the other, neurotic fantasy, either feeble or febrile, a terrifying chaos. Consider what happened to such literary periodicals as were not banned. *Enphorion* was one of the best. Before 1933 Nazi nonsense was only mentioned in its columns to be ridiculed. In 1933, however, it changed its name to *Dichtung und Volkstum*, announced that the *Volk* was the source of all value, and proceeded to devote more and more space to the meta-sciences. First the name of the magazine changes; next the names of editors and old contributors disappear; in 1938 only one editorial name is left out of half a dozen; in 1939 the magazine ceases publication. Comment is superfluous.

William James

IN COMMEMORATION OF WILLIAM JAMES: 1842-1942. Columbia University Press. \$2.75.

WILLIAM JAMES is very much alive. It is not wholly because chronology forced us a year ago to celebrate the centenary of his birth that the tone of printed remarks about him has notably changed. Nor is it that *proprio motu* the critical mind has turned over a new leaf. It is the world which has changed its outward form since the late twenties, when even John Dewey could write that "an impassable chasm" separated him from James's epoch.

Superficially, of course, the chasm is always there. No one understands his own father or his own son, and there is some puzzle about making out the kind of creature one was ten years ago. But the only chasm worth discussing with reference to James is that which results from a difference of caliber between ourselves and him, and fortunately this difference has the double virtue of keeping him ever near and of yielding to the right kind of study. It is this sort of study which has become more frequent within the last five years, stimulated, no doubt, by Perry's great biography. Since then, a volume of selections, ably edited by Mrs. Aldrich, two volumes of commemorative essays, and a quantity of periodical articles mark the change of attitude I have noted. And in the offing is a reissue of James's most important philosophical essays in a three-volume set, with new introductions by his biographer.

The present collection of articles is remarkable for several reasons. It contains what is to my knowledge the first account of a European's conversion away from the Continental view of James. Arnold Metzger is this European, and his excellent article is a reinforcement, or even better a filling out, of Whitehead's formula about the Jamesian revolution in philosophy. When I say conversion, I do not imply that Mr. Metzger has become a disciple of the letter; there would be no virtue in it. I mean simply that the reading and study of James have turned him away from the monistic abstractions of German phenomenology and shown him a way around Kant.

The fact that Mr. Metzger restates with apparent gusto much of what James says about struggle, risk, and the open universe should give pause to those critics who see in this nothing but another encouragement to Mussolini and Hitler. For it is clear that the renewed interest in James, the closing up of the "chasm," have something to do with our world's being now so open that even philosophers fear to fall through it. Hence the attraction of one who was able to see chaos even when it was cloaked by convention, and to face it with courage and hope while rejecting the delusive aid of home-made certainty.

Two or three other papers in this series deserve longer mention than I can give them. Henry James's introductory remarks about his father have the same assurance blended with modesty that characterizes his previous editorial performances; and the anecdotes he tells are well worth adding to the collection—particularly Lowell's quick retort to the "hot-ai" complaint about philosophy: "Philosophy is no good unless it is hot. James always made it hot."

Excepting his references to the genteel tradition, which is

either a myth or a poor name for a reality, Professor Schneider's paper on James the Moralist is an admirable example of the manner in which "influence" should be treated in the history of a man's ideas. Influence is a fact, but its astrological meaning is sounder than its later scholarly meaning: a thinker rains down ideas upon another, but these only help something to grow that was there; they are not picked up by the later man like hailstones off the barren ground. Another historical point of great importance is that made by Professor Walker H. Hill in his lucid essay on James and Peirce. He shows beyond possibility of doubt the difference in the meanings the two friends attached to pragmatism, and he restores to James the priority of its use and elaboration as a test of truth.

Twelve other essays deal with James in his various avatars—psychologist, metaphysician, and social philosopher. Some consist mainly of reexposition, like Professor Brett's superb transfixing of one theme from the "Psychology." Others—of which Mr. Bixler's on The Moral Equivalent of War is perhaps the best—offer important doctrinal criticism. Two more, Horace Kallen's and John Dewey's, indicate obvious verbal traps into which would-be critics have fallen, shouting from the bottom of the pit that they had caught their man. Possibly as an example of this sort of error, an essay by Professor Donald C. Williams is included, though shorn of some of the arrogance and frivolity it wore at the Poughkeepsie meeting of the American Philosophical Association last year.

JACQUES BARZUN

The Poetry of Mark Van Doren

OUR LADY PEACE AND OTHER WAR POEMS. By Mark Van Doren. New Directions. \$1.

AS THE bulk of Mark Van Doren's poetic product has steadily increased, it has proposed to the reader, in a form progressively acute, a rather special problem. The problem is similar to that proposed by the work of Hardy or Robinson. In all of these cases there is a large body of poetry which, taken in the large, seems to sink under its own weight when it is subjected to close scrutiny. If the reader turns the pages fast enough, there is the constant illusion of poetry, but if he lingers to inspect the individual page—unless he has happened to stumble on the right page—the illusion may vanish in a puff. The reader is like a skater on thin ice: as long as he is skating fast he is safe, but if he slackens his stride he hears the creaking and splitting of the ice which may drop him through at any moment into the very cold water. Or to change the figure, many of the poems by these writers are like hoops of painted paper. You can jump right through them and be none the worse. (If you try to jump through a real poem, you will probably crack your head in the process.) In other words, the total impression is rather poor.

But so to judge these poets (in contrast, on the one hand, to a poet like Whitman, Swinburne, or Sandburg, whose value lies primarily in the total impression, and on the other hand to a poet like the Blake of the short poems, Hopkins, or Eliot, who overtly stake their case on the solidity of the individual item) is to make the wrong approach and to do

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the poets considerable injustice. They offer their readers a special problem—though one special in matter of degree rather than of kind, for these distinctions are intended as provisional and not absolute: how can one tell the good poems from the bad? This is, of course, a constant problem of criticism, but it is complicated in these instances by the fact that, in so many ways, the good poems look so much like the bad poems, and that the large proportion of bad poems tends to swallow up the *relatively* small proportion of good poems.

But the reader knows that the achievement of a poet is not to be determined basically in terms of such ratios in a given body of work, for many poets do their thinking, as it were, on paper. He knows that, to some degree in the case of any poet and to a high degree in the type of poet now under discussion, he must isolate the particular items in which the poet's true achievement appears. He knows that the other poems, however interesting as exhibiting the matrix of the poet's achievement, the climate in which it matured, or an index to the elements involved in the achievement, are not to be taken as part of that achievement, and are certainly not to be allowed to prejudice the poet's final claim. But the problem of isolating the poems on which that claim is to be based is peculiarly difficult in the case of a poet such as Van Doren. There are several reasons for this. First, such a poet is traditional—in the more obvious and less philosophical sense of the word—and not revolutionary or experimental in either attitude or method. He may assimilate a great deal, as Van Doren has done, from the revolutionary and experimental forces of his time, but he tends to tone down and domesticate into his own context these recalcitrant elements rather than to exploit their inherent logic to its fullest extent, as does the revolutionary poet. When the revolutionary poet fails, his failure is usually more obvious than that of the traditional poet because he tends to succeed, or fail, in terms of the logic of his extreme premise; but the traditional poet, being less specialized, receives the benefit, even in his failures, of some support from the conventions in which he is working. That is, his bad poems look more like good poems than do those of the revolutionary poet, because they tend, superficially at least, to be more balanced and coherent. Second, when such a poet is, like Van Doren, a man of taste, intelligence, and broad literary experience, even the bad poems are saved from the distortions, gaucheries, sinkings, and eccentricities which may characterize the failures of writers of a more specialized bent—writers such as Whitman on the one hand or Eliot on the other. Where the failures of Whitman are characterized by puerility and sentimentality and those of Eliot by frigidity and eccentricity, the failures of the type of poet represented by Van Doren are characterized by insipidity. And it is more difficult, at first glance at least, to define the grounds of the failure of the insipid than to define the grounds of the failure of the sentimental or the eccentric. The poetry of Whitman or Eliot carries within itself a definition of the terms of the failure, when such failure occurs.

Even the reader who admires Van Doren's achievement, and the present reviewer is one, may be forced to admit, however reluctantly, that "Our Lady Peace and Other War Poems" exhibits the poet's characteristic defects rather than

his characteristic virtues; that is, with one or two exceptions, such as perhaps the title piece or *Pond* in *Wartime*, the poems are insipid. You can jump through the paper on the hoop. The poems look like poems until you break the surface. They look like poems because the conventions in which the writer is working are intelligently maintained: argument is well proportioned; the rhythms are fluent, agreeable, and discreetly various; the imagery definitely communicates its ideas. But it may be said that the trouble is that one is forced to comment upon the poems in these terms, item by item, each item in isolation from the others. The argument is too easily isolated as argument; the rhythms too readily lull us, are too free from dramatic crux and emphasis; an image too readily and precisely concedes its "idea" at the appropriate point in the argument, as it were—the precision is simply a precision in terms of the immediate idea, with little reference beyond itself, illuminating the argument but not the poem. That is, there is rarely a threat that a seam in the convention is about to burst. It is as though the poems conformed too scrupulously to an abstract definition of poetry based on the conventions in which the writer is working.

By way of example, we may examine the following lines:

Now that the land is warm
For the due rain, the seed,
But war birds, dropping sulphur,
Drone, and the borders bleed.

Why does the poet say "war birds"? Why does he say "sulphur"? He means bombers and he means bombs, but apparently he feels that the realism would too much strain the convention assumed, a convention involving at the moment a kind of pastoral poeticity. (Birds fly over farm land in spring, but bombers are not associated with the scene; therefore the bombers become birds, which drop sulphur, which, in turn, makes the borders bleed.) But the original impulse to say "birds" in deference to the convention has involved the poet in a confused and illogical image, which will scarcely stand inspection as a whole. And why "borders"? The word has a faintly romantic and martial association derived from wars of long ago, but it is a very inaccurate word in the context: modern bombing isn't a matter of borders. In the passage the poet has, because of an instinct not to strain his convention, wound up with a kind of poetic diction which reminds one of the forester's tobacco pipe in Cowper:

The short tube
That fumes beneath his nose.

The same arbitrariness is sometimes found not only in the incidental imagery of a poem but in the basic image on which it is built, as in *The Lacing* and *The Little Wars*. Or it may be found in the handling of an idea, as in *Armistice*.

Rumors of peace, rush elsewhere if policy
Sinks in your breath, if someone's advantage blows
Still so straight and so strong, so headed for somewhere . . .

This paraphrase of the idea, "Don't be taken in by a Nazi peace offensive," is expanded to eighteen lines. The poem is probably as good as it could possibly be, as a poem of mere commentary, as an occasional piece. The good occasional piece, like Milton's *Late Massacre* or Marvell's *Cromwell*, is good because it strikes below subject to theme, so that the

February 6, 1943

subject, the occasion, comes to us in the function of symbol; when that doesn't occur, all that can be done to give the illusion of a poem is to "dress up" the subject, as subject, and this is bound to be an arbitrary business, the business of decorum within a convention. The present poem got its start as subject. It has a bad heredity, and all the genteel and cultivated environment which the poet provides doesn't compensate for its bad start in life.

This may be the trouble with most of the work in this book—as it has been with so much of the poetry of our present crisis. It is a poetry of subject, of commentary, poetry of intellectual immediacy. And when that is the case, all the poet can do is to dress up the job—like a landscape artist called in to drape the ivy over the fine, expensive brickwork of the suburban residence.

ROBERT PENN WARREN

"Heroic Historian"

FRANCIS PARKMAN. By Mason Wade. The Viking Press. \$4.50.

M^R. WADE has felt some need for justifying a new life of Parkman, even one which for the first time treats him adequately. This "last" of the Boston Brahmins—as Mr. Wade will have it—is no sympathetic figure. Like many of the other formulators of the "genteel tradition," he was marked by his anti-democratic bias, lack of interest in the great events and popular movements of his time, and smug satisfaction with a circle and town which became less and less the country's hub.

Something, however, remains for the general reader: Parkman's fascinating youth. This fills the greater portion of Mr. Wade's biography. At the age of eighteen Parkman had already made up his mind to be a historian and knew exactly what he intended to write. He undertook the strenuous travels and studies which culminated, when he was twenty-three years old, in his famous trek over the Oregon trail. Parkman's voluminous journals give lucid pictures of the places he visited in Canada, upper New York, and elsewhere, the people he interviewed, his own not inconsiderable adventures—anything and everything that might shed light on a past America. As Mr. Wade says, Parkman brought a new pair of eyes to the national scene. At a time when American history was still being written with a Purpose, no one but Parkman held it in quite the same intimate regard.

The long entries in Parkman's journals relating to his Western trip make better reading than does the famous "Oregon Trail" (1849), which established Parkman with the reading public and which is still his most popular work. In his zeal to become a woodsman, an explorer, a traveler, and in short a historian who could tell vividly as well as correctly the story of the rise and fall of the French regime in America, Parkman destroyed his health. "The Oregon Trail" was written while he was beginning his lifelong struggle with what he termed The Enemy—blindness and neurosis. At this time Parkman had not yet reconciled himself to a life of dark rooms, combinations of illness which several times brought him to the verge of death, and personal tragedy; and in consequence his first book suffered in the writing.

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Mr. Wade thinks of Parkman as a "heroic historian." Considering the countless and rather well-known trials that he endured in order to write his many-volumed masterpiece, it is easy to accept this view of the man. If history were a more popular American study, Parkman's fortitude would doubtless attract more admiration than it generally does. As it is, we tend to find so utter a snob as Parkman poor company, particularly when he is miserable. The historian, despite unusual advantages, managed to miss almost everything that was significant in his lifetime, from Daniel Boone's grandsons (during his Western trip) to the woman's-rights movement, which he exorcised in a pamphlet. A passage in his journal tells why. His company had met some wagons, whose drivers hailed them:

"What are ye from, Californy?" "No." "Santy Fee?" "No—the mountains." "What yer been doing thar? Tradin'?" "No." "Trappin'?" "No." "Huntin'?" "No." "Emigratin'?" "No." "What have you been doing, then, God damn ye?" (very loud, as we were by this time almost out of hearing).

Parkman unbent only to the American past. He could weigh the right and wrong of French, Indian, and English action so scrupulously as to call forth chidings from scholars who thought a note of uplift or moral indignation was never out of place. The result was a series of books which captured as truly as it was possible to capture the story of the Jesuits in North America, of La Salle, Frontenac, and the struggle for supremacy between the English and the French which reached its climax in "Montcalm and Wolfe."

His journals—it is somewhat remarkable that they have not been used before—form the base, and in fact the substance, of Mr. Wade's study. On his part, Mr. Wade sees Parkman steadily and whole; and he has gone over the ground covered by the historian's travels and career with such care that he is able to correct Parkman's own slips of the pen relating to far-off things.

LOUIS FILLER

Dali's Autobiography

THE SECRET LIFE OF SALVADOR DALI. By Salvador Dali. Translated by Haakon M. Chevalier. Dial Press. \$6.

MY MAIN impression of Dali's autobiography is that it is not the story of his life. He calls his book his "secret life" because he has created a substitute for his real life, from which he divorced himself on grounds of incompatibility. His secret life lacks reality. He has turned the whole world into himself in what is perhaps the greatest feat of willed obscurantism of the times. He begins and ends with himself. Nothing ever happens except what he calls his "pathological flashes." One reads his 400 pages vainly searching through reel after reel of falsification for some evidence of simple human truth. It is a work of supererogation, reading Dali, for if one can stomach his self-obfuscation one has also to swallow his attempts to bamboozle the reader.

Dali conceals his real life by covering it over with psychoanalytical labels in that strange modern form of exorcism. He is constantly setting himself up by means of such homeopathic terms as his "social fixation" or his "fetishistic verifi-

cation." Writing of his childhood, he refers to "the neurotic program of my intense spring days." Or there is this kind of double-talk: "I have always had a precise consciousness of the advantage of my infirmities. In deficiencies, as a consequence of the laws of compensation, of disequilibrium, and of heterogeneity, there are created breaks out of which new hierarchies of the normal coefficients of elasticity are created." The fact that he needs to falsify himself is understandable, but his pride in doing it, the very objectivity he gains by speaking of himself as a case history, is disagreeable. And his manner of telling his stories is shocking. In the scene of his first long talk with Gala, for instance, at a time when he claims he was on the verge of insanity, he uses all the tricks of suspense found in a detective thriller. The long anecdotes of his erotic reveries—the prologues to the swelling act of his imperial theme—are not shocking. They are simply unreal. The details are exquisite, but nothing ever comes off. It's all very childish.

Although he enjoyed his intra-uterine life very much—it was good as long as it lasted—he longs to grow old. That longing is sincere. He remained infantile long after infancy, and he is still struggling to advance from adolescence to maturity. He is also sincere in the expression of his debt to his wife Gala, without whom he would have gone mad. Through her love she taught him a measure of reality and self-confidence. Now and then one catches a glimpse of the terror of his early life, of the fear and timidity, the loneliness and guilt, that all but consumed him. One wonders at the process of attrition by which he sophisticated all the life out of himself. He sought life in painting, and the real tragedy is that by making painting take the place of life his painting became lifeless. Even more than his autobiography, his paintings reveal his need of impersonal approbation to authenticate his life. His extreme preoccupation with the technique of painting and his love of texture and detail are his way of pinning down the world. He is naturally a realistic painter, but since modern painting has abandoned realism for something more like Dali's own imaginary life, Dali has had to prostitute his talents by surrealist advertisement in order to insure an audience and gain the social assent he cannot do without. He painted his watches soft, but hard or soft, they still remain as realistic as a Big Ben. It is a curious fact that his pictures are often considered poetic, whereas Dali's intention is anything but poetic. That may be because their meaning is in the common domain—Dali himself speculates over their meaning—or it may be that their loneliness and desolation, as well as the feeling of destruction they convey, comfort and gratify. Then they become mirrors, and any exchange between spectator and picture is illusory.

There are good things in the book—descriptions of the Catalan countryside, of Gala, and, in spite of the symbolism, a wonderful skating scene. But just as he has distorted his natural ability as a painter, so he has written of himself—in crapulous prose—as if he had never lived. The result, if not something still-born, is without emotion, and really without personality, "*sin bajar a la boca ni al corazón del hombre*"—to quote from Lorca's beautiful "Oda a Salvador Dali," which I recommend to those who would like a more sympathetic understanding of Dali than mine.

H. P. LAZARUS

IN BRIEF

SOME ODES OF PINDAR. Translated by Richard Lattimore. New Directions. \$1.

Mr. Laughlin's Poet of the Month series continues its eccentric, eclectic way; and here we have one of the loftier items, certain odes of Pindar, metrically translated by a member of the Bryn Mawr faculty. In Mr. Lattimore's rendering Pindar quotes Homer as saying that "a noble messenger brought highest honor to all things done," and the dignity, resonance, and firm tone of these translations will be doubly appreciated after the reader has looked at the gawky and tasteless introductory paragraph on the inside flap of the jacket. The Metrolite and Lydian typography in which the Overbrook Press has printed the book might be much worse, but Zeus the Thunderer has his work cut out for him if he thinks one mantic peal is going to stop Mr. Laughlin from being arty.

DANSE MACABRE. By Frans Masereel. Pantheon Books. \$6.

This is the second war whose horrors Masereel has expressed pictorially. He does it even less well now than the first time. There are skeletons, cannon, explosions, masses of tortured people—the obvious made more so in black and white. Masereel's line has become thick, straight, and coarse, devoid of inflection, unable to note anything that does not leap up at a casual glance. Every pictorial idea is reduced to its most banal version. Any one drawing gives only too correct an indication of what all the others are like.

RECORDS

VICTOR has issued a recording of Sibelius's Symphony No. 7 performed by Golschmann with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra (Set 922, \$3.68), and one of Smetana's "Moldau" performed by Kindler with the National Symphony (Set 921, \$2.63).

The Seventh is for me the best of Sibelius's symphonies. I say the best, not the greatest, because greatness, which some claim for his music, is a quality I find it lacks, and the Seventh is merely the best in the ways that Sibelius's good music is good—in the characteristic themes, patterns of thought, turns of phrase, uses of the orchestra that are attractive, catchy, effective, and that in this

instance are produced with particular refinement of method. Part of the to-do about the Seventh has been made about its "gigantic" single-movement form; actually the weakness of the work is the lack of organic development and coherence in the progression in which the bits of substance are pieced together. Most of the piecing together is managed very skillfully; but there is no concealing the break at the point where the crescendo is introduced to build up to the last proclamation of the brass.

The new set offers a good performance of the work, recorded with the astoundingly lifelike fidelity to timbre and sharpness of definition, the spaciousness, warmth, and richness of the sound of the St. Louis Symphony's performance of Couperin's "La Sultane" on the record issued last summer. In that recording one heard an extraordinary balancing and placing of individual sounds in their orchestral space which one does not hear this time; and I suspect that this time it was Golschmann who simply did not achieve the balance in his performance of the more complex score of Sibelius. The recorded sound of Koussevitzky's 1930 performance with the B. B. C. Symphony is dim and drab; but twice when the proclamation of the brass that I mentioned earlier occurs—on the fourth and sixth sides in both sets—one can hear that in the Koussevitzky performance itself the line of the brass is kept continuous and clear above the flood of sound from the rest of the orchestra, as it is not in the Golschmann performance. And even though they are dimly and drably reproduced one can hear characteristic refinements of sonority, execution, and style in the Koussevitzky performance that are not in the Golschmann—for example in the chatter of strings and woodwinds immediately after the passage for brass on the fourth side. Koussevitzky's performance of this work happens to be one of his outstanding achievements; and now that the Boston Symphony has signed a new contract with Victor one hopes that his 1930 recording will be replaced by a new one, along with present-day recordings of Koussevitzky's other marvelous performances—of Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony," Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fêtes" and "Après-midi d'un faune," Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé" Suite.

Kindler's performance of Smetana's beautiful work with the National Symphony is over-deliberate and over-empathic, but is reproduced with the ex-

traordinary fidelity, spaciousness, and richness of Victor's recently made orchestral recordings.

Among the letters in response to my recent article on records for military centers is one concerned with my suggestion that machinery be set up for the circulation of records among a number of such centers in one region. It comes from the Librarian of the Charleston, S. C., Free Library, who writes: "In the Charleston area are located units of every type of military service, and the problem of recreation for service men is acute. Service men are very appreciative of the opportunities that have been offered them to hear the better music. This Library held a series of recorded music concerts in November and December, 1942, and I enclose a newspaper picture of one of these"—a picture which shows officers and men of the army, navy, and army air corps, and two seamen of the British navy. For these concerts the library used its "small but much worn collection of records"; and it is now applying to Armed Forces Master Records, Inc., for a collection with which it can "circulate, through its regular circulation files, a succession of programs to the special service officers of military units in this region." I don't know why libraries did not occur to me before; but they obviously constitute the machinery for the purpose.

As for the question raised by Mr. Futterman's letter on page 215, I have found it difficult to think of any great symphonic or chamber music which does not involve the listener's mind and emotions in a way that may be too exciting for nervously tense aviation cadets. But it occurs to me that they might be relaxed by Mozart's delightful translation of the humor of "The Marriage of Figaro" into vocal line and orchestral commentary.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

"Suggested Merits . . .

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* of November 21 there was an article by Mr. Lionel Trilling with the caption: M., W., F. at 10. The article purported to be a review of the "Survey-History of English Literature" by William Bradley Otis and Morris H. Needleman, first published in 1937. Many of our friends both at City College and elsewhere have spoken or written to us expressing their indignation over this unwarranted attack and offering to write a reply. We have, of course, no objection to honest and legitimate criticism, but we do object to wilful and malicious misrepresentation. This attack in *The Nation* is the first adverse criticism the book has had, with one exception, and that exception of unusual interest. Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum, the Shakespearean scholar and editor of the *Shakespeare Association Bulletin*, said that the "Survey-History" is "a dangerous book because it is so well done." He thought that the student might be tempted to stop with the Survey, and not study the literature of which the book is an outline. We have on file scores of letters praising the "Survey-History." These letters come, many of them, from men well known in the field of English, scholars like Osgood of Princeton, Bushnell of Williams, Karl Young of Yale, Havens of Johns Hopkins, Chandler of Cincinnati, Scully Bradley of Pennsylvania, and Ogburn of Leland Stanford.

And now comes Mr. Lionel Trilling, several years after the book was published, and informs a deluded public that the book is "pornographic," is "pawky," "lacks taste," lacks "simple, intellectual decency," is "silly," "making a negation of common sense and meaning," and that the authors have thrust upon the student "every shabby, fusty, third-rate vulgarity of opinion that has ever attached itself to a work of English literature." These are strong words, and in view of the almost unanimous favorable opinion of the book expressed by others, the article in *The Nation* might possibly be interpreted as being actually libelous.

The book is simply a compendium of literary fact and opinion, many opinions, "shabby" opinions, "fusty" opinions, at times "vulgar" opinions perhaps, but nevertheless opinions that from time to

time have had recognition and hence should be recorded in any compendium of fact and opinion dealing with these matters. Mr. Trilling rages at the "Survey-History" like an incompetent instructor who lacks both the knowledge and the skill to inspire his pupils to pick the best and not the worst from the encyclopedic offering. In his attempt to invalidate the "Suggested Merits and Defects" which we have added to the study of a few of the authors, Mr. Trilling goes through some highly complex and amusing contortions. The opinions recorded under "Suggested Merits and Defects" are not the opinions of the compilers of the "Survey-History" necessarily, but they are the opinions, often at variance, of course, of the admirers or detractors of this, that, or the other author. To castigate the "Survey-History," as Mr. Trilling does, on the ground that the book is subject to abuse, is no more reasonable than to blame the compilers of the telephone directory because crooks use it, or to blame the authors of a dictionary because some people are profane. Graduate students of English at Columbia say that the "Survey-History" has been recommended there for preparation for masters' and doctors' orals. Evidently Mr. Trilling had no part in such recommendation.

The atrocious bathroom pun with which Mr. Trilling brought his criticism to a close is a fair index of the tone of the article as a whole. The humor is simply offensive as all humor is offensive that is based on the writer's overweening sense of superiority. Such sophomoric straining after wit is indicative of literary exhibitionism unworthy both of the author and of the periodical that prints it. WILLIAM BRADLEY OTIS
New York, January 15

P. S.: A detailed refutation of the article by Mr. Lionel Trilling is available gratis upon request from the publishers, Barnes and Noble, Inc., 105 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

. . . and Defects"

Dear Sirs: I am quite aware of the considerable praise the "Survey-History" has received; indeed, if it had not been praised, I wouldn't have been moved to write about it. For some years I have thought the "Survey-History" a remark-

ably bad book; it scarcely seemed to ask for critical notice until it acquired the reputation of being a good book. Then I thought that literate people ought to be told that it is a danger to the right study of literature.

Although Mr. Otis admits the inclusion in his book of shabby, fusty, and vulgar opinions, he justifies their inclusion by saying that these opinions have at some time had recognition. But what Mr. Otis does not explain is that all opinions are represented in his volume as equally valid opinions, and that some of the very shabbiest of them are clearly the opinions of Mr. Otis and Mr. Needleman themselves. For Mr. Otis to justify himself by putting upon the teacher the job of guiding students "to pick the best and not the worst" from his "encyclopedic offering" is surely a little as if a chef, in support of his reputation as a maker of plum-puddings, were to explain that in the interest of completeness he naturally included tacks as well as plums, depending on the waiters to warn the diners.

I think that I stated in my article the matter of principle on which Mr. Otis and I seem to disagree. But perhaps I should state it again. It is my conviction that the study of literature is serious and important. It requires intelligence, respect, and—need it be said?—the actual experience of literature itself. Mr. Otis's book defeats intelligence by offering inexperienced students a mess of ready-made opinions, and diminishes respect for the written word by implying that one opinion about literature is as good as another; perhaps worst of all, it treats literature as if it were a subject only for examinations.

As for my atrocious humor about De-foe's "no plumbing of the soul," Mr. Otis and Mr. Needleman had already put that pun on the table; I only buttered it.

LIONEL TRILLING

New York, January 25

A Student Speaks Up

Dear Sirs: I am a recent graduate of an American university with my major in English Literature who wishes to report having made extensive use of the Otis and Needleman "Survey-History of English Literature" about which Lionel Trilling wrote so entertainingly in *The Nation* of November 21. We

graduate students hated the book and were well aware of its defects, but were obliged to use it to get through the examinations with which we were faced. Professor Trilling says he is not trying to indict a profession when he suggests that this book fills a real need in our present educational picture; but he should have done so and I for one wish he had. I have heard noted scholars say much more foolish things than that Defoe had "no plumbing of the soul."

America, these days, is straining every muscle to help European lovers of freedom throw off the bondage of tyranny. It is a good time to do something about our own tyrants. The dictatorship of stupid facts in American higher education is one of the most ominous aspects of our present civilization.

LEE ELBERT HOLT

Schenectady, N. Y., December 15

Music as Therapy

Dear Sirs: In an issue or two ago your valued writer on music, Mr. Haggin, devoted practically a whole page to the activities of our organization, Armed Forces Master Records, Inc., in placing Master Record libraries in military posts. He expressed a wish that we had included more of a certain type of music.

We shall not go into a discussion of what constitutes an "ideal" basic library of 100 records, which is the size of the units we send to the larger posts. We are perfectly willing to permit any donor to make his own selection—in fact, we encourage this. We have gone over these lists and find an agreement on about 70 per cent of the repertoire anyhow. Yesterday, however, came an exceptionally interesting letter from Chaplain Chase of Maxwell Field, Alabama, which raises a vital question: Are our records to be selected on the basis of an aesthetic principle or on one of therapy? We quote from his letter:

I wonder if you or some other interested committee would consider helping us on this matter—an answer to this question: What kind of music would assist pilots, and aviation cadets similarly nervously tense, to relax? I believe that music can actually play a psychologically therapeutic role here, if we can select the right music. Can you suggest a dozen or fifteen titles? Beethoven's Fifth and Eighth for example, however marvelous, are not what we need. They leave one more keyed up and unresolvedly tense than before. So many of the longer major symphonies are but partially helpful in this direction. Music of exaltation is good, but perhaps not music of triumph in the bombastic sense. I should really very much value your help.

And we do ask *The Nation's* readers to give us their opinions. The library we sent to Maxwell Field was a donation of the National Orchestral Association of New York—Leon Barzin, Musical Director.

HARRY FUTTERMAN,
For the New York Committee of
Armed Forces Master Records, Inc.
New York, January 20

Efficiency Ratings

Dear Sirs: To improve the federal service and the morale among federal employees, I would suggest the abolition of so-called efficiency ratings, as it only gives a chance to petty chiefs to kill more time, to vent personal grudges, and to play favorites, causing thereby many heartbreaks and nervous breakdowns. As most of the government work does not require any high degree of intelligence or unusual ability, and as the ability to perform one's duties has already been established by examination prior to appointment, there is no sense or purpose to efficiency ratings, which have nothing objective about them, but are merely the subjective expression of personal likes and dislikes, a mere childish juggling with arbitrary plus and minus signs.

But until this silly efficiency-rating system is abolished, safeguards should be established to prevent its evil effects by depriving the Board of Review of its power to lower the rating of the appellant, by giving the latter the right to appeal against unfair decisions, and by making it legally punishable for chiefs or heads of bureaus to concoct false testimony and underhandedly to influence the Board of Review against appellants.

OSIAS L. SCHWARTZ

Washington, D. C., January 20

Hindus and Moslems

Dear Sirs: In his review of Shridharani's book, "Warning to the West," Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr made the following comment in your issue of January 2 about the Hindu-Moslem relationship: "For the deep chasm between Hindu and Moslem is racial as well as cultural and religious."

Obviously there is tension between the Hindus and the Moslems today. But this tension has very little to do with racial, cultural, or religious differences. It is largely political. Whatever other differences there may be between the two groups, the racial is the least that separates them. More than 90 per cent of the Moslems of India today are converts from Hinduism. There are only

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a handful of Moslem families who can trace their ancestry to any place outside of India. For centuries there has been a free mixing and intermingling of the two groups since they first came into contact. As to the cultural differences, I think it should be noted that modern India is the product of the joint endeavors of both the Hindus and the Moslems. On everything—art, literature, music, philosophy, language, architecture, customs, and habits—both groups have left their indelible mark. Even in religion they have borrowed from one another freely.

I thought it necessary to comment upon this because the Hindu-Moslem differences are so often exaggerated and played up for partisan purposes.

ANUP SINGH, Research Director,
India League of America

New York, January 7

Wheels within Wheelers

Dear Sirs: An Associated Press story released on January 20 in connection with the Senate investigation of the rubber situation carried the following account of remarks made by Senator Wheeler.

Senator Wheeler said that he had read reports intimating that Russia was trading iron with Japan in exchange for rubber, while part of our rubber was going to Russia. "If we are allocating rubber to Russia and, if, as is intimated, Russia is shipping this to Japan, the American public should know about it."

As a private citizen I should like to ask Senator Wheeler if he believes it's in keeping with his high office to spread a slur upon a good ally without seriously investigating these so-called reports.

I think in all fairness that Senator Wheeler should cite the source of his information and that he owes it to the American public, whom he is so concerned about, to give all details he can supporting his assertion, or at least admit his lack of responsibility in passing on rumors, which are so much psychological sabotage.

It is curious that Senator Wheeler should mention reports which nobody else has heard about, while overlooking the good job Russia has been doing.

If some of our legislators feel that they can publicize rumors tending toward disunity, unchallenged, they may continue to use their office to do so. In the vernacular, I say, "Let 'em either put up or shut up."

H. H. BURNSTINE

New York, January 22

Refugees Wanted

Dear Sirs: I read with a great amount of interest the recent *Nation* article by Kurt R. Grossmann, telling of the contributions made by refugees in the development of a number of small industries in this country.

It occurred to me that some refugees, with special talents and ideas for new products and manufacturing processes, would like to settle down in some small city, like Escanaba (population 15,000), and start life anew, thereby securing contentment and work for themselves and contributing to the economic and social betterment of the community. What prompts me to say this is that a certain Polish refugee, with thirty years of experience in potato processing in Europe, settled in British Columbia a couple of years ago, and with the aid of the Canadian government has done some remarkable work in aiding potato farmers of that province.

We have a diversified economy in our community—lumbering, paper manufacturing, veneer factories, and agriculture. Perhaps there are some refugees with experience and ideas for new enterprises in this field which could be launched with local encouragement.

Maybe the idea won't work in practice, but I should be pleased to hear from anyone who might be interested.

WM. J. DUCHAINE, Managing Editor,
Escanaba Daily Press
Escanaba, Mich., January 25

A Definite Assignment

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on your excellent article, What Next in Africa? in this week's *Nation*, and in general on your approach to the North African matter.

You refer in your article to another article you published in *The Nation* of December 26, The Men Behind Darlan. I have the feeling that the puzzle of Peyrouton's appointment can very well be solved in the light of the facts related in that article. It is clear that the "German-French" economic group described there, in which the French are junior partners, is extremely eager to have one or several of its most trustworthy men in power in Africa.

The transaction with Darlan did not succeed because of his past. They looked about for another candidate from the group which *The Nation* described. Peyrouton seemed to be the best bet because he was responsible for Laval's removal in December, 1940, and the Allied authorities fell for the bait.

What you said in your issue of December 26 cannot be repeated often enough: Peyrouton cannot be regarded as a rat fleeing the sinking ship. He has been assigned to his present post—where he is in readiness for higher assignments as the *Herald Tribune* correspondent points out in a cable published today—in order to insure, as outlined in the article you published: (1) acceptance by the Allies of a French government which would keep intact the economic empire that the Germans with their French associates have established in France—with ramifications all over Europe; (2) peace proposals emanating from the same German group which would lead to a definite stabilization throughout Europe of the German economic empire—with or without Hitler. MIRIAM STUART
New York, January 21

CONTRIBUTORS

DONALD W. MITCHELL, avid student of naval and military history, analyzes the current military situation every other week in *The Nation*.

EDMUND WILSON is the author of "The Wound and the Bow," "Note-Books of Night," and other volumes.

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NUMBER 7

IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

217

EDITORIALS

- Why Not Pay Our Taxes? 219
What About China? 220
The New Expediency *by Freda Kirchwey* 221

ARTICLES

- Dies and the Backbone Shortage *by I. F. Stone* 223
The Truth About the A. P. II. A Private News
Preserve *by Keith Hutchison* 224
Men, Jobs, and Politics *by Dero A. Saunders* 228
Washington Metternichs *by Lucien Vogel* 231
What Your Money Won't Buy *by William H. Jordy* 233
In the Wind 235

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

- Survey of Latin America
by Vicente Lombardo Toledano 236
Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 239
File and Remember 240

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- The Vichy Men *by Albert Guérard* 241
The Measure of Man *by Morton Dauwen Zabel* 242
Sir Stafford *by Ralph Bates* 243
Mann Speaks to Germany *by Reinhold Niebuhr* 244
Swamp-Grass Roots *by Betsy Hutchison* 244
Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 245
Pioneer and Philistine *by Clement Greenberg* 247
Drama: The Russian Front *by Joseph Wood Krutch* 248
Art Note *by C. G.* 248
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 249

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

250

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The Shape of Things

THE CAPTURE OF KURSK IS PERHAPS THE most significant of the recent series of great Russian victories, for this city of 120,000 inhabitants was one of the chief bastions of the line which the Germans had been expected to defend at all costs. The fact that it has fallen, after being outflanked on the north, without a siege suggests that the German High Command felt unable to risk another Stalingrad. But more than this it indicates lack of confidence in retaining a grip on the eastern Ukraine and probably foreshadows a retreat to the Dnieper. Such a retreat will no doubt prove less costly in man-power than an attempt to hold the present line, but in view of the tremendous momentum of the triumphant Red Army it will be carried out under the kind of pressure that insures heavy losses of men and material. After the catastrophe at Stalingrad, however, and the cutting off of a large part of their Caucasus army the German generals probably feel they have no alternative but to exchange space for time and a chance to reorganize. We can be sure that the Russians will make this task difficult. It might be rendered impossible if Russia's allies were able in the next few weeks to strike in the west.

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SINCE THE WAR BROKE OUT TURKEY HAS loyally adhered to its obligations as a "non-belligerent ally" of Britain. But there have been times when the Turks were painfully conscious of the exposure of their position and felt it necessary to avoid any move that Hitler could interpret as provocative. Against this background of diplomatic caution the recent meeting between President Inonu of Turkey and Premier Churchill stands out all the more sharply. For it constitutes a political slap in the face for the Axis—a gesture which eight months ago would have seemed suicidal to the shrewd statesmen of Ankara. Then Germany was thrusting through the Caucasus toward Turkey's eastern frontiers and hammering at the gates of Alexandria, and all Asia Minor seemed likely to be inclosed by giant pincers. Now the arms of the pincers have been melted in the furnace of war, and Turkey feels secure enough not only to hold military conversations with the British but to advertise the fact. Nothing could better illustrate the

waning mesmeric powers of the Nazi cobra. The military significance of the conference at Adana is harder to assess. We are told that Turkey is to remain neutral, but the array of British and Turkish generals attending the meeting suggests that certain military contingencies were under discussion. It is possible, for instance, that arrangements were perfected for immediate Allied support in case Germany decided on a desperate attempt to overwhelm Turkey. Such an attempt might be a counter-stroke to an Anglo-American offensive in the Aegean preparatory to invasion of the Balkans—now more important than ever as a German supply base. Mr. Churchill, however, has warned against speculations of this nature, and it may be wise to leave the riddle to the Nazis, who are evidently feverishly anxious to find out what it all means.

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SOME CONFUSION HAS BEEN CAUSED BY THE announcement that a North African theater of operations has been created under the supreme command of Lieutenant-General Dwight D. Eisenhower. According to the War Department, the new theater will comprise all northwestern Africa but will not affect the commands of the British generals Alexander and Montgomery. But since Montgomery's forces are now crossing the borders of Tripoli into Tunisia, which is in Eisenhower's sphere, it is difficult to see how they can continue to operate under a separate command. The situation may be clarified when protocol has been satisfied by the promotion of Eisenhower to full general, thus making him the equal in rank of Montgomery. But in any case it is clear that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill agreed at Casablanca that the American general would continue to command the Allied forces in North Africa. This is a political decision and one which logically follows the determination of Washington to control North African policy—a determination which the British have preferred not to challenge. From a military point of view the naming as commander of either General Alexander or General Montgomery would have seemed more logical since they have both proved their brilliance in the field. General Eisenhower commands the respect of professional soldiers, and he demonstrated his gifts as an organizer in the launching of the North African expedition. His ability as a strategist, however, has yet to be tested.

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IS MUSSOLINI ATTEMPTING TO MAKE CIANO and his dismissed associates scapegoats for his own failure, or are these discarded gentlemen seeking to disassociate themselves from Il Duce? If the latter is the case, then it implies that somebody in Italy is dreaming of a Darlan maneuver. Credible rumors of divisions within the ruling classes of Italy have recently been circulated. It is known, for instance, that the bankers and industrialists of the Fascist Party have been approaching the mon-

archs, not to overthrow Mussolini but to replace him when he falls. Whatever may be the set-up, it is evident that the total military collapse of Italy in the field, the dissolution of its empire, and the misery of its extorted legions on the Russian front were the immediate causes of the crisis. After Tripoli the war became all too visibly and exclusively a German war. To fight on was to send more peasant lads to their death on the far-off steppes and perhaps to face the invasion of the *patria* itself. To make demands for greater sacrifices without endangering his control, Mussolini probably felt that he must apply even sterner measures of repression. Continental report has it that the would-be Darlans of Italy would not consent. What were these measures? Since Italy is virtually an occupied country, Mussolini may have proposed to stiffen the Italian garrisons with still more German troops.

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ONE OF THE FOULEST BLOWS IN THE WAR against labor, which some newspapers regard as more important than the struggle against the Axis, was the recent publicity given to a story that merchant seamen had refused to unload a ship at Guadalcanal, claiming that their union agreements forbade Sunday work. This fable first appeared in the Akron *Beacon-Journal*, which ascribed it to reports by unidentified marines and navy men on leave from the Solomons. It was avidly seized upon by the Hearst press and the McCormick-Patterson group of papers, which displayed it under flaring headlines and sauced it with indignant comments from mercurial Senator Tydings and Representative Howard Smith. Denials by Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, who pointed out that none of the union's agreements prohibited Sunday work, and by Lieutenant Colonel Lewis B. Puller, a marine veteran of Guadalcanal, were ignored or buried by these papers. So too were subsequent emphatic contradictions of the story by Major General Alexander A. Vandergrift, in command at Guadalcanal until December 9, and Admiral William F. Halsey, who added that "the merchant seamen's cooperation, efficiency, and courage, on some occasions in the face of enemy attack, have won high praise. Now members of a House naval subcommittee, after investigating the case, have declared the accusations to be untrue. Clearly the seamen have been outrageously libeled, and the offense is the more cruel because, of all Americans, they at the moment are the most exposed to death and injury. An OWI report just published states that the number of merchant seamen dead and missing during the first year of the war totaled 3,200, or 3.8 per cent of their numbers, compared with a rate of three quarters of 1 per cent for the armed forces. The men who volunteer to sail our freighters, in defiance of the U-boats, need no lessons in patriotism from Messrs McCormick and Hearst.

HOPE FOR A SUCCESSFUL FIGHT ON DIES still flickered as we went to press. Conservatives of both parties in the House, as indicated in I. F. Stone's letter this week, seem more and more convinced of the Texan's unfairness and supported a resolution by Representative Cannon of Missouri for a special committee to hear the evidence against the thirty-eight men and women smeared by Dies. This may save William Pickens, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, from loss of his job at the Treasury. Pickens, an able and progressive Negro leader, was one of the thirty-eight, and a motion to forbid use of Treasury funds to pay his salary was passed by the House last week. But passage was by the House sitting as a committee of the whole, and another vote was necessary to purge him from the federal pay roll. The immediate consideration sought by Dies last Monday was headed off by the Cannon resolution, which was supported by Taber (Rep.) of New York and McCormack (Dem.) of Massachusetts. The debate drew the extraordinary admission from Dies that while he could not prove Pickens to be a Communist, the suspicion against him was sufficient to warrant dismissal—an interesting sidelight on Dies's conceptions of jurisprudence. *

SHOE RATIONING WAS INAUGURATED BY the Office of Economic Stabilization with a finesse that was sadly lacking at the start of previous rationing schemes. Except for the few radio listeners, who were unwittingly tipped off by Mayor LaGuardia, the public was taken wholly by surprise. There had been no rush to stock up and no hoarding. As a consequence there is a sufficient supply of shoes on hand, and the allowance of three pairs a person a year is generous enough to meet all legitimate needs. Families with a number of small children may be handicapped, but we presume that special provisions will be made for such cases. It is to be hoped that the success of this venture in "snap rationing" will strengthen the hand of the group within the OPA which has long advocated it as a safeguard against hoarding. *

THE DEMAND OF THE SOFT-COAL MINERS for a wage increase of \$2 a day and the action of both the C. I. O. and A. F. of L. in urging a revision of the Little Steel formula has raised a major threat not only to the wage-stabilization scheme but to labor's no-strike pledge. While the C. I. O. is officially committed to the Administration's stabilization program and has announced that it will continue to submit its grievances to the War Labor Board, Lewis's United Mine Workers' Union threatens to go on a rampage if its demands are not granted. The case for some revision of the Little Steel formula is, of course, a compelling one. Living costs have risen more than 5 per cent since the formula was first agreed on. But if the WLB adjusts the formula

to allow for increased living costs, Congress is almost certain to pass legislation increasing farm prices, thus further boosting the cost of living. And a Congressional bloc also threatens to remove that part of the stabilization program that limits earned income to \$25,000 after taxes. Under the circumstances, Byrnes must try to resist all three pressures simultaneously. The best that can be hoped for is probably an orderly retreat that makes some concessions to both labor and the farm bloc, but there can be no granting of such demands as those presented by John L. Lewis. Labor must be made to see that although inflation brings higher money wages it is bound to bring a substantial cut in real wages.

Why not Pay our Taxes?

TAX prospects for 1943 have become no clearer as a result of a week's hearings before the House Ways and Means Committee. It is still fairly certain that some pay-as-you-go plan will ultimately be adopted, but the committee seems bewildered by the half-dozen or so plans that have been proposed for dealing with the 1942 taxes due this year. There seems to be little chance that the Ruml plan, which calls for canceling the 1942 levy, will meet House approval. But it begins to look as if the high-pressure campaign behind the Ruml plan would be effective in obtaining a partial cancellation of these taxes; the Treasury has intimated that it might be willing to collect 1942 taxes at the much lower 1941 rates. Another possibility being considered is the cancellation of the normal tax and first surtax bracket, and the spreading of the remaining payments over a number of years.

Any cancellation of tax liability at this time would of course be open to the same objections as the Ruml plan. It would be bound to have an inflationary effect. Announcement of even a partial cancellation would touch off a buying spree with the money that has been saved for the 1942 taxes, and throwing such an amount of money into circulation at this time would imperil our entire price-control system. While Congress could, as the New York Times suggests, put a check to this by doubling the 1943 tax load, it could not very well double existing rates in the higher brackets. The practical result of cancellation, by the Ruml plan or otherwise, would almost certainly be to shift a substantial part of the tax load to the lower-income groups. This, of course, explains the enthusiasm with which certain newspapers and wealthy individuals have hailed the idea.

Changing from our present tax system to a pay-as-you-go plan presents a very real problem. Obviously, most people will not be able to pay two years' taxes in one year. Persons with incomes of more than \$26,000 are now required to pay out 50 per cent or more of their incomes in taxes. Paying two years' taxes in one would take

100 per cent or more of their 1943 incomes. But it happens that these same groups control a large share of the excess spending power that is the major factor in the threat of inflation. This surplus can only be wiped out by tax rates that are considerably higher than the present level. Some surplus spending power exists among all groups subject to the income tax. Since it is estimated that to prevent inflation the 1943 taxes should have been \$15 billion higher than they are, it would seem that at least half of the 1942 taxes should be collected this year in addition to the 1943 taxes on a pay-as-you-go basis. The remaining half might be deferred to 1944.

Such a proposal will hardly have either the organized or the popular support enjoyed by the Ruml plan. But the "sacrifices" it would impose are more nominal than real. The limiting factor in consumption this year is not lack of buying power but lack of goods. This will not be affected one way or another by our tax policies. It is to the interest of a vast majority of Americans—wage-earners, white-collar workers, farmers, and professional men—to head off a disastrous inflation. It is also to their interest to keep the costs of the war from being saddled primarily on the lower and middle income groups. Both of these objectives can best be served by insistence that a large part of the last year's taxes be paid while we are changing to a pay-as-you-go basis.

What About China?

MME WELLINGTON KOO'S suggestion that Chinese resistance might collapse unless more aid was received was, as she herself later pointed out, intended as a dramatic warning to the United Nations rather than as a statement of sober fact. Nevertheless, there can be no question that the Chinese are becoming increasingly restive over our failure to send substantial assistance to them. Mme Koo declared that China is receiving only about 2 per cent of American lend-lease supplies. Despite widespread famine and near-starvation, China is not getting any food from the United Nations.

As a result of being cut off from the outside world, China's economic position has deteriorated seriously in the past two years. Writing from Chungking, Brooks Atkinson recently described in the *New York Times* the extent to which inflation had impoverished the professional and technically skilled groups upon which China's future depends. But although Mme Koo did not say it in so many words, there is reason to believe that the economic distress resulting from our failure to send sufficient aid looms less important in the Chinese mind than the feeling that they have been treated as poor relations among the United Nations. President Roosevelt did not help the situation when he suggested that Chiang Kai-shek was not invited to Casablanca because

China was not in a position to strike against Germany. The fact that Stalin was urgently invited to be present but refused, while Chiang was not even asked, probably rankled, even though it is highly unlikely that the Chinese generalissimo could have been persuaded to make the trip. The failure to invite Chiang was particularly irritating because the Chinese are profoundly upset by the whole trend of United Nations strategy in the Far East. They cannot see why a determined attack is not launched against Burma in preparation for an ultimate crushing attack upon Japan from prepared bases in China. Their view is supported by no less a person than General Chennault himself, who was quoted the other day as saying that with five hundred more combat planes he could run every Japanese out of China and short-circuit Japanese shipping to the Solomons.

Unfortunately, the remedy for this situation is not as simple as it seems. Some Washington dispatches have stressed both the demands of other fronts and the physical difficulty of getting supplies to China. These are real problems, but they are by no means the only ones. The Chinese are right in saying that the amount of assistance they desire is small, and in insisting that if we really want to deliver supplies we should step up the attack on Burma. But although Washington says very little about them, there appear to be political as well as transport complications. It is difficult to get any very precise information on the political situation within China today, but there are disquieting signs of disunity. While Chiang Kai-shek's position is still strong, he seems to have lost ground during the past year. The breach between the powerful Chinese Red Army and right-wing factions in the Kuomintang which led to the liquidation of the Chinese Fourth Army two years ago has never been healed. Several of China's most powerful and best-trained and -equipped armies have been held in a position to oppose the Red Army rather than the Japanese. This is only one of the signs of a disintegration in Chinese political unity which the Japanese have been seeking to exploit to the utmost. Washington has said virtually nothing about the situation, but some officials are known to have been concerned lest our assistance either disturb the equilibrium or aid the pro-fascist elements within the Chungking government. In sharp contrast to its policies in North Africa, the State Department seems to have recognized the danger of strengthening the hand of reactionary groups in China at the expense of popular forces. It is not likely that ideology enters into its considerations, but merely the potential danger that China's reactionaries will turn their weapons against domestic opponents and force a peace with the national enemy.

Despite these political considerations, Mme Koo's warning must not be ignored. If China collapses, the United Nations may, as she says, "lose the war." China should be given a place on the supreme United Nations

board of strategy. If there is any sound reason why our Pacific war strategy should emphasize the Solomons rather than an offensive through Burma, it should be thrashed out in a United Nations council where the Chinese have a full voice. General Chennault's request for five hundred combat planes should be given fully as much consideration as a similar request from General Doolittle in Africa. Moreover, we should strip our own commercial airlines to the bone, if necessary, to make sure that enough transport planes are sent to carry in the food, medical supplies, and other articles needed to save the Chinese economy from collapse. Where Chinese internal politics enter the picture, however, there is every justification for caution. We must be sure that our influence is on the side of unity and democracy.

The New Expediency

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

THIS story comes from a man who was there. He is a Spaniard who has been working aboard an American ship carrying supplies to North Africa. On the day the American troops landed, the Spanish seaman was visiting a concentration camp in Morocco where some thousands of his Loyalist compatriots are imprisoned. He says the emotion that greeted the arrival of the Americans could only be likened to the feeling in Spain when the Republic was declared in 1931. Men embraced one another and shouted and danced and wept. At last the nightmare of prison and forced labor would be ended. Now the horrors of Vichy-Nazi control would be wiped out. And even while they rejoiced, they prepared to leave their barbed-wire prison.

They are still there.

The Spanish seaman says that when they heard of the deal with Darlan and discovered that the political prisoners would not be released after all—not then—not till later—nobody knew when—the wave of disillusion was frightening. Many men risked their lives to escape. The rest relapsed into a mood of grim bitterness.

The disillusionment in that Spanish prison camp was repeated all over the world—most disastrously in underground France itself. And when the President of the United States felt the blast of disapproval that swept in from every center of Allied resistance, he issued a firm order that anti-Jewish laws in North Africa were to be repealed and anti-fascist prisoners released. His order was not obeyed.

Then came the fortunate death of Darlan, the appointment of Giraud. A second chance, a revival of hope. A few French prisoners were released, the anti-Semitic laws were said to be relaxed. But that was all. The mass of prisoners stayed in jail—Austrians, Jews, most of the

anti-Vichy French, all the thousands of Spanish Loyalists.

But the cold wind of democratic resentment blew up stronger than ever. In the United States, radio commentators and editorial writers, who at first had laid all emphasis on the claims of expediency, began to realize the secondary results of this policy. Within a few weeks the press shifted from general approval of the North African political policy to nearly 100 per cent disapproval. The State Department was properly held to blame for the preparation of the fiasco. Eisenhower was considered the victim of a maneuver which had left him no choice but a bad one; Murphy's long and well-known record as friend of reactionary and defeatist elements in France was suddenly resurrected.

Things got so hot that even the State Department, usually blandly superior to public feeling, shifted to the defensive. Secretary Hull declared himself too much concerned with military affairs to be bothered with political details—a rash remark which exposed him to the obvious retort that political affairs were the chief legitimate business of his department.

Then came Casablanca—and Peyrouton. Not all the build-up and genuine drama of the Roosevelt-Churchill conference, not even the shadows of great military events to come, could compensate for the emotional revulsion that greeted the arrival from distant Argentina of the collaborationist whose one claim to democratic tolerance was his enmity with Laval (as Goebbels might one day offer us his hatred of Göring as a proof of decency).

But actually something did happen on the political front at Casablanca. The ice began to crack. After all, the President—on whom the State Department had generously tried to foist responsibility for the importation of Peyrouton—is peculiarly sensitive to political pressures. Expediency is not of one sort alone. Is it, for instance, expedient for the United States to appear indifferent to those freedoms for which the President has said we are fighting? Is it expedient to forfeit the confidence of every democrat from Chile to Norway? Is it expedient to throw almost the whole press of the United States into a mood of suspicion?

And so several improvements followed the President's visit to our North African front. Political news, for one thing, began to come through. And Americans learned for the first time that the French population of North Africa is not, as apologists for Darlanism had claimed, pro-fascist and pro-Vichy. On the contrary it is reported as overwhelmingly pro-democratic. Nor is it true, as we had heard, that only Vichyites are available for administrative posts. Republican deputies and civil servants of all degrees, ousted from their jobs to make place for men approved by the Nazis, are on hand and if used would command wide popular support. They have not been used.

Some other hopeful things happened. Nine of the men arrested on suspicion by Giraud after Darlan's assassination have been freed. Seven were De Gaullists and actively aided the American landings. A commission is investigating the cases of Freemasons and Jews dismissed from their posts under the Vichy-Nazi laws. Twenty-seven French Communist deputies have been released from prison. And the Joint Allied Commission on Political Prisoners and Refugees has announced that 903 assorted politicals—but no Spaniards—have been let out of prison camps. The anti-Jewish laws are being "relaxed"—but slowly and piecemeal. This caution is supposed to be necessary to prevent the Arabs from becoming alarmed. But when the British walked into Arab Tripoli the other day, the restrictions on Jews were immediately raised and the ghetto opened. No bad results were noted. But of course there's a difference: the British went into Tripoli as conquerors; we went into North Africa as liberators. One wonders whether it is the feelings of the Arabs that are being defended in our end of North Africa or the susceptibilities of the Vichy French who rule there.

The other political fruits of the Casablanca meeting were even smaller. Not only was no political agreement reached between De Gaulle and Giraud; no working plan of collaboration has been made. Catroux has gone to Africa to confer with Giraud, and probably some arrangement for military cooperation will be agreed upon. But the Fighting French have greeted with skepticism the sudden conversion of the Imperial Council into a War Council. They weren't consulted about the change and they don't like Giraud's statement that he has "in his hands all vital interests of the country at war." Does this indicate an ambition to grab power in French territories outside North Africa? If so, all chance of an agreement goes up in smoke. The Fighting French control a sizable empire and rule it successfully under the laws of the Republic. They are not likely to relinquish power to an upstart "War Council" run by Giraud and his Vichyite associates—not even if a couple of De Gaullists are asked to join.

So the gains on the political front boil down to the bare fact that contact has been established and military cooperation may be possible. Not much, perhaps. But it indicates that the President and Mr. Churchill recognize the claims of a new expediency at Casablanca. Having felt the pressure of democratic disapproval, they brought home, not a political victory, but at least a few modest reforms which could be carried out cautiously within the still unbroken framework of appeasement.

And this brings me back to the Spanish prisoners who so joyfully greeted our arrival in Africa. Those Spaniards are not just refugees locked up by a hard-boiled, near-fascist regime. They are a symbol. And they are po-

litical dynamite. Most of them were Loyalist soldiers, the first to resist the fascist enemy. They are hated and feared—and wanted—by the Franco government. Some of the best Republican leaders are still among them.

Correspondents in North Africa have reported that the Loyalist prisoners will be released "when arrangements can be made to ship them to Mexico." But last Friday Secretary Hull was asked in press conference about these men. A news broadcast the same afternoon reported that he said the Allied Commission on Political Prisoners would consult with representatives of General Franco before a decision was made about the disposition of the Loyalists. But next day in a "clarifying" explanation the State Department denied that Franco would be consulted.

What actually did happen? A story by I. F. Stone in *PM* on Sunday gives a sentence-by-sentence account of the press conference in question. It seems that Leigh White, CBS correspondent, commenting on the Spanish Republicans still in prison in North Africa, asked Secretary Hull "whether there were any discussions under way to send these men to Mexico, which had offered them asylum." The Secretary had nothing to say to that. Then White asked whether the State Department would be inclined to listen to any protest the present Spanish government might make in regard to the fate of the Loyalist prisoners. The Secretary replied that "he was sure that there would be every disposition on the part of the American and Spanish and British officials to work in harmony with each other." White pressed the point. Did this mean, he asked, that the Spanish government would be brought into the conferences of the Commission on Political Prisoners? The Spanish, Mr. Hull replied, would "be brought into any conferences pertaining to any of their citizens if and when they may desire to be brought in." It is this strange series of comments that was officially construed next morning as meaning something other than it had been taken to mean.

If the official construction is to be accepted, Mr. Hull's words were simply nonsense. But if the department, in its new awareness of public opinion, realizes the effect such dealings with Franco would have and is now trying to cover its tracks, then we had better go on asking questions till the last Spanish prisoner is safely in Mexico. The appeasement of Franco's regime goes on. That we know. The fact that the Loyalists are still in prison while others have been freed is doubtless due to our tenderness in dealing with the dictator who has butchered thousands upon thousands of their compatriots. Let the State Department follow its "clarifying" explanation with the swift release of all the Spaniards—whether they can take passage for Mexico or not. They will do less harm at large in North Africa than the turncoats who are keeping them in prison. They might even provide a battalion for the armies of liberation. At least they have never made peace with fascism.

Dies and the Backbone Shortage

BY. I. F. STONE

Washington, February 7

TWO things stand out from last week's debates in Congress on the Dies committee. One is that we have in Dies a very able demagogue who is laying the foundations for a powerful post-war fascist movement in America. The second is that there would be a good chance of defeating him if the Administration had the courage to provide the fight against him with some leadership. Unfortunately the White House seems to be as weak and half-hearted in its domestic as in its foreign policy. The same irresolution that permits a French fascist and anti-Semite to be installed as Governor General of Algeria was scandalously evident on the home front during the past week. Presumably we are engaged in a war against the Axis. Yet a group of diehard isolationists in Congress was strong enough to force the Attorney General to remove William Powers Maloney from the prosecution of the case against the thirty-three alleged seditionists, and a leading member of the President's own party was permitted unrebuked to condone anti-Semitism on the floor of the House of Representatives.

It is true that the President has named an official committee to handle "complaints of subversive activity" by federal employees, and this will be of some puny help in combating Dies. But it is essentially defensive action, and it meets Dies on his own well-chosen ground. To pretend that this is all a serious hunt for Communists is to play into the hands of Dies; even the bitterly anti-Communist *New Leader* maintains that only eight of the thirty-eight officials named by Dies are really Communists. Recent utterances from Berlin show that fear of communism is still the Nazis' chief hope of a negotiated peace. To allow the Dies committee to go on operating is to give Goebbels a sounding board in our midst and to permit American fascism to organize itself at home while we fight the fascist Axis abroad.

The new theme song of the anti-democratic forces in this country is "bureaucracy." Suddenly one hears it echoed on every side as though some smart publicity man had arranged the chorus. When Dies spoke of "a new philosophy which in one country is communism, in another fascism, in another country Nazi-ism, and in another country bureaucracy," he was hitting straight at the New Deal. When Dies said on the floor that the fight against this new philosophy was "more important than the conflict between rival armies" and then changed it in the *Congressional Record* to "of almost equal importance with the conflict between rival armies," he was

making a confession. He was afraid of his own little slip of the tongue, of the revelation that the war Martin Dies is really interested in fighting is the war against democracy at home.

Unlike the Administration, Dies is rarely on the defensive. One of the few instances in which he has been forced into this position occurred last week when the Texan remarked on the floor of the House: "There have come repeated demands that this person or that person be branded as pro-fascist or pro-Nazi simply because he expressed anti-Jewish views." This is the nearest Dies has come to explaining why some of his committee's best friends are Axis agents. Hitler himself could not have surpassed the demagogic sleight-of-hand with which Dies defended himself against his accusers. "I do not hold," he said, in another passage which he himself later expurgated from the *Congressional Record*, "with those who condemn anyone on account of the misdeeds of some people in that [Jewish] race, but there is no law against a man's denouncing the South. God knows I have heard Southerners denounced as viciously in certain quarters of this country as I have ever heard Jews denounced." This may be a non-sequitur to intellectuals, but it was an effective appeal to wounded Southern pride. Dies went on to explain that anti-Semitism is not necessarily fascism and to identify fascism itself with "people who believe in simple, fundamental Americanism, people who believe in preserving our Constitution, people who believe that America shall not fall a victim to maudlin internationalism." One does not answer a speech of this kind by appointing another committee to investigate communism!

Despite the cheers for Dies on Monday, the debate on the floor of the House Friday indicated that he is not unbeatable. The House voted 153 to 146 Friday against a motion which would have barred from public employment the men Dies had named as communistic on Monday. The real issue in the debate was well stated by a Dies supporter, Gifford of Massachusetts. "Almost the entire membership of the House rose and cheered the gentleman from Texas the other day," Gifford said. "Certainly we seemed to have approved his findings. Am I today to be told that each case must be proved before each and every member of the Committee on Appropriations before the findings of the gentleman from Texas and his committee are accepted?" The issue was, indeed, as the exasperated Gifford saw it, a question of confidence in Dies. One conservative Congress-

man after another, men of both parties, from North and South, rose to attack the motion, to defend from their own knowledge one or another of the men Dies had smeared, and to declare that they would not condemn these men without evidence. But if the Dies committee, after all these years of activity and the expenditure of half a million dollars, cannot marshal enough evidence to impress anti-Communists like Dirksen of Illinois and Tarver of Georgia, it is highly vulnerable.

In this, as in other matters, the Administration underestimates the intelligence of the American people. An examination of the press, as of Friday's debate, will show there is enough sense of fair play, of devotion to basic American ideals, and of the realities of the war to overcome the red bogey even on the right. Keefe of Wisconsin, Folger of North Carolina, Ludlow of Indiana, like Hobbs of Alabama in the earlier debates over David Lasser, reflected the strength of the basic traditions we all share. "I am not willing," said Case of South Dakota, "to condemn thirty-eight men and women in

thirty minutes on ex parte presentation without even a specific statement on each one of the individuals concerned. We are supposed to be fighting a war to sustain the Anglo-Saxon idea of justice." And O'Connor of Montana did not speak for himself alone when he cried, "Suppose these men have had communistic leanings? Who in the name of God today are stopping bullets that would be killing our boys? . . . Who are we fighting—Russia or Germany?"

Dies could be beaten if there were available but a little more courage and leadership. Brave young Will Rogers rose on the floor to register his dissent Monday after Dies spoke. Ickes, who has more spunk than the rest of the Cabinet put together, replied to Dies with a scorch. James L. Fly of the Federal Communications Commission stood up like a man before the House Appropriations Committee in his defense of Frederick L. Schuman and William E. Dodd, Jr., against Dies committee charges. Unfortunately, elsewhere in the New Deal the critical shortage is backbone.

The Truth About the A. P.

II. A PRIVATE NEWS PRESERVE

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

TRESPASSERS BEWARE!

IT IS peculiarly appropriate that the Associated Press should have obtained its charter in 1900 under a New York law originally enacted to facilitate the incorporation of clubs for the purpose of acquiring and holding hunting lands and fishing rights. For the A. P. is itself an exclusive club and one that is very much concerned in guarding its preserves from poachers. Its barbed-wire by-laws are designed to prevent the use by non-members both of the news it gathers through its paid staff and of that which it receives from its member papers, under covenant to supply to it, and to it alone, all local news of spontaneous origin.

Moreover, the rules give the A. P. the right to police the relations of its members with other news agencies. An application for an investigation of the A. P. made to the Federal Trade Commission in 1918 by the International News Service cited a number of examples of high-handed action which constituted gross interference with the business arrangements of member newspapers. On one occasion, for example, the New Orleans *Item* subscribed for the leased wire service of the I. N. S., which installed its receiving instrument in the building where this paper was published, although not in the editorial rooms. On learning this, the A. P. served notice on the

publisher that he would lose his membership unless the offending wire was taken right out of the building within twenty-four hours.

Clearly the A. P.'s gamekeepers were powerfully armed. Nevertheless, Melville E. Stone, general manager from 1893 to 1918, was not satisfied with private sanctions; he wanted them reinforced by all the majesty of the law. Long before the foundation of the A. P. of Illinois, he writes in "Fifty Years a Journalist," he had dreamed of legal protection for what he called "property in news." He put the case thus:

First, that to keep pace with the progress of the world there must be a revised definition of the word "property" so that it . . . should include everything having an exchangeable value. This would take it out of the narrow place it had theretofore occupied in legal parlance, and should connote incorporeal rights. Second, there should be a revised definition of the word "publication." I took the ground that the printing of a news telegram in the columns of a newspaper which was sold for one cent a copy should not, and did not, constitute such a publication as would mean abandonment to the public for republication.

What exactly does this mean? Obviously, nobody in the news business is going to claim that any property right

adheres to the historical event which makes news. For to do so would be to open the way to demands for payment from the owners of places where events having a public interest occurred—for instance, sports arenas or stock exchanges. This would, of course, be as contrary to the interests of newspapers as it would to those of the public. Mr. Stone's objective was different. He considered that when a newspaper or agency had alone developed the news of an event, not merely the form but the content of its report should be protected from use by anyone else, after as well as before publication. This was the new property right for which he sought legal recognition, and its advantages to an organization enjoying a corner in news need not be labored. It should be equally clear, however, that the granting of such a right would be entirely contrary to the public interest, for ownership of a commodity, unless specifically qualified, does not imply any obligation to dedicate it to public use. In other words, the legalization of property in news would mean the legalization of its suppression.

In our legal system news, at least on publication, has always been considered as entering the public domain, and Congress has never been persuaded to alter this situation. In 1883 the Western Associated Press, on a motion by Mr. Stone, appointed a committee to agitate for legislation, and as a result a bill was introduced into the Senate providing for eight hours' copyright protection for published news. But as Henry Watterson, the famous Louisville editor who was a member of the committee, said in his autobiography, the mission was sent on "a fool's errand." The Committee of the Library reported the bill adversely, and nothing more was ever heard of it. In 1899 the A. P. tried again, appointing a committee to investigate the chances of a bill granting property rights in news. It was soon forced to admit defeat.

Mr. Stone stuck to his dream, however, and in 1916 charges that the International News Service was pirating A. P. dispatches gave him an opportunity to apply legal tests to his theory. Curiously enough, in his memoirs he is extremely reticent about the ensuing *cause célèbre*. He allots to it but two-thirds of a page, and his account ignores all the elementary rules of reporting. He does not say who the A. P.'s opponent was, what form the case took, or what was the actual outcome; he merely declares that a "most decisive victory" was won in the Supreme Court, and "thus, thirty-six years after I had settled the equities in my own mind, was the law finally revolutionized."

Oliver Gramling, an A. P. employee, in his history of the organization, is only a little more informative, although he does mention that the final judgment provided for a *mutual* permanent injunction against the appropriation of each other's news by either the I. N. S. or the A. P. But neither of these supposedly authoritative sources gives any inkling of the fact that Justice

Pitney, who delivered the opinion of the majority of the court, very definitely did *not* indorse the principle of property rights in news. On the contrary he said:

But the news element—the information respecting current events contained in the literary production—is not the creation of the writer but is a report of matters that ordinarily are *publici juris*; it is the history of the day. It is not to be supposed that the framers of the Constitution, when they empowered Congress "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts, by securing for a limited time to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries," intended to confer upon one who might happen to be the first to report a historic event the exclusive right for any period to spread the knowledge of it.

We need spend no time, however, upon the general question of property in news matter at common law . . . since it seems to us the case must turn upon the question of unfair competition in business. . . . Besides, except for matters improperly disclosed, or published in breach of trust or confidence, or in violation of law, none of which is involved in this branch of the case, *the news of current events may be regarded as common property* [italics added].

It is to be observed that the view we adopt does not result in giving to the complainant the right to monopolize either the gathering or the distribution of the news, or, without complying with the copyright act, to prevent the reproduction of its news articles; but only postpones participation by complainant's competitor in the processes of distribution and reproduction of news that it has not gathered, and only to the extent necessary to prevent that competitor from reaping the fruits of complainant's efforts and expenditure, to the partial exclusion of complainant.

THE A. P. CREATES A "LAW"

The effect of this judgment was to enjoin unfair practices as between competitors, whether by interception of each other's dispatches, bribery of each other's employees, or persistent copying of each other's published news. But it emphatically did not establish any absolute property right in news. Yet for twenty-two years the A. P., trading on its self-advertised reputation for reliability, has persistently spread the idea that in 1918 the Supreme Court declared that news was property. And by so doing it has given additional proof of Hitler's theory that a lie told often enough and loud enough can be made to stick. This one has stuck so long that most newspapermen firmly believe it.

The arrogant persistence with which the A. P. has spread its own version of this Supreme Court decision is best illustrated by the efforts of Kent Cooper, the present general manager, to gain for it the impress of international authority. In August, 1927, at a Conference of Press Experts held at Geneva under the auspices of the League of Nations, Mr. Cooper proposed a resolution which included the following passage:

It is desirable that endeavors should be made to secure an international understanding for the unification of legislation in the matter of news on the basis of the following principles: all news obtained by a newspaper or news agency, whatever its form or content . . . shall be regarded as the property of such newspaper or news agency for as long as it retains its commercial value.

Mr. Cooper's recent book, "Barriers Down," conveys an impression that in sponsoring this resolution he enjoyed the support of the two other American agencies represented and that the main opposition came from Lord Riddell, one of the British delegates. Official reports of the conference, however, tell a very different story. They make it clear that the Cooper resolution was decisively blocked by a stirring speech delivered by M. Koenigsberg, representing the International News Service. Emphatically disassociating himself from the supporters of the resolution, Mr. Koenigsberg revealed to the meeting the actual content and meaning of the Supreme Court decision which Mr. Cooper had casually referred to as the legal basis of his case. And he went on to declare that:

Any law that would alienate from public ownership and confer on private ownership one iota of property rights in news would be the prelude to other laws and regulations for extending that alienation, until all property rights in news had departed from the public and were vested in private owners.

As the result of this timely intervention, all chance of passing the Cooper resolution was lost, and in the end a compromise was adopted which conceded that news organizations were entitled to the fruits of their labors after as well as before publication but pointedly excluded any mention of property rights in news. "The adoption of this resolution," wrote Dr. Manley O. Hudson in the *American Journal of International Law* for April, 1928, "signalizes the failure, for the time being, of efforts to secure an international recognition of property in news." Nevertheless, in its own inimitable way the A. P. succeeded in creating victory out of defeat, for its Geneva bureau filed the following story on the conference:

Protection of news against piracy was the basic idea of the resolution adopted today at the International Press Conference after two days of vigorous debate. The doctrine that news is property and must be protected, already observed among American news agencies and newspapers, becomes, by virtue of the resolution, a universal concept. . . . The question involved in the resolution was introduced yesterday by Kent Cooper and *unanimously advocated by the American delegates, including Karl A. Bichel of the United Press, Moses Koenigsberg of the International News Service . . .* [italics added].

I have told in detail this story of a persistent attempt to imbed a myth in the public mind for three reasons.

In the first place, it illustrates the lengths to which the A. P. has been prepared to go in order to protect the business of those established publishers who enjoy its franchise. Secondly, it helps us to evaluate the testimony of the host of newspaper character witnesses who have declared, apropos of the government anti-trust suit, that the A. P.'s reputation for accurate and impartial reporting is unblemished. Finally, it is essential to clarify this question because, in the course of its answer to the complaint filed by the Department of Justice, the A. P. declares flatly that the government claim that its by-laws constitute an unreasonable restraint upon competition "disregards the established principle of law that news is property of which the owner has the sole right of disposition."

It may be doubted whether, apart from its apparent contempt for the facts, this assertion does anything to strengthen the A. P.'s case. For, assuming for the sake of argument that news is property, would it not be a reasonable inference that it is akin to a commodity? And, in that case, is not the A. P., by restricting the sale of its news to a limited group of members, putting itself in the legal position of an association of steel manufacturers who agree to sell their specialties only to one another—an agreement which would clearly be in unlawful restraint of trade?

"NEWS OF SPONTANEOUS ORIGIN"

The case against the A. P., however, rests on a much more solid foundation—its absolute control of the domestic "news of spontaneous origin" in the morning field. This includes reports of such events as plane accidents, tornadoes, crimes, deaths of celebrities, and other unanticipated noteworthy happenings. Outside a few great cities, where the news agencies are able to maintain fully staffed bureaus, the only method of collecting such news as develops between, say, 6 p. m. and 6 a. m. is through the medium of the local morning papers. And with the exception of the Chicago *Sun*, every exclusively morning newspaper having a daily average circulation of over 25,000 is a member of the A. P. and under contract to supply to it exclusively all local news that might have more than local interest. Taking into account the many smaller morning newspapers in important news centers which are also members, it may be said that the A. P. has control of the news collected by publications having over 90 per cent of the total circulation in the morning field.

It is unfortunate that the complaint of the Department of Justice does not give as much prominence to this angle of the case as it deserves. In attempting to prove monopoly it relies rather on the acknowledged fact that the A. P. is by far the largest news agency in the country, employing more men and spending more money than the United Press and the International News Service combined. And in support of the claim that denial of A. P. service imposes an unfair handicap on a

paper, it stresses the good-will accumulated by the agency during its long history, the over-all superiority of its service, and "the fact that in the mind of the general public the name Associated Press has long been regarded as synonymous with the highest standards of accurate, non-partisan, and comprehensive news-reporting."

A good many working newspapermen will agree that this is giving the devil altogether more than his due. The A. P. is often stodgy and sometimes slow, and when it tries to handle a story lightly its touch is usually elephantine. So far as foreign news and domestic features are concerned, it encounters real competition from the United Press and, to a lesser extent, from the International News Service. But whatever these agencies may say in their sales letters, they cannot begin to compete in the field of domestic news of spontaneous origin. And by suggesting that they are forced to eke out their reports for morning papers by the use of special correspondents and "string-men," the Department of Justice understates the extent of their disadvantage. For, in fact, there are no such "string-men," since in practically every news center of the country the journalists who might serve in this capacity are employees of A. P. newspapers and, as such, are prohibited from supplying news to other agencies. It follows that a morning newspaper which is excluded from the A. P. cannot obtain from any other source anything like a full service of domestic news. This is a severe competitive handicap.

WHOSE OX IS GORED?

Since, however, all but a handful of papers do enjoy the franchise, it may be asked: Whose ox is gored? One answer is the ox of Mr. Field and a very few other publishers, and this again has been countered by some editorial supporters of the A. P. with the question: Should the Department of Justice set in motion the engines of the law just to further the business interests of one or two publishers? It would be a new principle of law to deny relief from unfair competition on these grounds, but in any case the real victims of the A. P.'s monopoly are millions of members of the general public.

Thanks to the A. P., established publishers have been able to construct a defensive system strong enough to repel all competitors. Moreover, where competition still exists within the intrincments, it is being rapidly reduced by mergers. Thus the public is being more and more restricted in its choice of newspapers. In Chicago, prior to the advent of the *Sun*, readers were forced either to forgo the morning news altogether, or to swallow the highly individualistic McCormick version of it. And there are many other great cities where you can take the one morning paper or leave it. They include Cleveland, Detroit, Baltimore, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, and Milwaukee. Moreover, an increasing number of medium and small cities now have but one morning and one evening paper, both owned by the same firm, which in many

instances also controls the local radio station. Such local monopolies over the sources of news and opinion are not compatible with the healthy functioning of democracy.

It would be absurd to argue that the A. P. is the sole cause of the growing concentration of control in the newspaper industry. Technological changes which have swollen the capital required to found or run a paper have served to keep out the kind of small capitalist who entered the business during the nineteenth century. But the restriction of competition by the A. P. has definitely promoted the movement toward consolidation by multiplying its financial rewards. And there is no doubt that the impossibility of breaking into the A. P.'s



Robert R. McCormick

magic circle in any major city in the country, except by paying a monopoly price for a membership if one happens to be on the market, has discouraged new publishing ventures. Only a rich man can afford to take a chance. But when a Marshall Field invests his capital in a newspaper enterprise, he is assailed as unfair to existing enterprises on the ground that, since he can deduct losses sustained from his personal taxable income, he is, in effect, enjoying a government subsidy. Curiously enough, most of the papers which have echoed the A. P. argument are also strong supporters of the theory that high taxes discourage investment.

The private-enterprise system, it has always been understood in this country, depends for its health on the profit motive being subject to the monitorship of competition. For if the corrective influence of competition is removed, the entrepreneur ceases to be enterprising and seeks satisfaction of the profit motive by raising prices and reducing quality. It is not surprising, therefore, that the newspaper industry in many cities is beginning to show the flabbiness that results from a too sheltered life.

If the Department of Justice wins its suit and breaks down the fence surrounding the established newspapers, we should not expect an immediate flowering of new publications. But the knowledge that one important barrier to competition was down would serve to put every publisher on his toes and encourage him to give greater thought to the satisfaction of his readers lest some outsider should seek to entice them from him.

What would happen if the A. P. won? A legal bless-

ing for its exclusive membership contracts would give a green light to the United Press to take the same road; in fact, it is probable that its customers would insist on contracts affording them the sole right in their fields to U. P. service. Within a strengthened fortress of monopoly we should expect the newspaper industry to grow

increasingly stagnant, increasingly conservative, and increasingly out of touch with public opinion. The men in possession would remain in possession; news would become private property *de facto*; freedom of the press would be changed from a public right to a vested interest. [*This is the last of two articles on the Associated Press.*]

Men, Jobs, and Politics

BY DERO A. SAUNDERS

ON FEBRUARY 2 the War Manpower Commission announced two important steps, one immediate, the other prospective. The first, the withdrawal of deferment from all men of draft age in sixty-five occupations, stole all the headlines. But buried deep in the news stories was the information that the McNutt agency would shortly present to Congress a "national war-service act" giving the government power to order individual workers to take or keep jobs considered essential to the war effort.

The withdrawal of draft deferment from men engaged in certain superfluous activities is a welcome step, and public thanks are due to General Hershey of Selective Service, John Corson of the United States Employment Service, and a few others, who pushed it through the Manpower Commission's inner councils against considerable opposition. But a compulsory war-service act is something quite different, and the introduction of such a bill in Congress will precipitate a general brawl. Already Congressmen and Senators are clearing their throats; labor leaders have the light of battle in their eyes; editorial writers and columnists are choosing sides and warming up.

Those going forth to battle against compulsion have taken for their text the lofty statement of Bernard Baruch, written back in 1917, castigating the idea of any kind of industrial conscription: "As long as the present industrial organization obtains, industry is in the hands of millions of private employers. It is operated for profit to them. The employee therefore serves in private industry operating for gain. Enforced and involuntary servitude for a private master has been repeatedly and clearly defined by our Supreme Court as slavery prohibited by the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States." The opposition replies heatedly that Britain has a national war-service act, and isn't Britain a democracy? If Britain had to use compulsory methods, why shouldn't we? (The argument strongly resembles a wet-dry debate of the '20's: one side argues from principle, the other from expediency, and neither's arguments have the slightest effect on the other.)

Mr. Baruch's statement so disregards present realities

that it is doubtful whether he himself would defend it today. Industry may be "in the hands of millions of private employers," but it certainly is not at present "operated for profit to them." In war time the employer produces what the government tells him to produce; his profits, his collective-bargaining contracts, and his maximum wages are rigidly supervised by the government. Part or all of his plant may be government property, and if he wilfully fails to produce the materials expected of him, the government can, and does, take over his plant and operate it in the interest of the war effort. If you think industry is free to follow its own whim in war time, just try to imagine General Motors canceling its war contracts!

Nor would compulsory war work represent "enforced and involuntary servitude for a private master." Servitude implies that the master has the right to give any orders he chooses, but no manufacturer would have that power over a draft of industrial workers. Shortsighted employers, dreaming of a national war-service act as a kind of industrial paradise, had better wake up: the moment the worker loses his right to quit, the employer will lose the right to hire or fire whom he chooses, or to use the labor of his employees as he sees fit. That is true in Britain, Canada, and every other country which authorizes compulsory assignment of industrial workers.

The futile quarrel over compulsory or voluntary manpower mobilization results from the failure to understand that no single bold stroke is going to solve the problem. In fact, nothing is going to solve it; the manpower shortage is here for the duration. But by attacking the problem in a dozen ways at once, we can manage, despite the shortage, to build up the vast armed force, grow the food, and turn out the weapons we need.

To meet the need for man-power, millions of gardeners and jewelers and beauticians and clerks will have to be transferred to war jobs; in fact, that was the commission's main object in refusing them further draft deferment. Other millions, chiefly housewives and students, must be trained for their first regular jobs. Employers will be obliged to swallow their prejudices and hire Negroes and aliens; plants will have to stop hoarding

and wasting labor; in many civilian industries production must be "concentrated" in a few plants to release labor and equipment for war work. All these measures must be employed, and at the same time there must be a vigorous approach to the problems of housing, transportation, day nurseries, industrial accidents, labor turnover, absenteeism, better scheduling of production, and so on.

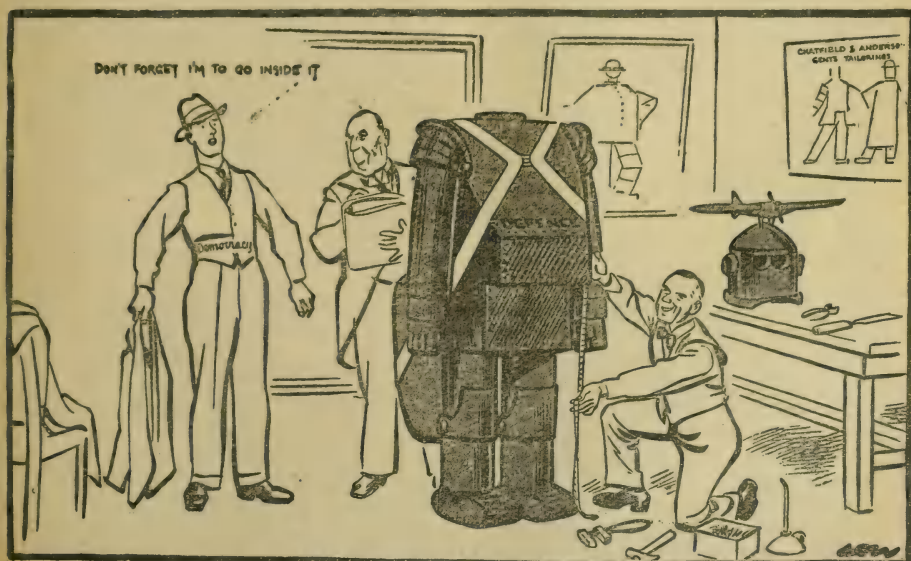
A realistic man-power program will not depend on purely voluntary or purely compulsory methods but on a mixture of persuasion and pressure. Other things being equal, it is not difficult to persuade the average American workman to take the job that best supports the war effort. The man-power administrator therefore must strive to keep those other things equal, so that the worker can follow his desire to support the war he believes in. The chief inducement to enter war work is found in the pay; high wages have played a tremendous part in building a corps of war workers now numbering about 18,000,000. However, there are jobs—in mining and farming, for instance—whose wage levels can't be raised high enough to attract labor without endangering economic stability. And for countless individuals high wages alone are not enough to make them give up home, seniority rights, and other privileges, and move to some overcrowded war-industry town a thousand miles away.

Thus not only inducement but pressure is necessary—pressure on the worker to go where he is most needed and stay there. The most common form of pressure is draft deferment, which now operates in two ways: key industrial and farm workers are deferred; workers in

superfluous industries and occupations are not—regardless of their dependents. (And the Manpower Commission is in earnest when it announces that the list of superfluous occupations is "preliminary" and "will be added to from time to time.") Another form of pressure is economic aid, as in the recent concentration of the gold-mining industry. Late in 1942 most of the gold mines were shut down to conserve vital materials and release skilled miners for the copper and other non-ferrous mines. To make sure that the ex-gold miners went to work in such mines, the War Manpower Commission paid the travel and moving expenses of miners and their families to the places where they were needed.

A cynic might say it makes little difference whether you use compulsion or pressure, so long as the result is the same. But isn't democracy largely a question of *how* things are done? It makes a good deal of difference whether a man is forced to do something or whether that something is made to appear simple, logical, and possible. Americans are familiar with economic and social pressures; in this case the pressures are merely harnessed to a desirable national goal.

The controls of a man-power program can usually be exerted either on the worker or on the employer, but with the obvious exception of draft deferment they should wherever possible be applied via the employer rather than directly on the employee. Most industrial plants today are working on war contracts, and the government obviously has the right to determine how those contracts shall be filled. If the man-power regulations



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injure the employer, then the government can repay the damages. But compulsion of the individual worker nibbles away at his civil rights—a serious loss that can't be repaid in dollars and cents. Our man-power program has to direct the labor of more than 60,000,000 Americans. That is a lot of people. Most of them, however, work for a few thousand employers who have the say about who shall work and what they shall do. Therefore giving directions to the employer is the simplest way of dealing with large groups of workers.

A couple of examples will make this clear. One important step in the man-power program will be "controlled hiring," that is, all hiring in certain critical industries and areas will be done through some agency like the United States Employment Service. Which is simpler: to demand that thousands of individual workers take jobs through the Employment Service, or to regulate and supervise the hiring practices of a few dozen employers? Or suppose it became necessary to require fifty hours of training on the job for every worker in a certain industry. It would be difficult to hound every individual in the industry until he took the necessary training. But it would be entirely practical to make a few employers require the designated training as a condition of further employment.

The soundest measures are those which *make it possible* for the individual worker to do the job necessary to the war effort. Today many persons stay in jobs of no value to the war because they have no other skill. But provision of training facilities is not enough: the average worker can't afford to quit his job and take a training course of several weeks or months. He can fit himself for war work only if he is paid wages while he is training. This fact is going to haunt the Manpower Commission as the number of non-deferrable occupations grows, for the real purpose of listing these occupations is not to sluice men into the armed forces but to push them toward essential occupations.

Other workers badly needed in war industries hang on to non-essential jobs because they can't afford to give up seniority and other rights. They would be willing to make the change if those rights were protected, and if the government paid their travel and moving expenses. This is done in Britain and Canada when a worker is officially asked to take a new job. A housewife with young children is in the same situation. She can't be asked to take a factory job unless a satisfactory day nursery *makes it possible* for her to do so.

In terms of an effective man-power program, the question of "voluntary" versus "compulsory" methods is pretty unimportant. By itself, a national war-service act is only so many words on a piece of paper. The man-power boss can't order workers to do impossible things; if he does, he will just get a million noses thumbed at him. A war-service act has some value when applied

to the recalcitrant worker, but it will solve the really important man-power problems only after solid progress has been made along other lines.

Take training, for example. The War Manpower Commission is proud of having trained some 300,000 foremen and crew chiefs as "job instructors"; it estimates optimistically that these 300,000 men have given some kind of on-the-job training to "more than 4,000,000" other war workers. But there are already 18,000,000 war workers, most of whom could profit from on-the-job training; in fact, a worker needs new training every time he moves up one grade in skill. How can we manage to multiply our on-the-job training program ten or twenty times? "Preemployment training," which prepares a worker for his first war job, must also be greatly expanded. So far preemployment courses have usually trained workers from other jobs who had some sense of work discipline and factory practice. Future courses will be filled with housewives and young girls, most of whom never saw the inside of a factory. Our preemployment training program will have to be adjusted to their needs.

Absenteeism must be cut down. Sickness, accidents, irresponsibility, tiredness, and the like are costing some of our war plants 10 or 15 per cent of their possible man-hours. Labor hoarding must be stopped—employers' wasting of skilled workers at a time when our few skilled men must be spread around as thin as frost on a window-pane. The community problems must be tackled—housing, overcrowded schools, transportation near the breaking-point, too few doctors, inadequate water supply. And if he solves all these, the man-power boss can still go crazy trying to allocate our total man-power among industry, agriculture, and the armed forces.

One approach to the man-power problem guaranteed to fail is the political approach. The compulsory war-service act advanced by Grenville Clark, the New York lawyer who drafted the Selective Service Act, contains a provision that "no person shall be obliged to join any union or organization of employees as a condition of employment under this act." This innocent-sounding clause in effect sets aside all closed-shop, maintenance-of-membership, and preferential-shop contracts for workers ordered into jobs by authority of the act. Mr. Clark maintains that it would be unfair to require union membership of anyone compelled to take a certain job—a touching concern for individual rights on the part of a man proposing that we allow the man-power administrator to order workers from job to job at will. The astute Paul McNutt is unlikely to include any such provision in his commission's national-service proposal. One thing is certain: any bill containing such a clause will be vehemently opposed by organized labor and ardently supported by groups hostile to labor, without the slightest regard for the bill's intrinsic merits.

Political strife will also be aroused by the proposal to

attack the man-power problem by repealing the Wage-Hour Act—usually called with calculated inaccuracy "the forty-hour-week law." The truth is that in October, 1942 (the latest month for which figures are available), war workers were putting in much more than forty hours a week. In the durable-goods industries as a whole, which include most war industries but also a number of others whose production has been sharply curtailed, employees worked on the average 45.7 hours a week. Key war industries had a still longer work week: in firearms, it was 49.0; in electrical equipment, 47.0; in engines and turbines, 49.7; in machine tools, 52.5; in aircraft and parts, 40.3; in aircraft engines, 48.0; in shipbuilding, 47.6. These figures do not include time off for sickness, accidents, or other causes; if this were reckoned in, the *scheduled* work week would be two to six hours longer. In a number of war industries the work week is probably too long, not too short. As Britain found after Dunkirk, the point can easily be reached where longer hours actually diminish production instead of increasing it. This point has probably been passed by the machine-tool industry, which must work on a schedule approaching sixty hours per shift in order to get an average of 52.5 hours per employee.

The real purpose of the campaign against the Wage-Hour Act is to cut wages, not increase hours. Since a hundred billion dollars' worth of war contracts, as well as all price ceilings, have been calculated on the basis of overtime pay after forty hours, a revision of that basis

would bring a profit windfall to employers. The resultant angry demands for wage increases are not pleasant to anticipate.

Another piece of calculated nonsense is the claim that the man-power shortage could be solved in a jiffy by firing government employees. The latest figures (for October, 1942) show 2,687,000 civilian employees in the executive branch of the government. About two-thirds of these are working for the War and Navy departments, chiefly in arsenals, docks, navy yards, proving grounds, supply depots, and construction work. More than seven-eighths of the increase in federal employment since October, 1941, has been in these two departments. Since even Senator Byrd is unlikely to tamper with army and navy requirements, any sweeping claim about the man-power to be gained by firing government employees can be ignored for what it is—political tub-thumping born of the desire to hamper some agency a particular legislator doesn't like.

There is no law that says we have to be sensible about the man-power shortage. We can go on bickering about government employees and union privileges and the Wage-Hour Act. We can spend months in a futile free-for-all over a war-service act. But while we waste time on panaceas, steadily refusing to see the problem as a whole, let us remember one thing: every tick of the clock brings us closer to next September, when the harvest peak is going to bring a genuine, Grade-A, total man-power shortage.

Washington Metternichs

BY LUCIEN VOGEL



SLOWLY but surely a pattern is beginning to emerge out of the seemingly inexplicable policies of the American State Department. The deal with Admiral Darlan, the installation of the so-called Council of the French Empire to assist General Giraud, the flirtation with "Otto of Austria," the continued benevolence toward General Franco—all these point to an over-all policy which can no longer be thought of merely in terms of "appeasement." They constitute what might better be termed a "policy of legitimacy."

This principle of legitimacy reaches far back into diplomatic history. It was perhaps most clearly demonstrated at the Congress of Vienna, when Metternich, representing the conquerors, and Talleyrand, representing the defeated French Empire, together restored Europe's most discredited dynasties. In its contemporary manifestations legitimacy is supported by representatives of the conservative upper classes of all the United Na-

tions, in the governments, the general staffs, business, and of course the drawing-rooms. Though they no longer say, as they did in every country until September, 1939, "Rather Hitler than Stalin," the protagonists of this policy are still hypnotized by the fear of revolution, either during or after the war.

There is of course no question, as there was in 1814, of restoring dynasties. The object is merely to build a bridge between the state of war and the state of peace, between the present and the future, in all the countries which are to be freed by the United Nations. These administrative bridges, or interim regimes, are to be composed of elements now in power or those connected with them; only those will be discarded whose presence would jeopardize the success of the whole operation by clearly inviting revolution.

Legitimacy fits in with the aims of the Vatican, which has in fact through its ambassadors and dignitaries

played a considerable part in the direction of this policy in all countries; its role is that of liaison agent, testing the ground and preparing various solutions for individual cases within the framework of the general principle.

A policy of legitimacy is based on the following tenets:

1. The aggressor states can be defeated by force of arms alone; it is unnecessary to depend on popular revolt either in these states or in the countries they have invaded.

2. On the contrary, such revolt is undesirable, since



Archduke Otto

it would involve civil disorder and would carry a threat to the traditional pre-fascist types of government.

3. Therefore all solutions, however they may vary to fit individual situations, must have one purpose: to forestall revolution in nations now dominated by fascism.

4. The preparation of these solutions will in itself contribute to a more rapid victory than would encouragement to revolution, since they envisage dealing with certain persons already in positions of power, who would merely have to replace the officially responsible leaders. It makes no difference whether or not these elements are fascist in sympathy, provided they can be passed off as moderate.

5. If the continuation of legitimacy cannot be assured in advance by shifts within the established government, it will be necessary to canalize revolutionary sentiment behind a picked team of well-known men whose attitude toward the traditional order can be depended on.

6. In this case it is not necessarily the former democratic leaders who are to be designated to succeed the fascists. Quite the contrary. In certain instances these leaders or parties do not give sufficient assurance of their inclination to uphold the traditional pre-fascist order, and it will be necessary to seek legitimacy farther in the past, and to smooth the way for the return of more dependable conservative elements.

7. Such solutions must be prepared not only for enemy and enemy-dominated countries but also for such neutral countries as Spain, which, because they are fascist, are likely to be drawn into any revolutionary upheaval in Europe.

8. The development and application of these solutions can be assured only by the cooperation of the traditional pre-fascist elements of order in all countries,

enemy and Allied alike: that is, the diplomatic corps, the army, the high clergy, finance and big industry, and in some cases the large landowners.

9. Once such regimes are established, it will be left to them to restore the traditional order in their own way.

The purposes of legitimacy, in short, can be summed up thus: Win the war—yes; unleash revolution—no; risk communism—never.

Let me say here that I am not one of those who can look forward without misgivings to the prospect of a wave of even justifiable revenge sweeping over Europe, with the continuing atrocities it would involve. Passionately eager as I am to see human progress, I do not believe violent revolution is the only way it can be promoted. But I should like to call the attention of our modern Metternichs and Talleyrands to some of the possible consequences of their policy. Let us consider an example from recent history.

In 1918 a French general, Franchet d'Espérey, ascending the Vardar River, broke the power of Austria-Hungary. After the flight of the Emperor Charles, Count Michael Karolyi, a member of the Hungarian Chamber, who alone during the entire war protested to the chamber against Hungary's alliance with Germany, assumed leadership of the government. The Hungarian people were sure that Karolyi, a friend of France and a heroic rebel against his own landowner class, whose fortunes were bound up with Germany's, would be welcomed as an ally by the French soldiers of liberty—it was not yet called democracy in Europe. But in the eyes of General d'Espérey, Count Karolyi was not "legitimate." Because he had given his lands to his peasants on the first day of the revolution, his peers had become his most implacable enemies. In a very few days they organized a white army and won the favor of General d'Espérey. Instead of recognizing Karolyi's government and making efforts to get food to the famished population of Hungary, d'Espérey collaborated with the white army in establishing a *cordon sanitaire* around Karolyi and refused to establish diplomatic contact with his government.

In Budapest there was not as yet a single Communist union; all the labor groups were Social Democratic. Overnight, faced with the fact that Karolyi was totally unable to negotiate with the French government, all the unions yielded to the arguments of a handful of Communist agitators. Karolyi, realizing that he was powerless, released from prison the Communist leader, Bela Kun, and turned the government over to him. Then followed the short-lived Communist regime and after it the terrible white repression—which probably did not displease the legitimist General d'Espérey.

If in this war similar efforts on a grand scale are made to maintain or restore outmoded social, economic, and political arrangements, is there not great risk of un-

leashing a Continent-wide revolution of despair? Is there not danger that the suffering peoples may see in revolution their only chance of punishing the fascist executioners and their collaborators, the traitors to democracy? Is there not, specifically, the danger that the people may see in communism their only hope and in Moscow their only ally? Further, is it not possible that the U. S. S. R. may see in the policies of the neo-legitimists a revival of the old anti-Soviet front, under the guise of an anti-

revolutionary one? Many keen observers are convinced that Moscow does not have the slightest intention of meddling in European affairs after the war. But in view of the neo-legitimist machinations, may not Moscow think its counter-intervention necessary for the defense of the national interests of the Russian people? This counter-intervention could take only one form—aid to revolutionary elements in proportion to their Communist tendencies.

What Your Money Won't Buy

BY WILLIAM H. JORDY

IMAGINE a European standing in front of one of our department-store windows in this winter of 1943. He would stare unbelievably at the abundance remaining after a year of total war. For another indication of just how little the American consumer has felt the war, a European might be interested in leafing through the current Sears, Roebuck catalogue, which omits only 103 of the thousands of articles included in previous editions. The principal items lacking are metal products; three textile, two lumber, and four rubber products complete the list. Sales of a few other articles are restricted; stocks of some have been depleted since the catalogue's publication.

The magic behind the abundance still visible in this country is found in our merchants' huge 1942 inventories. As the following table shows, the big firms had on hand last year a quantity of goods twice or more as large, in proportion to their sales, as they had in 1939, the year preceding the war.

STOCKS OF DEPARTMENT STORES DOING AN ANNUAL BUSINESS
OF \$500,000 AND OVER*

	1939 average supply	June 30, 1942 average supply
Furs	3.2	33.21
Blankets, linens	3.5	7.62
Household appliances	2.8	7.31
Furniture	4.1	6.22
Men's clothing	4.8	5.98
Main store (ground floor)	3.2	4.82
Women's and children's hose	2.0	4.37
Basement store	2.3	3.41

* Figures represent stocks on hand, or supply, by months, in relation to sales, and were obtained from the Federal Reserve Board and the National Dry Goods Association through the WPB.

After war broke out in 1939, the department stores led all merchants in frantically stuffing their warehouses. At the end of June, 1942, their inventories had reached a peak. Since June a lot of money has gone into the till, and a lot of goods have been handed over the coun-

ter. Christmas shopping, 20 per cent higher than the year before, with prices up only 5 per cent, eroded the stock mountain to a foothill. Probably a large part of the consumers' goods displayed so lavishly in store windows through the fall and advertised by the mail-order houses was stacked under Christmas trees in December. In almost all commodities what remains of the inventories of last June, plus all subsequent buying, will not stretch beyond the next few months. The only thing which can upset this prediction—and the business and trade journals are beginning to anticipate it—will be compromises in favor of something less than all-out civilian sacrifices. Barring this, what is the outlook for the consumer?

One thing is certain: no one need fear shortages of food, shelter, or clothing that will jeopardize health. As early as the middle of November, James F. Byrnes, director of the Office of Economic Stabilization, requested the Office of Civilian Supply to "undertake a study to determine what are our bedrock minimum civilian needs consistent with fullest war production." While this inquiry indicated that the government was sternly bent on eliminating the tinsel from American buying, it also showed that genuine needs would be considered. Of the three essentials, food and shelter need not be discussed here, for they have been separated from the rest of the consumer market. Food is being rationed whenever a shortage appears, and construction, except for necessary repairs, is limited to war factories and housing. The suddenness with which shoe rationing was announced, surprising even the manufacturers, who had predicted no rationing before next fall, has protected inventories and thus assured the average civilian of being as well shod as normally. The announcement makes point rationing of all clothing virtually certain as soon as the new ration books are issued; without rationing the impending shortages of cotton work clothes and woolen underwear can scarcely be forestalled. Although linens, silks, and most synthetic fibres are off the market,

and rayon supplies will dwindle, the cotton and woolen industries have now reached a high point in war production which is expected neither to increase nor decrease in the immediate future. Some excess supplies of wool, frozen early last year for war demands, have already been released for civilian use. And the government is so certain that there is enough cotton to meet both military and civilian needs that it plans to reduce the cotton acreage.

The immediate future also looks bright in a few other commodities in which exceptionally large inventories will counterbalance expected man-power and raw-material shortages. Enough of most drugs, cosmetics, and paints can be promised, and the consumer can spend his dollars as usual on whiskey and furs, of both of which there is a two or three years' supply on hand. Of course, if the views of many small business men prevail, Brown will remove all price ceilings on luxuries and semi-luxuries. Under-the-counter supplies will then allow us to buy these products a little longer—but we shall pay heavily for the privilege.

Except for the three basic essentials and a few commodities with exceptionally high inventories, the consumer's dollar may buy him nothing. The reason, of course, is the shortage of man-power and raw materials. No industry unessential to both civilian and war production expects to keep its man-power. Most industries took steps to convert to war production before government controls caught up with them; WPB spokesmen are now turning the heat on the stragglers. Specifically, the furniture, toy, and mattress industries face a reduction in man-power of 80 per cent, carpets of 90 per cent, and the luxury industries, such as furs, cosmetics, and amusements, fully as much.

But even a small amount of man-power could produce a considerable quantity of goods for the consumer market if the materials were obtainable. Nothing reveals the tremendous supply of materials required for global war more strikingly than a case study of those industries which only a year ago buoyantly expected to crash the consumers' durable-goods field. Now, they thought, while the metal industries were off to the Crusades, was a chance to redesign products and poach on this richest of all preserves. The four industries most hopeful of trespassing were lumber, paper, glass, and plastics.

Take lumber. A year ago the lumber industry predicted a boom market in substitutes for metals in civilian construction, furniture, and novelties. But steadily increasing metal shortages soon pressed lumber into hundreds of unforeseen military uses. In 1918 the government spent \$28,000,000 for wooden housing, but last year it spent nearly eight and a half billion. Makers of truck trailers, mine-sweepers, and sub-chasers for the armed forces, once large metal users, now depend upon lumber. Plywoods impregnated with plastics are substituting for light metals in airplanes and patrol boats.

As a result, the lumber industry has fallen six billion board feet short of meeting essential requirements, despite increased production.

The next question is: What materials can replace lumber? Chemicals and lubricating oils, shipped in steel drums before the war, were subsequently packed in wooden barrels, then shifted to heavy laminated-paper drums. Now the government wants the paper industry to develop new fiber compounds which will divert from lumber the demands of crating and boxing, which ordinarily take 15 per cent of total yearly lumber production. If paper does free this lumber for other uses, a product condemned a year ago as a luxury becomes as essential as lumber. The paper industry is now neatly balanced between civilian and war needs, with wrappings and containers for the armed forces and writing paper for official Washington slightly tipping the scales for war production. This new load will take a good deal of paper away from the consumer. Meanwhile, the National Housing Administration is frantically redesigning construction to make more use of the brick and gypsum industries, which last year operated at only 30 per cent of capacity. By progressive substitution, therefore, one industry after another is drafted out of the consumer market.

Glass is in the category with brick and gypsum to the extent that it could expand production if more purposes for which it could be used were discovered. Its most extensive use as a substitute has been in packaging numerous products which traditionally went into tin. Glassware for cooking, developed during the last war, is again replacing aluminum. The same sturdy, heat-proof glass developed for cooking ware makes excellent stove and washing-machine tops, but such tops will not be needed unless metal for other parts is released. Glass grates for fireplaces are advertised in New York newspapers. Glass brick may be increasingly used in housing projects; glass sinks and even glass plumbing seem quite likely. But structural glass is not a low-cost material, and low-cost housing is all that is being built now. Glass and china will be as plentiful as man-power controls permit.

What about plastics? Here the government is choosing for the consumer. Plastics are extensively used in war production. The toughest of them, the phenolics, go into electrical apparatus and into impregnated plywood for airplane and torpedo-boat construction; the transparent acrylics go into inclosed cockpits and bomber noses; the ureas into buttons, dials, and casings; and so on down to the synthetic fiber, polyvinyl chloride, which is used for cable coverings and self-sealing gasoline-tank linings. Three plastics are left for consumers, and of these the war will probably soon take two. One, a new compound of non-priority wood paste and ligno-cellulose, will probably be added to the ureas; another, polystyrene, requires the same styrene that is already reserved for Buna S.

rubber. The third, the acetates, could be made available for the consumer in limited amounts. Acetates could be manufactured into costume jewelry, combs, toilet articles, lighting equipment, pen and pencil barrels, and similar novelties. Also the government hopes that an acetate bottle cap can be developed strong enough to withstand carbonization and thus free enough metal now affixed to the nation's soft-drink and beer bottles to build ten destroyers a year. But there is only enough acetate for the bottle tops. If they are perfected, there will be no acetate novelties for the duration.

Thus industries which expected to produce largely for the consumer have been forced into war work. From the manufacturers' point of view there is little doubt that the Office of Civilian Supply's "bedrock minimum" for the civilian will not look very promising. But once the basic requirements for civilian consumption have been determined, scientific redistribution of man-power can begin, and the soundest combination of taxation and compulsory savings can be applied to restrict purchases. Upon this minimum, too, depends the proportional distribution of consumers' goods. The inventory control to be inaugurated this March, which provides that wholesalers and retailers can replace stocks in accordance with their inventory-to-sales ratio for "normal" years, is meaningless unless the total production of every commodity in relation to its production during "normal" years is known. Only then can replacement buying be reduced by the same percentage by which production is curtailed, thus assuring a fair share of whatever is produced to the smallest retailers. Finally, only when the civilian minimum is known can civilian production be geared to war production. As long as bulging inventories acted as a cushion against the overnight disappearance of materials to meet new projects in war production, long-range planning for civilian production was less necessary. Haphazard planning, however, must cease when inventories are exhausted, or consumer goods will fluctuate between unhealthful scarcity and unnecessary abundance. If the war lasts long enough, really efficient planning of production will mean, as in England, that the manufacture of every commodity must be concentrated in a few factories in each industry. It will mean standardization.

So far our government has gone only part way along this road. It has allocated raw materials. It has threatened to restrict man-power. It has cut 12,200 manufactured items to 3,400, thus saving 1,500,000 tons of metal and 135,000,000 yards of cloth. Although concentration of manufacture is opposed by business interests, Donald Nelson has mentioned it as a strong possibility. Thus, slowly, the satisfied citizen of the richest country in the world gets a tiny taste of total war. His shop windows will be emptier, his Sears, Roebuck catalogue thinner. But he will still get away cheaply compared to the citizens of any other country on the globe.

In the Wind

NORWEGIAN SOURCES report that the Nazis have commandeered 25 per cent of the 150,000 reindeer in Lapland and are shipping them to the northern Russian front. The deer are noted for their speed in running over snow.

JOHN BRACKEN, new leader of Canada's Progressive Conservative Party, is now promoting the Ruml plan in that country.

THE CZECHO-SLOVAK National Council reports that two hundred camps have been established in Bohemia and Moravia for children evacuated from western Germany and Berlin.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE of the United States is sending its members a questionnaire to find out how much man-power could be saved if employers didn't have to pay "penalty overtime" for work in excess of forty hours a week. The bulletin announcing the questionnaire says, "The company need not sign its name. In fact, anonymity is requested."

FROM POLISH UNDERGROUND sources comes word of a new game played by Poland's children when Germans are not in sight. The children divide into two groups; half of them line up against a wall, and the other half, using sticks for guns, shoot them down. Everybody wants to be a victim, nobody a Nazi.

THE JAPANESE NEWSPAPER *Asahi* comments thus on the difficulty of taking over Australia: "As this race enjoys complete freedom, great obstacles must be overcome to make it cooperate with Japan as a member of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, and to make it grasp peacefully the significance of our new order."

SONS OR BUTTER?—A New Hampshire woman writes to the editor of the *Boston Post*: "I think Senator La Follette is right—our butter should be kept for our people here at home. I have five brothers in the service. I am willing to do my share, but there is such a thing as going too far."

A SURVEY by the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Denver shows that last March 57 per cent of the people interviewed believed factory workers were doing all they could do to help win the war; in July the figure was 63 per cent; this month it is 69 per cent.

TRAFFIC NOTES: The ban on pleasure driving, according to an OPA ruling, does not cover driving to union meetings. . . . The *Baltimore Union News* (not a union paper) says the ban will have a bad effect on the marriage rate in rural areas.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Survey of Latin America

BY VICENTE LOMBARDO TOLEDANO

[The impressions described in this article were gained in the course of a visit to most of the Latin American countries made by the author in his capacity as president of the C. T. A. L. (Confederation of Workers of Latin America). Señor Lombardo Toledano has just come to the United States to confer with the leaders of the C. I. O and A. F. of L. on the results of his trip.]

Mexico, January 30

I HAVE lately returned from a journey through Latin America in the course of which I visited eleven countries—actually, I might say, twelve, for on returning to Mexico I saw my own country with fresh eyes. Since I was also in direct touch with eight other countries, I feel that I am now in a position to express myself with some authority on the desires and aims of the Latin American people.

For in spite of local diversities it is not incorrect to speak of a single people, a people with the same faith and the same hope. Whether they are Indian, mulatto, black, or white, their passion for freedom has swept away racial differences. Peasants chained to serfdom, miners whose lot is a black page in the history of Latin America, a middle class which marks the transition from a feudal economy to the new industrialism, youth in universities, in trade unions, and in farm groups—all are tense and expectant. All sense the oncoming of a new spring, the beginning of an era of humanity and justice.

Of course, each country has its particular problems which have been aggravated by the war. Take Cuba as an example. Its ports, empty of ships, teem with jobless sailors and workers. A large part of the 1940 and 1941 sugar crops is piled in warehouses. The government is attempting to meet the social and economic problems arising from these conditions by providing unemployment compensation, mobilizing the country's resources, and raising wages. Social reform, however, runs up against the obstacle of the *latifundios*, the vast estates owned by a few wealthy families who keep the land unproductive while masses of poverty-stricken peasants have no work.

Colombia, which I covered from the Caribbean coast to the frontier of Ecuador, is full of local color for the tourist, but from the social point of view it is far from attractive. Here modern history dates from only ten years ago, at which time a liberal regime was inaugu-

rated by the present President, Alfonso Lopez. Colombia is trying to extricate itself from feudalism, but the old forms do not die easily. In the rural areas you see rich landowners surrounded by peasants barely able to subsist. In more remote corners you come upon forgotten Indians paying their feudal tribute—*diezmos* and *oncenos*—just as they did in the seventeenth century. On the coast mulattos and blacks, though they do their share of the country's work, are not considered part of the proletariat and enjoy none of the benefits of social legislation. They form a backwash of people unincorporated in the economic life of the country. Scattered through the entire picture is the clergy, rich, dominant, and militant—a clergy so powerful that it can afford the luxury of a "right wing" accepting no discipline but its own and able to ignore papal nuncios. Its publication, *El Siglo*, a political relic of a bygone age, is unique in the modern world. Against this medieval Colombia are ranged the liberals, the intellectuals, and the proletariat of the younger generation.

Crossing into Ecuador, one gets the impression of a dismembered body. The dissatisfaction, the despair, of the people is evident everywhere. Physically the most beautiful in all South America, they are human material for a potentially happy country. But in the face of a class economy which permits ownership of the land to remain in the hands of a very few, there are no real political parties and up to now no group with a program designed to meet the national need. The hope for the future rests with the Confederación de Trabajadores, now in formation, which is attempting to bring together the most important labor groups of the country.

Peru can be thought of as three countries in one: the cities, of Spanish origin; the region of the Andes, with its native population; and the Amazon country, with a deadly climate, almost uninhabited, but possessing enormous potential wealth. In Peru the Indian has met his classic fate. Pushed first toward the coast, then toward the mountains, he has finally landed in the Amazon region. A few progressive villages are evidence of what could be done with these people were a farsighted and constructive social program adopted. But for ten years the country has been in a state of civil war, even if no shot has been fired. An oligarchy dominates a people which has so far failed to develop effective popular parties. And as in the other countries of Latin America not yet free from feudalism, the middle class makes the

table, and must be given something more tangible to hope for than has yet been suggested in rhetorical declarations of brotherhood.

What the Latin American people want to see incorporated in the peace can be summed up as the liquidation of feudalism; the raising of the standard of living of the peasant masses, a standard so low that it has chained Latin American countries to a primitive economy and kept them subject to foreign capital; industrialization running parallel to agricultural development; a system of exchange of goods that will compensate the Latin American countries for the possible loss of European markets.

The end of the war will bring a cry for the revision of political constitutions, for the end of oligarchic dictatorship, and for the introduction of social and economic democracy. Such a transformation will require new political instruments. Only new progressive parties supported by strong labor movements can inspire the masses with a new faith—a positive democratic faith to supplant the negative mysticism of fascism which threatens to pull them back through the centuries to the old Spanish colonial system.

As a step toward the realization of the aims summarized above, the Confederation of Workers of Latin America has formulated a program which it will present to representative organizations of the Western Hemisphere for consideration. To help solve the region's immediate social and economic problems it makes the following proposals:

1. The economy of every Latin American country should be placed at once on a war footing. Production, distribution, and consumption of all goods vital to the needs of the people or suitable for export should be under the control of the state.

2. For every commodity produced for export, a tripartite commission representing producers, workers, and the state should be created. The commission should fix prices for sales abroad, bearing in mind the need for obtaining a better living standard for the workers, legitimate profits for producers, and taxes which will enable the state to enter upon a program of general national improvement.

3. The government of the United States, which is the chief buyer of strategic materials from Latin America, should in its contracts incorporate a clause whereby the seller is obliged not only to increase the workers' wages and improve their standards of health and housing, but also to devote a part of the profits accruing from the sales to furthering the production of war materials.

4. In every country a committee for the regulation of imports should be established, in order to coordinate the needs of the consumer with the demands of the war effort.

5. A more equitable distribution among the various

countries of certain products, notably oil, should be secured in the interest of intensified production for inter-American defense.

6. Latin American countries must learn to develop their productive capacity without depending entirely upon machinery from the United States, which cannot always be obtained in the desired quantities.

7. It is essential that wherever native hand labor is employed in war production, a special law be passed protecting the natives against abuse and exploitation, and calling for a tax levy to provide them with better living conditions.

The post-war program of the Confederation includes the following points:

1. The twenty nations of Latin America must take advantage of this unique opportunity which history offers them and present a united front at the peace conference. Backed by the United States and the other signatories of the Atlantic Charter, they must insist upon their right as quasi-colonial countries to be given an opportunity for self-development.

2. The living standard of the great masses of the working population must be raised.

3. The quasi-feudal structure of certain Latin American countries must be altered by means of agrarian reforms which will give land to the peasants and guarantee them the necessary credit to begin its cultivation. This should be under state direction or control.

4. The democratic principles voiced in the several constitutions must be honestly applied. Individual and collective rights must be guaranteed—the right to work, the right to be educated, the right to participate in civil and political life. A planned economy for the South American continent should be instituted. An educational system should be set up that will insure the teaching of certain common ideals and educate the new generation in the principles of democracy.

5. Latin American problems must be considered in their interrelated aspect. Each nation should be ready and obliged to defend the security of the continent as part of its own security, and to come to the help of the other nations not only in international crises but when assistance is needed in solving social and economic problems. There must be cooperation in the settlement of such urgent problems as (a) the Ecuador-Peru territorial dispute; (b) the freedom of Puerto Rico; (c) a seaport for Bolivia.

These are some of the ideals and objectives for which people are clamoring throughout Latin America. But to achieve them it is necessary first to win the war, and to win it truly. The people of Latin America stand opposed to peace without victory, to a negotiated peace, to a peace with fascism. They want a victory of democracy in its deepest sense. They want a people's victory "everywhere in the world."

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

TWICE in succession this column has announced that a *levée en masse* was being prepared in Germany. The signs were not deceiving: what has been hinted for weeks is now on the table. Officially it is called total mobilization. Goebbels gives it a more dramatic name. "We answer the impudent and overbearing victory claims of bolshevism and plutocracy," he said on January 30, "with a great popular upsurge of national effort." "From all strata of the population the cry for a total war effort has besieged the ear of the leadership."

Actually Germany was already to an enormous extent "totally mobilized." One wonders how it will be possible to make people believe that "after three years of war many Germans still enjoy their comforts undisturbed" (Göring); that they "have withdrawn into a false peace" (Goebbels); that the home front "has not supported the war with its last ounce of strength and in spite of the war retains a semblance of peace" (radio commentator Joachim Schieferdecker). The gentlemen who paint this distorted picture must have boundless trust in the tendency of people to think others much better off than themselves. However that may be; total mobilization can of course always be made a degree more total. It is only a question of how completely civilian activities are to be throttled. The new measures give the screw another big turn, as one can see plainly enough through the euphemistic veils of official phraseology. "Farewell must now be said to many amenities which have lent life the appearance of undisturbed peacefulness" (Herr Schieferdecker). "Many comforts which deluded us with a sense of being at peace will disappear, and there must be no further talk of them" (Goebbels).

What does the great step consist of? For the present only of a new registration. All men from sixteen to sixty-five and all women from seventeen to forty-five who are not working for the war must register. Later they will be compelled to take war jobs. The purpose, of course, is to sweep up the last bit of human chaff out of every crack and corner. Examination of the measure reveals that of more considerable reservoirs only two are expected to give results.

First, there are the remaining women. Although many million women are already in industry, agriculture, and the civil service, some are still housewives. These are doomed by the decree. Only women with a child under seven or with at least two under fourteen may continue to be merely housewives. All others must take war jobs. The second category is a more important one and comprises those against whom the decree was chiefly directed. These are the owners and employees of small businesses. Obviously the intention is to close every tiny industry

in the country—all those with one boss and at most five employees. It should be understood that all able-bodied employers and employees of such businesses have long since been in the armed services; only the old and the unfit are left in them. It is they who will now find themselves barred from their store or workshop. For the rest of the population life will be a great deal less comfortable in consequence; the tailor, the cobbler, the clock-maker, the optician, the grocer, the stationer, and the hotel-keeper had their function in society. From one to two million persons, however—most of them, it is true, of slight industrial value—can now be forced into war work.

Thus the people's upsurge amounts to sweeping up a few leavings. Strong pressure will undoubtedly be exerted, but the supply of workers has already been squeezed too dry to yield an appreciable number now. It is simply not true that "millions upon millions of unused energy units are waiting to be thrown into the tremendous war processes of our civil life" (Goebbels). One asks, therefore, why the Nazi leadership ever chose to sound the trumpets for these sorry sweepings as if they were giants going to war. It could just as well have sucked them in quietly, without any fuss, without even a new law. That would have seemed the natural thing to do inasmuch as the same propaganda continually emphasizes that Germany's foes, especially the Russians, are only ruining themselves by carrying mobilization so far. "Russia," said Göring on January 30, "is making this winter, for the last time, a colossal effort. It has now scraped the bottom of its masses of human material. I am convinced that this is the last levy that can be squeezed out; for such severity is no longer severity but barbarism." It is hardly consistent with these assertions to hail the total mobilization in Germany as a fabulous proof of strength and to say of it, "Though the enemy would like to construe it that way, it does not mean that we are at the end of our resources."

Nevertheless, it is easy to see why this relatively limited and rather alarming move was advertised so sensationally. If we wish to make a person believe that things will get better soon, we must be able to explain to him in a halfway rational manner how the change will be brought about. We must show him that certain factors at present inactive, will soon exert a controlling influence. In recent weeks the only factor of this kind that German propaganda could point to was the submarine war. Of this it was possible to say with some plausibility, "Just wait till the strangling effect of the sinkings begins to be felt." But no similar hope could be held out for the war on land. No good reason for expecting a great change in the way things were going could be discovered. It was necessary, therefore, to invent one, and this is it: "Only wait till our total mobilization gets in its effect. That will change everything."

File and Remember

De Gaullist Magic

WE WANTED unity. We always wanted unity and we want it today. We want to see all the French fighting in the same army, all the French Empire building a single war bloc. But the people of France do not want an equivocal situation. Europe, which has endured so much blood and suffering, does not want an equivocal situation. This people's war will not allow an equivocal situation.

It is not enough to tell Frenchmen: "Fight the war and afterward we shall see." Frenchmen want to be sure that while they are fighting the war, their fathers, their brothers, their mothers will not be put in concentration camps. Peyrouton does not offer them that guaranty. They want to be sure of their leaders. . . .

What they [the Allied leaders] want from us is that we make Vichy appear good. They think that when we approach a traitor he will become, simply through contact with us, loyal. They think that by this means Peyrouton will become an exemplary democratic administrator and the Marshal will again find his Verdun and become a real patriarchal popular leader until he reaches his hundredth year. They exaggerate our power of magic. We want unity of Frenchmen, but we are not ready to pay too high a price for artificial unity.—F. QUILLIC in *La Marseillaise*, French underground newspaper.

A New Disraeli?

I wonder why there is an undercurrent of anti-American talk in certain right-wing circles? I hear it whispered and I see it said that, after all, Roosevelt is nearing the end of his record reign. The Republicans and the right-wing Democrats, they point out, are getting stronger.

The isolationists, they rightly say, feel confident enough to express themselves freely once again. It is not at all unlikely, they add, that when the war ends America will reject Rooseveltian idealism just as she rejected Wilson's policy. Therefore, don't bank too much on American cooperation after the war.

It is a very clever way of countering the effect of Roosevelt's speeches. And doubly suspicious because it comes from precisely those quarters which have been making excuses for the less "idealist" manifestations of United States State Department foreign policy in North Africa.

What with Roosevelt's "idealism" on the one hand and Russia's sky-high prestige on the other, some of the Tories are anxious about where they are to come in after the war.

Indicating how their minds are running is the latest "Review of World Affairs," published by the select Imperial Political Group. Discussing the respective merits of possible future Prime Ministers, it picks on two names: Eden and (would you believe it!) newly promoted W. S. Morrison.*

But the Imperial Policy Group, which also, on occasions,

* Mr. Morrison has for twenty years been considered a "coming man" by the right-wing Tories, but he has never managed to arrive. In the early days of the war he was Minister of Food, but when Britain began to feel the pinch of the U-boats he was relegated to the comparatively routine Postmaster Generalship. At present he is Minister of Town and Country Planning.

means the 1922 Committee, has no liking for Eden. It regards his rise to the position of natural heir to Conservative leadership as a sad business. There are "very many" in the Conservative Party who deplore Mr. Eden's leadership," it says. Reason why?

Because he "gives the impression of standing for something approaching rationalist continentalism." I can only discover the meaning of this phrase by posing its opposite.

Opposite of continentalism in foreign policy is imperial isolationism. To "rationalist," the "Review" provides its own opposite . . . a "mystic patriotism" which is associated with the "Toryism of Mr. Morrison" and which possesses the additional advantage of being "suspicious of foreign political influence over English affairs."

Moreover, Mr. Morrison's Toryism is "radical." It is "the Toryism which has opposed vested interests" (*sic*) and "fought for the great reforms" and is *against* all forms of Continental regimentation. Regimentation is the Tory boggy word for planning.

The Tory formula therefore emerges: imperial isolationism *plus* mystical patriotism *plus* Tory radicalism *minus* socialism.—"SPARTACUS" in *Reynolds' News* (London).

Franco's Intentions

The connections between the Franco government and the Vichyites in North Africa are well known, and it is now being gradually admitted in British circles that the Iberian bloc, whose formation was at first presented as in effect a victory for the policy of Sir Samuel Hoare and a blow to Axis ambitions, is nothing of the kind.

I have seldom seen a reversal of attitude so complete as has occurred in London circles on this issue during the past couple of weeks. It seems pretty clear that the first information on the meaning of the Iberian bloc was based exclusively on information from Sir Samuel Hoare himself, and was of course used by the extreme right in Washington and London as a political weapon in support of the pro-Franco, pro-Vichy policy hitherto pursued.

Later, however, the true facts of the situation forced themselves into the open. . . . The Iberian bloc is recognized as being directed not against the Axis but, above all, against the possibility of a second front on the Iberian Peninsula in the event of a German "skeleton" occupation of Spain.—FRANK PITCAIRN in the *Daily Worker* (London).

Soldiers Must Speak

I am told that plans for demobilization are now under serious consideration, and that it is proposed to consult the defense forces, military and civilian, about the scheme. . . .

I hope the consultation will be real. A wise government would set out deliberately to build institutions through which the men and women involved can freely discuss and seriously influence the final proposals. I should like to see each battalion allowed to elect, grade by grade, a committee to consider the plans, and from such battalion committees there ought to be divisional and corps committees, again of all ranks, which would ultimately culminate in an advisory committee in Whitehall for each of the departments concerned.

—HAROLD LASKI in *Reynolds' News*.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Vichy Men

VICHY: TWO YEARS OF DECEPTION. By Léon Marchal. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THE interest of this solid and sober book does not lie on the surface. It contains few personal touches and few picturesque passages. The rare "inside stories" cannot be accepted as historical evidence, since their source is not divulged. What we find in these pages is the now familiar story—dismal, unadorned, unrelieved even by a burst of indignation. If it is passion you want, read "Français, Voici la Vérité!" by Henri de Kérillis. If you seek the significance of the contest within the French soul, go to Jacques Maritain. M. Marchal is an expert in trade and finance, and writes like one. This implies great assets, with a few liabilities.

But this quiet book is an honest, an intelligent document. Intended as a denunciation of Vichy, it helps us to understand why so many people accepted, at first, the Marshal and his nondescript "French State," and why our own diplomats find it so hard even now to purge their minds of the Vichy delusion. The regime was partly a "deception" in the English sense; it was perhaps even more *une déception* in the French meaning—a frustrated hope, a deepening disappointment.

Accepting Vichy was an almost instinctive misstep, like the leap that carried Lord Jim into the lifeboat. Once committed, all hope had to be left behind. Timidity disguised as punctilious loyalty, self-interest in the garb of sacrifice, senile flabbiness under the mask of stubborn pride prevented the men in power from acknowledging their original error. They had always considered themselves the *good* people, the social élite, the military experts, the born leaders, defrauded of their rights by the democratic mob. So they ascribed the catastrophe to the inefficiency and corruption of the Republic. Assured of their own rectitude, they could not admit that it was they, the fossils of the old war, who were responsible for the antiquated equipment and methods of the army; they who had sabotaged the alliances of France; they who had destroyed national unity by declaring, "Rather Hitler than Blum!" and by declining to form as in 1914 a genuine Sacred Union. They refused to see that in their eagerness to seize power they had to welcome defeat, to hope for the immediate downfall of England, to paralyze the resistance of the empire. No price was too high if only they could "strangle the old whore." It is their condemnation that their party interests coincided so exactly with the deepest humiliation of their country.

They dreamed of restoring an economy of yeomen and artisans under a paternal squirearchy. Vanity, of course; but not so foolish as the hope that they could, by accepting a heavy sacrifice, free themselves from their victors, as a trapped animal gnaws its leg free from the jaws of steel. They thought in terms of a vanished world. War was once a princely game; you lost a battle, you paid with a province, and you shook hands with your opponents. Hitler's aim was

not to defeat but to enslave and destroy. The armistice was not as in former wars the end of martyrdom, the first step toward recovery and liberation; it was the beginning of an ever-tightening servitude—from Rethondes to Montoire, from pseudo-collaboration to complete subjection. The Vichy men had bartered their souls for a show of power, and now even the last bauble is taken away from them.

The weakness of M. Marchal's book, as of most books about France, is that it presents Laval as the ideal, and therefore conventional, villain. Do not tempt me to put in a good word for him! The man himself is beneath contempt; the scathing indictment by Henri Torrès stands. His professed policy, however, reconciliation, collaboration, New Order, would be defensible—if Hitler were not Hitler. Hitler never wanted collaboration with France any more than with Poland. Laval may give as an alibi that the resistance of the French people, or Pétain's hopeless shilly-shallying, sabotaged his policy. But had the French been a nation of Lavals and groveled at Hitler's feet, they would not have been accepted as true collaborators. They would have been treated like so many Lavals, insulted, browbeaten, tossed aside. Yes, a new order is needed, a federal, fraternal Europe; but only when Hitler and his parasites have been destroyed.

M. Marchal, who knows this country well, alludes to our foreign policy with diplomatic reticence. But his verdict is plain. We worked for two years on the hypothesis that we had to appease Vichy so as to prevent the fleet and the empire from falling into Hitler's hands. But they were not within his reach. His only hope of keeping them neutral was to have them under the sway of the puppet regime at Vichy. Had that regime collapsed earlier, the fleet and the colonies would have been on our side.

"Thus," says M. Marchal, "a great price was paid for something that did not require buying. The maintenance of diplomatic relations between Washington and Vichy contributed to Marshal Pétain's government, especially in the period immediately following the armistice, an appearance of legality it needed in order to consolidate its authority and its prestige. Moreover, it was this prestige alone that caused the fleet and the colonies to remain faithful to Vichy." In other words, we sedulously played Hitler's game. Had Vichy not been recognized, France would not be rent asunder today any more than Norway is; and North Africa would not be infested with fascist-minded officials. We have much to atone for.

Laval's return to power, marking the utter dissolution of Pétain, his power and his legend, was a heaven-sent opportunity to break with Vichy. M. Marchal seized it. No one could have been more righteously vehement about "the Laval-Darlan clique" than Mr. Hull; Sumner Welles uttered words which should have meant an irreparable breach. But matters were patched up somehow. We kept recognizing Vichy while pouring scorn on the man whom Pétain had proclaimed his *alter ego*. It is passing strange.

Now we are told by the best possible authority that we

should put our trust in the infinite knowledge and wisdom of our diplomats. The facts, as recorded in this book, speak for themselves. I have been a student of history for well over forty years, and it is my belief that the final truth in these matters was spoken by Oxenstierna some three hundred years ago.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

The Measure of Man

SCULPTURE THROUGH THE AGES. By Lincoln Rothchild. Whittlesey House. \$5.

CURIOSLY—since it is perhaps the most heroic, emblematic, historically concentrated, and humanly dramatic of the arts—sculpture has been the most slighted by critics, the most scanted by general appreciation, of them all. Intelligent books on it are few, skilful interpreters fewer. For this the inferior social standing and declining practice of the art in the past three centuries are only partly accountable. ("Perhaps it has been a lost art in Europe generally," says Herbert Read, "for it is possible to argue that the whole Renaissance conception of sculpture was a false one.") Sculpture shares little of the pragmatic and political appeal of painting; it lends itself far less to literary and moral exploitation; it is as inaccessible to popular use as it is intractable to craftsmen; it has elicited a comparatively meager tradition of critical analysis and thought. Rebellious in its discipline, it may repel where painting flatters or enchants. Self-betrayed when it compromises with pictorial or homiletic uses, it reproves the vulgarizer or the eclectic, and recedes stubbornly to its own standard of isolated freedom and integrity. Having lost its old alliance with architecture, it has usually failed in its later treaties with social utility and decoration. When, descending from principle through the facility of clay or lesser mediums, it finds its identity imperiled, it recoils to the stone's intransigence, discouraging the experimentation that would enlarge its scope and attraction.

Statuaire, repousse
L'argile que pétrit
Le pouce
Quand flotte ailleurs l'esprit.

Sculpture is jealous of the authority and rigor that have made it, with music, the most independent and absolute of arts—one whose law and nature provide a standard to which more intuitive, impressionable, and humane modes of expression perpetually recur. When Valéry made his aphorism on the "indecisiveness" of painting, he implied an authority in sculpture which no repudiation or skepticism of its discipline—not even Leonardo's scorn of its *arte meccanicissima*—has shaken.

The recent output of large art books, stimulated to the point of much indiscriminate editing and sales promotion by the example of the Phaidon editions, had not yet provided a general survey of sculpture, and Mr. Rothschild here essays to fill the gap. His book is the first conspectus of its subject since A. M. Rindge's "Sculpture" of 1929. (The studies of Maryon, Wilenski, Post, Eric Gill, Sirén, and Rhys Carpenter are critically, historically, or academically specialized; the average guide for laymen rests at the effusively sentimental level of Lorado Taft's popular volume of a quarter-century

ago.) Miss Rindge's book suffered from an immature sketchiness of composition, a vexatious set of postage stamp-size plates, a defeatingly high-toned exertion in matters of style and taste, and a consequent stage fright in its expository and speculative efforts. It was, however, critically serious, had a sharp sense of plastic and formal conditions, was informed on theory, and proposed if it did not settle the problems of the sculptor's mediums, their evolution through cultures and technical resources, and the status of sculpture in modern art. One would like to see the book revised under the advantages of its author's matured abilities.

There is nothing high-toned or specialized about Mr. Rothschild's expansive approach to his task. Giving short shrift to the rigors and selectivity of aesthetic method, he aims to balance the social and economic values of sculpture against its formal and stylistic development through the major periods of culture. His chapter headings are indicative: Egypt: Why Change?; Greece and Rome: Man's Image; Romanesque: Heaven on Earth; French Renaissance, Rococo, and Neoclassicism: The Gilded Cage, etc. These catchpenny accents—deriving from Thomas Craven?—recur throughout his preface, chapters, and program notes. The reader is advised to have no fear of encountering "the terminology and petty vanities of cultural writing." Analysis has been kept "as simple, obvious, and untechnical as possible." "Human meaning" is set above "formal qualities." Excesses of religious purpose, visionary individualism, social artifice, and abstraction are held under peremptory suspicion and reproof. Connoisseurship is scouted as a prevailing evil from the Renaissance downward. Humanistic and economic values are justified against creative specialization, extra-social purposes, and "the fallacies of rationalization." A general air of no-nonsense realism prevails. All this is to the good in rescuing the vitality, historical meaning, and practical conditions of sculpture from airless academic or aesthetic confinement. Mr. Rothschild has a vigorous, almost physical, enthusiasm for his subject, has steeped himself in its liveliest appeals, sketches boldly and skilfully, often dramatizes his facts with striking effect and emphasis, and writes, though without style, with zest and honesty. Whether he popularizes intelligently or not is another question.

The test of value in any survey is the degree to which it makes a critical continuity of its facts, finds the terms to qualify and evaluate them, clarifies by comparison, shows derivations and relations without falsifying or blunting differences, and so carries the reader through to an illumination not only of history but of values and of sensibility. Mr. Rothschild's results on these scores are rough and in the end fairly elusive. He is sound in his handling of facts—if at times pardonably elementary; but his vividness has its complement in superficiality, his skepticism in impatience, his dramatic sense in verbal insensitiveness, his humanism in a shortness of sympathy with aesthetic values and processes that often arrives at grossness and facile sensationalism. Ideas or motives of formal purity and autonomy are thus brought through to little soundness of definition in his expositions. The fear of aesthetic independence entails a sacrifice of any consistent sense of essential creative purposes and methods. The suspicion of spiritual provincialism induces—as so often in recent books on art or literature—a correspond-

ing fear and incomprehension of the artist's special integrity and personality. If space permitted, examples of these hindrances might be quoted from his treatment of Greek styles, of Michelangelo, of the varying orders of Gothic, of the exaggerated claims advanced for African art, of the problems of twentieth-century work, here greatly minimized and scanted. All of which means that the ideal simplification demanded by a short survey of an immense field has not been found and that the book must be read, if seriously, with continuous reservations of the sort we have come to find indissociable from the excessively humanistic and social approach to art in our time.

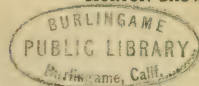
But it must be added that on the level of this approach the volume is more a stimulus to active appreciation than to dissent, and that it gives admirable value for its cost. Its 123 large plates are richly varied, its examples well and unconventionally chosen, its photographs as good as any miscellany of plates uncontrolled by ideal conditions of lighting and arrangement could arrive at, and their reproduction excellent. I know of no finer compact anthology in its field. Familiar monuments spring out with fresh appeal and suggestion. The panorama of sculpture expands with the full force of its prodigies and marvels: the superbly sophisticated rhythmic vitality of the Egyptian steles and reliefs, the inexhaustible imagery of Greece, the overwhelming beauty of the Ludovisi Throne, the dynamic historiation of the Romanesque capitals, the breath-taking syntheses of the Gothic tympani, the lavish yet integrated invention of Tilman Riemenschneider and its baroque counterpart in Bernini, the spiritual and psychic intensity that nerves the monumentality of Michelangelo, the psychic penetration of Donatello, the modern appeal—connecting not only with Rodin but with Maillol, Meunier, and Moore—of the Uffizi "Arrotino," the ripe charm of Houdon, the redeeming coherence of passion in Rodin. In the presence of all this one may easily be compelled to the belief that sculpture is supreme and central among the mediums of art; that all else pales by comparison with its force and unity; that every other plastic order must appeal to its morality, eloquence, and integrity; and that—before the claims of more spontaneous, freely creative, treacherous, yet more comprehensive and exploring mediums reassert themselves—all other expression is by comparison a path of peril and a concession to time's corruptions:

Lutte avec le carraire,
Avec le paros dur
Et rare,
Gardiens du contour pur;
Emprunte à Syracuse
Son bronze où fermement
S'accuse
Le trait fier et fermeant.
Tout passe. — L'art robuste
Seul a l'éternité.

Sculpture is a measure and glory of our humanity; it may also be its humiliation. It declares its supremacy when it defines and limits that humanity most severely. Yet there its supremacy also lapses, and the other languages of man enter to voice his imperfection, his scope of mind and spirit, his capacities for a larger hope and mystery. Without sculpture

these languages would lack what is conceivably the severest preceptor and example they have ever known—an absolute of probity that drives them to scale, beyond it, their own summits of desire, vision, and revelation.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL



Sir Stafford

CRIPPS: *ADVOCATE EXTRAORDINARY*. By Patricia Strauss. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$3.

WHEN Sir Stafford Cripps entered the Churchill government, there were many who believed that the progressive cause would gain thereby. To this reviewer it was rather a pathetic belief, for it seemed even then that Sir Stafford was falling for a characteristic conservative maneuver. "The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be." The British Conservatives, lacking the sustenance of military victories, confronted at home and abroad by formidable problems, were ready to admit Sir Stafford, around whom a dangerously large body of protesting opinion was gathering, and later they were willing to send him upon the most difficult of all missions. If he succeeded, then his success would redound to the credit of the government and not of the opposition. If he went too far in his idealism or in his enthusiasm, then it would be easy to check or overthrow him when the inevitable victories came. Probably Mrs. Strauss would not describe what has befallen Sir Stafford in such simple terms. There is enough material in her extremely valuable book to support the intransigent view of Tory Machiavellianism.

How did Cripps come to fall for such a maneuver? Or, if one takes a kindly view of the matter, how did he ever persuade himself that a government headed by that arch anti-India man, Mr. Churchill, would let him solve the problem? This reviewer, despite all that Norman Angell and Kingsley Martin have written, believes that Louis Fischer made his point in *The Nation* that Sir Stafford actually offered what Congress leaders have repeatedly declared he did. If this is so, it was surely something in the nature of egotism on Sir Stafford's part to believe he could bilk the Tory machine. If, on the other hand, Sir Stafford offered no more than his secretary declares he did, then it was a strange self-contradiction that allowed him to make that unacceptable offer.

Mrs. Strauss does not confront this problem as squarely as she ought. We have a right to a much more serious analysis of his character than she has given. The fact is that Sir Stafford, for all his apparent clarity of spirit and logical rigor, is a difficult man to understand.

Together with his steadily burning idealism, political inconsistencies and weaknesses have been apparent all through his short career. He so much distrusted the Baldwin government that when the Labor Party announced that it would support sanctions against Italy, Sir Stafford resigned from the National Executive Committee of the party, and with respect to this incident Mrs. Strauss quotes him thus: "To me the central factor in our decision must turn not so much upon what we as a country should or should not do but upon who is in control of our actions." A quite orthodox

idea is contained in these words. Had Sir Stafford posed the question of Indian freedom thus in 1942, would he have gone to India? Yet even in that earlier crisis Sir Stafford was not consistent, for he thought the League of Nations would have been justified in declaring war on Japan over the Sino-Japanese dispute.

"Cripps's tendency to overstress his personal role in public events is heightened by his own unusual history of leadership," Mrs. Strauss says. That tendency, at times amounting to something like arrogance, has been noted by others. It was not the cause of his acceptance of the Indian mission of course, though in other matters his "unusual history of leadership" probably does explain his political naïvete. For in the upshot Sir Stafford has shown himself repeatedly to be as politically naïve as a child. The British public, Mrs. Strauss thinks, wants him to be that way. Naïvete is somehow considered a proof of idealism. Cripps's naïvete, however, does not spring from his unquestionable sincerity but from two other things—his sheer inexperience and, oddly enough, his legalistic outlook. This latter Mrs. Strauss herself recognizes. Sir Stafford has never gone through the arduous school of party work; he believes a logical argument, however restricted its base, must necessarily win over opponents. Take, for instance, his expulsion from the Labor Party, described in detail in this book. Cripps's political good sense told him that a popular front was necessary if Chamberlain was to be driven from office. His professional training told him that the Labor Party constitution permitted him to agitate for the front until a convention had decided the issue. Sir Stafford's legal opinion was doubtless correct, but it was an excessive innocence to suppose that the party bosses would take a legal view of the matter. It was a proof of sheer inexperience in him to persist to the point of expulsion before a convention had decided to reject popular fronts. Again, how completely he misunderstood the moment, when, already expelled, he was allowed to address the 1939 convention of the Labor Party! In place of delivering a hard-driving political appeal on the great issue, he read to a profoundly anxious membership a lawyer's opinion of his own case. There is Sir Stafford's weakness. His own beliefs rest quite firmly upon cold logic. Logic is more important to him than feeling. Therefore he misjudges both men and history. In 1942 he must have supposed that the British imperialists would surrender on India rather than lose the war. He did not understand that for the imperialists to lose the empire is to lose the war.

Has Sir Stafford a great political future? We all hope that he has, but on the strength of this book it is to be doubted. He is still a symbol of aspiration, still the only real figure to express the deep and aching hope of the British masses. So much Mrs. Strauss compels one to believe, but he is a man without party in an age where effective action is impossible without party. Mrs. Strauss, whose book constantly illuminates wide areas of British political life in a way that should make her American readers deeply grateful to her, should at once write a long personal appeal to Sir Stafford. She might be able to convince him that he must get back into the party at once. A one-man party, even if millions admire that man, cannot save Britain from the Tories.

RALPH BATES

Mann Speaks to Germany

LISTEN, GERMANY! By Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

THE recent publication of Mann's "Order of the Day" has given us the opportunity to understand and appreciate his political thought. His new volume, embodying his radio addresses to Germany, is not therefore of special significance. The addresses convey the eloquent scorn of a great humanist for the Nazis and all their works. But this attitude of contempt pervades the addresses with a consistency which may prompt boredom. Even the most appreciative reader may also become slightly impatient with the author's rather frequent references to his own part in the struggle between the German humanist tradition and Nazism.

One wonders how effective as propaganda these addresses really were. Though he tries to appeal to what is best in German nature against its Nazi corruption, Dr. Mann frequently allows himself to taunt the German people for their political ineptness and docility. His taunts may be justified, but that does not make them helpful to a people facing such desperate alternatives.

Furthermore, Dr. Mann is frequently naive in his grasp of political realities. Sometimes he assures the Germans that "if you are defeated the vindictiveness of the whole world will break loose against you." Since Dr. Goebbels strikes the same note, one may question its value as propaganda against Nazism. At other times the Germans are reassured and are told that Hitler's threat "that they are to be annihilated if they fail to win this war" is a "gross lie" and that "Hitler and his gang are the only obstacles to a just peace." The tragic realities of history may conform neither to the threat nor to the reassurance. There are undoubtedly millions of anti-Nazis in Germany whose hearts are torn when they contemplate the consequences of German defeat. The most stout-hearted among them still find defeat preferable to victory and continued enslavement. But it is idle to regard this choice as an easy one, or to deny the reality of the dilemma in which they find themselves.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Swamp-Grass Roots

DUST TRACKS ON THE ROAD. By Zora Neale Hurston. J. B. Lippincott. \$3.

THE first half of this book makes delightful reading. Zora Neale Hurston's childhood in the all-Negro village of Eatonville, Florida, contains more tall tales than you have believed since you were six, and the chances are that you did not believe them then. But you will believe these, even the visions which she had as a child foretelling the dark episodes through which she was to pass, and which were all fulfilled in the order in which they had appeared to her. You will believe that she really did try to kill her stepmother when she was thirteen, and came very near to doing it. Most wonderful of all, you will believe that there really was such a community as Eatonville, where little Zora heard stories in the grocery store which would be shocking in the toughest poolroom, and where the most intimate and unprintable details of the neighbors' lives were discussed over

the back fence or even on the front porch. In short, a community where nothing could surprise you except an inhibition.

One passes on to the success story of the Negro waif who managed to win an education, the esteem and patronage of Franz Boas, a fellowship for anthropological research, and eventually some fame and security as an author. But adventure still dogged Miss Hurston's footsteps. In the course of her research work in the field of Negro folklore she discovered the native songs and dances of the Haitian Negroes, and organized a concert troupe to bring them to Broadway. Her investigations took her back to the stranger-than-fiction world from which she had come, and a violent episode there nearly cost her her life. And for good measure she throws in the story of an African-born Negro who was brought to America in 1859 in the last slave ship to disgorge its fateful cargo on these shores.

If Miss Hurston had only stuck to telling stories, this book would be pure gold. Unfortunately she found it necessary to tack on a few chapters on love, religion, and race. Her remarks on the race problem are soured by the resentment of the rampant individualist who dislikes being identified with any group whatever. Her shoulder-shrugging cynicism contrasts forcibly with the realism of her master Boas, who acknowledged his own race as a cultural entity even though he knew as an anthropologist that the biological basis of racial differences was far too flimsy a foundation to support such a huge superstructure. But then a giant has no need to protect his individuality!

However, Miss Hurston's story should not be read for its direct contribution to the race problem, though its torrent of anecdote is undeniably revealing. It should rather be savored as first-rate narration, spiced with a rare talent for phrase.

BETSY HUTCHISON

Fiction in Review

IN THE interest of good neighborliness it would be pleasant to concur in the publishers' opinion that Erico Verissimo, author of "Crossroads" (Macmillan, \$2.75), is the Brazilian Dreiser, just as in the interest of quiet sincerity it would be pleasant to notice, for more than its effort, Jonreed Lauritzen's "Arrows into the Sun" (Knopf, \$2.50). But in any language Mr. Verissimo is closer to the Elmer Rice of "Street Scene" than he is to the author of "An American Tragedy," and as for Mr. Lauritzen's story of a half-breed Navajo, although it is decent and earnest, it is dull. Also dull and earnest, but not at all decent, is a novel called "Memo to a Firing Squad" by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan (Knopf, \$2.50). A thriller with a message, it revolves around a sell-out peace conference held in Lisbon, and its action is an account of how the machinations of the appeasers are circumvented by the local underground. It is a muddled, pretentious, and vulgar book, to be noticed, in fact, only for its indecency.

It appears that Mr. Brennan is one of those "wise," disillusioned, and tough descendants of Hemingway who are doubtless rather embarrassing to Hemingway himself. An ex-newspaperman turned political brooder, he is another of our popular authors (*Collier's*, the *Saturday Evening Post*,

?

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Red Book, Cosmopolitan) for whom the typewriter bell tolls. He may be writing only a thriller, but he has a serious purpose: he must warn us against a negotiated peace. He also has a serious hobby: the study of comparative methods of killing. This is a typical passage of dialogue:

"One should be judged on how he hates—on that alone," Dutch said.

"It is no time for watery guts."

"Or for laughter."

"Liberalism got us into this."

"They and the pacifists."

"A liberal is worse. I have heard such a one make excuses for Judas."

"They said 'Live and let live'—of Germans, they said it!"

"They talked—blah, blah, blah—while the Germans built tanks and bombers."

This is not an isolated passage; it is a fair example of any page in the book turned to at random. The speakers are members of Mr. Brennan's underground. These are the people who are going to save us from the evils of Nazism. Each is fanatically devoted to murder, and in Mr. Brennan's world murder becomes a fine art. So whether you line yourself up with Spigo, Mr. Brennan's blood-drunk refugee from Franco, with Dutch, his blood-drunk refugee from Holland, with Jules, the French chef who is leader of the movement, or with Karen, the heroine and blood-drunk refugee from Poland, you can have your choice of dagger, pistol, strangling with the bare hands, or strangling with the garrote. Killing is not only the whole of Mr. Brennan's plot; it is

the whole of his political philosophy, whatever the embroidery.

One would like to dismiss such books by simply calling them "corny," "corny" being one of Mr. Brennan's own favorite words. Surely if there is anything cornier than a newspaperman being virtuous about love, it is a newspaperman being "realistic" about political morality. But I'm afraid that sentiments like Mr. Brennan's find too much support among presumably decent people, these days, to be dismissed with a laugh. For instance, reviewing "Memo to a Firing Squad" in the *New York Times* of Sunday, January 31, William du Bois says of Mr. Brennan's "colorful characters": "And yet they carry out all these tasks [their killings] with such nonchalance that one's heart warms to them. . . ."

Whose heart, and what's going on here? In war—and we are at war—you kill because you have to, because that is your job, but it has never been my impression that you kill with nonchalance. Or perhaps Mr. du Bois means not nonchalance so much as finesse: certainly Mr. Brennan has a Hemingway-like interest in the techniques of death. But at least in the way of literature, it is a far cry from "Death in the Afternoon" to the day when the author of every third-rate book for the rental libraries has to boast a degree from the best-methods-of-finishin'-them-up school.

Hemingway is a good writer; false notions may be started by good writers, they are turned into folk myths by bad writers. Thus Hemingway—again—created the male hero so superlatively manly that he has to go around killing bulls or socking people in the nearest bistro in order to confirm his virility. Mr. Brennan picks up this unhealthy confusion of manliness with brutality and assures us that the sexual prowess of Jules, his leader of the underground, is quite all that might be expected of such a prodigious killer; in the words of Reba, his wife, Jules is "much man, much man." But if the first object of manliness is woman, women might perhaps be allowed to speak for themselves on the subject of their heroes, instead of through the mouths of their male authors? I have yet to see the novel by a woman that supports this foolish and dangerous notion of masculinity.

And it seems to me—as I expect it does to most Americans—that one of the reasons we are at war is because the Nazis find slaughter so heart-warming. Yet ironically enough, at the same time that we are fighting to outlaw the murder and violence that are synonymous with Nazism, we are busy creating a literature that glorifies murder and violence. Evidently we can leave it to our writers to be the first to stumble blindly into the grave named for them by Huey Long when he said that in this country we'd call fascism anti-fascism.

To return to quiet and decency, however, Helen Howe has written a first novel called "The Whole Heart" (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50). Concerned with the moral-emotional struggles of a writer, it has the same theme as "Circle in the Water" by Helen Hull, published a few weeks ago, but it is infinitely the better book—cleaner, firmer, more perceptive. Indeed, having made the comparison, I withdraw it immediately in favor of a comparison with "The Late George Apley," to which it bears a more flattering resemblance. For like Mr. Marquand's novel, Miss Howe's story is in large part a study in Boston conscience, the kind that is more protection and self-delusion than duty.

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Of the two writers, Mr. Marquand may have the sharper eye and intelligence, but Miss Howe, in her non-literary life a monologist, has the sharper ear. By a device tailored in heaven for a monologist turned novelist, the hero of "The Whole Heart" is shown to us only through the diaries and letters of the four women who love him, and this, in fact, is the most interesting thing about Miss Howe's book—its proof of just how much, and then how little, can be told by inflection, by rhythm of speech, by what is really no more than dialogue. For in "The Whole Heart," as in most writing for the contemporary stage, what you eventually feel is that either the author should have used more intelligent and articulate characters to speak for her, or she should herself be a poet, in order to give another dimension to simple speech.

— DIANA TRILLING

Pioneer and Philistine

AMERICAN PIONEER ARTS AND ARTISTS. By Carl W. Drepperd. Foreword by Rockwell Kent. The Pond-Ekberg Company. \$4.75.

BETWEEN 1750 and 1850 there was much amateur, professional, and semi-professional activity in this country in the figurative arts. A surprising quantity of paintings, miniatures, drawings, carvings, castings, stencil-work, and sundry decoration and ornament has been uncovered lately. Mr. Drepperd rightly objects to "primitive" as an inclusive term for all this work, the quality of which varies so much. He would prefer "pioneer." "Pioneer" is all right as a historical denominator, but it is valueless as a generic one, and rather inaccurate too. Most of the art which Mr. Drepperd calls pioneer was made in places already settled for generations. But then Mr. Drepperd claims that everything good about this country is the work of the "pioneering mind"—time-saving, railroads, and the popularity of tomatoes. But just what in this early American art distinguishes it as pioneer by contrast to similar work done in Europe at the same time? He does not say. As a matter of fact, Mr. Drepperd could have showed—but he would have had to think, and multiply distinctions—that a certain amount of American applied art is specifically pioneer in that its workmanship and conception were conditioned by its remoteness from places where the professional division of labor obtained.

Mr. Drepperd himself is a kind of primitive in art history. He inveighs against the "twaddle" of theory and appreciation and assures us that to understand and enjoy pioneer art it is only necessary to come to it with a full heart and empty mind. Writing in that homespun style which consists in stepping up close and shouting confidentially in your ear, sometimes he is almost illiterate. It is the price he has to pay for avoiding highfaluting flapdoodle. And because he has no theory he cannot organize his material. His book does contain, however, a lot of facts, names, dates, and reproductions.

It is startling to find Comrade Rockwell Kent writing the foreword to a book in which you read that "American pioneer art has nothing in common with such aberrations as cubism, surrealism, and kindred expressions . . . which derive from decadent strains of European and Near East peoples."

CLEMENT GREENBERG

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IN BRIEF

MATHEMATICAL RECREATIONS.

By Maurice Kraitchik. W. W. Norton and Company. \$3.75.

This is a revised edition in English of the same author's "La Mathématique des Jeux" published some years ago. Part of it is devoted to a popular discussion of the laws of chance as they affect various games, the rest to a great variety of problems and puzzles involving mathematical reasoning but mostly outside the routine processes taught in academic courses. For the enjoyment of most of it no great acquaintance with formal mathematics is required, but some gift for mathematical reasoning is. In fact, it might serve as a very useful supplement to the various books now popular which sometimes tend to give the reader a false idea of his competence by dealing in generalities and not requiring him to perform many mathematical operations.

THE LINCOLN LYRICS. By John Malcolm Brinnin. New Directions. \$1.

Mr. Brinnin, who appears to be establishing himself as one of the most competent of the younger poets, does nothing to detract from or to contribute to such a judgment in this collection of thirty-six lyrics. It is perfectly apparent that he has a natural gift for versification, a natural eye for the image, and a natural interest in everything around and about him. This cycle of lyrics on the life and times of Lincoln does its best to erect a kind of Lincolnian symbology; it fails largely because Mr. Brinnin declines to recognize the processes that elevate the image into the symbol. Nevertheless, several of these poems have a dignity and a simplicity that are noticeably absent from the work of too many young poets. Mr. Brinnin, like the one-eyed cripple in the country of the blind, has certain advantages: he seems to be a potential poet.

Art Note

FROM PARIS TO THE SEA DOWN

THE RIVER SEINE. Landscape Painting, French and some English.

At Wildenstein's, until February 27.

The course of the Seine as illustrated by some of the greatest painters of the nineteenth century. This is a magnificent show, containing an unbelievable russet and orange landscape by Renoir,

"Argenteuil," Bonington's view of the Tuileries, and masterpieces, too numerous to take in on one visit, by Sisley, Boudin, Corot, Monet, and Seurat. But why is Corot the only one of the Barbizon School to be represented? Did they never stir outside their forest, or is it that their stock has fallen too low?

C. G.

DRAMA

The Russian Front

THE Russo-German war is being fought again, this time on the stage of the Windsor Theater and in a play called "Counterattack." The program calls it "a drama by Janet and Philip Stevenson based on a Russian play by Ilya Vershinin and Mikhail Ruderman," but just what that means I have no way of knowing, and I suspect that neither the Russian nor the American contribution to the evening is as important as the fact that Margaret Webster directs the piece and that Morris Carnovsky acts the part of the hero. Mr. Carnovsky lends impressiveness and humanity to a role which does not seem to be written with much distinction, and the very theater-wise Miss Webster manages to impart, intermittently at least, a good deal of suspense to proceedings that otherwise would probably seem dragged out to intolerable length.

A few weeks ago I complained mildly that "The Russian People," the Theater Guild's version of the war, tried to get almost too much of everything into one play. "Counterattack" goes to the other extreme by making one scene and a single not very complicated incident serve as the basis for a whole evening. As the curtain goes up, a group of Nazi soldiers are taking refuge from the barrage outside in the bowels of a stone cellar. A few minutes after that they are taken prisoner by a group of Russians, who leave two men in charge. Only a few seconds later a bomb closes the one exit, and the play concerns itself with the trapped men, who spend something like thirty-six hours together before they are finally dug out, a few minutes before the final curtain falls, by a party which the audience knows is going to turn out to be Russian but which the trapped men think may be German. This, no doubt, sounds mildly ingenious, but nothing very unexpected is done with the situation. There are a few moments near the beginning when it rather looks as though the thing were

about to turn into an allegory with the two groups trapped in an underground version of the desert island practicing as well as discussing their respective philosophies and finally proving to everybody's satisfaction that communism is better. But little is made of this; it soon seems to have been forgotten; and the play settles down into a melodrama wherein the numerically superior Nazis try various dodges in an effort to catch their captors off guard and, whenever a little excitement is needed, almost succeed in getting hold of a gun or putting out the light. On the whole, and as I previously suggested, there is rather more suspense than this outline would suggest. In fact, there is frequently a good deal of suspense of a fairly elementary theatrical sort. But even the best playing and the best directing cannot make of the material so very much more than what it is in itself—rather conventionally contrived melodrama. To those who would like to see a melodrama with a Russian setting the play can be recommended. Upon those who would rather not see another war play unless it is quite a bit better than the other war plays, "Counterattack" had better not be urged very strongly.

Sidney Kingsley is a playwright with a conspicuous gift for "good theater" of a different sort. He likes to start with an idea rather than a situation, with something which suggests a thesis play, and then to build around it a sturdy actable piece in which intellectuals may discover some lack but in which the general theatergoing public finds something which it likes very much—namely, a message conveyed in simple dramatic terms. This is exactly what he has done again in "The Patriots," the play about Jefferson and Hamilton which now shows signs of turning into a real hit at the National Theater. It is, quite frankly, a tract for the times. The two protagonists are made to stand, respectively, for the democratic and the tory temperaments as well as for the democratic and tory philosophies. The action centers, first, around the controversy over the redemption of paper money, second, around the election of Jefferson, and it is everywhere made abundantly clear that the author expects us to be thinking quite as much about current events as about history, since he assumes a very close parallel—namely, the existence of the same struggle between those who trust the people and those who, because they do not, want to put on the brakes and to nullify as far as

possible the results of popular action. Opposition critics—and it is no doubt inevitable that even drama criticism should now be tending to become pro or anti-Administration—grumble that to them Hamilton, the believer in centralized authority, looks more like Mr. Roosevelt than Jefferson does; but I do not think that Mr. Kingsley intended any personal identification. He merely wants to insist that the struggle between tory ideas and democratic ideas has again arisen in connection with a new crisis and that he is on the side Jefferson was on. The fact that I agree with him may have something to do with it, but I found the play both interesting as argument and quite unexpectedly vivid and entertaining as theater.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

EACH time I hear Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" after an interval I am struck all over again by its marvels—the ones I had remembered, the ones I had forgotten, the ones I had not noticed before. Recently I played the Glyndebourne recording again; and this time, as I listened with new delight to details of the vocal line that made the points of the text with such ease and such force, I was struck as never before by the activity of the orchestra. From what is said on the subject you may have the idea that expressive orchestral comment in opera was born with Wagner; if you have, just listen to the orchestra in "Figaro": listen to it, for one thing in that unique marvel, the Overture; listen, of course, to the running fire of gay, mocking, witty comment that it keeps up in the great ensembles like the "Cosa sento" trio of Act 1, the finale of Act 2; and listen also to such miraculous details as the change in harmony embodied in the sustained chords of the few winds with poignant figures in violins just before the words *parlo d'amor vegliando* and again before *parlo d'amor sognando* in Cherubino's aria "Non so più cosa son."

Shortly afterward I attended a performance of the work at the Metropolitan. The audience seemed to enjoy the music that was sung, and to be vastly amused by the things that happened on the stage; but the humor in the figures of violins or woodwinds didn't get a chuckle. True, the audience wasn't listening for them; but even if it had been it would have found them difficult to hear; for on the scale on which

they were produced from the orchestra by Bruno Walter they were almost inaudible in the huge auditorium. In a smaller place it would have been an excellently conducted performance; it was also well-staged, well-acted, and for the most part well-sung. Pinza's superb Figaro was an old story, as was Brownlee's adequate but unimpressive Count. New to me was the Countess of Eleonore Steber, who brought to the part a fine stage presence and a voice that is fresh, agreeable, and used with good musical taste; new also was the Susanna of Bidu Sayao, whose singing was admirable though her voice is small for the Metropolitan's vast space, and who would be an even more effective Susanna if she could get herself to put her hands on her hips only half as many times as she does; and new, finally, was the Cherubino of Risé Stevens, who acted the part quite well though without the charm of Novotna, but who expressed emotion in her singing not by suitable inflection of phrase but by huge gulps and gasps and wrenchings of her voice away from the ends of the phrases.

The Metropolitan performance of Verdi's "Forza del Destino" that I heard over the air was transmitted by the engineers with faulty balance between solo voices and orchestra—with the voices, that is, made to sound very near and loud while the orchestra sounded distant and not sufficiently strong or clear. It seemed to me, despite its lack of physical volume, that the orchestra's playing under Walter's direction was powerful in style; on the other hand, disregarding the volume which the voices acquired through electrical amplification, I found that Stella Roman was singing with more ease, more fullness and beauty of voice, and less tremolo than when I heard her a couple of years ago, that Tibbett was driving a voice which already was hoarsely threadbare, and that Jagel's brassy bleat was something which should not be heard in Verdi's music.

The quiz and the victory rally in the intermissions left the announcer only enough time for the bare outline of the story of the opera; and this I found to be an inadequate guide through the long stretches of dialogue and action. Those who argue for opera in English as the way to interest the public are wrong about the English but right in their contention that the listener must know what the opera is about. In the opera house the intermissions provide time for him to find out by reading a libretto;

and the time they provide could be used by the announcer to read passages of the text to the radio listeners. Better still would be the publication and distribution of cheap librettos that would make it possible for these listeners to follow every word and action. I believe the British Broadcasting Corporation does this; and two or three years ago a project for a new series of librettos with new and good English translations was brought to N. B. C. The man who acted as intermediary got as far as N. B. C.'s musical counsel, Samuel Chotzinoff, and was disposed of with a couple of characteristic sneers—the question what the man expected to get out of the project for himself, and the comment that the suggestion had already been made forty times before. It got no further at N. B. C.; but it was a good suggestion all forty-one times; and perhaps the Metropolitan Opera Guild will see that and act on it.

Relevant to the use of the intermissions for quizzes and operatic gossip columns is a passage I happen to have read only the other day in an article by Roger Sessions in "Modern Music": "Musical life today is theory-ridden and musicology-ridden. The radio and the publishing houses swarm with well-intentioned words about music, and the attitude of the music-lover is more and more replaced in our musical life by that of the musical student. Everything possible is done to deter the layman from listening to Bach's work spontaneously as the glorious and timeless music that it is; instead, he is never allowed to forget Bach's exact historical position, the number of his wives and children . . . his place in the society of his time, or a thousand interesting but—as far as the essential impact of his music is concerned—irrelevant and even disturbing particulars." The tendency produced an absurd episode years ago, when the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, to economize, stopped issuing Lawrence Gilman's program-notes, and Mr. Downes proceeded to make a commotion from which one gathered that there was no point in a concert at which all that happened was that an orchestra played music. As for broadcasting, it is run by people with no real interest in music themselves, who therefore cannot believe it interests anyone else. What they believe in is the prestige-value of names like "Toscanini" and "Metropolitan Opera"; and even then they think they must use quizzes and gossip columns to get people to listen.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Letter from Paris

[The author of the following letter from Paris, written at the end of October, is a young French university student whose husband left France to continue the struggle against the enemy. She is active in the underground movement in Paris. Her letter did not pass through the hands of the Nazi or Vichy censors.]

The letter you sent me through the regular channels was literally cut to pieces by the censor. I am grateful to him none the less for the care with which he cut out the "dangerous" passages in such a way as to leave the inoffensive lines intact. He even pasted in some of the loose pieces. I find that quite touching even though there isn't much left of the letter. Freedom of speech, as you understand it, exists only inside your happy country. As for us, I think we shall soon forget the uses of speech.

Your letter, which came across the demarcation line in the pocket of a tramp, raised my spirits not so much by its contents as by the feeling it communicated of a life different from ours. I realize that somewhere there are living active forces, people who breathe freely, people who think—a real life, that!

I should like to say there is "nothing new." Unhappily that is not the case. You are probably familiar with the situation. It goes badly, and immediate prospects grow darker and darker. You must know, surely, that thousands and thousands of people have been arrested, deported, executed. The "resisters" are tracked down by our Nazi masters and their "valets de Vichy."

Our turn will come soon. There's no doubt of that. Personally, I am very calm because I have the rare privilege of being all alone in Paris, and one never worries much about oneself. I am absolutely cool, at least now. Perhaps when the decisive moment comes I shall be less steady because physically I am very little prepared for that type of adventure—I who can't sleep when my neighbor snores, who stifles in a room when the windows are closed. Morally I am ready for anything, and nothing can take me unawares.

The Parisians are stirring—and awaiting a "miracle." But I have not

yet lost my sense of reality. All this business, despite the immense human distress it represents, is only a small link in the history we are living through. Naturally human misery seen at such close range and in its most poignant aspects cannot but affect me. But I do not attach to this problem more importance than it merits. I tell myself that after all there is truly no reason why I should escape all the risks. It is not fatalism, but I recognize what is inevitable, and since I do not wish to better my personal situation by giving up the struggle, it seems wiser to look at the future calmly and await developments.

But between ourselves, it is hard to feel one's youth condemned in advance. I hoped that I would some day have my revenge in one form or another. But today I no longer believe that is possible for me. As a friend wrote me recently, "We are a generation that faded even before it had a chance to bloom." He is right. I actually feel as if I had been crushed by a wheel of history.

The difference between me and so many others is that they feel themselves crushed, and nothing more. I have the bitter privilege of understanding the complicated laws, the intricate machinery, and the learned maneuvers which have brought about this "traffic accident." Is that a consolation? Perhaps. Sometimes, just the same, I can't help thinking that it is hard to have dreamed of driving the "chariot of history" and then to find oneself suddenly under its wheels. . . . But on the whole, so far, I have kept my equilibrium.

I even believe that I shall survive all this because I just can't imagine this story unrolling itself without me. That would be too unjust. In spite of all our disillusionments and the slaps in the face that life has distributed so generously, most of us—and I in particular—always seek instinctively an "immanent" justice in the chain of events. That's why I can't imagine dying without seeing my husband again, and you; that would be too absurd, too unjust. Besides I couldn't die before I knew the final chapter. Is that what we call optimism? I wonder.

I am in good health despite the restrictions, the hunger, and the cold that threaten us this winter. Our morale is

good, thanks to the wonderful news that reaches us from Russia, and the hope which comes to us from Africa. You can scarcely realize the place that Stalingrad occupies in our life. That distant city has become a symbol. Our Stalingrad is still holding out. . . . What an example for us all. I still go to work every day. My semi-official position is a good camouflage for the underground work I am doing. But I don't know how long it will last. . . . The Fritzes, exasperated by their failures in the east, are becoming more fiendish than ever.

Take care of my husband's address. If anything happens to me our friends will find a way of letting you know. If you have any bad news for him, first tell N. This is my whole "will and testament."

For the last few months I have been corresponding with —. He is very pessimistic and must be unhappy. His visa for — was canceled as you know. That was a terrible blow; he hoped that once out of the country he could become an artilleryman again. He's a wonderful friend. From time to time he sends me some eggs in the mail. Do you know what an egg means to us? I can tell you very simply: when I bite into a hard-boiled egg I close my eyes and find myself transported to heaven.

One last word: It's not enough to liberate us "some day"; by then we shall all be dead and buried. You must come soon, or it will be too late. It's a question of life and death for our country, for Europe.

When shall we see the landing of Allied forces in France?

Paris, October, 1942

Mr Wolfert Gains a Reader

Dear Sirs: I read with interest the New York Times editorial quoting Rickenbacker and Ira Wolfert, and considered it thought-provoking material. When I read Mr. Wolfert's letter in today's Times and learned that his material had been arbitrarily cut to pattern I resented it more than Mr. Wolfert. But when he stuck his chin out and dug in his heels, toward the end of his letter, concerning the Times's attitude toward the Popular Front, I decided any article he wrote would prove interesting.

So—will you enter a one-year subscription to *The Nation* for me and

begin it with the issue which contains Mr. Wolfert's article on Guadaicanal. And if you see him tell him that tempest in the *Times* won him a new audience.

A. V. REID

Fairfield, Conn., January 27

Those Secrets

Dear Sirs: Miss Kirchwey's editorials on the North African affair have expressed my own feelings so well that I wish to register my gratitude. I was so disappointed when PM and Raymond Gram Swing let me down.

Mr. Bendiner is sound, too. He couldn't have written that book about the State Department and then go over to the Quislings. Why more liberals are not able to make the necessary integration I cannot see. Everybody from the State Department down makes it all so complicated that the man in the street seems to think—just as he did when we were sending scrap to Japan—that the State Department must have good reasons, that we don't know enough to judge, etc. Whereas the truth is that there are a few fundamental judgments that the people should make, and no secrets the State Department has, whatever they are, can possibly change the simple right and wrong of those few fundamentals.

HELEN F. GIBB

Berkeley, Cal., January 15

Very Interesting

Dear Sirs: In the course of a speech before several hundred federal appointees and recruiting officers here the other day Harry J. Kranz, who was described in the *San Francisco Chronicle* as regional director of civil service, made this statement: "So acute is the present labor situation that governmental agencies, including the military, will have to adjust themselves to employing older women, Negroes, and the physically handicapped." Mr. Kranz's direct admission of the status of the Negro in government work is interesting.

A SUBSCRIBER

San Francisco, Cal., January 26

For a Vegetarian Future

Dear Sirs: Now that meat is scarce it is timely as well as patriotic to point to the fact that we have many vegetarians here, and all over the world. They not only enjoy health, but satisfaction in the knowledge of not contributing to the cruelty that goes with eating meat.

When Isadora Duncan crossed on a

cattleboat to England, the plaintive moo's of the cattle were constantly in her ears, and her brother became a vegetarian from then on.

Tolstoy, whose "War and Peace" is in great demand just now, also wrote a little book "The First Step" in which he says that the future belongs to the vegetarians.

Many believe that they will die if they cannot eat meat. It is true that it requires some will power, but nothing worth while in this world becomes ours without effort.

C. JACOBS

Berkeley, Cal., January 29

Is This a System?

Dear Sirs: It burned me up to read on the front page of the *New York Times* of January 28, 1943, of the elevation of one Ernst Hanfstaengl to the counsels of the State Department. We know enough to put in jail any poor halfwit who from sheer stupidity joined the Bund and heiled Hitler a little too enthusiastically. But here is a man who had the benefit of an American mother, a Harvard education, an American wife and native-born son; a man who lived in this country during the First World War, and on whom the eloquent Wilsonian exposition of democracy made so little impression that he found it in himself to use his brilliant mind in behalf of Hitler gangsterism for fully fifteen years, and even then quit, not from long overdue nausea, but because he was kicked out.

This man, tired obviously of Canadian prison fare, suddenly discovers a great love of the U. S. A., and our State Department, able to call on thousands of refugees, martyred in spirit and racked in body, for information about Germany, thrills to the acquisition of a Hanfstaengl.

ALBERT STRAUSS

New York, January 31

Taxes and Spending

Dear Sirs: Lord knows we will have plenty of distortion and misinformation from the press when Congress shortly begins to grapple with legislation to control inflation. Must *The Nation* add to the confusion?

I refer to Mr. Sturmthal's article in your issue of January 9 touching upon the respective plans of Keynes, Wallis, Weinstein, and Kalecki, each designed to sterilize excess purchasing power. Keynes's plan for compulsory saving is alleged to have "psychological advan-

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tages." But what of it if forced saving will not do the job, as England and Canada have already learned. In this country, forced saving would immediately become a substitute for present defense-bond and other voluntary savings (\$25 billion in 1942) and the net result would be zero.

The Treasury's spending-tax plan of last year is dusted off and served up by Sturmthal as the Wallis plan. But that plan was promptly rejected when the Treasury last offered it. Its fatal deficiencies were pointed out by *The Nation* itself in the issue of September 12. The Treasury plan is no more a "modification" of the Weinstein plan than a carbine is a modification of a Tommy gun. Both have a common objective, but that is as much as can be said. Nor would an "extended" Weinstein plan "come close" to the Kalecki plan, which it resembles only in so far as both envisage the use of coupons. The Kalecki plan proposes to ration spending as we ration commodities—that is, a government-fixed quantity for everyone. It is naive politically. On the other hand, the Weinstein plan proposes to control inflation by a progressive tax on excess inflationary spending, which is quite another matter. Incidentally, the Kalecki plan, as described by Sturmthal, does not represent Kalecki's current thinking on the subject, for he revised it materially shortly after it was originally published.

The inflation thunderhead is gathering too rapidly these days to afford *The Nation's* readers the doubtful luxury of discussion on utopian or stale solutions. Unless cracked quickly, inflation will crack us. Time cannot be wasted on a politically impossible plan like that of Kalecki or a politically dead one like that of Wallis.

It is plain that the only feasible plan will be one capable of stopping harmful spending at the point of expenditure, realistic enough to use our existing price mechanism as a control device, flexible enough to permit spending in non-inflationary fields, and adaptable enough to deal effectively with the vagaries of a varying inflationary gap. By all means, let us have informative discussion along these lines.

BERNARD ALPERT

New York, January 14

Mr. Sturmthal Replies

Dear Sirs: Mr. Alpert seems to believe that discussing and criticizing three or four alternative and mutually exclusive plans means to advocate them. Of course I do nothing of the sort. Must Mr. Al-

pert create confusion where there is none?

I have pointed out that the Keynes plan could be defeated "by reducing . . . normal voluntary savings." Mr. Alpert's criticism thus merely repeats mine. I have not "dusted off" any plan at all. The Wallis plan was presented by its own author in the September issue of the *American Economic Review* and is by no means identical with the Treasury proposals as I pointed out at length in my article. Whether the spending tax is "politically dead" is an open question. I do know that various types are being discussed right now in Washington.

Again, so far as the Kalecki plan is concerned, Mr. Alpert merely repeats my own criticism, but he does it as if he were arguing against me. I called it "unacceptable"; he calls it "naïve politically." I am aware of Kalecki's revision, and I suggested some further modifications to make the plan politically possible.

Mr. Alpert, I fear, is a bit confused so far as the relationship of the various plans is concerned, but I shall make a further effort to clarify the issues. The Wallis plan is as different from the Treasury sales tax as a protective tariff from a fiscal tariff. The first is primarily designed to prevent excess buying, and its rates are deliberately made so stiff as to bring minimum revenue. The Treasury plan, on the other hand, is a fiscal measure. In other words, Mr. Wallis hopes to prevent spending beyond the minimum, while the Treasury is looking forward to revenues from excess spending.

I did not say that the Treasury plan was a modification of the Weinstein plan, but that the "Wallis plan represents a modification of Jerome Weinstein's suggestions." Finally, both the Weinstein plan and the Kalecki plan operate with a government-allocated spending allowance. Mr. Weinstein prevents spending beyond this minimum by steeply progressive taxes, while the Kalecki plan in its original form tends to achieve the same end by a coupon system.

I agree, as probably everyone else would, with all but one of the generalities with which Mr. Alpert concludes. Disagreements as usual arise only when one tries to implement these principles in a concrete measure. I am not sure that I would accept one of Mr. Alpert's principles, that of using the price mechanism as a control device. This may mean depending upon rising prices to

curtail consumption—which is inflation. It may also mean allowing for changes in relative prices as I suggested in my article. Since I am not certain which of these Mr. Alpert has in mind, and I for one do not wish to confuse the reader, I shall not elaborate on this point.

ADOLF F. STURMTHAL

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y., Jan. 28

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS

- Freedom of the Skies
The Anti-Roosevelt Axis
The President's Pledge *by Freda Kirchwey*

254

255

256

257

ARTICLES

- Crumbs for Small Business *by I. F. Stone*
U-Boats and the Second Front
by Donald W. Mitchell
How to Pay as You Go *by Jerome Weinstein*
Battle of the Factories *by Fritz Sternberg*
The Novel Case of Winfred Lynn
by Dwight Macdonald
In the Wind

259

260

262

265

268

270

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

- Beveridge and the Bourbons *by S. K. Ratcliffe*
De Gaulle's Program
Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus*
File and Remember

271

272

274

275

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- Charles Péguy *by Paul Rosenfeld*
"Git or Git Got" *by Marcus Duffield*
First Fruits, Mostly Sour *by Frank Jones*
Underground Germany *by Karl Billinger*
Law-Abiding Italy *by Paolo Milano*
Politics and the Pursuit of "Goodness"
by Reinhold Niebuhr
Films *by James Agee*
Drama Note *by Joseph Wood Krutch*
Art *by Clement Greenberg*
Music *by B. H. Haggin*

276

277

278

279

280

281

283

283

284

284

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

285

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 1 *by Jack Barrett*

288

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Notice to Our Readers

FROM the time it began publication in 1865, *The Nation* has been owned and controlled by a business corporation, organized ostensibly for profit. But like most other crusading journals *The Nation* has been stubbornly unprofitable. During most of its long career it has had to rely on contributions to supplement its income from circulation and advertising. That such help has always been available is a tribute to the journal itself and to the generosity of its friends.

Since I took over *The Nation* in 1937, its financial fortunes have shifted with the changing times. For almost three years *The Nation* was able to pay its own way, and we had good reason to hope that it had at least moved out of what was politely referred to in publishing circles as the "deficit group." But the beginning of the war brought a rapid rise in costs of operation, particularly in paper and printing costs, which no measures of economy were able to overcome. And *The Nation* has again been meeting deficits which continue in spite of the fact that our circulation has been growing this winter faster than for several years past.

Under these circumstances it has seemed to me neither dignified nor sensible to continue the paper as an individually-owned business, dependent on the generosity of a few interested persons. I have therefore turned over the ownership of *The Nation* to a non-profit membership corporation: The Nation, Inc., becomes Nation Associates, Inc. In this form *The Nation* can legitimately appeal for support to a wider circle of friends, and those who contribute will know that their dollars can never be translated into profit for anyone.

The Nation itself remains unchanged by the change in ownership; neither the editorial direction nor the business management is affected. Our policy will be what it has always been—to fight for a world freed from tyranny and war and from the economic misery that gives rise to both. And surely *The Nation's* services in that fight were never more sorely needed than they are today.

Very soon our subscribers will receive a letter telling more about the new form of organization and inviting them to become members of Nation Associates. We count on their interest and support.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

The Shape of Things

THE GIGANTIC RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE GOES from strength to strength, overshadowing all other military operations against the Axis. It is now clear that the German army is involuntarily shortening its line, seeking desperately to fall back as nearly as possible intact behind the Dnieper, hoping that lengthening communications will eventually slow up the triumphant Red Army. We should be prepared to see this negative strategy meet with some success when the spring thaw sets in toward the end of next month. That makes all the more imperative the early fulfillment of Mr. Roosevelt's pledge, given in his Lincoln's Birthday address, to hit the enemy hard "from so many directions that he never knows which is his bow and which is his stern." At present the Nazis know well enough where they are most dangerously threatened, and Moscow reports that the flow of German reserves is still from west to east. We must reverse that flow if the Russian victories are to be fully exploited this year, and the task will call for the determined taking of "calculated risks" by the Anglo-American commanders. North Africa is a beginning but only a beginning, and while strategically we remain on the offensive there, tactically we have been compelled to assume the defensive temporarily.

✕

A SHARP INCREASE IN AID TO CHINA IS promised both by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill in their reports on the Casablanca conference. Of the two the President is much the most positive. "Great and decisive actions against the Japanese will be taken," he declares, "to drive the invader from the soil of China. Important actions will be taken in the skies over China—and over Japan itself." Mr. Churchill limited himself to an intimation that a real effort will be made to reopen the Burma road, but he revealed for the first time that General Arnold and Field Marshal Dill had gone to Chungking to consult with Chiang Kai-shek. On the surface, at least, these statements seem like a complete answer to China's repeated complaint that its interests are being ignored in the shaping of United Nations strategy. The Chinese, however, must be forgiven if they remain a little skeptical until the promises are translated into action. The United States has pledged full assistance to China on several occasions in the past, and the results to date are very unimpressive. The President's assertion on January 7 that the United States was flying as much lend-lease equipment to China as was moved over the Burma road has turned out to be a mere quibble. In a report to the House Foreign Affairs Committee, J. Franklin Ray, chief of the Chinese branch of lend-lease, pointed out that much of our lend-lease aid over the Burma road took the form of materials and supplies for improving the road itself and "was at

the expense of goods intended for use within China." Increase of air-line deliveries, he declared, has thus meant more "lend-lease" goods "for actual use in China."

✕

MOHANDAS K. GANDHI'S TWENTY-ONE-DAY fast appears to be politically a confession of weakness and personally a token of strength. With the turn in the tide of the war and the checking of Japan's advance, India unquestionably lost a good measure of its bargaining power vis-à-vis the British. Strikes and demonstrations undoubtedly had more effect than a drastic censorship permitted the world to know, but at no time was there any serious possibility that the British would relax their grip. The stalemate that developed gave every promise of enduring throughout the war. Gandhi's latest move may be looked upon as a desperate and dramatic effort to break the deadlock. His specific demand for unconditional release would appear to be more of a pretext than a genuine hope, since he can hardly expect so clear-cut a surrender on the part of the Viceroy. We believe that it was a serious mistake for the British to arrest the Congress leaders in the first place, but Gandhi's "coercion," as the Viceroy smugly describes it—as though coercion had never crossed the minds of the British in India—can only serve to stiffen the Churchill government, "face" being a concept that is not confined to the Japanese. What, then, can Gandhi hope to gain from his current maneuver? A chance, perhaps, to reopen negotiations, to find a formula which will enable India to return at least to the status that prevailed at the time of the abortive Cripps mission. Hope that the British will invite an opportunity for mediation may be found in the reports that Gandhi has been given freedom to receive Mr. Rajagopalachari, who is believed to be working toward this end.

✕

TO MUCH HEAT, WE BELIEVE, HAS BEEN generated by the promotion of William Power Maloney, the special prosecutor who over the past year has obtained the indictment of 33 alleged seditionists. Rumor has it that Maloney's sudden elevation was designed to prevent him from prosecuting these cases, and that the whole move is a gesture of appeasement by Attorney General Biddle in the direction of certain isolationist Congressmen whose names have been linked with some of the defendants as a result of mail-frank abuses and platform associations. Senators Wheeler and Nye and Representative Hoffman have in fact denounced Maloney and threatened an "investigation" of the Department of Justice, and we have little doubt that they would be happy to see the indictments quietly quashed. Nevertheless, we don't believe Biddle is acting under this sordid kind of pressure. In the first place, he has nothing to fear from Congressional investigators. Secondly, we

know that as long ago as last October, months before Wheeler and Hoffman sounded off on the subject, Biddle was on the hunt for a special prosecutor to handle the cases. Finally, if any Congressman has cause to worry in the matter, the last development he can relish is the appointment of O. John Rogge to assume the prosecution. Maloney's successor is the man who broke up the Huey Long machine, and his reputation is such as to bring no comfort to those who have something to conceal. It is true that trial of the cases will now be postponed for months, but what of it? If the defendants are ultimately convicted of conspiracy, they will be punished. If not, their only loss of liberty will have been a suspension of the vicious propaganda in which, conspiracy or no conspiracy, they were individually engaged.

✱

THURMAN ARNOLD'S NOMINATION TO THE Circuit Court is, we suspect, a tribute to the power of the press rather than to a distinguished public servant. We do not mean, of course, that his zealous enforcement of the anti-trust laws has won him much editorial approval. On the contrary his activities have been generally condemned except on the occasions when he has prosecuted labor monopolists. And when he filed a complaint against the Associated Press he brought all the leading publishers buzzing around his head like a swarm of hornets. After hundreds of stinging leading articles failed to bring about a withdrawal of the prosecution, a move was started in Congress to investigate the background of the case—in other words, to harass the Department of Justice. These tactics appear to have succeeded. Mr. Arnold is not being kicked out—that would be hardly decent—but he is being kicked upstairs to a position where many of his talents will be wasted. No doubt the publishers are rubbing their hands. We can only hope that the public will rub its eyes and wake up to what is happening.

✱

THE EXECUTIVE ORDER FOR A 48-HOUR WEEK in "labor-shortage" areas appears to have encountered more opposition from management than from organized labor. In general, labor's interests have been well protected in the order. The principle of the 40-hour week has been preserved for the post-war period by the retention of the Wages and Hours Act, and the workers normally covered by that act are to receive time-and-a-half pay for all work above 40 hours. Moreover, the order applies only in 32 areas where the vast majority of war workers are already working 48 hours or longer. Labor has never challenged the accuracy of the various investigations which have shown that, with certain exceptions, the 48-hour week is optimum in most industries. It has, however, been concerned lest the need for longer hours be taken as an excuse for cutting the wages of the millions of war workers who have been receiving time-and-

a-half pay. Management has centered its criticism of the executive order on the overtime provisions. It contends that in forcing employers to increase their pay rolls 30 per cent for 20 per cent more work the order is inflationary. This is, of course, true to a moderate extent. But the benefits of the extra work obviously outweigh the dangers inherent in creation of additional purchasing power. There was no other realistic choice open to the War Manpower Commission. It could not eliminate the time-and-a-half pay for the millions now working more than 40 hours without inviting serious labor disputes; nor could it ask the workers whose hours are now being increased to accept less favorable terms than those already receiving overtime pay. Taking the urgencies of war production into account, the commission appears to have followed the only course open to it.

Freedom of the Skies

CLARE LUCE is right about one thing. The air age is at hand, and with the advent of peace we must be prepared to deal with the problems posed by an enormous extension of international air traffic. What international rules are to be adopted for the control and regulation of this traffic? What changes in international law are desirable to facilitate its flow and to promote the maximum intercourse and trade between nations? Can our conquest of the air be used to bring the peoples of the earth closer together spiritually as well as physically? Or will it become the basis of commercial rivalries leading to new and more terrible wars?

By raising these questions in her maiden speech, Mrs. Luce could have performed a great public service. She chose instead to deliver a mélange of emotionalism and misinformation, spiced with second-rate wisecracks. And by so doing she has stirred up her fellow-jingoes at home and abroad, sown new weeds in the struggling victory garden of United Nations' cooperation, and cemented a new stretch of road leading to World War III.

The post-war policy of young America, Mrs. Luce declares, is simply: "We want to fly everywhere. Period." Correct! And we may safely add that it is the policy of young Britain, Russia, China, Holland; in short, of the young of all industrialized nations. But if this desire is to be fulfilled we cannot cut up the air into national segments with absolute sovereign rights extending from the earth to beyond the stratosphere. There must be freedom of the skies.

Mrs. Luce, however, emphatically repudiates the idea and takes Vice-President Wallace to task for suggesting that freedom of the air is as essential in the future as freedom of the seas has been in the past. Freedom of the seas, she argues, crippled the American merchant marine, leaving it at the mercy of foreign subsidized lines. Mrs.

Luce should study American economic history and discover that there is a close correspondence between the decline of American shipping and the rise of the American tariff. Moreover, we seem to remember that this country set the pace in shipping subsidies after 1918. However, history is something which happened before Mrs. Luce's time, and we have no wish to put her at a disadvantage.

Returning, therefore, to the present, we find that Mrs. Luce is greatly concerned by alleged British demands for a policy of freedom of the air. Once established, she contends, it would enable Britain and other countries with comparatively low wage costs to push America out of leadership in the air. Under these circumstances, Mrs. Luce insists, it would be fatal to give up the "historic American air policy of sovereignty of the skies."

We have, then, two propositions: Americans must be able to fly everywhere; foreigners must not be allowed to fly at will over America. Does Mrs. Luce really imagine that the world can arrive at a friendly agreement for international air traffic on this basis? Can she believe that the air everywhere can be made free to Americans while leaving American skies as a closed preserve? Mrs. Luce complains that her speech has been misunderstood "to mean that I felt America must dominate the skies." We have studied the text in the *Congressional Record* and we can see no other possible meaning. Moreover, Mrs. Luce appears to suggest that we should gain world consent for American super-sovereignty now while we can capitalize best our economic and military power. "There is not a shadow of doubt," she said in the course of her speech, "that this country, claiming complete sovereignty of its own skies, and behaving with decency and dignity like the great creditor nation it is, by cooperating to the utmost with the United Nations to liberalize world air policy could keep the air supremacy it now has and take henceforth in the skies the position of enlightened democratic leadership that Britain held and still holds on the seas." This seems to us sufficiently plain even if it is not quite so blunt as Republican Leader Joseph Martin's statement on January 5: "America must rule the air."

What does freedom of the air mean? According to an article in the British magazine the *Aeroplane*, it would include "the right of innocent passage" together with "the right of free landing" subject only to conformity with domestic regulations. It would not mean, however, that a foreign plane could participate in domestic traffic. That is to say, a British plane flying from London to Australia could pass over American territory, making the necessary stops for refueling or for landing passengers or freight originating outside the United States; it could not pick up a cargo in New York for delivery in San Francisco.

Such arrangements do not seem a very formidable encroachment on national sovereignty. Their absence,

however, in pre-war days involved, according to the *Aeroplane*, "over 100 reciprocity agreements between European states, strictly balancing the grant of facilities between pairs of nations and hindering free development." Is it really to America's interest to encourage a return after the war to this kind of aerial nationalism? Yet that seems to be the alternative to freedom of the skies, since Mrs. Luce's plan for unilateral freedom for American planes must be dismissed as imperialist fantasy.

Actually this country has more to gain from freedom of the skies than most. Geographically, the United States is not the air center of the world, and few other nations would be absolutely compelled to seek the use of "our" air. On the other hand, if we wish to girdle the globe with air routes we must constantly fly over the territory of other powers and use their airfields. If we had to depend on reciprocity agreements balancing facilities we should be in a poor bargaining position, while the British Commonwealth, with its far-flung dominions and colonies, would be well fixed. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to back our claims to air supremacy by force of arms, we had better listen to the "idealistic" Mr. Wallace rather than the too, too realistic Mrs. Luce.

The Anti-Roosevelt Axis

A COALITION of irresponsible Republicans and disgruntled Democrats seems intent on creating an intolerable situation in Congress. They have launched three investigations calculated, in the midst of a great war, to disrupt the workings of government, to harass the President, and to demoralize public officials. There is some reason to believe that the White House is deliberately standing aside and letting this coalition demonstrate, unchecked, just how mischievous and unscrupulous some opponents of the New Deal have become. We say "some" because an encouraging minority of Republicans and a handful of conservative Democrats have shown that their patriotism and good sense outweigh their partisanship and their political differences with the President.

One of these inquisitorial committees is that of Dies, which has been extended for two more years and may now hope to survive into the fruitful period of the post-war reaction. Many an official with important war work will be spending nights of worry and many days of precious time on the problem of answering charges against himself or his subordinates by as unfair and inaccurate a body as ever disgraced the Congressional power of investigation. The second committee is that headed by Congressman Cox of Georgia, who will devote himself to smearing the Federal Communications Commission. This inquiry should serve as a warning to other administrative bodies that decline to do favors for

the constituents of Congressmen and that have the temerity to inquire into whether payments made to Congressmen for legal services are violations of the law. Cox received \$2,500 from a radio broadcasting station which he helped to obtain a license from the commission.

Decent people of many different political complexions have grown sick of Dies-committee methods; the Cox inquiry is limited, though it will certainly be noisy. More dangerous than either is the committee set up under the sweeping resolution introduced by Smith of Virginia. Readers will recall the damage Smith did the National Labor Relations Board by his investigation of some years back. This new resolution will permit him to do a similar job on every executive department or agency in the government. Congress has never before in its history passed so broad a resolution. There is hardly an officer of the government who cannot be harassed by this new Smith committee, and it will be in a position to review every order issued by every one of the emergency war agencies.

A committee of this kind, if it operates on lines indicated in the debate, should be a big help to the Axis. It can interfere with the efficient conduct of the war abroad and demonstrate the kind of politics which will discredit democratic policies at home. Every disgruntled interest can make the committee its forum. Representative Hope of Kansas has already asked that it investigate OPA ceilings on corn and flour. Representative Boren of Oklahoma wants it to cut down the powers of the Securities and Exchange Commission. Representative Fish would have it review the \$25,000-a-year salary limitation, already marked for slaughter by the House Ways and Means Committee. There never was a committee with greater potentialities for evil, fewer possibilities for good.

Some newspapers seemed to feel that the Administration woke up too late to the dangers in the Smith resolution. This runs counter to our own information from the capital. The dangers in the Smith bill were obvious at once, and the Administration was apprised of them. Other reasons must be found for its failure to fight the bill in the House. Most of the Democrats, including Ramspeck, the party whip, voted for the resolution. McCormack, the House leader, ignominiously cast no vote at all. (The most extraordinary vote for it was that of Voorhis of California, who finally made up his mind to vote against the Dies committee, only to make a speech the next day in favor of the Smith resolution.) Either the Administration has completely lost control of the party in the House or thinks its only hope lies in letting Congress overplay its hand, or both. These dismal prospects can only be rectified if every American citizen makes it his business to let his Congressman know that he is supposed to be engaged in a war against Hitler, not Roosevelt.

The President's Pledge

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

THE President made some promises the other night—resounding, confident promises of victory over the whole fascist conspiracy. On the military side of the struggle, he complemented the review made by Churchill the previous day—pledging the total defeat of the Axis and predicting early invasions of Europe and more intensive attacks, particularly air attacks, on Japan. On the political side, he promised that no "Quislings or Laval's" would be kept in power "anywhere on this earth."

The military plans put forward by the Allied leaders are discussed elsewhere in this issue. The political promises of Mr. Roosevelt will be examined here.

No one with any knowledge of the President's natural sympathies and make-up could doubt that he meant every word he said. Of course he wants the establishment of democracy throughout the world. His desire is written into the Atlantic Charter; it was eloquently expressed in the Four Freedoms speech. Long before Hitler brought his war against civilization into the military field, the President had attacked the practices of terror, discrimination, and threat that constitute the fascist method of government.

Now that we are in the war, it is not likely that the President's antipathy for fascism has diminished. On the contrary it must have increased with every hour of death and destruction. We didn't need his pledge to convince us of his desire to supplant tyranny with freedom. But the pledge is useful for other reasons. At this critical hour it is just as well to remind the world and ourselves of the meaning of the war and of our intentions as a belligerent. The President's words should be short- and long-waved around the world. They should be translated and printed in millions of copies and sent into every occupied country of Europe. They should be framed and hung in every private office in the State Department.

For the pledge made by Mr. Roosevelt cannot be carried out by executive order. It can become a reality only if the forces of democratic resistance here and abroad are strong enough to defeat a reaction which grows more ugly and determined with each day that passes. The President is not Commander-in-Chief of the Allied world. He is not even dictator of the United States. His will is constantly opposed and thwarted by men of conflicting views, by hostile interests, by elements in other nations who owe no allegiance to his word. He is engaged in deadly battle with an enemy he has so far been reluctant even to recognize as dangerous. For Mr. Roosevelt is also thwarted by his own too sanguine temperament. The confidence and happy nonchalance that have carried him triumphantly over physical disability—over

oceans and continents—over hatred and petty attack—over mountains of work—have also, too often, encouraged him to ignore obstacles which must be faced and patiently cleared away if the ends he desires are to be reached. The President by nature minimizes difficulties, brushes aside objections, ignores unpleasant facts. To him a hypothesis is an enemy.

"But Mr. President," inquires an imaginary correspondent, "how are you going to get rid of Quislings if you once set them up in power and give them arms and cooperate with them as allies and friends?" The President smiles with humorous tolerance. "Let's stick to facts," he says. "That sounds to me like one of those 'iffy' questions. We're busy killing Germans in North Africa—all of us together. That's the job we're interested in now, isn't it?"

The President is satisfied. He has enough concrete, immediate problems to solve. Why on earth do some people always want to look for trouble? When he gets round to the political problem of post-war Europe, he'll find some way to solve that, too—and to solve it right. Meantime we can use those fellows, those near-fascists on the spot out there.

Can the rest of us afford to relax and trust the President as he trusts himself? I'm afraid not. Indeed, I'll go so far as to say that his best chance of winning a final victory in the political war lies in the existence of a strong, vocal, unintimidated body of "pettifoggers" filling the air with protests and irritating questions. The improvements so far registered on the North African political front are certainly to be put down to the clamor of outraged democrats in England, in America, in the occupied countries, in North Africa itself. They were the result of pressure, and only continued and stronger pressure will bring further improvements. The President's pledge is useful as a wall-motto—as a constant reminder to his friends and a warning to his enemies. To treat it as an accomplished fact would be to betray the last, best hope of a democratic future.

Instead we must go on fighting. For the only accomplished facts we see before us are those which militate against the President and his desire.

It is not, for instance, a pettifogging invention that the set-up in North Africa gives little promise of melting into a normal form of French self-government after victory. A peaceful change of this sort is unlikely unless it happens now by the elimination of men universally looked upon in France as traitors and by the reestablishment of republican institutions. Such a proposal is made by General de Gaulle on another page of this issue. To keep things as they are in French North Africa is to insure civil war later on in France. When Mr. Churchill in his speech to the Commons referred hopefully to the

French army commanded by General Giraud—"an army which is being raised by American and British equipment to a very powerful force, an army which will play its part later on in liberating the French motherland"—he quite naturally ignored the fact that, with the exception of Giraud, the chief officers of that army are for the most part notorious collaborationists and fascists. And Giraud himself is anti-democratic. How is Mr. Roosevelt going to insure that "Frenchmen will be represented by a government of their own choice" once the legions of Nogues and Juin are safely established in continental France? Does he plan to encourage popular revolution against fascist-led French colonial troops? Would he use American soldiers to prevent a fascist coup?

And how about Spain? The President has addressed the Spanish dictator as his "good friend." The American Ambassador in Madrid has assured Franco that under no circumstances will a change of government in Spain be brought about by Spanish political exiles or by any efforts from outside Spain. Does this promise jibe with the President's assurance that the "right of self-determination included in the Atlantic Charter does not carry with it the right of any government anywhere in the world to commit wholesale murder or the right to make slaves of its own people . . . ?" Is this not, word for word, a description of what Franco has been doing ever since he was started on the bloody road to power by Hitler and Mussolini? For reasons of "expediency," the President has permitted the constant appeasement of this crumbling dictatorship and has even pledged the United States to the post-war support of Franco's tyranny. By what device does he plan to free us of our shameful commitments to this super-Quisling? It is not easy to believe that the recent visit of Archbishop Spellman to Madrid is a step toward the overturn of Spanish fascism.

Less compromising but equally disturbing overtures have been made to reactionary elements in other countries or to reactionary representatives of other countries in the United States. Does the President think that his State Department's flirtations with Hungarian revisionists, Austrian monarchists, Italian generals improve the hope of the sort of world he has promised us? Does he think that the State Department itself is a useful instrument through which to create a democratic post-war world order? It is no secret that some of the leading officials of that department are more concerned with the danger of popular uprisings than with the establishment of popular governments once the war is won.

The plain fact is that the President's hopes are already being undermined at home as well as abroad and that he has given aid and comfort to the saboteurs of his expressed aims. This fact cannot be conjured out of existence by wishes or promises; it can only be ended by a courageous and uncompromising policy, initiated by the President and carried out by men who can be trusted.

Crumbs for Small Business

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, February 14

TWENTY great corporations held 46 per cent of all war-supply contracts over \$50,000 at the end of last November. The dollar-a-year crowd prefers, for obvious reasons, to keep this sort of thing a military secret at a time when many Congressmen are aroused by the plight of small business. Here are the twenty corporations and the total contracts held by each of them at the end of November. The figures are in millions of dollars:

General Motors	\$7,251.1	Aviation Corp.	\$1,347.6
Curtiss Wright	4,613.1	Glenn L. Martin	1,328.7
Bethlehem Steel	2,953.6	Newport News	
Douglas Aircraft	2,373.1	Shipbuilding	1,165.0
United Aircraft	2,342.6	General Electric	1,128.8
Ford	2,036.1	Todd Shipyard	1,037.8
Boeing Aircraft	1,826.1	North American	
Consolidated	1,758.5	Aviation	978.3
U. S. Steel	1,682.5	A. T. & T.	881.2
Chrysler	1,562.0	Du Pont	867.0
Lockheed	1,372.5	Sperry Gyroscope	849.3

At the end of last November the volume of war contracts over \$50,000 was almost \$85,000,000,000. Of that amount these 20 corporations held almost \$40,000,000,000. The 25 corporations with \$600,000,000 or more each in war contracts held 50 per cent of the total volume of contracts, and 100 corporations held 70 per cent. While much of this work is no doubt being subcontracted, the OWI survey—which contained no names—admitted that "a considerable portion of subcontracts awarded by all other prime contractors goes to the 100 corporations."

The latest report of the Smaller War Plants Corporation, dated February 11, makes interesting reading beside these huge monopolistic totals. The act establishing the SWPC was passed by Congress last June 11, but the figures on the war-production loans it has made to small business men indicate how slow it was in getting started. In the first six months of its existence the SWPC made twelve loans to small business totaling \$605,500. In the last two months it made thirty-eight more loans totaling \$2,568,770. By February 6, the SWPC had made a total of fifty loans aggregating \$3,174,270. Compare this with the total of loan applications received during the eight months—\$22,458,523.57.

In addition to making loans to facilitate war production by small business, the SWPC may purchase production facilities, including machinery, and lease them to

small business. In eight months it arranged such leases with fourteen concerns. The total amount involved was little more than half a million dollars. The SWPC may recommend small business for prime contracts. In eight months "1,191 firms recommended by the division had received prime contracts totaling \$195,400,000." The only figure given on subcontracts is found in the statement that "during the past sixty days the placement of more than \$75,000,000 in subcontracts has been reported to our Washington office." No indication is given as to how much of this went to small business.

The SWPC was set up to act as a prime contractor, to take war contracts from the armed services and subcontract these to small business. This was the principal purpose of the agency. Yesterday announcement was made of the SWPC's first prime contracting job in eight months. The contract involved is only for \$10,000,000. It is significant that even this first small prime contract does not come from army or navy but from the Federal Public Housing Administration and that it calls, not for war material, but for furniture. The contract was arranged after Mayor George W. Welsh of Grand Rapids, Michigan, called WPB Chairman Nelson's attention to the frightful unemployment in that great furniture center. Its metal- and wood-working establishments could make many parts for armament. Employment there is 21 per cent of normal. No war contracts could be obtained for it. Responsibility for this rests squarely on Nelson, who was given full power by Congress in the SWPC act to take prime contracts from army and navy to subcontract among small business firms. Nelson, for all his fine speeches about little business, has the big-business point of view. The Congressional compromise that won Nelson's support for the SWPC bill has proved its fatal weakness. The compromise put Nelson in charge of the SWPC.

Nelson has quietly sabotaged the Smaller War Plants Corporation. Last Thursday Senator Truman of Missouri rose to the defense of his friend and constituent, Lou E. Holland, who has been deputy chairman of the War Production Board in charge of the Smaller War Plants Corporation. Holland, a dynamo in his native Kansas City, proved a dud in Washington. The big-business tides at the WPB were too powerful for him. Senator Truman put a memorandum into the *Congressional Record* which showed how long Nelson diddled and dawdled in setting up the SWPC. The SWPC, under the act, was supposed to have field offices. Over Holland's objections Nelson approved an odd set-up under which

the SWPC did not control its own field offices. This situation was not changed until January 7. Not until January 11 was the SWPC given representation on the board of appeals for critical labor areas. It still has no voice on the board which formulates policies governing the controlled-materials plan. No wonder the SWPC has so far proved a failure.

The State Department has executed a successful encirclement of former Governor Herbert H. Lehman and will control his Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations. Those who recall how relief activities were sometimes used for political purposes after the last war know that this is a fact of key importance in the shaping of the post-war world. Not only is Lehman subject to Hull, but it now appears that his field representatives will be subordinate to diplomatic officers. The State Department, in announcing that Fred K. Hoehler

had arrived in Algeria to serve as director of relief in North Africa, says he "will report to and serve under the general direction of the Honorable Robert D. Murphy." This may have its effect on the diet of anti-fascists in North Africa.

Major General Alexander Surles, in charge of press relations for the army, deserves a public spanking. His attempt to get the Blue Network to drop or gag Drew Pearson and Walter Winchell is not his first try at interfering with free discussion. Shortly after the invasion of North Africa, he sent out a confidential memorandum to editors and radio commentators asking them not to comment on the political aspects of the invasion. Cal Tinney had the courage to refer to the order on the air, but General Surles talked me out of printing it at that time. "It was all a mistake . . ." It looks as though the mistake was mine.

U-Boats and the Second Front

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

MUCH of the current optimism regarding the war in Europe is due to incomplete acquaintance with the facts. The Russian and African campaigns have been, as they deserve to be, widely acclaimed. They point to a steady disintegration of German military strength and to an eventual Allied victory. But much less well advertised has been the steady gain of German submarines in the Atlantic, the mounting sinkings whose cumulative effect can well postpone indefinitely the day of victory. Germany has apparently lost its chance of winning the war. But unless the U-boat threat is speedily overcome, it does not necessarily follow that we are on the verge of winning it.

In the three years of war the fortunes of submarine warfare have ebbed and flowed. At the outbreak of hostilities the anti-submarine measures evolved in 1918 were quickly applied and the U-boats held in check. Then came the conquest of France, and German submarines, no longer operating under the geographical limitations of earlier days when the English Channel and North Sea exits could very largely be blocked, threatened for a time in early 1941 to win the war. At this point the United States came to the aid of the British. Our navy helped to clear the waters immediately around the British Isles and has kept them a perilous zone for U-boats. But immediately after we entered the war the Germans set up a combat zone off our Atlantic Coast and for months scored a phenomenal number of kills. Then more force became available, a better defense

organization was set up, and the undersea raiders sought other, less perilous hunting grounds. From July to November the United States enjoyed a respite from heavy losses. During this period our shipbuilding made some replacements but failed to build up a tonnage capable of supporting a genuine invasion. The African campaign demonstrated very accurately the limitations as well as the achievements of our military position.

At present we are facing for the third time a very great threat from the U-boats. And it is one of the gravest conceivable reflections on the information policies of our armed services that few Americans are even aware of the magnitude of the danger and that possibly no one outside of a small group in the government has the specific figures. The facts that we have indicate a most serious situation. Until several months ago, when the navy no longer dared reveal the facts, it had admitted over 500 sinkings in the Atlantic. Its figures did not include losses in the Mediterranean or in the Pacific and Indian oceans or along the convoy lines to Russia, or reveal the number of vessels damaged but not sunk. Sometimes when the Germans claimed the destruction of virtually a whole convoy on the basis of observations on the spot, the Navy Department or the British Admiralty contented itself with terming the German estimates "exaggerations."

The Germans have frequently made exaggerated claims in the war, but they have seldom done so during highly successful campaigns. Berlin's report of 1,208

vessels of 7,586,000 tons sunk by submarines in 1942 and of enough other ships sunk by bombers and surface raiders to bring the grand total to just under nine million tons is therefore extremely sobering. It may be an overstatement by 20 up to 40 per cent—during the period when losses were published the German claims often exceeded British admissions by 40 per cent—but it undoubtedly comes closer to being an accurate statement of the current situation than anything else we have. In fact, the conservative *Christian Science Monitor* recently put sinkings at a million tons a month, with tankers in particular suffering heavily. And in addition there is the tonnage that has been damaged and is now laid up for repairs—not to speak of the cargoes, in many cases more vital than the ships themselves. To offset these losses we placed slightly more than eight million tons of shipping in service in the past year, and the British may possibly have built as much as two million tons, a total of ten million in all. If we view these two sets of figures dispassionately, it appears that 70 per cent as a minimum, 100 per cent as a maximum, of last year's United Nations ship production rests at the bottom of the Atlantic. We have also suffered some unrevealed losses of merchant tonnage in the Pacific, but these have probably been fairly small.

We do not know with any greater degree of accuracy the number of submarines which Germany now has available or will be able to put to work soon. British source place the number at 500 to 700, a sufficiently generous estimate in all likelihood. But the current German building rate is put at twenty to thirty a month, fully twice the rate of destruction. In one recent month, according to the *New York Times*, the ratio of completion of new U-boats to those sunk was seventeen to one.

Improvements in design have made today's submarines more formidable customers than those encountered in the First World War. Enough oil can be carried for long cruises, and the hull has been toughened to the point where depth bombs have to explode within a radius of a few yards to be fatal. The submarine can also dive to a much greater depth than formerly. Less commonly noted improvements are the surface speed of modern boats, which permits them to escape corvettes and most other types of patrol vessels and to overtake nine out of ten merchant ships, and the use of larger torpedoes—the explosion now generally destroys instead of merely damaging the target. The time during which an injured vessel can be expected to remain afloat has been drastically cut, and the loss of life among the crew has soared. In turn this has created a shortage of trained merchant seamen willing to run such enormous risks.

Few few U-boats are now operating within 200 miles of the British Isles or along our Atlantic Coast, but their destructive influence is still felt there, for pinned down

in these areas are an enormous number of men and ships which destroy no submarines but must keep watch against their return. Meanwhile the hunting grounds have been moved to the convoy routes to Britain and North Africa, to the northeast coast of South America, the mid-Atlantic, and even the south coast of Africa, where German blockade runners have doubtless refueled the U-boats. A concentration of anti-submarine forces in an area lowers the losses there, but the U-boat then shifts its activities elsewhere.

Our principal approach to this problem up to now has been to "build ships faster than the Germans can sink them," and we have achieved wonders in rapid shipbuilding. But the method represents no real solution, and it is certainly the hardest possible way to win a war. Other anti-submarine methods are of varying effectiveness. The R. A. F. has laid mines in German coastal waters, but this merely forces the Germans to use some of their time and material in sweeping them up. The large-scale air raids on U-boat bases such as Lorient have not accomplished much except to force the Germans to build the huge bomb-proof "garages" in which old submarines can be repaired and new ones assembled. Since modern submarines are fabricated in large sections, air attacks on the plants which furnish the Diesel engines and other parts have been employed on a considerable scale. The degree of success here has certainly not been great, and it has of course no effect on the enormous number of U-boats in operation.

The small converted plane carrier was at one time hailed as the answer to the problem of protecting convoys, and its scouting and air protection have been enormously valuable. But in its turn it requires naval protection, and planes are frequently forced to remain aboard in the very kind of nasty, rough weather that affords the submarine its greatest opportunity.

As the African expedition showed, convoys can be guarded with nearly 100 per cent success against attack. The difficulty is simply that too few converted plane carriers, destroyers, and patrol boats are now available. As recently as three weeks ago not a single patrol vessel of a new and approved type was in service. Nor is there any likelihood that this situation will be greatly different in the immediate future.

Two possible answers remain. The first is action on land, either commando raids on a huge scale with the object of destroying U-boat facilities on the European coast or else an invasion of northern France by as large a force as the British and Americans can muster, in other words, the "second front." Either one of these moves would mean huge losses; commando raids would have to be extremely extensive to be effective. On the other hand, since most U-boats now proceed to sea from French ports or through the English Channel, the conquest of the French coast would hinder the operation of

submarines based farther east. The invasion of France by troops now in the British Isles would not demand much greater transportation than their supply in Britain. Thus we may have to change from a military policy of defeating the U-boat in order to open a "second front" and open a second front in order to make the defeat of the U-boat certain.

There is one other conceivable solution, and that is the discovery of some weapon or method more effective and economical of force than any we are employing at present. The finding of defensive "answers" to improvements in offensive weapons is one of the oldest laws of military history; a list of such cases would cover pages. The submarine threat was answered in 1917, and it can be in 1943. But at the moment the development of the U-boat as an offensive weapon is slightly in advance of the defenses against it.

In meeting this threat our navy has had far too little force at its disposal. Both men and equipment have been greatly overworked. But the navy has also been tardy in

recognizing its problem and in coordinating all agencies dealing with it, and it has displayed little imagination in tackling the solution. If there is any officer with the critical, original turn of mind of the late Admiral Sims, he has yet to make an appearance; with so few competent civilian critics of the navy, he is desperately needed today.

The policy of withholding adequate information about the submarine situation from the American public has been thoroughly bad. A censorship asserted to be designed to "keep the facts from the enemy" has merely withheld facts which our people have every right to know and which the Germans have shown repeatedly that they possess. It has concealed blunders and weaknesses which might have been corrected if sufficient publicity had been given to them. And it has likewise deprived us of valuable aid. For most of the great historical improvements in weapons have been initiated by military amateurs or civilians, not by professional military men. An aroused America will find the answer or demand men who can show results.

How to Pay as You Go

BY JEROME WEINSTEIN

WHETHER or not we adopt the Ruml plan, or any other plan for dropping, skipping, or postponing the whole or any part of the tax liability on 1942 income, there will still remain the basic problem of a practical method for collecting taxes by deductions at the source of income. It will still be necessary for the taxpayer to have funds available to discharge his tax liability to the government when it is due. And whether the taxpayer's liability to be met on March 15, 1943, and quarterly thereafter is based on his 1942 income or on his 1943 income is a distinction without a difference if the taxpayer is unable to discharge it. In either case the taxpayer is in default, and the government is without its anticipated revenues.

With more than thirty million taxpayers under present income-tax schedules, the problem of collection is acute. The present schedules dip down into low-income brackets never before subject to any tax and impose rates which make the tax a severe financial burden. Even the smallest amount of taxable income is now subject to a surtax of 13 per cent added to a normal tax of 6 per cent. A single person with an income of \$2,500 or less a year must meet an income-tax liability which, when paid in quarterly instalments, will absorb nearly two weeks' salary for each payment.

Those in the lower income brackets are not accustomed to budgeting their incomes to provide for taxes.

And a very large part of them lived until recently on a bare subsistence level and have not accumulated savings to meet this recurring financial emergency. Unless some practical method is adopted for accumulating out of income, as earned, the substantial sums required to meet income-tax liabilities, widespread default is certain to occur in the lower and lower-middle income brackets. In income groups above \$3,500, the problem is not serious, for these groups normally accumulate savings to which they may resort on tax-payment dates and which they can replenish in the intervals.

If widespread involuntary default does occur it will bring our entire tax system into disrepute, encouraging those who can pay to neglect their obligations. It will also put a heavier tax burden than was contemplated upon the backs of those who pay promptly. For if one group of income-tax payers does not contribute its share, the other groups must carry the load for them.

The only way in which this problem of involuntary default under high tax rates can be solved is by withholding or deducting at source a part of wages and salaries, as earned, to be applied in discharge of income-tax liability. This is recognized by the Treasury Department, the Congressional committees which deal with taxes, and all authorities in the field. Perhaps the chief obstacle to its enactment is the objection to doubling the taxpayers' burdens during the first year of operation.

It is the apparent dilemma of putting deduction at source into effect without doubling the taxpayers' burden that has given interest to the Ruml plan, the Doughton plan, the Carlson plan, and numerous other proposals for dropping or deferring the whole or part of tax liability on 1942 incomes. It is for this reason, primarily, that very serious consideration is now being given to wiping out as much as \$10 billion owed to the government for taxes on income earned last year at the moment when we are faced with the problem of raising an additional \$16 billion of tax revenues. The Treasury has offered partial forgiveness as a compromise.

The apparent dilemma is based on the assumption that deductions from 1943 income must be applied to taxes on 1943 income. That assumption is true only if we adopt the Treasury's proposed mechanism for source deductions. There is, however, no good reason why 1943 deductions cannot be used to discharge 1943 obligations on 1942 incomes, provided a satisfactory mechanism exists. That is the procedure which has always been followed by the lower- and middle-bracket taxpayer.

The proposal made by the Treasury last year provided for regular deductions from pay envelopes in accordance with fixed schedules. The employer would keep detailed records of such deductions for each employee, remitting the amount due to the government every three months. At the end of the year the employer would file a detailed report of source deductions for the entire year as to each of his employees. The employee, in his income-tax return, would claim credit for the amount withheld at source by his employer, and the claim would be verified by matching it against the employer's annual report. If source deductions were more or less than the liability indicated on the return, the taxpayer would pay the difference or claim a refund.

The Treasury Department's proposal met with criticism not only from members of the Congressional committees but also from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. The latter questioned the ability of his department to check adequately the hundreds of thousands of employers who would be making deductions from workers' envelopes running into billions of dollars. Even if only 1 per cent of such deductions were unaccounted for, the loss to the government would run into millions of dollars. Moreover, it was estimated that an additional staff of more than 10,000 qualified persons, at a cost of over \$20 million, would be required, and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue doubted whether he could obtain any such staff under existing conditions.

From private business came the objection that preparation and filing of the various reports and the maintenance of the detailed records required would not only impose a very substantial expense but would also present a serious man-power problem.

Another highly significant criticism of source deduc-

tions in the form proposed by the Treasury is based on the effect of such deductions on demands for compensating increases in wages and salaries. The validity of this criticism is apparent from the common reaction of workers to the 5 per cent deduction for the Victory tax. When to the Victory tax is added a 20 per cent withholding tax, the single worker whose wages are \$40 a week will find only \$35 or less in his pay envelope. Regardless of all the explanations which the government may make about the \$5 which is missing, the worker will regard it as a wage cut, and the employer will face demands for an increase. This has been the experience in England, where, according to the reports of the Select Committee on National Expenditures, widespread resentment of pay-envelope deductions has seriously impaired the incentive and efficiency of workers.

These criticisms establish the tests which must be applied to any system for deduction at source. To assume that all of these objections may be fully and adequately met by any system that can be devised is to assume a capacity for social invention not justified by past experience. There is, however, a feasible method for deduction at source which I believe goes far toward meeting these various objections.

The plan is simply this: that the government issue tax money which shall be paid to the worker in the amount of his source deductions, and which shall be applied by the worker to the payment of his taxes when due. The tax money could be distributed among banks through the Federal Reserve System in the same way that ordinary paper currency is now distributed. The employer would get it at his bank on payment of the face amount. This tax money might well be the size and form of existing paper currency, printed on blue or yellow paper with the superstamp "tax money" or other appropriate legend, and could be issued in \$1, \$2, \$5, and \$10 denominations.

Assume that the employer has a weekly pay roll which, under the schedules for deduction at source, requires him to deduct \$300. When he obtains from his bank the amount in cash required for wages, he will also obtain, in appropriate denominations, \$300 of tax money for distribution among his workers in lieu of the cash deducted. The worker will make sure that each pay envelope contains his full weekly salary in cash and in tax money. If his salary is \$40 and his deductions amount to \$5, he will receive \$5 in tax money from his employer. By this device the government can collect without three months' delay every penny of the billions of dollars which will be deducted at source by the hundreds of thousands of employers scattered throughout the United States. And no staff of government employees will be required to verify the collection.

The recipient of the tax money will accumulate it and use it to discharge his tax obligations when due. He will

make out his income-tax return as at present and inclose a sufficient amount of tax money to discharge his debt—in the way some people now use tax-anticipation notes. If his taxes are more than his tax money, he will inclose a check for the difference. If his taxes are less, he may retain the balance for future tax payments or obtain a refund.

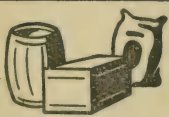











When the Internal Revenue Department receives the taxpayer's return, it will not have to check his employer's return to be sure that the taxpayer is entitled to the credit claimed. Either the taxpayer presents the visible evidence of such deductions in the form of tax money or his claim is disallowed.

The use of tax money will also free employers from the substantial burden and expense of maintaining records and filing reports. The government will not require proof that it has received the full amount deducted from pay envelopes, for it will have been paid in advance. Nor does the employer have to keep records to prove that he is actually making source deductions. Since there is nothing to be gained thereby, he has no incentive to default. If, however, a government check is desired, the present records are adequate to verify the employer's deductions at source except in one respect—the dates and amounts of the employer's tax-money purchases. Such records can readily be kept by the employer and by his bank.

There would be no problem of a black market in tax money sold at a discount by holders who are pressed for cash or intend to avoid the payment of any taxes, for tax money so acquired would be of no possible use to the purchaser. On his return the taxpayer must declare the name of his employer and the amount of salary received during the tax period. On the basis of the declared salary and under the uniform schedules of deduction applicable to it, the taxpayer should possess a certain amount of tax money. If he presents more, he has either understated his earned income or else has acquired the surplus illegitimately. Since any discrepancy will be readily apparent on the face of the taxpayer's return, it would be foolish for anyone to pay for tax money which he could not possibly use in the payment of his own income tax. It follows, therefore, that tax money is non-negotiable merely by virtue of the effective limitations on its possible use.

In the interest of simplicity the use of tax money contemplates a schedule of deductions computed in dollar amounts on a wage-bracket basis. For example, for single persons without dependents \$1 would be deducted in the \$14 to \$18 wage bracket, \$2 in the \$19 to \$23 wage bracket, \$3 in the \$24 to \$28 wage bracket, and so on. Exact correspondence between the amount deducted and the actual tax liability of the individual is not possible. No practical system of deduction at source can take into

THE PURCHASING POWER OF THE DOLLAR

AS MEASURED BY	SEPTEMBER 1939 BEGINNING OF WORLD WAR II	DECEMBER 1941 PEARL HARBOR	NOW
 WHOLESALE PRICES	 100¢	 85¢	 67¢
 RETAIL FOOD PRICES	 100¢	 87¢	 74¢
 FARM PRODUCTS PRICES	 100¢	 69¢	 55¢

SOURCE: U. S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE

GRAPHIC BY PICK-S

account regularity of employment, income currently received from other employers, the employment of husband and wife, or deductible items of expense which will vary with different types of employment.

Nor is exact correspondence required. The deduction at source is not a tax in itself, but merely an interim payment on account of a tax liability. Since the source deductions are subject to adjustment when the exact amount of tax liability is finally determined, neither the taxpayer nor the government is seriously prejudiced.

If the basic purpose of deduction at source is to enable the low-income taxpayer to meet his tax liability when due, that purpose is substantially achieved by a system of deduction credits which should normally suffice to discharge 80 per cent or more of such liabilities. Allowing for a possible variance of 20 per cent between the actual tax liability and the amount of deductions at source, it should be possible to effect, under a bracket system of deductions, a scale which will very closely approximate 80 to 100 per cent of the taxpayer's liability.

Nor does the use of tax money require the employee to retain a mass of \$1, \$2, and \$5 bills in tax money collected over the period of thirteen weeks preceding each quarterly tax payment. Tax money would be exchangeable at banks for registered tax-anticipation notes in denominations of \$20 and upward. These tax-anticipation notes would be stamped in some distinctive manner to indicate their issuance for tax money instead of cash. The exchange of tax money for registered tax-

money anticipation certificates, which is desirable, could be compelled by the refusal of the government to accept more than \$10 or \$20 in tax money in payment of taxes. The reissue of tax money so exchanged would eliminate the printing of billions of dollars of tax money.

Psychologically there will be a material difference in the worker's attitude toward source deductions if such deductions are evidenced in the visible form of tax money. For every dollar that he does not receive in cash, he receives a tangible and usable substitute. His pay envelope contains his full wages, of which a part is paid in government certificates resembling dollar bills that can be used for taxes. Under the circumstances, it becomes difficult to use pay-envelope deductions as the basis for increased wage demands.

This proposal for withholding taxes at the source is not dependent on the adoption of the Ruml plan or any other scheme for dropping or deferring tax liability on last year's income; it is applicable whether or not any such scheme is adopted. On the other hand, it makes it wholly unnecessary to drop or postpone the tax on last year's income in order to put source deduction into effect without the doubling up of two years' taxes in a single year. There is no reason why the tax money received in 1943 cannot be applied to the discharge of tax obligations on 1942 income. With the adoption of this method of deduction at source, it becomes possible to consider all plans for skipping taxes on 1942 incomes on their merits.

Battle of the Factories

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

IN 1942, for the first time in this war, the United Nations' production of war materials surpassed that of the Axis. Such superiority is a prerequisite for victory, but it is not victory itself. Victory presupposes that it be transformed into superiority on the battlefield, and further that this military superiority be utilized for a complete political victory over the Axis, National Socialism, and fascism.

One of the gravest errors of the European democracies before the outbreak of the Second World War was to mistake their industrial potential for actual military strength. Combined, they surpassed Hitler's Germany in resources, but before they could fully exploit these resources Hitler had beaten them and conquered almost the whole Continent; France's "latent resources" were then used to strengthen the German war machine.

Again, before the United States entered the war, the resources of the United Nations far exceeded those of

the Axis, but it took the attack on Pearl Harbor and America's declaration of war to transform these latent resources into war materials. The United States can turn out almost twice as much steel as the Axis countries combined, but victory requires that the steel be converted into tanks, machine-guns, and other implements of war. Vital progress in this direction was made in 1942, as a few figures will prove.

The American aircraft factories, whose production had been stepped up considerably before the war broke out, turned out 2,000 planes a month in 1941; in December, 1942—according to the text of President Roosevelt's message to Congress—the figure had jumped to 5,500 a month. In 1941, 50,000 machine-guns were produced in twelve months; in 1942, 670,000. Last year the war production of the United States alone equaled that of all the Axis countries combined and in some fields even exceeded it. If the British and Russian production is

added to the American figures, it can be seen how far the United Nations out-produced the Axis.

OUTSTRIPPING THE AXIS IN PRODUCTION

All signs indicate that in 1943 Allied superiority will increase. The reasons are to be found, first, in the further expansion of American production and, second, in the effects of the Russian campaign on Germany. Even now American production has by no means reached its peak; it is estimated that in 1943 arms output will be two-thirds above the 1942 figures. The American armament industry, if it reaches its goals, will have turned out twice as much by the end of this year as the Axis, and the United Nations combined will have produced three times as much as the enemy.

What is said here about America's entire industry is most impressively demonstrated in the case of steel. Already out-producing the Axis countries by a wide margin, the United States by the middle of 1943 will approach a steel-production rate twice that of Germany, Italy, and Japan, according to the report of Donald M. Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board. "Steel is the backbone of war," Mr. Nelson said, "and we are now producing it in the shapes and types to whip the Axis. Both industry and the steel division of the WPB can justly be proud of the record to date." The three Axis nations, he said, have an estimated production of 50,000,000 to 55,000,000 ingot tons annually, whereas this country already is producing at the rate of more than 89,000,000 tons a year, and on completion of the expansion program next summer the figure will rise to about 97,000,000 tons. When the expected rate is achieved next year, the country's steel industry will have increased its output 30,000,000 tons over 1940.

It is not merely the gigantic growth of American production that will permit us so greatly to outstrip the Axis in 1943. Another factor will be the stagnation, or rather the decline, of production in Germany, which is the decisive Axis partner. The effects of the Russian campaign on Germany's industrial as on its military strength are becoming more and more visible. The German military and economic general staffs learned from the experience of the First World War how to utilize German man-power as efficiently as possible. The overwhelming majority of skilled workers remained in the factories from the outbreak of war up to the fall of 1941, and thus war production was maintained at a high level. But after the bloody losses of the Russian campaigns this was no longer possible. The major task facing the German general staff became the defense of the eastern front and, simultaneously, of Fortress Europe. Despite the heavy loss suffered, it seeks to maintain its effective forces at about 8,000,000 men. That means that millions of skilled workers have had to be taken from industry for the army; and of course women, youths, and foreign workers are not adequate substitutes for the men pressed

into uniform. The German war machine continues to force all Europe to work for it, but it is unlikely that it can drain more out of Western and Central Europe than it did in 1941 and 1942, especially since the food difficulties in the occupied regions are constantly growing. There remains for the Nazis as the only source of additional strength the more extensive use of whatever Russian regions they may be able to hold.

It must be stressed that the Russian counter-offensive and the United Nations' African campaign have deprived the German military machine of an advantage which it enjoyed in all previous phases of the war—the chance to regroup and reorganize its forces undisturbed. After the Polish campaign in the fall of 1939 Germany had plenty of time to gather its strength for the campaign against France in 1940; after the victory in the west it was again able, in the winter of 1940-41, to concentrate its attention on the offensive against Russia. And even in the fall of 1941 Germany had so strengthened its position against Russia—the defense of Europe was a simple matter at that stage—that it could prepare for the 1942 offensive without much interference.

Today the situation has changed. For the first time since the Second World War started, the initiative has been wrested from the German general staff. All plans for the further industrial exploitation of Europe have been completely upset by the extraordinary offensive power of the Red Army. The defeats in Russia, coupled with the African campaign, are giving Hitler no respite in the winter of 1942-43; he is getting no chance to reorganize his armies or his war production. Thus it is safe to say that during the period in which the United States will increase its production by another two-thirds, German production will at best be maintained at its 1942 level—if it does not sink below it.

Now that the Russians have regained the Maikop oil fields, the German situation will further deteriorate. In addition, the German transportation difficulties will become more serious as Hitler is forced to wage war not only in the east but also for the defense of Fortress Europe, wherever the Anglo-Saxons may attack.

But if Germany's industrial war machine has reached the peak of production, the same cannot be said of Japan. So far Japan has been able to harness to its war machine only a small part of the industries in the immense areas conquered last year; it is just beginning to utilize their resources. The obstacles to their exploitation are tremendous while Japan is at war, for its losses in cargo vessels and warships have been heavy, and communication routes have become extremely tenuous. Thus one may risk the conclusion, without being over-optimistic, that in spite of its military successes, Japan in 1943 will be so heavily engaged that no major increase of its industrial potential through greater exploitation of the conquered regions is likely.

STRENGTH ON THE BATTLEFIELD

I have estimated that in 1943 the war production of the United Nations will become three times that of the Axis. This means not only that the United Nations will have a wide margin in production but also that they are already accumulating much greater arms reserves, although the Axis powers started to produce and store arms so much earlier. Victory, however, while it is prepared in the factories, must be won on the battlefield, and a considerable part of our productive capacity must be used to build the cargo ships to carry arms and troops and the warships to escort the convoys. In 1942 merchant shipping was turned out faster than the goals set by Roosevelt required. On the other hand, the Germans have concentrated on submarine construction in recent months, and our losses remain heavy. The American shipping program for 1943 again calls for a doubling of construction, with a goal of 17,000,000 tons. With a better utilization of tonnage and an increased number of small escort warships, it looks as if the transport problem in 1943 would offer no insurmountable obstacles to the use of American forces in the fight against Hitler.

The number of Americans serving outside the borders of the United States was estimated at 1,500,000 by the President in his last speech, and the speed with which they are being sent abroad is increasing.

The United Nations have clear-cut naval superiority over the Axis. They are beginning to acquire air superiority also, and as American plane production mounts, this air superiority will grow from month to month. But it has been proved in North Africa, and it will be proved again in future operations, that the German armies can be beaten only by an all-out combined attack from the sea, from the air, and on the ground. The task is tremendous, but it can be done. We have learned that "latent" industrial resources do not count while a war is on, and we are therefore converting our reserves into war materials—planes, tanks, and guns. But these same planes, tanks, and guns must be skilfully used in battle. That skill must be acquired, and it can be acquired only by experience. We have overcome the enemy's lead in war production, but the Germans still have the edge on us in military operations because they have had years of practice in coordinating the movements of ships, planes,



LOOK WHAT OUR FELLOWS BROUGHT IN TODAY

tanks, and artillery. They will meet the coming attacks by the Allied powers with the knowledge which they have acquired in the fighting in Spain, in Poland, in France, in the Balkans, and in Russia. We shall have to gain our experience in the fighting to come. It is true, of course, that our huge and ever-growing superiority in equipment is a tremendously important factor, but let us realize that we still have to follow a long and bloody path before our superiority in arms production is paralleled by superiority on the battlefield.

A military victory for the United Nations is practically certain. If Hitler could not win in 1942, when the American army was only in the process of formation, when less than a million Americans had been sent abroad and hardly more than 100,000 were at the fronts; if he

could not win when America's gigantic industrial plant was still engaged in the shift to war production, then he certainly will not win in 1943, when the American army will number more than 10,000,000, when about 3,000,000 American soldiers will be ready for service outside the United States, and when America's plane production will be twice that of the Axis.

In 1942 the German armies could wage only a limited offensive compared to 1941; they are now on the defensive on all fronts. The African campaign of the Allies can probably be brought to a successful conclusion during the coming spring. After that the concentrated power of America and England will be hurled against Hitler in Europe. Reverses are to be expected at certain points, but they will not influence the general trend.

The Novel Case of Winfred Lynn

BY DWIGHT MACDONALD

LAST June a Negro gardener named Winfred William Lynn was notified by his draft board—Local Board 261 of Jamaica, Long Island—that he had been put into 1-a. He sat down and wrote this letter:

Gentlemen: I am in receipt of my draft-reclassification notice. Please be informed that I am ready to serve in any unit of the armed forces of my country which is not segregated by race. Unless I am assured that I can serve in a mixed regiment and that I will not be compelled to serve in a unit undemocratically selected as a Negro group, I will refuse to report for induction.

Yours respectfully,

WINFRED W. LYNN

This was the beginning of a case which has received almost no publicity, but which is the only legal test that has yet been made of the Jim Crow practices by which the military authorities are violating the spirit if not the letter of the basic law under which the present army is being selected and trained. It is also a case that will raise most important constitutional issues when it comes before the Supreme Court later this year.

That this test is being made at all is entirely due to the fact that Winfred Lynn, in a quiet way, is a very determined person, and that he has a brother, Conrad, not so quiet but equally determined, who happens to be a capable lawyer. Until last December, when Arthur Garfield Hays came into the case as trial lawyer, the Lynn brothers carried on their fight practically alone. Winfred Lynn is, or was, a landscape gardener. For the past twelve years—he is now thirty-six—he has been building up a nice little business putting in trees and shrubbery on Long Island estates. He wasn't much interested in poli-

tics, and he had no great quarrel with the economic system—"I'll always get by," he used to say. But he did feel very strongly about one thing—racial discrimination. When war came, he couldn't make any sense out of the contradiction between the theory of a war for democracy and the fact of a Jim Crow army being raised to fight it. Long before he got his 1-a notice, he used to tell Conrad that, regardless of what happened to him, he wasn't going to be a party to such a practice. Many Negroes talked like that. The Lynns are unusual in that they did something about it, and something effective.

The legal basis of Lynn's case is to be found in Section 4(a) of the 1940 Draft Act: "... in the selection and training of men under this act, and in the interpretation and execution of the provisions of this act, there shall be no discrimination against any person on account of race or color." To the layman this would seem explicitly to outlaw Jim Crow in the army. Actually, as everyone knows, Negroes are segregated in all-colored units in this war as they were in the last. The only relaxation of the color line is in the case of officers of Negro units, whom the army permits to be white—in fact, rather insists on it. General Hershey, director of Selective Service, has summed it up:

The act says there is to be no discrimination. But the act also says that no man may come into the army who is not acceptable to the army. The navy, of course, is worse, and the marines will not accept Negro applicants. I regret this state, but unfortunately the army gets the final say. What we are doing, of course, is simply transferring discrimination from everyday life into the army. Men who make up the army staff have the same ideas as they had before they went into the army.

The Lynn case does not directly raise the question of discrimination in training, but only of discrimination in the selection of draftees. The two are, of course, closely intertwined, both in the wording of the Draft Act itself and in actual practice. In all draft districts with a sizable Negro population, including Local 261 of Jamaica, there are separate quotas for Negroes and whites, despite Section 4(a) and despite the official Selective Service Regulations, which direct that "in classifying a registrant there shall be no discrimination for or against him because of his race, creed, or color." But separate quotas are obviously necessary if the army has separate training facilities, since otherwise too many or too few of one or the other race would constantly be arriving at the camps. Therefore, the New York Selective Service Headquarters begins its periodic calls for men: "(1) Your quota for this call is the first — white men and the first — Negro men who are in Class 1-a." Since it is in practice rarely possible to draw on the two racial quotas in exactly equal ratios, the Lynns contend that discrimination exists, the speed with which a man is called up depending on his race as well as on his draft number.

The history of the Lynn case may be told briefly. Three months after receiving his 1-a classification, and after the local board had failed to persuade him to change his stand, Winfred Lynn was notified to report for induction on September 18. He failed to do so, and two months later he was indicted by a federal grand jury on charges of draft evasion. (Conrad believes the long delays were due to the fact that Washington was not entirely certain how to deal with the case and hoped that Winfred could somehow be persuaded to "listen to reason.") On November 16 Winfred appeared before Judge Abruzzo, pleaded not guilty, and was held in \$2,500 bail. The next day Conrad asked for a writ of habeas corpus, on the ground that his brother was being illegally detained, since the method of his induction was contrary to Section 4(a) of the Draft Act. Judge Abruzzo granted the writ, and the date of the hearing was set—after more postponements—for December 4. The day before the hearing Colonel Campbell Johnson, a Negro aide on General Hershey's staff, came up from Washington and spent an afternoon trying to get Conrad to drop the case. The hearing was held before Federal Judge Mortimer Byers, who took his seat on the bench, read part of the petition, and then said: "I have here the writ of habeas corpus, the return to the writ, and the traverse. Writ dismissed." When Mr. Hays, who had entered the case the day before, expressed surprise that the judge should dismiss the writ before any arguments had been heard—apparently an almost unprecedented action—Judge Byers replied he would hear no man who had refused induction into the army. Hays went on talking and made quite a long and spirited speech, all of which was in flagrant contempt of court. The judge refrained from making an issue of

it, however, and adjourned court after Hays stopped talking. The importance the army attaches to the case, incidentally, was shown by the fact that the prosecution's table was crowded with officers attending as observers.

In order to get a court test on the main issue rather than on the tangential question of whether a draftee could bring habeas corpus action while resisting induction, Hays and Conrad Lynn persuaded the extremely reluctant Winfred to submit to induction. The fact that he is now in the army does not change the case, since habeas corpus has jurisdiction even over the armed forces; it is the one area of civil law that applies there. The only difference is that it is now Winfred Lynn's colonel, instead of his jailer, who is being charged with illegal restraint of his freedom. On January 4 there was another hearing, before a more sympathetic judge, but with the same upshot: writ dismissed. The judge pointed out that although Colonel McDermott, draft director for New York City, had shown by his testimony that separate Negro and white quotas did exist, this was not proof that Lynn had been called out of his turn or, in fact, that he had not been called *later* than his turn. To which Hays retorted that the Draft Act is based on the theory that it is a privilege, not a penalty, to serve one's country, and that if Lynn was called up late, he was still being discriminated against. This argument did not impress the judge.

The case now goes to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, where it is expected to land early in March, and after that to the Supreme Court. Since habeas corpus cases must be specially expedited, it will probably reach the highest court before the end of the year. Conrad Lynn was recently drafted himself, and his brother's case is now being handled by Mr. Hays and the American Civil Liberties Union.

The Lynn case may turn out to be one of the most important ever argued before the Supreme Court. It raises two big issues:

1. *Is segregation in itself discrimination?* Webster defines "segregation" as "a separation from others" and quotes in illustration William Wetmore Story's judgment: "The very name of ghetto, signifying segregation and disjunction, is opprobrious." The United States Supreme Court thinks otherwise, however. The line of its decisions in all the classic Jim Crow cases, beginning with *Plessy v. Ferguson* in 1895 and continuing through *Mitchell v. United States* in 1941, has been that segregation is not in itself discriminatory so long as equivalent facilities, whether in transportation or schools, are provided for Negroes and whites. Writing the majority opinion in *Gaines v. Canada* (1938), a case erroneously hailed by liberals at the time as a gain, Chief Justice Hughes summarized the traditional doctrine: "The admissibility of laws separating the races in the enjoyment of privileges afforded by the state rests wholly upon the

equality of the privileges which the laws give to the separated groups within the state." The novelty of the Lynn case is that it brings up to the court for the first time the question of segregation practiced not by Southern states but by the federal government itself. Jim Crow is integrated so closely into the present social system of the South that it is not surprising that the court, even in its current liberalist phase, has not ventured to disturb it. But it will be quite a different thing to sanction the practice when it is applied by the federal government itself on a national scale to an army drawn mostly from areas where legalized Jim Crow has never existed. "Our Constitution is color-blind," wrote Justice Harlan in his great dissent in the Plessy case. Whether this was a hope or a statement of fact will become clearer when the court decides the Lynn case.

2. *Is a Jim Crow army compatible with a war alleged to be fought for democratic aims?* The fact that nothing was said in the last war's draft laws about racial discrimination, while this time Congress voted Section 4(a) into the law, indicates both a general awareness of the paradox of a Jim Crow army fighting against Nazi racialism and also the gains the Negroes have made since 1917. There are plenty of legalistic ways in which the court can decide against Lynn: it can reaffirm the doctrine that segregation is not discrimination; it can hold that his interests have not been injured by separate draft quotas, since when he was finally inducted he naturally had a lower draft number than whites inducted at the same time; it can even declare Section 4(a) unconstitutional because it interferes with the control the military authorities must have over civilian rights in training a war-time army (that is, it would interfere if it were respected). On the other hand, even the most legalistic jurist must be concerned with the army's present policy of spreading the poison of racial discrimination among millions of draftees from outside the South. When the veterans of our Jim Crow army come back after the war, Negroes and whites alike indoctrinated with mutual hostility by the very conditions of their military life, the effects on our society will not be pretty.

Furthermore, an adverse decision will be politically inexpedient in view of the present state of mind of Negroes. It is significant that although the Lynn case has hardly been mentioned in the national press, it has been front-page news in Negro papers all over the country. When Winfred Lynn went to Camp Upton, his fellow-soldiers knew all about the case and insisted on doing his military chores for him. Another Lynn brother, in training down South, was asked by his white captain whether he was related to "this fellow Lynn that's making so much trouble"—which shows that those on the other side of the fence know about the case too. According to Conrad Lynn, at least six Negroes in his brother's draft district have followed his example, without having the

means to make a legal test or to do much of anything, in fact, except go to jail when it comes to that. He also asserts that a large number of Negroes just don't show up when summoned for induction, and that the authorities usually prefer not to do anything about it. The whole question has been smoldering beneath the surface. The Lynn case brings it out into the open and forces a showdown on whether the 1940 Draft Act means what it says.

In the Wind

VANCE MUSE of Houston, Texas, secretary-treasurer of the Christian American Association, reports that the purpose of Senator O'Daniel's recent speech before the Arkansas legislature was to force passage of anti-strike legislation patterned after that of Texas. "We have to our credit the forcing through of this bill in the Mississippi legislature," he said. "We are trying to do the same thing in Arkansas, and will go to bat on it until we get called down for it."

POLITICAL FORECAST: *The Cross and the Flag*, magazine of Gerald L. K. Smith's America First Party, is worried about the next Republican candidate for the Presidency. "Governor Harold Stassen associates with the most brazen internationalists in America," it says. "Stassen is the man who led the Willkie stampede at Philadelphia, and it is generally believed the internationalists will turn to him in case they're unable to nominate Willkie in 1944."

FLORIDA FRUIT GROWERS are doing their bit to promote racial harmony by refusing to hire white farm workers, according to the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. The union charges that plans are under way to import Bahamians for the harvest, on the theory that they can be more easily exploited than either white or Negro Americans.

THE BELGIAN CREW of a merchant steamer was not allowed to go ashore when the ship recently docked at an American port, because a case of para-typoid was said to have occurred among the passengers. However, all the passengers were allowed to leave the ship.

THE OHIO Farm Bureau Federation reports that farmers in that state are divided on the question of hiring village youth as farm workers. About half of them favor the idea; the other half believe more would be lost than gained.

JOHN A. ROHAN, an Irish Catholic, was presented with a scroll by the congregation of Temple Israel in St. Louis on his resignation after forty-seven years as baritone soloist with its choir.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Beveridge and the Bourbons

BY S. K. RATCLIFFE

London, January

THE Beveridge Report has made a remarkable difference in the outlook of England. Whatever may be the situation as regards government policy or effort after the social-security scheme has undergone a first test in Parliament, one thing at least seems clear—that the people are now provided with a national plan which must be everywhere eagerly debated. Political warfare as conducted in the past has not sufficiently taken into account the demagogic totalitarian charge that the "pluto-democracies" are unable to end unemployment and other social injustices. The Beveridge plan provides a new and sharper weapon. In reply to the question, What are we fighting for? some millions of people have already begun to say, Well, at any rate we mean to get security of life and work, and this looks like the real thing! What Sir William Beveridge offers is "a plan to win freedom from want by maintaining incomes." So much the simplest citizen can comprehend.

The plan has had an extraordinary press. The newspapers, long starved of inspiring material, were prepared for a resounding send-off, and Beveridge for several days was accorded a place from which not even the retreat of Rommel could dislodge him. No small part of this triumph, of course, was due to sheer merit. The Report is not unique among government papers on account of literary quality, for many of our bluebooks are uncommonly well written. But it stands alone by a combination of excellences—intellectual grasp, fine temper, and sound and animated writing which is blessed by freedom from jargon. They are saying in London that Winston Churchill was captured by the document, and a large public is thoroughly in accord with him.

For this surprising enterprise a new technique was devised. The government did not appoint a commission of inquiry on the usual pattern: that is, a group of acceptable men and women such as, in the past, were too often made use of for the burial of an insistent problem. Instead of that, we had Sir William Beveridge (on the initiative of Arthur Greenwood, when a member of the War Cabinet two years ago) intrusted with the task of going over the established social services—admittedly an amazing jungle—and shaping a new scheme, with the aid of certain departmental experts whose functions were no more than advisory. Hence the Report is the work of one man, and it bears his signature alone. He is not in the government or in Parliament. At one time a

member of the civil service, he is now the head of an Oxford college. Over thirty years ago he became known through a pioneer analysis of unemployment, and then made a distinguished record in food control during the last war. If nominations for the work he has just completed had been invited from, let us say, a dozen recognized authorities in the field, Beveridge would have been assured of the top place; and this estimate of his qualifications has now been justified to the world.

"A revolutionary moment in the world's history is a time for revolutions, not for patching." So says Sir William, and his plan is certainly not a patch. But then, neither is it in any sense revolutionary. It is a spacious and ably proportioned remodeling of the social fabric which in Britain has been a-building for more than thirty years. There is no break with the recent past, even in the important matter of form. Every principle of the existing social services is maintained, with unmistakable emphasis upon one characteristic feature. "The capacity and the desire of British people," we read, "to contribute for security are among the most certain and most impressive social facts of today." That is incontestable; and therefore contributions from the citizen are an integral part of all the benefits proposed—unemployment pay, workers' compensation, medical aid, pensions. (There is, however, one exception—family allowances; these, being new, are to come out of general taxation.) The primary aim is unification and comprehensiveness, and to that end a single weekly contribution out of earnings is enjoined. The proposed size of this contribution has caused surprise. It is, of course, inseparable from a higher minimum-wage standard.

The plan is altogether for social security, not for national reconstruction. Sir William Beveridge was not instructed to produce a blueprint for the new Britain. It was, for instance, no part of his duty to discover the cure for mass unemployment. His terms of reference were strictly limited to the social services; and he interpreted these first of all in relation to the abolition of want; in other words, the removal of the great evil and scandal which every great modern country ought to have been able to remove in the years of peace. England, he holds, might have done it before the present war, and will be able to allow it when peace returns.

The acceptance of the Report throughout the country is a phenomenon no less striking than the initial acclaim. The representatives of the welfare agencies are unani-

mous. Church leaders are eloquent in praise. Progressive organizations on all sides are of like mind. The Liberal Party, small though still influential, is wholehearted. The Trades Union Congress is hardly less unqualified in approval—a fact, by the way, which throws light upon the essential character of the political party which is built upon, and directed by, the great labor unions. The Labor daily paper says in effect: Of course the Beveridge plan is not socialism, or near-socialism, but it is an indispensable measure of benefit for all which must be taken with gratitude. Left-wing antagonism is negligible. The British people are resolved upon social security; and increasingly they view the attack upon want as a first step toward that national minimum of work, income, and welfare which is now deemed to be the right common aim of a civilized society.

But will the scheme be opposed, variously and perhaps with cumulative energy? Undoubtedly it will. The political Bourbons and their allies, the powerful reactionary elements, are holding themselves in for the present. They could not afford to go on record as resisting the will of the nation as a whole. But needless to say, a general assault is being quietly organized. G. D. H. Cole, who with his customary skill and speed has written a brief popular exposition of the plan, is among the first to sound the note of warning. We must expect, he says, a renewal of the tactics of delay and frustration, in Parliament and elsewhere. And here, as in so many other theaters of war, 1943 is the crucial year. The political intelligence and practical sense of the British people are about to be tested, and that in relation to a project of public welfare which, in the judgment of our ablest and wisest, can be built into the national system, with incalculable benefit to the rest of the world. The central query, of course, has to do with our Tories, the extreme right wing which hitherto has so effectually prevented their party from being transformed into a progressive conservative force. We may take it for granted that these people will mobilize in force. And yet there can be no difficulty in arguing that if they had taken in the governing facts of their own situation and destiny, they would welcome Beveridge with both hands. But when have the Bourbons been able to see and comprehend?

Meanwhile, there are a few things that can be stated without qualification. Parliament in the near future will carry a measure of social security, Beveridge's or another. As the work must be done by the present House of Commons, since we may not indulge in the luxury of a wartime election, the danger is that the Cabinet may seek to get by with a limited device of extension and departmental adjustment. There is to be a nation-wide movement of public education, and pro-Beveridge opinion will be steadily organized. But the advocates of the plan will not underrate the central obstacle—a coalition government still crushed down by the burden of the war.

De Gaulle's Program

[In the first press conference he has held for nine months General de Gaulle on February 9 came out for the immediate restoration of the laws of the Republic in North Africa. We publish herewith the greater part of the interview as it was cabled from London by the French National Committee.]

DE GAULLE: It has seemed to me that, in the present circumstances, it was desirable for us to make contact, for the serious matters under way concerning France give rise to many interpretations, not always very exact, and sometimes a bit misleading. . . .

Rather than give weighty statements prepared in advance, I prefer that you ask me questions. I shall answer them to the best of my ability and, I assure you, very frankly.

Question: What will be General Catroux's first task on his arrival in Algiers?

De Gaulle: General Catroux has been sent to Algiers by the French National Committee to establish contact, on the one hand, with General Giraud and, on the other, with the French and the natives of North Africa. General Catroux will examine the possibilities of establishing a satisfactory liaison between the National Committee and the existing organization in French North Africa. The published reports of his mission are an example of the false news of which I just spoke—in certain papers one has read that General Catroux was going to accept a position in the present administration of North Africa. I am convinced that common sense will have given the lie to this.

Question: What do you think of General Giraud's last statement announcing that he was assuming complete control over all French Africa?

De Gaulle: We have read his statement very attentively. The opinion of the National Committee is that in one respect it satisfies the demands of Fighting France. That is in the fact that for the first time in three months a few effective provisions for liberty are made in that unhappy country. We can greet this accomplishment with some satisfaction. As to the basic point, that is, the structure of the North African set-up, we think, as we have always said, that it can only be considered temporary and artificial. French business, French administration, French authority need a legitimate basis—well, there exist two legitimate bases. One is guilty and detested Vichy. The other is the Republic. In General Giraud's declaration and the decree which followed it we hoped to discover what the basis was to be. We were unable to. Is it Vichy, or is it the Republic?

Question: When you saw General Giraud and spoke to him of repudiating Vichy, is it true that Giraud refused to do so for the present and in time to come?

De Gaulle: I regret to say that the conversation which I had with General Giraud was not explicit enough for this point to be really clarified. . . . I believe that in the minds of the great majority of Frenchmen liberation means both to drive out the enemy and to reestablish the Republic. . . . You are not unaware that Fighting France has been able to bring into the war a considerable part of the French empire. We have reestablished there the laws of the Republic, purely and simply. I do not think that anyone has heard of disturbance or confusion in the French empire governed by Fighting France. . . .

Question: On what basis could you reach an agreement with General Giraud?

De Gaulle: What we wish and what France wishes is not an agreement between two generals. That does not count. The serious matter of North Africa has often been represented as having become a personal rivalry between two generals. I think that is ridiculous. The question is infinitely more serious. It is a question of the union of the empire belonging to France, a union pledged to liberate France and achieve the aims it has chosen. These aims have been established by the nation's will since September 3, 1939. . . . I tell you very frankly that one of the facts which has most complicated this North African affair is the exclusion of Fighting France from the conception, preparation, and execution of this "union." I am convinced that people in France have been very much surprised by this.

Question: On what basis could the union of the empire be realized?

De Gaulle: I believe that if in North Africa, as in the rest of the empire, the laws of the Republic were applied, if, in particular, liberties were restored there—the liberty of the press, of the individual, of assembly, and of opinion—very little time would pass before those very liberties and the public opinion engendered by them would effect a union. . . .

Question: Were you able to lay your program before General Giraud, Mr. Churchill, and President Roosevelt?

De Gaulle: I did not fail to make known these truths to General Giraud. I had the opportunity to speak of them to President Roosevelt, and I wish to say here that in him I recognized a very great statesman and a man who has a higher aim in this war, finally, may I add, a man who is something of a mystic; I think that is a very valuable quality in this war of ideals. As for Mr. Churchill, we have been waging this war side by side for two and a half years, and I do not think that it would have served any purpose to tell him what he knew already.

Question: What plan of union was proposed by General Giraud?

De Gaulle: I think that General Giraud's entourage first had the opinion that it would be fitting for Fighting France to merge into the system that has been set up in North Africa. . . . We are told, "Let us unite and eschew politics." Gentlemen, is there a single state in the world

today which is waging war for anything but a political purpose? Why do you suppose the French people are making war, fighting and suffering, if not for a *politique*? This includes, as I said, liberation—that is, the defeat of the enemy—the Republic, and the aims common to the United Nations.

Question: If the reestablishment of the laws of the Republic were accepted for North Africa, should you see a means of uniting Fighting France and the North African administration?

De Gaulle: If the laws of the Republic are accepted, there remains simply the matter of putting them into execution. For example, in Algeria the general councils are qualified, in a situation like today's, to decide on the general administration of Algeria. This is a very important first point. Eventually, in the absence of any Parliament, it will be easy to set up an Advisory National Council, including the representatives elected to the general councils, deputies and senators, elected representatives of the economic interests, the Chambers of Commerce, agriculture, etc., elected representatives of the trade unions, and elected representatives of Frenchmen in foreign countries. This Advisory National Council could serve as a temporary central power; I myself have proposed it since the first day. In a democracy authority derives from suffrage or, at least, from the consent of the people subject to this authority, and I do not believe that the Algiers set-up has taken that into account. The authority of the French National Committee is applied to people who have rallied to it. . . .

Question: Will the names of the members of the Giraud mission be submitted beforehand to the French National Committee?

De Gaulle: I do not know. . . . The principle of the liaison has been adopted by both parties. We desire it equally, and this liaison will be established. It is now a matter of studying how it will function, and that is one of the purposes of General Catroux's mission. . . .

De Gaulle: . . . Gentlemen, there is a last word which I should like to say to you, a word of optimism. I believe that this entire question of North Africa is very important, not only from a military point of view but from the point of view of public opinion everywhere. It is a sort of test of how the United Nations are going to apply the principles for which they are united and are waging war. The confusion in North Africa has given to the Allied operations there a tragi-comic aspect, made them appear a sort of vaudeville, vaudeville spattered with blood. I believe, on the whole—and you perhaps share my impression—that all this will not be very serious provided that from now on proper emphasis is placed on the dignity of France and the ideals for which the United Nations are fighting. In any case, whatever the vicissitudes, everyone knows that France will continue to fight as long as she can.

STOP AT KIEV!

Until now it has been wonderful. It was both inspiring and comforting to watch the Russians fight with an efficiency that gave the other powers a chance to devote to the creation of a North African front the careful thought such a major enterprise required. There was no need to put any limit on the general applause. Of course the people of the left, the anti-fascists of twenty years' standing, had to be restrained in their enthusiasm over Russia's victories; any excess on their part would deliver them into the hands of Mr. Dies. But bankers, conservative columnists, and other respectable people might carry their Russophilia as far as they liked.

Now things have changed. The Russians are going too fast. These same respectable people begin to wonder whether there is not at least a shadow of truth in Hitler's warning of the threatened bolshevization of the Continent. Let the Russians go on dying for freedom—but not too near the frontiers of Western Europe. If Stalin duly appreciates the good opinion of the best people, he must now exhibit a talent for moderation. He must know where to stop. Kiev would seem to be the indicated point. There he should wait modestly until the opening of a European second front can reestablish a decent balance of power.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

AS THE final catastrophe at Stalingrad drew nearer and nearer, Goebbels's department seemed to develop a kind of schizophrenia. For weeks it has strained after two directly opposite results—to whip up the people and at the same time to calm them. The orders given to the propaganda office must have been something like this:

1. Dwell with brutal emphasis on the defeat at Stalingrad. Forestall the enemy's celebration of it and demonstrate our own honesty.

2. Play down other defeats on the Russian front. Use vague circumlocutions such as "strategic movements according to plan."

3. Distil the utmost national pride and illusion of superiority out of the "heroes of Stalingrad." Never in history was there such a glorious struggle. Only the Nazi army among the armies of all countries and all times has been able to create such an "immortal myth for future ages." Thermopylae and even the Nibelungenlied pale by comparison.

4. Make the situation appear extremely alarming. The "storm from Asia" cannot be held back unless there

is total mobilization and the prevailing "comfortableness and laziness" are throttled. Advertise the new throttling measures furiously. The people themselves "cry out" for them, and they cry for greater haste.

5. Do not go into the reasons for the military crisis. The Russians, quite simply, are colossally strong. Why their strength was not reckoned with is not to be discussed.

6. Give two simple reasons why a change for the better is certain. The Russians have already thrown in their last reserves. Germany, however, is only now, with the start of total mobilization, putting forth its gigantic strength.

In a hectic furioso this mixture of themes has been elaborated for weeks, almost to the exclusion of any other. The effect has undoubtedly not corresponded to the expenditure of effort. We know from various sources that defeatism, or at least apathy, is spreading rapidly.

The anti-Bolshevik line is worked to the limit not only for foreign consumption but for the home audience as well. It was Germany that Herr Fritzsche—in a medium-wave broadcast on February 2—warned of the Soviet lust, "as in the time of the great migrations and the Mongol hordes, to overrun Europe, to destroy its civilization, to root up its people in order to obtain slave labor for the Siberian tundras." It may be that in evoking the fear of bolshevism the Nazis count on awakening an inclination for peace abroad. But at home they seek to whip up the war spirit. Without doubt Dr. Goebbels believes the Germans have a sharp distaste for bolshevism.

And that has led him to a slight shift that is worth noting. The objection must have been raised that the conquest of Germany by the Bolsheviks is not to be seriously feared since the Allies would never permit Stalin to establish himself in Germany. So you think they would not permit it? answered Herr Fritzsche of the Propaganda Ministry, and came forward with a new story. "We have always doubted," he said, "that England and the United States were in any position to save Germany and Europe from bolshevism. After England declared war, we knew that the plutocracies lacked not only the power but the will to do so. . . . And now we have received new proof of the intention of the plutocracies to deliver Europe over to bolshevism. In a number of North American newspapers, among others in the New York Herald Tribune and also in the Washington Tribune (sic), there appeared yesterday an article by Constantine Brown. From it we learn that the Americans now believe Soviet rule over all Europe to be the best solution obtainable. Mr. Brown declares he would not be surprised if the Soviets pushed on to the Atlantic and the Mediterranean and extended their rule as far as the Persian Gulf. This Constantine Brown of Washington belongs to Mr. Roosevelt's circle of friends and does not think up these things by himself. . . ."

This fearful story was invented, we must remember, to stiffen the resistance of the Germans.

File and Remember

The Choice Before Labor

MR. MORRISON, before he entered the War Cabinet, spoke some brave words about the need for audacity. Will he and his fellow-ministers make Mr. Churchill realize that the need is for audacity today? Will they realize that the politics of reconstruction are not an elegant minuet in which the forms are composed by the Central Office of the Conservative Party but a grim fight for mass well-being in which the forces of privilege, as always, will forget the duty to be magnanimous in the degree that they emerge from danger? Above all, perhaps, will the Labor Party and its leaders understand in time that if they cannot prove before hostilities have ceased the capacity of parliamentary democracy to make great changes by consent, they will have lost the peace before the victory itself is attained?

It is essential for the Labor Party to realize two things: it is important to Mr. Churchill to have its support only until the enemy is beaten; after that, as the Prime Minister who has won the victory, he will be able to make his own majority unless the country is convinced that Labor has the courage of its convictions—and that courage the Labor Party can only prove itself to possess by insisting that the decisions of these next months are not the quarter-measures the 1922 Committee desires, but are born of a policy proportionate to the revolutionary position in which we find ourselves. That is the way to win the confidence of the electorate. It is also the way to win the respect of Mr. Churchill.

It was intelligible that Labor should make the maintenance of the Churchill government its first consideration when the life of the nation was at stake. It is not intelligible, and it is not intelligent, for the Labor Party to make this maintenance its first consideration if the price of its maintenance is a refusal to consider that renovation of the basis of our social and economic life which the party itself, in each annual conference since the war, has declared the indispensable condition for the survival of British democracy after the war. It is not the theorists of the party, not its extremists, but its National Executive, which has won the approval of all sections of the party for the view that this renovation must be set on foot during the war itself, and that it must be a wholesale renovation. In these months, when vital decisions are to be taken, the rank and file of the party, and the electorate at large, have a criterion by which to test the sincerity of its leaders. Either they really meant what they asked the conference to affirm, or their recommendations were an empty gesture akin to that rhetoric of the last war which bred the cynicism of the inter-war years.—HAROLD LASKI in the *Tribune* (London).

Defeat in Victory

It would be a crushing defeat for all the United Nations if, after victory in war, they found themselves defeated by post-war problems. The year 1943 must see steps taken to insure the continued cooperation of the United Nations after the war, for without that the war will have been lost, as mankind will be the prey of any future aggressor, and an

even deadlier struggle will engulf the peoples of the world.

The peoples are entitled to demand, before the present struggle ends, that they should know how it is proposed to prevent war in the future. They are also entitled to ask how international economic cooperation, envisaged in the lend-lease agreement, is to be achieved. Without this, nations, even the greatest of them, will live in the twilight of poverty. Then, again, each nation must begin to reorder its own life, on the fundamental assumptions that it is freed from the fear of war and that it will enjoy its proper share of what the world produces.—ARTHUR GREENWOOD in *Reynolds' News* (London).

Cripps on Planning

It is timely to emphasize, as Sir Stafford Cripps did yesterday, the organic character of the processes by which peace must be achieved and made secure. He spoke of the way in which the United Nations had been led by the necessities of war to plan and organize the passage of vital supplies all over the world—to neutral as well as to belligerent countries. These responsibilities cannot be canceled by a stroke of the pen when hostilities cease: indeed, the re provisioning and rehabilitation of the occupied areas of Europe after their liberation have already been accepted as a joint task of the United Nations. Elsewhere such bodies as the Middle Eastern Supply Center have created a habit of economic planning for vast areas and a machinery to carry it out which can certainly not be discarded after the war, whatever forms they may ultimately assume. War-time controls of transport by sea and air on a worldwide scale and of railway communications across national frontiers may be a starting-point for those comprehensive international agreements which will be urgently required when peace comes. These and other instances are pointers to what may be achieved if the transition from war to peace is governed by a determination that war weariness shall not be allowed to blunt the keenness of common endeavor. But it will not be achieved by men who, in Sir Stafford Cripps's words, "are afraid to face the future or lack the courage to make the new sacrifices necessary for a lasting peace."—*The Times* (London).

The U-Boat War

Hitler's fate hangs upon the U-boat, as, in fact, does ours. We cannot possibly achieve victory unless we can keep the seas open for our shipping. . . .

Naval dockyards and all suitable merchant shipbuilding yards have been turned over to the assembly of U-boats. The German press gives great publicity to this drive, which it does not hesitate to describe as "a major and perhaps decisive campaign of the war." Doubts are sometimes expressed as to the ability of Germany to provide crews for the U-boats she is building in such numbers. It would be unwise to rest any hope on this. Training proceeds intensively. There is said to be no lack of volunteers; even if there were, the German authorities have their methods, and can produce crews with sufficient rapidity so that even if they come to grief they will first have helped to sink some ships.—LORD WINSTER in the *Manchester Guardian*.

BOOKS and the ARTS

CHARLES PÉGUY

BY PAUL ROSENFELD

CHARLES PÉGUY, whom many Frenchmen consider their great national poet; whom a progressive cardinal has commended by prefacing selections from his verse and prose: Pégué, the Christian Revolutionary, was a publisher, a pamphleteer, an original, often salty, and powerful writer, a prophetic spokesman of the ideal in France in the years prior to World War I. He preached the goodness of truth, justice, poverty (not destitution), the honor of work, and all which seems conformable to the dignity of man and eternal law. One of the heroic and most engaging individuals of our unluckiest epoch, he preached and practiced these ideals passionately, with joy, with irony, with a "deep, great, genuine sincerity," and practically in solitude.

The idealism he championed, the sporting, free action in the constant presence of the eternal good, Pégué called mysticism. The enemy was politics, lust for power; politics and its offspring, the exploitative, unfaithful, all-prostituting modern world. Pégué attacked its representatives with unrelenting vehemence. Prophet-like, Old Testament-wise, he even placed certain of his poetic messages of exhortation and instruction in the mouth of the divinity. Ostensibly these proclamations are delivered by an inspired character in his dramatic "Mysteries," a wandering nun. What we seem to face is none the less the godhead preaching like a peasant patriarch, with Pégué's characteristic hearty warmth.

He was a descendant of peasants and artisans in the country about Orléans, and born at Orléans in 1873. His father, who had fought in the Franco-Prussian war, died during his infancy, and two women reared him—his grandmother, an illiterate peasant who taught him the French language, and his mother, who supported the family by mending chairs. The boy learned to read sitting beside his mother while she plied her trade. He liked to work; wanted to teach; won a scholarship which took him to Paris, first to a college, then to the school for professors. Romain Rolland and Henri Bergson were among his masters, and Bergson's philosophy thrilled him and made him lifelong a fervent Bergsonian. This was not fortuitous. Pégué was immensely sanguine by nature: in all his despairs and disillusionments constantly in touch with some ground of happy expectation; convinced that what he desired was obtainable. His deepest idea—it is the content of his most original poem, the sublime "Porch of the Second Virtue"—was an image of a Creator not only the locus of hope but Himself full of expectancy. The philosopher, in depicting life as a domain of perpetual movement, uninterrupted impulsion, growth in variety, profound liberty, had rationalized an archetype in his scholar's subconscious mind.

At Orléans Pégué had become an active Socialist. Human misery assailed him. He thought a revolution abolishing destitution would relieve it, and during his university days collected money for and participated in strikes. While con-

sidering himself an atheist, in leisure hours he worked on a vast dramatization of a saint's life, that of the Maid of Orléans. He never graduated, quit the Normale to marry. At the instigation of Socialist leaders he set up a party bookshop opposite the Sorbonne. Disillusionment followed, an anguished experience of solitude. The years were those of the second, the "political," half of the Dreyfus case. The first half, a "mystic" action, had been a struggle for pure justice. Pégué had formed a friendship with Bernard Lazare, the unhappy Major's original defender. Bernard Lazare had been an incarnation of the idealism he adored. Now he found himself among leaders in the forum and university who were betraying the really revolutionary impulse in exploiting it for personal and party ends. Careerists were letting it butter their bread, converting it into a hateful anti-religious movement, striving to erect a counter-religion of the state.

For the little prophet, the revolution could not occur ethically. He withdrew to another shop to found the *Fortnightly Notebooks*, a periodical which appeared irregularly, and meagerly supported him and his small family. Under introductions by himself from 1900 onward it published writings for "all who are poor, cultured, free"; socially idealistic novels, dramas, essays, poems; Romain Rolland, the brothers Tharaud, the tetchy Julien Benda. Complete freedom of expression was permitted the contributors. The format was aesthetic; the proofs, which the editor carefully read and reread, flawless. But while his publication of Rolland's "Beethoven" created what Pégué called "a moral fortune" for the *Notebooks*, the number of subscribers never exceeded eight or nine hundred. Readers found his own prose unattractive. It was chronically digressive, and liturgical in style: obstinately iterative, massy, slowly propulsive. The closest English parallel to its style actually is that of the young Gertrude Stein, the Stein of "Three Lives" and portions of "The Making of Americans."

His spiritual evolution, moreover, cost Pégué old friends at the rate at which it gained him new ones. The splendid series of his own rhapsodic pamphlets had commenced with polemics against the tyrannies of the political modern world; a schematization of an ideal society curiously like the anarchist commune; philosophic attacks on the Sorbonne's philistine rationalistic theories. Surprisingly on the morrow of the German threat to France in 1905 there appeared his simply lyrical "Notre Patrie." It was a confession of patriotism which shocked pacifists, internationalists, socialists. Pégué had discovered mysticism at the root of the revolutionary French republic; at the basis of the hard and honestly working French common man. He demanded that the nation of the conscripts of 1793 endure. Unacceptable to pacifists, this patriotism proved equally disagreeable to nationalists. It was ethical, unfanatical. All in all, France was dear to Pégué as a representative of the unity of culture. Among the elements of that unity, with antiquity and Christianity, was Judaism.

Rumor has it that this inclusion of the Jew eventually cost him a valued alliance with old Georges Sorel. A second "conversion" alienated further allies, recent Catholic converts such as young Jacques Maritain. This was Péguy's reconciliation with Catholic Christianity, exhibited in the poetic "Mysteries" celebrating sainthood and Jeanne d'Arc. Behind humanity's ideals doubtless he had long felt the incitation of an eternally living principle; finally recognized his ancestors' God in this and in Christianity a complete expression of mysticism. The trouble was that Péguy's Catholicism, a religion of the heart, seemed less than orthodox. The outsider would appear to know why. It displayed affinities with radical Protestantism. Péguy not only rejected the idea of human damnation; liberally he stressed the doctrine of the incarnation, the doctrine of the insertion of the eternal in the temporal; and in its extension this tenet coincides with optimism. Besides, though he prayed heavily in churches, he did not go to Mass.

A criticism of his work appeared in 1909 in the lately founded *Nouvelle Revue Française*. It was the first he received. An article by Gide warmly commended his "Mystères." But Péguy had wished to influence young France, which flocked to other chairs—those of Maurras the royalist, Barrès the nationalist, the sadistic Claudel. Horrible professors anonymously attacked him. He was scarcely with honor in his country when he fell in the Battle of the Marne. Promptly his fame began spreading. It steadily continued growing amid the later fermentation of fascism and Marxist communism. A small literature developed around his personality and productions, and he has profited by the discipleship of a man of genius, the novelist Bernanos. His following has been recruited from all classes and persuasions, but school teachers and soldiers appear to form its core. They have been won, it is said, by Péguy's unflinching integrity and clarification of the reason beneath their loyalty to their republic. The present English-French anthology* of his prose and verse comes as a sign of his ever-waxing fame.

It is certain to extend it; it gives evidence of the fact of the complete transference of a heroic stature to the printed page. "Basic Verities," true, is handicapped by its gossipy and immaterial preface and the inexpertness of the translation. Péguy wrote in a racy, personal, but consistent idiom which he had evolved from the language of workers and peasants. Jerky in its combination of classic and colloquial English, the Greens' equivalent sometimes reads like a schoolboy Latin translation. But the selections have been thoughtfully assembled. As their center they project Péguy's opposition of mysticism to politics; and of all his feats this is the one of greatest moment. We cannot but regret the omission of certain glorious pages of his—notably those in "Notre Jeunesse," the resonant pamphlet of 1910, which portray Bernard Lazare. Still we are certain that within the given limits no fairer representation could have been achieved: through the whole there does transpire Péguy's achievement of the quality which makes writing great. One not only means that he evinced a "deep, great, genuine sincerity"; handled ideas simply; again and again attained a plenitude of sound and sense. One means even more, and

even more than that he produced passage upon passage through which "the great fact of existence" becomes great to us again. One means that in his verbal matter again and again we feel, as though it really were present, the circulation of an inner and eternal life. Something like a consecration flows from it.

"Git or Git Got"

GUADALCANAL DIARY. By Richard Tregaskis. Random House. \$2.50.

BATTLE FOR THE SOLOMONS. By Ira Wolfert. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.

TWO American newspapermen who were assigned to cover the battle for Guadalcanal have written books oddly complementary to each other, and both valuable in that they bring into focus a far-away piece of the war which never has been made quite real in the chopped-up and censored news dispatches. Richard Tregaskis is a young man of twenty-six, covering his first major assignment; he went into Guadalcanal with the first wave of marines; they captured a foothold there, and stayed through last August and September. Ira Wolfert, who has been covering big stories for a decade, paid his visit to the island in October and November.

Mr. Tregaskis kept a diary, missing nary a day. It is never a dull diary, for he has a good reporter's eye for detail, a refreshing lack of self-consciousness or artifice, and humor. He is particularly interested in the marines who did the ground fighting through jungles and swamps. Aboard the transport, as the hour for attack approached, they tossed half-dollars over the side, saying even if you stay alive you won't be able to buy nothing; and they also crowded into religious services. In the first days on the island they talked too loud, and they nervously shot at every shadow.

Soon they realized how desperate was their task of defending a patch of land seven miles by four on an island ninety miles by thirty, with Japanese shooting at them from the jungle on the three land sides, shelling them from the sea on the fourth side, and bombing them from the air—and all this by night as well as by day. For nearly two weeks they had no air support; for the first month they had only two meals a day; they kept wondering where our navy was and when reinforcements would arrive. A very few marines, including one high-ranking officer, developed hysteria psycho-neuroses. As for the rest, their original brashness developed into genuine toughness, and they fought on.

Mr. Tregaskis doggedly sought out danger along with the troops, wishing only that the rules didn't forbid correspondents to carry guns, and that his six-foot-seven frame wasn't so difficult to conceal behind bushes when he came under fire. Each time he faced death he thought the same thing, "that I was a damned fool to get myself into such a spot as this," but he too kept right on.

Ira Wolfert, arriving in October, was interested less in the ground fighting than in the sea and air battles. He, also, had some close scrapes, notably on the occasion when the Flying Fortress in which he was a passenger fought a forty-four-minute duel, dodging in and out of thunderclouds and

* "Basic Verities: Prose and Poetry." By Charles Péguy. Translated by Ann and Julian Green. Pantheon Books. \$2.75.

squalls, with a Japanese plane. It was "one of those arrangements known locally as git or git got"—and it was the most hair-raising air fight this reviewer has heard about.

While Mr. Tregaskis tells his story in full and intimate detail, Mr. Wolfert paints a series of pictures in broader, more emotional strokes. His short book is made up largely of his feature dispatches as he originally filed them. The best chapter is his account of the naval battle of November 13 to 15, much of which he was able to watch from shore. In black silhouette against the glare of gunfire and explosions, he saw the American fleet plunge into the midst of the more powerful Japanese force. "The sands of the beach were shuddering so much from gunfire that they made the men standing there quiver and tingle from head to foot . . . it resembled a door to hell opening and closing, opening and closing, over and over."

Both authors note with wonder the fanatical willingness of the Japanese to fight to the death, no matter how hopeless the odds. Mr. Tregaskis reports the case of three Japanese cornered in a cave; they had one pistol which they fired until only three shots were left; then one Japanese shot the two others and killed himself. In November Mr. Wolfert wrote that American forces had not yet taken a single enemy officer alive and only a handful of shell-crazed or wounded soldiers. He attributes this to the hold of the Japanese ruling class, whence come the officers, over the masses.

Nevertheless, both correspondents agree that the Americans are outfighting the enemy in point of courage as well as intelligence. Many of the men doing the fighting, Mr. Wolfert points out, took a terrible kicking around during the depression years, and New Deal critics berated the President for pampering and softening them with WPA projects; but when they came up against a job they had to do, they turned out to be plenty tough.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

First Fruits, Mostly Sour

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER. By Sylvi Edith Mackey. The Antioch Press. \$1.50.

THE NAMELESS. By Lew Williams. The Press of James A. Decker. \$1.50.

PIECES OF THREE. By Meyer Liben, Paul Goodman, Edouard Roditi. The 5 x 8 Press. 35 cents.

THE TWO PERSEPHONES. By Robert Morse. Creative Age Press. \$2.50.

WHITMAN strode; his progeny sprawls. The greatest American poet seems to be the worst American influence. This is seen daily now that last century's innovations are commonplaces, and anybody who cuts up flat prose into big lines can get them accepted as poetry, even printed in *Life*, provided they are about America. It is the more regrettable that little presses, which have done nobly in the past, should continue to present as "discoveries" epigones whose yawps are not even barbaric. Whitman was hardly ever deserted by his sense of organic rhythm, which he developed through practicing traditional meters, reading the Bible, and listening raptly to army bands and Italian tenors. Such pursuits might teach little or nothing to the new poets who keep bursting formlessly upon us, but the rising gen-

eration certainly ought to try something, if the great American music Walt let loose is not to dwindle permanently to a sound like the chewing of gum in subways.

Miss Mackey and Mr. Williams are the latest products of the "Hunk of Life, or Anything Goes" school. Miss Mackey is concerned to point out that modern American living is hard on the flowering of personality, especially female, though it stunts the men too, which makes it still worse for the women. This indisputable truth she states by way of a selective autobiography in five parts—entitled Plowing, Sowing, Germinating, Waiting, and Harvest—printed partly as verse, partly as prose. Her best quality as self-confessor—this being the root function of such writing—is a sharp sense of ironic humor, which often saves her from sounding unbearably adolescent. Also, she can describe scenes and incidents very well, in straight prose with the gloves off. But she never shapes her experience into the efficient form that would make one feel more than grateful that so live a person exists. Not even this pleasure is provided by Lew Williams's account of life among coal miners, who would like to be dead, but the mines go smoking along. It is all very gashing, and there is even a photograph of a WPA card to prove it; but the subject cannot be half so drab as the expression, which provokes no sympathy, only an irritated glumness.

Inarticulateness on the one hand and on the other an excessive artfulness showing off in a void seem to be the besetting vices of our poetry these days. Messrs. Liben, Goodman, and Roditi demonstrate the latter method of boring the audience—doubtless a freak of my fancy—that cries for poetry and sulks when given an all-day sucker. They write the kind of stuff that keeps one's mind open to Van Wyck Brooks. Their work depresses not by its decadence—an informing quality, if finely expressed—but by its refusal to communicate, to effect or even attempt the self-transcendence that is the first and last discipline of the poet. Liben feels badly about white-collar slavery, in inferior Fearingese; Goodman is solipsistically ingenious about listening to music; and Roditi feels so badly about everything except the Middle Ages that even his verse is spineless ("I dare not draw the curtains, see/Whether the world is still alive. . ."). These observers' disgust with the world comes from the brain, that of the others from the guts; none of them, however, uses words with respect for their magical entities but merely as the quickest means at hand for private answers to general questions; in a word, they are not poets.

Robert Morse is one; he can even write long poems—a singular ability, especially today. He illumines the dreary scene with two recreations of Greek myths—Demeter and Persephone, and Theseus and Ariadne. The first he treats as a symbol of instinct, the second as one of character. Of course, to use Greek legend at all—the Occident's supreme imaginative vision of human experience—gives a writer an initial advantage; but it also sets traps that only the fluency of talent can elude. Morse has that ease and grace. At times he overworks them, like the Parnassians, who seem to be his literary ancestors; but these finely portrayed figures and vivid dramatic speeches strengthen my conviction that it would greatly enrich the blood stream of poetry if at least one poet made a large-scale attempt at myth for every forty critics who talk about it.

FRANK JONES

Underground Germany

THE SILENT WAR. By John B. Jansen and Stefan Weyl.
J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.75.

UNTIL Vic Jordan and Warner Brothers took over, the underground movement in Germany was a bad flop. Even friendly people felt disappointed in their illegal protégés in Berlin, Essen, and Hamburg. In return for all the contributions and sympathy they had received, they could show nothing but arrests and executions. The German-Soviet war dealt another severe blow to the fading prestige of Hitler's enemies within. That the German workers did not rise up when their Socialist fatherland was attacked proved to one American correspondent that they were just as nationalistic as anybody else in the Third Reich. Scratch a German radical and you will find a Prussian imperialist, the man intimidated. The Western allies treat the whole problem of German internal opposition very much as the priest in one of Ludwig Thomas's stories looked at the problem of art: "Wahre Kunst geht bis zum Nabel. Was drunter ist, ist a Sauerei," the indignant shepherd said, looking at the nude form of a Greek goddess.

A full story of the underground movement in Germany can be written only after the fall of National Socialism. A wealth of documentary evidence is locked in the files of the Gestapo and may be partly or fully destroyed in the grand finale of the regime. Some things that have escaped Himmler's records are known to the secret organizations which have continued from abroad their political activities in Germany, but they too are silent on such vital matters as the numerical strength, political influence, and potential leadership of the underground groups. Jealousy between the various organizations and genuine fear of giving information to the enemy have made most of their reports vague and dull.

Undeterred by so many adverse circumstances, Jansen and Weyl, two active members of the German labor movement in its legal and illegal phases, have undertaken the job and succeeded in writing a book full of valuable information. In their presentation of the complex forces that compose the German underground they avoid the pitfalls of sensationalism and generalities. They address themselves primarily to American readers who want a sober analysis of the oppositional forces—their origin, achievements, limitations, and ultimate aims. The book contains some familiar material, but also new first-hand information about recent developments in the underground struggle. It is by no means a primer on the technique of underground work. The description of the costly, inefficient, and drab methods of illegal warfare in the Third Reich merely serves as a picture of the milieu in which the political groups must function.

Two of the authors' observations are of especial interest. The morale of those workers who form the nucleus of the underground movement, men and women of exceptional strength of character and convictions, cannot be touched by the changing fortunes of the silent war, but Hitler's phenomenal successes in his dealings with the great powers have given them a sense of frustration and futility. Munich cost the Allies more than the Czecho-Slovakian divisions; non-interference in Spain more than the difference between an enthusiastic friend and a latent enemy; and the effects of the



GENERALS AND GEOGRAPHERS

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ODELL SHEPARD will review "The Connecticut Wits" by Leon Howard

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MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL will review "W. B. Yeats, 1865-1939" by Joseph Hone

IRWIN EDMAN will review "The American Spirit" by Charles A. & Mary R. Beard and "America: The Story of a Free People" by Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager

KEITH HUTCHISON will review "Goals for America: A Budget of Our Needs and Resources" by Stuart Chase

SIDNEY HOOK will review "Education Between Two Worlds" by Alexander Meiklejohn

RALPH BATES will review "A New History of Music: The Middle Ages to Mozart" by Henry Prunières

DIANA TRILLING: Fiction in Review

THE *Nation*

Soviet-Nazi pact are not yet overcome. Every international victory was for Hitler a triumph on the home front, a further step toward unity, toward resignation of the anti-fascists and isolation of their active cadres. A beleaguered garrison needs proof that it is not forgotten if it is to keep up a seemingly hopeless battle.

The other observation has to do with a problem recurring in all discussions of a post-war Germany. What about the Nazi youth? The authors' story of the "Pack," a dissenting youth movement that broke away from Baldur von Schirach's tutelage, is an exciting piece of news. "He is a dependable reactionary," says one boy of another whom he wants to recommend as a dependable anti-Nazi. In their attempt to discredit Hitler's enemies as "reactionaries" the Nazis have given the old classification a new content. And if the boys of the "Pack" insist that they are utterly "unpolitical" they do not realize to what a high degree their defiance of the state organization is a political act.

The authors belong to the New Beginning group and base their conclusions on the experience of their political friends. But loyalty to their organization should not have led them to unqualified attacks on the Communist underground. What proof have they for the assertion: "The Communist structure was riddled with Nazis. They had spies and agents provocateurs placed throughout the party, even in the Central Committee"? The enormous losses of the Communists were not due to the activities of stool-pigeons but to a disastrously wrong evaluation of the stability of the Hitler regime which made them sacrifice their forces in fruitless attacks. One also fails to see why the part of the Communists in the silent war is systematically played down. Is it to lend respectability to the underground? In that case, nothing short of handing over the underground labor movement to dismissed generals and Catholic bishops will do.

KARL BILLINGER

Law-Abiding Italy

EULOGY OF JUDGES. By Piero Calamandrei. Princeton University Press. \$2.

THIS booklet—a collection of maxims on the figure of the judge—will arouse curiosity if for no other reason than that it is written by an Italian lawyer and scholar teaching and pleading in Florence, and published in this country when the Battle of Italy may be looming ahead. In fact, this commentary on daily justice has other claims to attention than what a pedant might term its dialectical timeliness. A reviewer in Italy would probably call the quality of Mr. Calamandrei's variations upon the legal profession "Manzonian." By Manzoni he would mean that ironic wisdom and catholic good-nature (I am well aware that many would rather call it Catholic, but I insist on a small c) which give flavor to the only great novel of Italian literature, "The Betrothed," and run in rivulets through the pages of Croce, so murderously Hegelianized by English translators.

Mr. Calamandrei's witty eulogy of the processes of justice reminded me that while Fascists in Italy have made havoc of the law practically and successfully, anti-fascists too have often mistrusted it, if only from an emotional, or a doctrinal,

February 20, 1943

point of view. As any reader of Silone can testify, Italian politics had been so long, before and under fascism, the hunting-ground for petty lawyers, that legality had become for too many a synonym for the defense of a fraudulent status quo. The spreading contempt for justice reached a climax in 1924, during the Matteotti crisis, when the parliamentary opposition committed suicide by staking all its chips on a shallow legal procedure.

From then on, through the Fascist decades of organized lawlessness, an opposite, healing process went on uninterruptedly in the public mind. The more the big bosses, the *gerarchi*, massacred the laws, the more the average Italian developed a respectful longing for law. Thus well-meaning citizens tried touchingly and vainly to enforce respect at least for the Fascist decrees; while anti-fascists, throwing overboard their recent bias, became increasingly interested in the legal problems of future Italy. "We might be ripe for a revolution," an Italian poet once said to me, "but we are unprepared to translate a revolution into just laws." However they may term it, "a compulsory democracy" is the ideal toward which the most enlightened Italians look with great hope. Its articulation and enforcement are definitely felt as a problem of legal creativeness. "Freedom only for the free," "a society of inescapable democratic processes"—such are the slogans. And their Italian worshippers know that only an imaginative jurist can teach them how to go about attaining it.

Counselor Calamandrei's essay, with its sympathetic glosses "On a Certain Immobility of Judges on the Bench" or "On Etiquette in the Court," has little to do with my own variations; and yet it belongs to a tradition whose bearings on a new Italy, let us hope, will some time be apparent.

PAOLO MILANO

Politics and the Pursuit of "Goodness"

DISCIPLINES FOR DEMOCRACY. By T. V. Smith. University of North Carolina Press. \$2.

THE disciplines for democracy, according to Professor Smith, are science, the discipline of truth; art, the discipline of beauty; and politics, the discipline of goodness. The author is one of the most eloquent exponents of the democratic way of life in our country, and he does not fail in either eloquence or charm in expounding his thesis in this volume. One may be permitted to question, however, whether he has not done violence to the ancient and hallowed triad of culture. Can the pursuit of truth really be limited to science? What becomes of those larger concepts of meaning which transcend science and which nevertheless embody truth?

Professor Smith seems to fit them into the realm of art, but not altogether plausibly. In a vivid example he distinguishes between science and art by making a census-taker, visiting a farm household, the symbol of science. The cold figures which the census-taker enters in his book are what science knows about that farm family. But it requires artistic appreciation to catch the glint of affection in the eye of the

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A REPLY

A point by point analysis of Mr. Trilling's article entitled "M., W., F. at 10" in *The Nation* of November 21, 1942 has been prepared by the Authors of *The Survey History of English Literature*.

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father as he answers questions for his wife and to take in the whole scene of domestic felicity and agrarian serenity. It would be rather sad if the "truth" about the farm family were contained only in the census figures and if the beauties of nature and human nature, which the author records so charmingly, were not related in any way to the "truth." Art may seek to comprehend the truth about how facts, meanings, and values are related to each other.

One may also question whether it is possible to identify politics with the pursuit of "goodness." In one sense it is the pursuit, not of the best, but of the second-best. Democratic politics, at least, rests partly upon the art of compromise. Politics is the art of embodying the good collectively. This cannot be done without "the price of accepting compromise as the best possible in politics," according to the author's own admission. Indeed, the emphasis upon compromise as the basis of democratic politics is one of the most illuminating portions of Professor Smith's treatise. He has some very wise things to say upon the impossibility of any one individual or group securing universal consent in a community for his or its conception of the good. He would therefore have them enjoy the purity of the ideal in purely individual terms and would dissuade them from seeking to universalize their ideal in the community by the consoling reflection that "to extend the community of the ideal is always to dilute the purity of the ideal."

That is an interesting admission in the author's own words that politics cannot be identified with the pursuit of goodness. It deals rather with the difficult achievement of a measure of harmony in a community whose different members have different, sometimes utterly different, ideas of what the good is.

Professor Smith constantly draws on his own rich experience in political life in championing the principle of tolerance and in advising moderation. "If one insists," he declares, "that right convictions about economics or about religion are matters for him to determine for others, then others, when they grow strong enough, will determine these for him. The only way to preserve any bill of rights is to be abstemious in presenting the public with what one calls his own rights."

On the question of tolerance and compromise he is a more convincing statesman than philosopher. A prudent democratic statesmanship must be based upon the very principles which he expounds so eloquently. But it may be questioned whether it is possible to achieve the ends he desires merely by cherishing our highest ideal privately. Suppose the ideals are concerned with the communal good? To cherish ideals privately, if they are ideals relevant to man's social life, is to make them meaningless. How could one persuade either a Communist or an exponent of a clerical corporative state to mitigate his fanaticism by the observation that the ideal he holds is purer in contemplation than it will be in actual realization?

Tolerance is just as necessary for a democratic society as Professor Smith insists. But it is more difficult to achieve than he believes. At any rate the problem is too complex to be solved by his theory of the division between the private and the public method of expressing devotion to the good.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

FILMS

NOT counting the films I have had to miss, it has been a dull month. Certainly the most interesting show I have seen is "The Hard Way," in which, evidently, several frustrated talents have done their best to eat their cake and have it. The story—the pathetic, cheated woman who wrecks lives right and left in the effort to realize herself through a younger sister—is liable to go ham even aside from Bette Davis's virtual patent on it. The neatly sneaked-in sexual-economic explanations help, here, only a little; the show-business setting is an unlucky concession to glamor. This theme is either cruelly relevant on a grand native scale or better let alone; and a good deal even of the best of this treatment of it is coarse-grained, stagy, and sentimental.

Even so, there is a good deal in it to excite and to please. Much of the dialogue of Daniel Fuchs and Peter Viertel is a dozen times more loaded and acute than the average, and Fuchs's genius for writing quarrels (as in "Homage to Blenheim") would alone make the picture worth seeing. Vincent Sherman directed it; he holds a large cast to a pitch of diversified accuracy which is seldom even attempted, and the vaudeville and theatrical sequences are the first in years to convince me (who know little about either). A good deal of credit—how much, it is impossible to guess—must go to Jerry Wald, who wrote the original story and was the producer. I particularly liked Jack Carson as the more amorphous of two hoofers, and I thought Dennis Morgan made a good deal of his cold, complicated partner. Ida Lupino I feel sorry about. She has fine moments, especially one as Zasu Pitts in "Greed," but I felt too often that her favorite expression of strained intensity would be less quickly relieved by a merciful death than by Ex-Lax. It is good to learn that in spite of her casting as Emily Brontë, Miss Lupino still wants to play comedy, at which she is excellent. James Wong Howe's first few minutes with the camera, in a Pennsylvania mill town, all but floored me with gratitude. He goes on the list with Hitchcock as one of the few men of whom it can be hoped that, given the chance (and in Hitchcock's case travel, and still sharper advice from natives), they may yet take advantage of the \$5,000 ceiling on sets to use this country as it ought to be used in films, and as it has scarcely been touched.

The well-paid shamming of forms of violence and death which millions a day are meeting in fact seems of an order more dubious than the shamming of all other forms of human activity; so I cannot be sure how I feel about "Air Force." It is loud, loose, sincere, violently masculine, and at times quite exciting. Its disasters are well arranged and, in the Coral Sea sequence, nicely cut. There is some gladdening effort to get away from movie faces and to give the men diverse and authentic speech; the success is only occasional. Bits of the music are imaginative; all of it vitiates what it is intended to enhance. The sound, if plain realism is enough, is unusually good. I think it unfortunate, since the crew of this bomber is supposed to be going night after night without sleep, that the cast was not required to. The camera work varies between competence in the air and the gummiest sort of "Rembrandt" sentimentalities on the ground. A few all but annihilating cut-ins of actual combat adequately measure the best of the fiction, and my own uneasiness about it.

Barring a few infallible bits of slapstick and one or two kitschy ingenuities with color, "Saludos Amigos" depresses me. Self-interested, belated ingratiation embarrasses me, and Disney's famous cuteness, however richly it may mirror national infantilism, is hard on my stomach. (I have not yet seen Donald Duck's income-tax film, but from what I hear, it will be worth as vicious invective as the Führer's Face.) "Journey into Fear" is disappointing, too. It is good to see so likable an entertainer as Welles making an unpretentious pleasure-picture; but to make a good one you need to be something of an artist, and Welles has little if any artistry. Since costume pictures leave me cold and oblique editorials—especially when I disagree with them—leave me colder, "Young Mr. Pitt" held nothing for me but Morley's suaveness, my lingering liking for Donat, and respect for some smooth dialogue and for Carol Reed's intelligent walk across the intrinsically hopeless flypaper of his first super-production.

Apparently "Casablanca," which I must say I liked, is working up a rather serious reputation as a fine melodrama. Why? It is obviously an improvement on one of the world's worst plays; but it is not such an improvement that that is not obvious. Any doubters should review the lines of Claude Rains. Rains, Bogart, Henried, Veidt, Lorre, Sakall, and a colored pianist whose name I

forgot were a lot of fun, and Ingrid Bergman was more than that; but even so, Michael Curtiz still has a twenties director's correct feeling that everything, including the camera, should move; but the camera should move for purposes other than those of a nautch-dancer, and Mr. Curtiz's bit players and atmospheric scenes are not even alien corn. Thanks to a friend, moreover, I can now quote two lines which I snickered at and then, I blush to say, forgot. One, Miss Bergman's plea to her husband, takes the season's prize for exposition: "Oh, Victor, please don't go to the underground meeting tonight." The other, more tender, is Miss Bergman's too, just after she collapses on to a sofa with Humphrey Bogart: "From now on you'll have to do the thinking for both of us, dear."

Social psychiatrists might, I think, regard the following as sinister wartime symptoms. In two current films there are heroines named Charlie; in a third there is a heroine named Chris. In the only two films I have seen in which young men got notices from their government informing them whether they were, or were not, acceptable for armed service, the young men first trembled in agonies of suspense, next, after glancing at the notice, showed their very tonsils for joy, and next made quite sure that the audience would share in their pleasure by cavorting in a manner to fit Mickey Rooney for wheelchair roles. In the long run it became clear, in both cases, that they got the job.

JAMES AGEE

Drama Note

ASK MY FRIEND SANDY" (Biltmore Theater) got a very bad press, though everybody seemed to agree that it was nice to have Roland Young back again. Undoubtedly the piece is a bit thin, but I found a good deal of wit and a good deal of amusement in the farcical story of a bibulous publisher persuaded to give away all his money, the argument used to persuade him being this: After the war nobody will have anything, but those who have got used ahead of time to getting along without money will be in the strongest position. According to the *Daily News*, this is a satire on the New Deal, and maybe it is, but if so the fact escaped me at the time. If all playgoers were middle-aged and had good memories, the best title would be "Rollo Sows Another Oat." Roland Young really is fine, and the rest of the cast is also good.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ART

WILLIAM DEAN FAUSETT: Paintings and Water Colors. Kraushaar Galleries, until February 20.

FAUSETT is an utterly academic painter save for the frankness of his color—and that is unacademic only in relation to 1880. The interest of his case lies in the fact that his landscapes, remaining as they do within conventions stale by now—the sweet, smooth surface, the seductive tones, the equally sweet glazes—give valid pleasure nevertheless. Coming from Utah, Fausett has a feeling for the green of deciduous foliage and the contours of grass fields which affects every part of the picture and unifies it. This very particular emotion about a particular thing is enough by itself to transform the conventional-ity of his style and to make of some of his landscapes works of art. Apart from this Fausett is a mediocre painter. He cannot do figures or still lifes or landscapes without foliage. He cannot define and simplify large masses satisfactorily, as is witnessed by the hard, superficial treatment of the farthest distances in his landscapes. He must rely on nature's more obvious organization and what its details suggest; thus the brilliance with which he handles skies, foregrounds, and middle distances. In the end Fausett has only this one emotion and its cause, the green of our Eastern countryside, and his work at the most constitutes a pleasant minor incident in contemporary painting.

STUART DAVIS: Selected Paintings. At the Downtown Gallery, until February 27.

The total impression made by Davis's nineteen paintings hanging in their square gray-walled room is amazing, and more effective than any single picture itself. This impression defines Davis's limitations. He is a superb wall-decorator, without being either a mural-

ist or a first-rate easel painter. His pictures contain a great deal; yet they do not answer sufficiently the demands made of pictures which claim to be more than decoration. Nevertheless, they are more than decorative. Davis has stayed too long inside a formula: the Dufyesque dance of line against flat areas of high, dry, acid color. It is encouraging to see the artist abandoning this formula in his 1942 paintings by using more compact shapes in new greens and blacks. "Arboretum by Flash Bulb" is particularly successful. But "Report from Rockport," painted in 1940, is, for all its echoes of Miro, even more so.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

MUSIC

LOTTE LEHMANN'S singing of Schumann *Lieder*, including the great "Dichterliebe" cycle, provided the New Friends of Music audience with a memorable experience. The generalization about opera-singers being unable to sing *Lieder* properly is as dangerous as any other. The most beautiful singing of these songs that I have heard—in which, that is, rich musical and poetic expressiveness was conveyed in phrases that were formed with plastic perfection—was that of an opera-singer, Elisabeth Schumann. And there was similar plastic perfection in the phrasing of the songs when Rethberg sang them. Lehmann, however, when she first sang them, did throw her voice and emotions around in them as she was accustomed to doing in opera; and it is only recently, as time has sharply reduced the once unlimited quantities of luscious tone at her disposal and compelled her to use what was left with care, restraint, and skill, that the operatic characteristics have been refined out of her phrasing of *Lieder*. At the New Friends concert the high register which used to be constricted and shrill was now open and agreeable. And there was very little of the explosive emotional vehemence that used to tear the phrase apart: unable to afford this easy way of expressing emotion directly, she now expressed it through subtilized inflection of the line of the phrase, which remained continuous and unbroken even at points of great emotional intensity. The result was a flow of characteristically beautiful vocal sound which charmed the ear, embodying wonderfully deep and rich poetic insights and emotions which moved the mind and heart.

For the concert a couple of weeks later the New Friends dug up the unfamiliar Lenau songs of Schumann, which ■■ for ■■ I am concerned may now be buried again for good. They were sung by Dusolina Giannini, who uses what is left of her voice with more skill and better results than when I last heard her, seven or eight years ago. The extraordinary warmth and richness of tone that were lost could not be restored; but the terrific tremolo is almost entirely eliminated, so that if the voice is cold and small it is at least steady and clear. And it is employed, as it always was, in the beautifully modeled phrasing of a first-rate musician.

At this concert the newest Roth Quartet substituted for the Galimir Quartet in performances of Haydn's Op. 50 No. 3 and Schumann's Op. 41 No. 2. I don't know how long the present group has played under the leadership of Feri Roth, or how long it had to prepare these two works; but I do know that the playing sounded like what one hears from four experienced players who get together for an evening of quartets. It sounded, that is, like experience managing to scramble through, not like finished ensemble playing.

Having devoted most of this article to singers, I will end with two records of singing which have been issued by Columbia. The first (71440-D, \$1.05) offers *O mio Fernando* from Donizetti's "La Favorita" and *Adieu, forêts* from Tchaikovsky's "Jeanne d'Arc," sung by Risé Stevens. Miss Stevens uses with good musicianship a mezzo-soprano voice which is very beautiful in its lower range, especially in sustained legato, but which tends to become heavily clouded by tremolo as it goes into its higher range and to be quite shrill on climactic high notes. Her singing is well reproduced by the record; but the orchestral accompaniments conducted by Leinsdorf sound pretty thin. Leinsdorf's orchestra has more body on the second record (17354-D, \$.79), which offers *Du bist der Lenz* from "Die Walküre and *Euch Läjten* from "Lohengrin," sung by Astrid Varnay. Miss Varnay's fresh and agreeable voice is afflicted with tremolo in the first piece; it sounds better at the beginning of the second one, but acquires a completely altered and unpleasant timbre in the high notes. Judging by the sounds they produce both singers have yet to perfect their technique and had better do so before they damage their voices.

B. H. HAEGIN

In Early Issues

LOUIS FISCHER will review
"Appeasement's Child"
by Thomas J. Hamilton

GAETANO SALVEMINI will review
"Italy from Within"
by Richard G. Massock

Letters to the Editors

"Let the People Know"

Dear Sirs: Mary Agnes Hamilton, in her warm-hearted review of Sir Norman Angell's "Let the People Know" in *The Nation* of January 23, speaks approvingly of an instrument called the "lie-detector." She considers Sir Norman such an instrument in questions of British imperialism. I suggest we go a step farther and invent an Angell-detector. Its function will be to let the people know the things Sir Norman withholds in the course of his own detecting.

Sir Norman's book is a choice of the Book of the Month Club. One of its principal aims is the bettering of Anglo-American relations. To this admirable end Sir Norman tries to prove that British imperialism is a dead pigeon. Lest we suspect such a view, Sir Norman describes both himself and the British Labor Party as "Socialist." It is his belief that "Britain is going out of the empire business"—an odd remark for a Socialist member of a Socialist Party to make when Churchill has said: "What we have we hold," and "I have not become His Majesty's First Minister to aid in the dissolution of the British Empire."

As evidence that Britain is not imperialistic, Sir Norman brings forward certain points. He emphasizes that the dominions are self-governing. He tells us that Britain has only 600 administrators in the whole of India—an ace that is becoming rather dog-eared as Sir Norman whips it out year by year. He shows that to divide up imperial territory among have-not nations would not lead to radical improvements. In arguing that the roots of this war are not capitalistic but lie in the democracies' need for self-preservation, he remarks sarcastically that "fifty obese capitalists cannot force a whole people." He shows concern over the fact that while anti-Semitism is frowned on in America, people can be as Anglophobe as they wish. Finally, to Americans who suspect British titles, Sir Norman replies that titles are just "medals" and that Soviet Russia has medals too.

I suggest that in all these arguments Sir Norman follows a method of studied omission. It is false to concentrate attention upon the dominions when defending imperial freedom, and to say nothing

at all about colonial dependencies such as Malaya, the Rhodesias, etc. It is false to emphasize the free unity resulting from the Statute of Westminster without mentioning the imperialistic dangers of the Ottawa Agreement. It is false to give the impression that India's Congress Party is in revolt against nothing more substantial than 600 British administrators. It is false, particularly for a Socialist, to defend the uselessness of dividing the empire among Denmark, Switzerland, and Germany, instead of discussing the exploitation of native labor and resources in colonial areas. It is pure wool-pulling to jiggle around with such phrases as "fifty obese capitalists." Nor is it proper to set anti-Semitism and Anglophobia side by side. Both are wrong, but the victims of the former are relatively helpless minorities in many countries, not a powerful body with ample means of protection. Finally, to call titles "medals" and chummily ring in the Soviet Union to support them is totally to misstate one of the essentials of aristocracy.

NIGEL DENNIS

New York, January 25

The Emphasis Explained

Dear Sirs: The omission most likely to give us a bad peace, produce a third world war, and render certain evils of colonialism insoluble is the omission from public consideration of the very neglected facts which it was the purpose of my book to emphasize. The best chance of a peaceable solution of those evils—and only a peaceable solution can be a real one—is to utilize and extend certain tendencies of British policy which the public has all but completely overlooked or ignored.

It is certainly false to suggest that the tendencies which have given freedom to the dominions, while insuring a degree of unity without which the defeat of Hitler would never have been possible, are nevertheless imperialism, to be rejected as a basis of policy because of dark spots in Africa or in Asia; as false as to suggest that the cause of American independence in the eighteenth century was no part of the movement toward freedom because slavery existed in the revolting colonies and was to continue in the new nation for the best part of a century.

The distribution of emphasis in "Let the People Know" is in part explained by the fact that I had devoted almost a dozen books previously to exposing the fallacies, particularly the economic fallacies, of imperialism, colony owning, preferential empires, and the like; and to the faults of British policy, particularly, in the case of a recent book, to the fatuousness and cruelty of the refugee policy (closely related to this problem) of Britain and the dominions; to the evil silliness of anti-Semitism.

But the sins of British imperialism are not today the aspect of the problem most likely to be overlooked in America. The far greater risk is that those much-publicized sins will be made an alibi, a scapegoat, an excuse for disregarding truth which some of us do not like to hear. The importance of Anglophobia resides in its capacity to distort political judgment and thereby to pour sand into the machinery of necessary cooperation.

NORMAN ANGELL

New York, February 2

United Front

Dear Sirs: I have just received a letter from a friend in England—dated December 28—who says with British reticence, "Please give your attention to release of International Brigade prisoners in Algeria. I understand they are not yet freed. Surely this is the test par excellence."

DOROTHY BUTLER HOWELLS

New York, February 3

One Reader Re-Joyces

Dear Sirs: It was trilling the way Lionel gave that outlandish scurvey the needle, man. He sure gave it the dickens. I re-joyced. It was blunderhardy of him.

It burns me up the way an outlional ade in its seminartistic fashion in dismembering the mess that has been taught andread in this whirl. You begin to ask your self, what are Wordsworth, Hemingway?

I used to sophomore dryden to passos exams! I almost gave up pope, it was so ex-austen. I had to steel myself to hunt and woolf my way through age after age, johnson and hopkins up and donne on the binyons and bunyans of bards until I had new writers, playing hyde

and pepys hueffer their graves in order to ghost through the gosse.

Then, with a wilde, haggard, gray, swinburned face, I would gower lamb-like before my sterne prof and he'd syng out: where's your whit, man? Are you notes? Doesn't learning sitwell with you, cur? I answered: I spender nights with a shaw around me, browning the midnight oil, butchering Homer. What do you think khayyam?

Then he noseitched my scurvey-outline. I could smollett, he cried. Otis is too much. After much doyle and treacle, manikind hazlitt a flecker of wisedumb; then arrives Noble Needleman, dowson it; he barnes his bridges behind him, tries to kyd us into brilliance. Butler no marx at all. I auden to standish. You should fry. Stowe away from class until your cabined and crib spirit can forster enough ergs to reade originals. There are ossians of good books—milnes of wide. Crane your neck. Mansfield is wide.

It was a novel idea. I said to myself, art is no trollope. You don't bring home the bacon so swift. Disraeli is a coward's trick. Yeats is Yeats and West is West and never will the twain know devoto finish, for, gibbon the wright fielding for brooks, you will be defoe of maug-hamed-over writing and will realize that you can drive a horace to an anthology but you kant make him drinkwater. I chekoved some class-sick titles from the rich lardner of the past and bruised through them. They still referberate in my mind. I'm a better mann for them. I studied them and they steadied me.

RICHARD N. KELLY

Port Chester, N. Y., February 7

What We Read in the Papers

Dear Sirs: Though recognizing the paucity of available information on the life of Dr. George W. Carver, I was nevertheless startled by statements which appeared in *The Nation* of January 16 a fact when there can be no possible authority for them.

"He did not learn to read and write until he was twenty." This is, on the face of it, silly, when it is followed by the statement that he graduated from Iowa State College when he was thirty. It is reasonable to suppose that Dr. Carver could have learned to read and write and prepare himself for college in six years, especially with an extra college thrown in somewhere along the way? The facts are that he was writing a "novel," which he copied after "Little Women," at the age of eight, though

he did not attend school until he was ten. He had qualified to enter Highland University, a small Kansas college, when he was twenty-one. And he not merely graduated from Iowa State College but was immediately placed on the faculty. This is to correct any misapprehension as to the soundness of his education.

Such absurdities tend to discredit the work of a truly great scientist.

RACKHAM HOLT

Chicago, Ill., January 22

[Rackham Holt should know what she is talking about since she has been at work for three years on a biography of Dr. Carver shortly to be published. Our face is only a secondary red, however, because our editorial remarks were based entirely on the long obituaries published by that (assumed) repository of accurate information the *New York Times*.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Hate and the Peace

Dear Sirs: Quentin Reynolds, famed war correspondent and *Collier's* editor, has proffered the alarming advice that the Allies should "go to the peace table with hate in their hearts" and wreak vengeance, complete and indiscriminate, on the entire German nation when the war is over. They alone are responsible, Reynolds would have us believe. So far as it is possible to discover from his discussion on the American Forum of the Air, the correspondent has no blueprint for peace. He just feels that the Germans should be liquidated because the war guilt lies squarely and evenly distributed on their shoulders.

Were it not for the fact that Reynolds's expletives represent a variety of hysteria that ultimately has the power of dictating another hollow peace, it would not be necessary for the less emotional among us to take their author seriously. But exactly for this reason and because the majority of us are genuinely concerned in the matter of obtaining a peace that will stick, the disease of hate with its inevitable results must be localized and prevented from assuming epidemic proportions.

Apart from humanitarian considerations, maybe Reynolds, who finds "it easy to hate the German people," will offer us a practical scheme for annihilating tens of millions of Germans? Maybe he will tell us how many years the Allies would have to maintain a huge army of occupation in Germany, how many troops it would involve, what it would cost, and what effect it would have on our post-war economy? Maybe

he will explain to us what, under his program, would happen to German industry and agriculture and how, if we decided to operate them, we could do so without German assistance? Maybe he will tell us how the total eclipse of Nazism in Germany, even by feasible means, would check the rising tide of the same concept elsewhere in the world? Maybe he will tell us how this treatment of the Germans would help to bolster the lagging faith of Asiatic peoples in Western democracy? With hate dominating Allied behavior in the occupied country and at the peace table, maybe Reynolds will tell us what possibility there would be of their even recognizing the conditions of a peace that would secure the permanent liberty of bleeding humanity, not to mention actually writing the treaty?

This groping citizen doubts it. So much so that he must turn to other sources for the answer.

WALTER RAB

North Providence, R. I., February 3

Music in Camp

Dear Sirs: In recent months I have been able to watch the army engineers of Plattsburg Barracks show an interest in music. The local USO, which is an exceptionally attractive and comfortable place, now has a regular Sunday program of recordings. The organization has actually purchased a machine especially for these concerts and has begun its own collection of master works. Thanks to the cooperation of fellow-citizens, I have been able to offer programs of great variety and of some historical and aesthetic interest, and works selected from my own and other people's collections.

My observations while conducting this series are as follows: (1) that the audience for a "classical" program is always definitely limited; (2) that men are reluctant to express themselves on what they shall have, but (3) "old hat" is not appreciably more popular than "highbrow" or unheard selections; (4) that the extant interest of the few is much alive. They like music as a specific art and interest. They—collectively—want all types of music.

To be specific, I found as large an audience attending a program of Mozart's Requiem and Stravinsky's Symphony of Psalms as the Tchaikovsky Fifth affair. Requests have come in for "long, solid" works, for piano, chamber, and unusual vocal music. There was attraction in Bach organ works, Monte-

verde songs, Mahler's "Lied von der Erde." Brahms proved universally popular. And I found in general that most men came on principle. They sought pure music, not necessarily the emotional purge of the late romantics.

In effect, the men like music, like it organized in some aesthetic pattern with historical, not sentimental, background.

So I recommend collections which follow generally aesthetic principles. This does not preclude "old hat," but it does mean balance, some eighteenth- and even seventeenth-century music, varied mediums of expression, and some moderns.

You see it is the really interested and somewhat developed music lovers who take the trouble to listen to music in the army. And it is a moral-aesthetic duty to meet this small but important group halfway. Real music, be it Beethoven's Fifth or a Mozart serenade, can be therapy when it is presented and appreciated as art. The radio can satisfy others, but recorded programs on the order of a Koussevitsky festival or a Beecham program meet the faithful "extant interest."

LUTHER A. ALLEN

Plattsburg, N. Y., February 6

Wilder's Sources, Continued

Dear Sirs: Please let me join the fray over Thornton Wilder. As to possible borrowings from "Finnegans Wake," I am not qualified to speak. James Joyce's works leave me dazed and blinking. But to come to the Bridge of San Luis Rey and cross it as those in the tale did not—who, I ask you, is the Marquesa de Montemayor, the writer of brilliant letters that "have become the textbook of schoolboys" to an adored and far-away daughter rather bored by her mother's attention? Who are these personages but our old friends Mme de Sévigné and her unappreciative child, Mme de Grignan?

Truth to tell, Captain Wilder has made some changes, his Marquesa is a grotesque figure, which the charming Frenchwoman was not, and the letters from Peru described by Wilder as "immortal" offer nothing to deserve much praise.

Perhaps Mme de Sévigné is fair game. But what shall be said of La Péricole, the actress who repents and gives herself to good works, the Viceroy of Peru, and the Archbishop of Lima, whom Captain Wilder has lifted with never so much as a "thank you" from Prosper Mérimée's famous little

play, "Le Carrosse du Saint Sacrement?"

Thornton Wilder's sources and inspirations are of the best—and he has used his borrowed material deftly.

MARY WINSOR

Philadelphia, Pa., February 8

Data Wanted

Dear Sirs: Wayne University, in Detroit, has awarded two research fellowships for the study of Negro-Jewish relationships. This field is an important one, and one in which very little scientific exploration has been done. At present we are investigating the commercial contacts between these two groups, but we would be most grateful for any material which readers of *The Nation* might have available. All communications may be addressed to me, care of Sociology Department, Wayne University, Detroit.

ELEANOR P. WOLF

Detroit, Mich., January 26

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JEROME WEINSTEIN is a New York lawyer who has contributed to *Taxes*.

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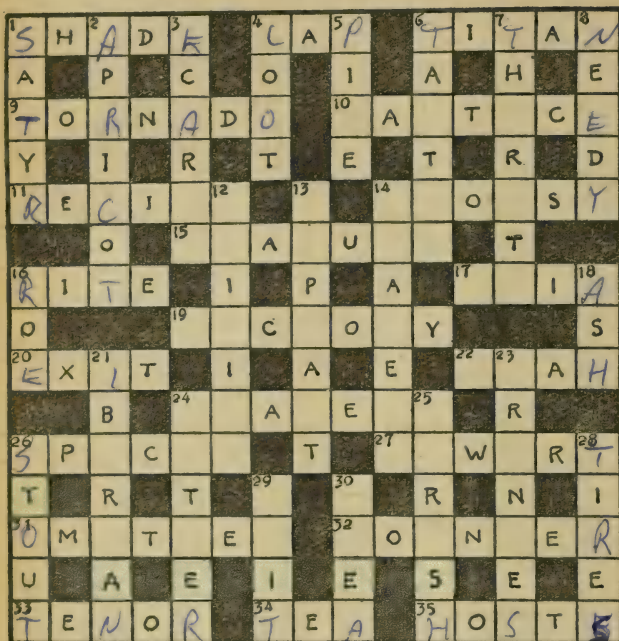
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2-20-43

Cross-Word Puzzle No. 1

By JACK BARRETT

Special Announcement to
Nation Cross-Word Puzzlers



ACROSS

- 1 A ghost from *Hades*
- 4 This develops notwithstanding
- 6 I would turn this giant into a famous artist
- 8 A big blow (emanating from rent trouble, apparently)
- 10 Window with the top story inside
- 11 Narrate
- 14 Highly polished, but shows a loss
- 15 Obliteration is certain after a time
- 16 It sounds a proper ceremony
- 17 Covers a large part of the earth
- 19 Fish paste
- 20 Way out taken by many
- 22 He floated the first limited company
- 24 The last set, oddly enough, is the least fresh
- 26 Coin of the realm
- 27 Sounds as if it would be more hindrance than help to an oarsman.

DOWN

- 31 Left out
- 32 This lazy fellow would be younger if you changed his head
- 33 The singer opens with a well-known number
- 34 I am usually drunk at this meal
- 35 Entertaining fellows

DOWN

- 1 Those who called him a goat were only half right
- 2 To *Capri* for fruit
- 3 A game two can play at
- 4 Sack. Sounds like an instrument either way
- 5 Fortune made from building?
- 6 The yarn about a teetotaler is idle talk
- 7 One does it possibly for knowledge, but more often for something more refreshing
- 8 Hard up
- 12 Erin produces (and starts) this emerald-green mineral
- 13 Surface a snake can't cross

Beginning with this issue *The Nation* will run four consecutive cryptogrammic cross-word puzzles. If our readers like them, this puzzle page will become a regular weekly *Nation* feature. A word of explanation: this week's puzzle contains a number of filled-in letters to help the novices along. But as our readers get the hang of it, the puzzle will become increasingly difficult, and all hints will eventually be eliminated. The solution of this puzzle will appear in next week's issue, together with Puzzle No. 2. Meanwhile, send us your criticism, and suggestions; on the basis of them we may later print other kinds of brain-teasers on this page—political puzzles, literary quizzes, new quizzes, cryptograms on statements by outstanding statesmen. We urge you to send us your suggestions and recommendations.

Address your letters to

THE PUZZLE EDITOR
The Nation
55 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

- 14 Most serious item of male wedding garb?
- 16 Hard or soft in fishes
- 18 Did this tree survive the forest fire?
- 21 The beheaded Russian turns out to be Spanish!
- 23 Fruit with more than four quarters
- 24 An easy one, this
- 25 Bird or disease, but not a bird disease
- 26 An extra strong porter
- 28 Bands on wheels
- 29 The tide, it seems, has turned
- 30 It progresses by leaps and bounds

THE *Nation*

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

289

EDITORIALS

- Bombing Tactics and a Western Front 292
- Hitler's Subtle Poison 293
- The Red Star Rises *by Freda Kirchwey* 293

ARTICLES

- Eight Hopeful Congressmen *by Richard H. Rovere* 294
- The Charming Mr. Baruch *by I. F. Stone* 298
- Add Water and Serve *by Ross L. Holman* 299
- In the Wind 301

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

- Platform for the Left *by Harold J. Laski* 302
- Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 303
- A People's Poland 304
- File and Remember 305

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- Education for the New Order *by Sidney Hook* 308
- In Defense of Dante *by Margaret Marshall* 312
- Hoc Est Corpus. A Poem *by Alex Comfort* 313
- Goodby to Children. A Poem *by Mark Van Doren* 313
- America: Theme or Saga *by Irwin Edman* 314
- The Dyer's Hand *by Theodore Spencer* 315
- The Wicked Wits of Hartford *by Odell Shepard* 316
- The Cult of Innocence *by William Phillips* 318
- The Planning Age *by Keith Hutchison* 319
- Music and Society *by Ralph Bates* 320
- Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 320
- Drama Note *by Joseph Wood Krutch* 321
- Records *by B. H. Haggin* 322

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

323

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The Shape of Things

SINCE THEY LOST THE EARLY RACE TO overrun the Tunis-Bizerte triangle before the Axis could organize its defense, the Allied forces have been endeavoring to hold a line roughly bisecting Tunisia from north to south. The aim was to confine the Germans and Italians in a comparatively narrow corridor where they could be constantly harassed by our fliers while the Allied command built up communications and made ready bases for a grand offensive to drive the enemy into the Mediterranean. Possibly these preparations were carried out in too leisurely a manner; more probably they sought 100 per cent perfection. At any rate, Rommel struck first with a degree of strength which came as an unpleasant surprise. Using his favorite *Panzer* tactics, he hit at a weak spot in our lines, where American troops had recently taken over from the French, and rolled back the entire right wing until it rested on the Algerian frontier. Now he is making a new thrust toward the Kremamsa Plateau which, if successful, would almost certainly necessitate the Allied evacuation of the important railhead of Tebessa and at the same time force a retreat in the center. Latest reports as we go to press suggest that our forces are rallying, but the situation will remain dangerous until the salient which the Germans have created north of Kasserine is eliminated.

✱

ROMMEL'S STRATEGY IS GENERALLY SEEN as an example of the defensive-offensive. He is thought to be seeking elbow room in southern Tunisia and to be intent on widening the gap between the Allied forces and General Montgomery's Eighth Army, which is pushing steadily across the border from Tripolitania. He may also hope, by means of a series of swift, hard blows, to disorganize the northern sector of General Eisenhower's command and thus free his own troops to deal with General Montgomery. But an entirely different complexion would be put on Rommel's maneuvers if reports of German concentrations on the Spanish border were confirmed. His drive would then appear as part of a gigantic pincer movement to inclose the whole of French North Africa and the Anglo-American expeditionary force, on which so many of our hopes for speedy victory are built. We should have to divert forces to protect

Gibraltar, and our reserves in Morocco would be tied up to guard against any incursion by the big Nazified army of Spanish Morocco. The conquest of Tunisia would have to be indefinitely postponed.

✱

ON THE DAY THAT MME CHIANG KAI-SHEK appealed to Congress not to ignore the menace of Japan, the Japanese announced that they were launching a new series of offensives in China with the purpose of driving that country out of the war. A fairly large Japanese army has been assembled on the Burma border and is attempting to push into China's back door through Yunnan Province. Another major drive has been launched north of Shanghai toward the rich central provinces of Honan and Shensi, while a third is apparently directed against Changsha, where the Japanese have met with three previous disasters. Heavy fighting has also been reported from the Canton area, where Japanese penetration has never been deep. It is somewhat difficult to assess the strength of these new offensives. The Japanese insist that they are strong enough to crush Chiang Kai-shek entirely, but Chinese reports indicate that the Japanese may merely be seeking to gain large-scale propaganda values out of minor military maneuvers. They serve, however, to underline Mme Chiang's warning that Japan actually has far greater resources at its command than Germany. Although it is highly unlikely that Japan can muster enough strength to drive China out of the war, a successful offensive at this time would not only add greatly to China's economic difficulties but interfere materially with the possibility of an American attack upon Japan in 1943.

✱

EVERYTHING IS IN READINESS FOR THE biggest hunt Washington has known in many seasons. New Dealers are the game, and the sportsmen are divided into three bands of friendly rivals. Masters of the hunt are Martin Dies, Eugene Cox, and Howard W. Smith. Between them, Dies and Smith already have been allotted \$135,000, and the personnel of their respective parties has been decided. Dies will have three of his veterans—Noah Mason, J. Parnell Thomas, and Joe Starnes, who several seasons ago tried to tree Christopher Marlowe until someone pointed out to him that Marlowe has been a dead fox for these 350 years. Of the four newcomers to the Dies team, Mundt of South Dakota and Costello of California are cut out for the sport. Courtney of Tennessee will probably go along for the ride, and Eberharter of Pennsylvania, to judge from his record, will replace Voorhis as the hunter whose heart is with the fox though he rides with the hounds. Voorhis is switching to the Smith team, where he will have a fellow-sufferer in Delaney of New York. The sympathies of these two faint-hearted huntsmen will be more than offset by

the determination of a Southern Democrat, three Republicans, and Smith himself, all panting for Administration pelts. Game rules have been fixed. Cox's preserve is the Federal Communications Commission. Smith can hunt wherever he likes on the self-imposed condition that he doesn't "interfere with the war," "investigate the acts of the President," or indulge in a "labor-baiting expedition." He himself will determine when these rules are being violated. Dies, too, has a pretty free rein, but a fourth band, fitted out for another \$100,000, will step in if he kills the wrong fox and declare the animal innocent. Tallyho!

✱

IN REPORTING OUT THE KILDAY BILL THE House Military Affairs Committee has struck a heavy blow against the development of a sound man-power policy for the prosecution of the war. The Kilday bill would defer from the draft all married men within a state until all single men, regardless of their work, had been taken, and would defer all men with children until all childless men had been drafted. The bill was specifically designed to frustrate Paul V. McNutt's recent "work-or-fight" order, which seems to have been misinterpreted. The fact that this order was issued some ninety days before it is to go into effect shows that it was not intended as a device for speeding up the draft of fathers but as a means of diverting men from non-essential to essential industries. Every person on the non-deferrable list has been given ample opportunity to shift to more essential work, and evidence that an effort has been made in this direction is to be regarded as cause for continuing the deferment. The Kilday bill ignores occupation, skills, and even physical fitness, and would virtually make dependency the sole factor in determining who shall be deferred. An amendment to the bill even goes so far as to make it illegal for the Manpower Commission to set up categories of non-essential workers for draft purposes. Meanwhile, a group of Senators under the leadership of Bankhead have attacked the selective-service policy from a diametrically opposite position. They are seeking to force the deferment of every bona fide farm worker whether or not he is engaged in the production of food. In this field Congress seems to be adding heavily to the "bureaucratic" confusion it complains so much about.

✱

"THE RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE IS REMARKABLE," writes a friend from an army camp. "I think the Germans are going to retire all the way to the border, claim to be defending Europe against bolshevism, wait for Rickenbacker to be elected President, and hope to win the war that way." We are glad that the War Department has disowned Captain Rickenbacker's attacks on labor. The hero himself showed signs, briefly, of thinking he might

have gone too far; last week he said that when he denounced workers for absenteeism he meant both management and labor! But he has not changed his blind-spots, and his latest speech was a boring, blatant repetition of all his other effusions. For the record, he is an old-fashioned reactionary who hates unions and the New Deal; he is also a big employer. That is why, incidentally, he has been doubly a hero to the valets of big business—the labor-baiters high and low. He pretends, in attacking labor, to speak in the interest of "our boys." But the standards he would break down will be "our boys'" best protection against exploitation when the war ends and the labor market is overstocked, to the benefit of employers. The Captain may have been a hero in his Pacific adventure, but he shows himself to be something less than that when he sets up a soapbox in the limelight that is temporarily his and talks as if workers on the assembly line were slackers hugging safe berths while the men in the services take all the chances. The fact is that from December 7, 1941, to November 15, 1942, 44,500 men were killed in the foxholes of industry as against 5,694 in the armed forces.

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119 MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT, MOST OF them Laborites, voted against the government at the end of a three-day debate in the House of Commons on the Beveridge plan. This is the largest vote which has been cast against the Churchill administration on a major issue, and it would have been larger but for a closing speech by Herbert Morrison, Home Secretary and one of Labor's two representatives in the War Cabinet. Earlier in the debate statements by Sir John Anderson and Sir Kingsley Wood on behalf of the government had suggested to many members that the government was lukewarm on the subject and anxious to postpone until after the war even the preliminary steps toward enlarging social security. Anderson accepted some parts of the Beveridge plan in principle but rejected others and said the whole thing would have to wait, while Wood talked ominously about "the rights of the overburdened taxpayer." Morrison sought to remove the bad impression made by his ministerial colleagues by assuring the House that "the government has no wish to do a double-cross on this." Of the twenty-three changes proposed by Beveridge, he said, the government has accepted sixteen, left open six, and rejected one—significantly, the conversion of industrial insurance into a public service, a proposal bitterly opposed by insurance interests. Morrison's speech suggests that full agreement on the plan has not been achieved inside the government and that the decision to postpone action was taken in order to prevent war unity being shattered on a domestic issue. But as S. K. Ratcliffe pointed out in these pages last week, the Beveridge plan has seized the imagination of Britain, and it will not be

easily thrust aside. It is becoming in fact *the* political touchstone distinguishing those of all parties who look forward from those whose slogan is "as we were."

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RAILROAD RATE INCREASES WERE GRANTED in 1942 on the excuse that the roads needed the extra revenue to meet a wage increase and certain other costs aggregating some \$360,000,000. Actually the increase in war-time traffic was so huge that net railway operating income in that year was more than double the income in 1941. After deduction of all fixed charges and expenses, the roads earned \$1,720,000,000—two and a half times as much as in 1941 and seven times as much as in 1940. Even without the emergency rate increases, the roads would still have earned an income of \$1,450,000,000, which is far above pre-war levels. The OPA, through its special counsel, Max Swiren, and its economic adviser, Richard V. Gilbert, has appealed to the Interstate Commerce Commission to revoke the rate increases on the ground that railroad earnings are high enough without them. Gilbert estimated "very conservatively" that even if rate increases should be eliminated, net railway operating income in 1943 would be \$2,610,000,000, or almost 34 per cent more than in 1942. These profits are huge enough to make up several times over the \$725,000,000 in new wage increases now being asked by the railroad unions. The railroads seem to be the leading profiteers in this war. Last time the government was more sensible. It took them over.

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AN OKLAHOMA CITY POLICEMAN POSING AS an oil-field worker went to a Communist bookshop in that city in July, 1940, and bought a series of pamphlets published by the party. In August of that year the bookstore and three homes were raided on liquor search warrants and eighteen persons were arrested. Four were tried, convicted of criminal syndicalism, and sentenced to pay \$5,000 fines and serve ten years in jail, a punishment almost worthy of a Nazi People's Court. The Oklahoma Criminal Court of Appeals has now reversed the convictions of three and remanded the cases to the lower courts, where we hope the original indictments will be dismissed. Judge Dick Jones, the presiding member of the court, wrote an opinion that does honor to his own good sense and to the good name of his state. He held that the prosecution had failed to produce evidence that the Communist Party was guilty of plotting the overthrow of the government or that the individual defendants had engaged in any such activities. The court went farther and in the best American tradition deplored prosecution for opinion. Judge Jones's plea for the wisdom of giving people "an opportunity to let off a little steam . . . against the possible wrongdoings of the government" would have delighted Holmes.

Bombing Tactics and a Western Front

THE recent promises of new fronts against Germany suggest that blows are being planned not only against the "soft under-belly of Europe" but against the Nazi's hard breastworks in the north and northwest. The advantages of striking near to the heart of the Axis are obvious. Moreover, an offensive launched across the Channel or the North Sea involves the minimum strain on Anglo-American shipping and enormously facilitates the provision of air support. On the other hand, the Germans have been intensively fortifying these coasts for more than two years, and if called upon to repel invasion, would be able to use the most complete network of communications in Europe for the purpose of bringing up reinforcements and supplies.

We have to take into account also the fact that, despite tremendous losses on the eastern front, the Axis still commands more trained man-power than do the Allies. Thus an attempt to penetrate the western defenses of "Fortress Europe" is not a task that can be undertaken without tremendous risks until means have been found of nullifying the factors favorable to the defensive.

Fortunately the means are at hand. Anglo-American air power is now growing rapidly on the basis of a productive capacity far exceeding that of the Axis. Fighting on three fronts—Russia, Africa, and Western Europe—the Luftwaffe is being forced to spread its strength ever more thinly. It has lost its superiority in the west and can only retaliate weakly against massive raids on German cities.

The idea that Germany can be knocked out by bombing alone has very little influential support; almost all authorities agree that invasion by land forces is essential to its final collapse. But air power can and must prepare the way by softening the inner defenses of Hitler's fortress, by crippling his war industries, disorganizing his transport facilities, and disintegrating the morale of troops and civilians alike.

This is the contention of a striking new book "The Air Offensive Against Germany" (Henry Holt, \$2) written by Allan A. Michie, who as a correspondent has studied the war on many fronts. Mr. Michie has derived much of his material from official British sources and evidently reflects to a considerable extent the views of Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, chief of Britain's Bomber Command. It was Harris who last summer, at the time of the great thousand-plane raid on Cologne, warned Germany that an all-out bombing offensive was about to start. The plans on which he based this statement have, however, since been disrupted. Planes he was counting on had to be diverted to other theaters, and the support he

was expecting from the American Air Force in Britain failed to materialize. The R. A. F. has continued to wreak havoc on German cities, but it has not been possible to administer to the fifty key centers of production the kind of paralyzing punch which Cologne, Essen, and one or two other places have suffered.

This does not mean that the R. A. F. has been wasting its time. Mr. Michie provides an impressive catalogue of vital war factories destroyed. He quotes from reports compiled by the R. A. F. showing the extent to which German economic life has been disorganized by the forced evacuation of millions and by the wholesale destruction of houses. There is no doubt that bombing has seriously reduced the efficiency of the German production front, but the dose has not yet been heavy enough to cause the kind of breakdown which would open the way to an invasion.

The R. A. F. experimented with mass daylight bombing early in the war but soon decided that when directed against heavily defended objectives it was too costly. The Luftwaffe reached the same conclusion only after suffering tremendous losses in the Battle of Britain. Daylight precision bombing, however, remains the central feature of American air tactics. It has been defended by a number of American authorities as making possible round-the-clock bombing of German objectives, with American planes attacking by day and the British by night. Actually, nearly all the American raids in the past eight months have been directed against targets in France. Only twice have the Flying Fortresses and Liberators ventured over Germany itself, and on both occasions the chosen target areas were northwestern coastal areas. No attempt yet has been made against any objective which would require a long flight across enemy territory in the course of which successive waves of Nazi fighters would be encountered. Mr. Michie suggests that such a raid would prove extremely expensive since the bombers would be forced to exhaust their ammunition beating off a series of attacks.

There is no doubt that daylight precision bombing can effect the maximum damage on the enemy when conditions are favorable. But they seldom are in Western Europe, Mr. Michie points out, for owing to the prevalence of mist and ground haze objectives are usually not clearly enough defined to allow perfect aiming from a great height.

The situation then, according to this book, is that saturation bombing of Germany is called for as a preliminary to invasion of the Continent. But the R. A. F. alone has not enough bombers to do the job, and as long as the American Army Air Force sticks to its theories, it cannot play a major part in the battle.

There are technical questions involved in this controversy on which we do not feel able to pass judgment. Mr. Michie, however, has stated his case moderately and backed it with impressive facts and figures. It clearly de-

serves close consideration, and it is disappointing to find the army dismissing it by means of a statement by Major General Eaker, air commander in Europe, declaring that "well-meaning individuals" who argue against daylight bombing are "more dangerous to the Allied cause than any fifth column." This resort to abuse can only strengthen the impression that the army would rather lose a battle than revise a doctrine.

Hitler's Subtlest Poison

THE Jews of occupied Europe could do with a little less pity and a little more help. We are tired of statements from Washington and London deploring the mass murder of the Jews by Hitler and declaring that the moral conscience of the world is shocked thereby. The truth is that the moral conscience of the American and British governments, always flexible, is not so much shocked as blunted. For when definite measures are proposed to help the victims of these horrors, the State Department and the British Foreign Office, though ever so politely, turn away.

A dispatch from London to the *New York Times* reveals that Rumania is willing to permit the transfer of 70,000 Jews who have been driven by the Nazis out of their homes and into the border territory of Trans-Dniestria. The Papal Nuncio is prepared to handle the arrangements, and the Vatican will supply its flag to protect the necessary shipping. If no ships are available the refugees could be sent by land to Istanbul and through Turkey to Palestine. Has the State Department followed this up at the Vatican? Is the British Foreign Office willing to let these poor folk join others of their people in Palestine? The answer, of course, is no, but that need not remain the answer if American editors and organizations bring pressure on Washington for action.

Men cannot accustom themselves to stand silent and indifferent before injustice and inhumanity anywhere without subtly poisoning and coarsening their relations with one another everywhere; without weakening the impulses that make for the preservation of freedom and justice; without undermining their will to resist the despot and the tyrant. The value to Hitler of butchering the Jews of occupied Europe lies precisely in the corroding effect that the repetition of cruelty and familiarity with arbitrary and barbarous government have upon the moral fiber of the democracies. That we are already becoming calloused is shown by the apathy that greeted the publication by the American Jewish Congress of the documented story of Nazi atrocities against the Jews, though the story itself is unparalleled in the long history of persecution. It is too late to help the dead, but there is still time to help the living. Let us start with the 70,000 in Trans-Dniestria.

The Red Star Rises

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

NO WEEKLY journal can match the tempo of the Russian advance. Leagues are covered while the presses run, and discussion of the significance of the recapture of Kharkov is made meaningless by the fall of Krasnograd. The only interesting speculations are those which themselves advance far beyond the present front and consider the consequences of a Russian victory more sweeping than the boldest "expert" dared suggest a month ago. The Nazis' 1941 "winter line" has already been overrun and its key anchors lost. Observers in Washington and in neutral observation towers in Stockholm and Berne have begun to talk about a probable stabilization of the front along the line running from the Baltic to Odessa—a line backed by the Pripet Marshes and the upper reaches of the Dnieper River. But the Soviet army may break through these predicted positions as it has through those established in earlier guesses. And even if the experts are right and a combination of spring thaws and extended communications checks the Red Army, it seems most unlikely that the depleted and exhausted Nazi troops can launch another major offensive this spring—much less conquer Russia in the long run. In spite of the losses and hard fighting that lie ahead, Stalin has won the Battle of Russia.

Reactions in the West to this tremendous reversal on the eastern front are curious and contradictory. Official public comment is, on the whole, carefully enthusiastic. The tributes to the Red Army on its triumphant anniversary were generous and sounded genuine. But the anxiety now openly expressed in many conservative quarters—even by some persons wholly in favor of fighting Hitler to a finish—shows how precarious are the underpinnings which hold up our alliance with Russia. Opinion in these quarters seems to be almost equally divided between a conviction that Russia will stop fighting any moment now, leaving the other Allied powers in the lurch and Hitler in control of Western Europe, and a fear that Russia will not stop fighting at all but will push on and on until all Europe is engulfed in the Bolshevik tide. Both fears, in their most extreme form, are absurd. Both have a few seeds of reality which circumstances might nourish.

Stalin is neither an altruist nor a fool. Neither is he an imperialist. He never wanted to be dragged into a world war. He wanted the security of Russia's frontiers. He was ready, from the time the Soviet Union joined the League, to accept the obligations of collective security, seeing in this method the only chance of averting the disaster that has overwhelmed the world. As long as any hope remained, his Foreign Minister, Maxim Litvinov, fought a tenacious fight at Geneva to turn the

pretense of collective action into a reality. The betrayal of Spain by the major Western powers practically ended Russia's dream of a united front against the Axis threat. The collective surrender at Munich, and the exclusion of Russia from the four-power conference that emerged from it, drove Litvinov out of office and the Soviet Union into isolation. And the explicit knowledge that the Chamberlain government had been trying to interest Hitler in a campaign of expansion to the east rather than a general European war was not calculated to quiet Stalin's deep-rooted suspicions of the Western powers.

Russia will never again willingly permit itself to be jockeyed into such a position. And today it is strong enough to choose the policy which will best serve its national interests. That policy might be either one of armed isolation, buttressed by a group of satellite states, or one of conquest and revolution. It is up to the other Allied powers, Britain and the United States in particular, to decide whether they want a victorious Russia to adopt either of those courses. A return to pre-war power politics, built on a system of reactionary states held together by American food and Allied arms, would con-

firm Russia's old fears—fears which Allied foreign policy during the war has done little to dispel. If control in post-war Europe is restored to the elements in each country that fear social change above all else and seek only to protect the privileges of church and army and business, then Russia will make trouble—not because Stalin is an imperialist bent on conquest or an altruist concerned with extending the benefits of collectivism to the rest of Europe, but because he is selfishly concerned with ending the threat of Western power politics to his own position and Russia's security.

Peace with Russia can be won and kept by creating a Europe in which democratic elements control the diplomacy of each nation, in which the ordinary people control the government, in which collective security means more than pompous resolutions adopted by statesmen with fingers crossed and tongue in cheek. Harold Laski's article in this week's issue, though directed primarily to British labor, offers the only promising prescription for creating such a Europe. It should be read by all those fear-mongers who shiver at the westward march of the Red Army. Unfortunately they are the ones least likely either to see or to heed it.

Eight Hopeful Congressmen

BY RICHARD H. ROVERE

Washington, February 20

“FRANKLY I don't know what to do. Before I came to Washington I had a good, responsible job. I could measure the results of my work. Here I do nothing but sit and listen and get hopping mad. I'm a liberal, but there aren't many liberals where I come from, and I can't depend for support on a few people in Chicago or New York. If I say what I think, I'll never see the next session. If I compromise on the small things and wait for the big ones, I'm likely to lose my own self-respect, and I'll probably lose the next election too. I don't know what to do, but I know damn well I'm not a professional politician, and I don't have to do this for a living.”

Realistic, if not too hopeful, these remarks by one of the few newly elected liberals to the House of Representatives suggest the dilemma confronting his colleagues, though most of them do not share his sense of futility. In the light of Congressional antics during the past few weeks, it may be cold comfort to learn that there are any liberals at all in the Seventy-eighth Congress. Exactly how many there are it is yet impossible to say, for many Congressmen are still unknown quantities even to their fellows. But I recently talked with eight, and there are others, perhaps eight more, in addition to the handful

left over from the preceding Congress. Most of them, more sanguine than the one I have quoted, point out that strictly on party lines the balance of forces is fairly even, and that in close fights the weight of the liberals can make itself felt. At any rate they are ready to try.

Who are these men? How, in a year when the tides were running the other way, did they manage to get elected? Except to say that all are liberals of firm conviction, it is difficult to generalize about them. Aside from Will Rogers, Jr., none of them was well known outside his own district before the election. All are solidly behind the President's foreign policy, and most of them made that their chief campaign issue. But not all were elected because of this view, and some won in spite of it. All are sympathetic to labor and were supported by the unions, but four of the eight come from rural areas where the labor vote is insignificant. The truth seems to be, as so often it is in American politics, that they were elected less because of their stand on specific issues than because they appeared to the voters to be more honest and reasonable men than their opponents.

George E. Outland of California is one of three professors among the new liberals. Coming from a district made up of four agricultural counties along the coast, he

was bitterly opposed by the Associated Farmers, the powerful pressure group of California's large landholders. He won by 784 votes in a race so close that its outcome was not known until the absentee ballots of soldiers came in from the fighting fronts. The job of selling himself to voters was made no easier by the fact that he argued against confiscation of the land and machinery belonging to Japanese farmers moved inland after Pearl Harbor.

Before he took up teaching, Outland was a social worker who specialized in the problems of boys. After graduating from Whittier College in California and taking advanced degrees at Yale and Harvard, he worked at the Hale and Denison settlement houses in Boston and at the Neighborhood House in Los Angeles. In all three places he was in charge of boys' work. He is the author of "Boy Transiency in America," a standard book on the subject, and for a time he succored youthful hoboes as the California director of the Federal Transient Service. Later he taught sociology and government at Yale and Santa Barbara State College.

Most of Outland's attributes are of the sort one always associates with the successful leadership of young men. He is decisive in his opinions, aggressive, and physically formidable. But there is about him none of the prim smugness of a Gene Tunney. His ideas are generous and carefully conceived. An intense person, he looks upon Congress as a place in which to fight. "I've been wanting to fight fascism ever since Franco started this war, and now I've got the chance," he told me, as if he could swing at Hitler from the House floor. He is on the Labor Committee, and he wants to put up a fight for the National Youth Administration, a particular interest of his, and for post-war social legislation.

Michael J. Mansfield, Democrat, of Missoula, Montana, is the successor of Jeannette Rankin, the one pacifist in the Seventy-seventh Congress. He is far from being a pacifist himself. He has been in all three services and from his experience has come a desire to befriend all service men. At the time of the last war he was only fourteen. But he lied about his age and was accepted by the navy. In 1919 he received an honorable discharge, but having no other trade, he promptly enlisted in the army. After a two-year hitch, he got out of the army and joined the marines. He served abroad in the Philippines, China, Japan, and Siberia. A good part of his time he spent studying the culture and problems of the countries where he was stationed. When he left the Marine Corps, he found himself with no money and still no training for anything but the life of a professional fighting man. For several years he worked in the Butte copper mines and studied on the side. In 1929, when he was twenty-seven, he was admitted to Montana State University. He specialized in history and political science. When he graduated in 1933, the university hired him as

an instructor in those subjects, and he studied for a master's degree. He taught at Missoula until his election last fall.

Although he is intensely concerned about the war and is a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee, Mansfield wants to concentrate his energies on issues closer home. Strongly pro-labor, he is a charter member of the American Federation of Teachers.

Daniel Ellison, Republican, of Maryland, is first of all a clean-government man. No other issue, he feels, could account for his election last year from a Baltimore district in which there are three Democrats to every Republican. He took a strong stand on the war, but so did his opponent, and he doubts whether that had anything to do with the election. He is a liberal in domestic affairs, too, but even so he feels that he was elected only because he had a long and clean record in city politics.

Compared with a man like Mansfield, Ellison's background is prosaic. He was born and brought up in Baltimore. He studied law at Johns Hopkins and the University of Maryland and has been practicing it in Baltimore for more than two decades. For the past twenty years he has been a member of the City Council, and in all but one of his five four-year terms he has been the only Republican member. He has a reputation in Baltimore as an honest politician, and when he decided to run for Congress last year, he got the Republican vote and about 35 per cent of the Democratic vote. He is the first Republican in his seat since 1896. The Baltimore Sunpapers lined up the middle class for him, and the unions got out the labor vote. In fact, almost no one but his opponent came out against him.

In Congress Ellison is likely to be a quiet but effective worker. Cautious and scholarly in his approach to a problem, he is also a capable politician, as is evidenced by the way he has upset Baltimore tradition.

Walter H. Judd, Republican, of Minneapolis, defeated Oscar Youngdahl, a veteran of the House isolationist bloc, in the Minnesota primaries last autumn. By profession Judd is a surgeon. As a young man during the last war he served as a medical officer in the field artillery. Until 1938, except for two years of study and practice at the Mayo Clinic, he was a Congregationalist medical missionary to China. In that year the Japanese blasted him out of house and home and took over the large mission hospital of which he was supervisor. No way remained for him to help China except to come home and carry on the fight in America.

A Nebraskan by birth, Judd stumped the Middle West for two years asking for aid to China. Often he made as many as three or four addresses a day. But although he spoke eloquently, the results in that period of appeasement were discouraging. Feeling that it was a waste of

his energies, he gave up speaking and settled down in Minneapolis. He had acquired a large and prosperous practice by the time bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. Suddenly people began to remember his warnings against Japan, and the hundreds of talks made two years before became tangible assets. The Cowles newspaper interests boomed him for Congress, and the unions supported him. He beat Youngdahl in the primaries and won by a fairly narrow margin over his Democratic opponent, whose views on most questions differed only slightly from Judd's.

Judd is a small, frail man of tremendous nervous energy. Although he is not too optimistic about what he can do in Congress, he has a program neatly prepared for himself. "I want to get to the bottom of the State Department business," he told me. "I thought the White Book was the most insipid kind of apology for the most insipid kind of policy. I'm eager to see what can be done about that, and I want to do all I can for China. Two very practical things can be done: to end the poll tax and the immigration exclusion act. Both of them rankle in the mind of the Orient. We may win the war without getting rid of them, but we won't be able to prevent another one."

When I saw Will Rogers, Jr., he had just finished dictating a batch of letters to the mothers of boys in the army tank-destroyer division. He wanted to assure



Will Rogers, Jr.

them, he told me, that in that branch of the army their sons would be well fed and cared for. Before he came to Congress Rogers was attached to the tank destroyers for seven months, and he is deeply devoted to them. That nostalgic sentimentality is perhaps the only way, apart from the strong physical resemblance, in which Will Rogers, Jr., is like Will Rogers, Sr.

Young Rogers is earnest, almost solemn, where his father was spoofing; militantly partisan where his father was a friend to everybody. He is terribly serious about the responsibility he bears as a young man of fighting age who was whisked from the army into Congress by his friends and supporters in the suburbs of Los Angeles. In the election campaign which put him into office Rogers played almost no part. He was in officers' candidate school, working for his lieutenant's bars.

Long before the war, however, Rogers was deeply in-

volved in politics. He had been in Germany with his parents around the time that Hitler came to power. Later he was a correspondent in Spain for the McNaught Syndicate, and he was greatly moved by the tragic end of the republic. As publisher of the Beverly Hills *Citizen*, which he edited with journalistic distinction, he contributed a great deal toward making the motion-picture colony consciously anti-fascist. He was a logical choice, therefore, to run against Leland Ford, one of the cleverest of the Dunderheads. Rogers won by 10,000 votes, and his is perhaps the only clear case in which foreign policy was as much an issue in the voters' minds as in the candidate's.

Rogers is a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee. He makes no bones about his dislike of the State Department. "I think the whole mess in the State Department ought to be investigated by Congress," he said. "I don't like the Peyrouton affair, and I was disgusted by the White Book. I want an investigation as soon as possible." Alone among the new liberals, he was able to get the floor to speak against the Dies committee in the recent debate on appropriations. He is appalled by the berserk hatred for Roosevelt which he has encountered among his Congressional colleagues. In a radio speech made a few weeks after the session began, he remarked with astonishment that some of them were not above attacking the President through his wife and through his sons fighting on the battlefield. If these Congressmen dared to say to the men of his anti-tank force what they have said on the floor of the House, Rogers declared, "they would have their faces punched."

LaVern R. Dilweg of Green Bay, Wisconsin, also was elected as a liberal Democrat, but the fact that he was an all-American end for Marquette University and the Green Bay Packers unquestionably did him no harm. Tall, dark, and handsome, with a glint in his eyes as steely as Gary Cooper's, he could have won plenty of votes on any ticket. Fifteen years ago Dilweg was known as one of the outstanding athletes in the country. After Marquette he signed up with the Packers, then as now one of the most powerful of all professional football teams. His prestige in the athletic world was not diminished by his marriage to Eleanor Coleman, the swimming champion.

Dilweg got out of football in 1933 and devoted himself to his legal practice, which he had built up in the time he could spare from the Packers. Much of his work was done for farm cooperatives and trade unions. Since 1934 he has handled legal assignments for the Home Owners' Loan Corporation and the Federal Housing Administration. These connections and his association with his partner, G. R. Clifford, a liberal attorney, unquestionably molded his politics. At any rate, it was Clifford who persuaded him to oppose Joshua L. Johns, a Repub-

lican Representative who, together with Hamilton Fish, had toured the country for America First. Dilweg had the support of the Progressive Party and the personal aid of Senator La Follette.

When I asked him to what he attributed his victory over Johns, Dilweg told me a good deal about the local farm situation and his program for domestic reform. Then he added, just a trifle shamefacedly, "Most people are hero-worshippers, you know. Of course they don't always realize it, it's subconscious and all that." When the opposition called him a Communist in the campaign, he simply asked the voters if they could imagine an all-American end being a Communist. They could not. All his campaign literature carried the 1942 schedule of the Green Bay Packers. Dilweg has the makings of a popular political figure. It is a fairly safe bet that he will represent the Eighth Wisconsin District for some time.

Harold C. Hagen, Farmer-Laborite of Crookston, Minnesota, is a new Congressman, but he is hardly new to Congress. For the past eight years he has been secretary to his predecessor, Richard T. Buckler. Twice in that period he was president of the Congressional Secretaries Club, and in 1937 his colleagues honored him by naming him the most valuable secretary in Congress. For a time he was parliamentarian of the "Third Congress," a kind of mock legislature made up of employees of both houses. In Washington he has been known as a more influential figure than many an elected Congressman.

Word of these distinctions got back to northern Minnesota, and when Representative Buckler, who was in his eighties, decided last year to retire and back his secretary as a suitable successor, Hagen had an easy time of it. Like Buckler in the last session, Hagen is the only Farmer-Laborite in Congress.

He is a liberal by inheritance as well as by conviction. Fifty years ago his parents came to Crookston from Sweden and immediately began to publish a Populist weekly, *Vesterheimen*, which for years was the Bible of Scandinavian farmers in the corn belt. Hagen edited the paper himself after his father's death, but not for long, for by that time the need for a Swedish newspaper had passed. After a period as a school teacher he became editor of the Polk County *Leader*.

The eight years he spent as Buckler's aide have made Hagen an excellent strategist. He knows what it is possible to do in Congress and what is impossible. He is neither as hopeful nor as despairing as some of the other liberals. His enthusiasm for the war far exceeds his party's, and although there is no real labor movement in his district, he is strongly pro-labor.

Howard J. McMurray is among the most interesting of the newcomers. He is a short, quick-spoken man in his early forties; a university professor, urbanely academic,

rather than pedantic. Before he taught political science at the University of Wisconsin, he was an executive of several large air lines in the Middle West. A licensed pilot and an aviation enthusiast, he was on his way into the army air force when some of his neighbors urged him to run against Lewis D. Thill, one of the worst obstructionists in the last Congress.

The Milwaukee district which Thill represented is traditionally isolationist and heavily populated by people of German descent. In recent elections it has consistently gone Republican. No set-up could have seemed more unpromising for a man of McMurray's views. He had spoken for armed intervention as early as the summer of 1940. As a lecturer he had frequently indorsed Clarence Streit's Union Now, and last summer he addressed a conference of the Union for Democratic Action at Fond du Lac. In seeking the Democratic nomination and in campaigning against Thill, he insisted that the war was the principal issue, and he did not hesitate to advance his neo-Wilsonian views on the peace. Yet he won by 6,000 out of a total of 98,000 votes in a three-cornered race.

McMurray is an ardent internationalist. He thinks that foreign policy is of transcendent importance, and he sits on the Foreign Relations Committee. But he is a liberal in domestic policy too. A few years ago, when he was working for his doctorate at Madison, he wrote a thesis on the influence of the university on Wisconsin liberalism. At the time he was an admirer of the La Follette movement but is so no longer. I got the impression that he has fears for the future of the Progressive Party, some of whose leaders, he believes, have dangerously demagogic inclinations.

Even added to the few aging Young Turks who have survived recent elections and to whatever other new liberals may turn up, these newcomers may be unable to initiate policies, but there are other ways in which they can be effective. Three of them are members of the Foreign Affairs Committee, and two serve on the Labor Committee. A veteran of Congressional liberalism recently told me that in his experience the progressives are always at their best when their only possible job is to pose issues, not settle them. There will be plenty of issues to pose in 1943 and 1944.



Howard McMurray

The Charming Mr. Baruch

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, February 19

BERNARD M. BARUCH, who has been building up his personal influence for months from a suite in the Carlton, is expected to return to power as a result of the renewed battle which has broken out between civilian war-production authorities and the armed services. This growing influence has many sources. Baruch is shrewd and charming. He likes people. He has money. Several Southern Senators and Director of Economic Stabilization James F. Byrnes are beholden to him for past campaign contributions and also for his good advice and friendship, for Baruch is no ordinary fat cat of politics.

Baruch gets along equally well with conservatives and New Dealers. He is consulted by Cordell Hull and he is consulted by Ben Cohen. He has more understanding of social issues than is common in one of his class and background. But while he does not pander to the vulgar prejudices which pass for political thinking in some sections of Wall Street, he is safe enough by their standards, as the Baruch rubber report showed. Whether or not the Standard Oil crowd took him into camp, they certainly got what they wanted from him. He may not have been as gullible as Conant or as complaisant as Compton, his colleagues on the rubber board, but he went along. The reward, for Baruch, was the kind of favorable publicity the press reserves for those who serve its ultimate masters. For Baruch, it was a glorious return to the spotlight, and his vanity is commensurate with his ability, which is admittedly great.

Why do so many people consult Baruch? He has been around for a long time and knows the ropes. He has sense. He is *simpatico*. He has a capacity for smoothing out ruckuses, a valuable talent in a town as full of them as Washington. He knows how to handle the press. The picture he has built up of himself is that of a contented old man feeding the squirrels from a bench in the park opposite the White House and occasionally running into old friends who stop to chat a while with him. This is a masterpiece of public relations. When Cissie Patterson's sheet disturbed this idyllic picture with the story of the big dinner party for Hopkins, Baruch hastened to wipe out the nasty story with a \$1,000,000 contribution to war charities. And judging from the way he is now treated in the *Times-Herald*, he must have Cissie eating out of his hand.

It is my impression that Mr. Roosevelt does not like Baruch. They are too much alike; both are charmers.

Mr. Roosevelt feels about Baruch as a young married woman does when her mother tries to help her by showing her the right way to handle a maid or a baby. He resented Al Smith's attempt to "help" him when he first succeeded Smith as Governor, and there is reason to believe that he has been irked by Baruch's burning desire to show him how *really* to run a war. Baruch's vigil in the park across the way may have been a boon to the squirrels, but it was an annoyance to the President. It was a kind of humble picketing—"Mr. Roosevelt is unfair to elder statesmen."

Now it looks as though Baruch's moment had come. The Under Secretaries of War and the Navy are furious with WPB Chairman Nelson for dismissing Vice-Chairman Ferdinand Eberstadt and giving full scheduling powers to Vice-Chairman C. E. Wilson. The army-navy crowd are powerful and united, and the President will have to do something to appease them. His usual method of dealing with these intra-Administration squabbles is to set up a new super-board, and the indications are that there will be a new one, with Baruch as top man, on production. The army and navy supply chiefs would like Baruch in that job because his conception, like theirs, is that the civilian agencies should concentrate on materials and leave procurement and scheduling to the military and naval supply services. Baruch is satisfactory to big business because he is a strong believer in leaving a major part of war production to the industry committees. But he is also smart enough to make considerable concessions to labor, perhaps also to work out a compromise under which Wilson would have enough power over scheduling to do his job.

This current quarrel can easily be over-simplified and over-dramatized. It is only superficially a military-civilian struggle. Only 9 per cent of the men in the War Department's services of supply are regular army officers; the rest are business men in uniform. It is a clash between two groups of big-business men, one linked with the military bureaucracy, the other somewhat tenuously allied with New Dealers and labor. I think it would be unfair to accuse the military crowd of bad motives. They fear interference with their supply programs if Wilson actually digs down into the job of scheduling, for to schedule he must rearrange contracts, and in rearranging he will be passing on whether we need this gun more than that tank. It is easy to understand the desire of the military to keep the supply program in their own hands. Unfortunately, when a \$260-billion war order is sud-

denly imposed on an economy which never generated more than \$80 billion worth of income a year, the whole structure must be tightened up if the job is to be done. I have a great deal of respect for Wilson and believe that he is right in this dispute, but I should like to see it peacefully resolved, for the Under Secretaries of War and Navy also command respect and consideration.

Nelson, a very weak man, fired Eberstadt and delegated all power to Wilson from fear as much as from conviction. He felt that Eberstadt and the army-navy crowd were out to get his job, and he is staking his future on Wilson. Wilson started out to break the bottlenecks in the war-production program. These bottlenecks are in items which go into the final manufacture of many different war materials. But to get more aluminum extrusions for aviation, he found that he needed power to rationalize and schedule aluminum production. This is not popular with the aluminum industry. And to get maximum production of aviation, Wilson found that he had to go to the other end of the process and try to change army-navy specifications. Obviously escort vessels can be built more quickly if you concentrate on one

type instead of six, but at this end he stepped on the toes of a lot of admirals. It seems to me that the size of the program and its urgency point to the need for centralizing full control of the program in one man's hands, and that man a civilian. For only a civilian can mediate between army and navy.

In my opinion Eberstadt represented too completely the Wall Street monopolist point of view to do an all-out job, and his dismissal by Nelson was all to the good. But labor and liberals cannot stop short at supporting Nelson and Wilson and working for the Toland-Kilgore-Pepper bill for a streamlined civilian-headed war agency. Wilson will find it much easier to break bottlenecks, to force through emergency methods and the use of emergency facilities in making components, if instead of depending on industry committees as he now does he also has the help of labor and small-business committees. For a fight between big-business men is not likely to result in a more democratic war-production program, and if we are to meet this year's goals we need the fullest help from small business and labor as well as from big business.

Add Water and Serve

BY ROSS L. HOLMAN

WHATEVER else the war does to our way of life, it now appears to be going to revolutionize our eating habits. The increase in dehydrated food to meet war needs is tremendous. Dehydration means nothing more or less than taking another useless element out of food before offering it for sale. That is water. Selling food without water is like selling onions without the tops or chickens without the feathers. Tomatoes, for instance, are 95 per cent water. Quick drying reduces 100 pounds of them to about 5 pounds of red flakes. Nearly all the vitamins, minerals, calories, etc., are retained in those few pounds of still visible tomato. Beans, cabbage, carrots, and other vegetables are reduced to shreds, powders, flakes, or chips.

Dehydration is not altogether new, though it is just now becoming important enough for most of us to hear about it. We have been manufacturing dried milk and powdered eggs since the First World War. The Egyptians sun-dried certain meats thousands of years ago to preserve them until they were needed. But it took the pressure of bottlenecks and blitzkriegs to give the idea widespread application. In one respect the quick drying of food serves the same purpose as quick freezing. It keeps it from spoiling. If you want to preserve a strawberry by the latter method you smack it with a blast of

sub-zero temperature that holds its food values in a state of suspended animation until ready to serve. It is now recognized that water is the thing that makes most perishable foods perish. So you dry out the water.

Before the war there was very little dehydration except of milk and eggs. But the army and navy found it fitting so well into our war strategy that it has grown rapidly. In 1940, 5,000,000 pounds of dried vegetables were processed by seven firms—mostly for soup mixes. The goal for the year ending June 30, 1943, is set at 100,000,000 pounds, and for the year following at 400,000,000. The production of dehydrated apples has been stepped up to a 1942 output of 28,000 tons as compared with 13,000 in 1940. Apricots rose from 10,600 tons to 24,700 in the same period; meat from practically nothing in 1940 to a projected 60,000,000 pounds in 1943 and 120,000,000 for the year after that. Even the production tops in eggs and milk, which represented nearly all our pre-war dehydrating industry, have increased tremendously, and in the case of eggs have been doubling and redoubling so many times they make you dizzy. From a measly 10,000,000 pounds in 1939, dried eggs leaped to 240,000,000 pounds in 1942, with a prospect of 300,000,000 pounds in 1943; and skim milk from 408,000,000 pounds to 600,000,000.

An industry that is allowed to skyrocket at a time when construction bottlenecks are accumulating like barnacles on a ship must have tremendous war usefulness. To begin with, it relieves the strain on our shipping when ships are worth their weight in priorities. One shipload of quick-dried foods is equivalent to ten shiploads of fresh. If dried foods had been shipped in the first year of lend-lease instead of the perishable products, the equivalent of eighty ships would have been saved for other duties. Think what it will mean in terms of the vastly increased transport needs of 1943-44. If these foods were handled fresh it would take thirty to forty times as much bottleneck metal to haul the useless water bound up in them as to build the dehydrating plants needed to blast it out. Also, if you ship perishables fresh you not only have to give them a lot of cargo space but provide for refrigerating machinery as well. Dried foods keep almost indefinitely in containers of fiber, paper, cellophane, and other materials. This fact has had vital significance since Japan took more than 90 per cent of the tin with which we used to do our canning.

The saving of bulk and weight in food supplies gives an army in the field more mobility and allows a besieged force to store enough food to hold out almost indefinitely.

One reason surrounded German garrisons in key Russian strongholds like Rzhev, Millerovo, and Stalingrad were so difficult to overcome was that food in dehydrated form was flown in to them by plane.

A paratrooper or commando can carry in his kit a three weeks' supply of food in the form of powders, flakes, and briquettes. He has only to add hot water, and dinner is ready. The extent to which our armed forces are making use of these different advantages is a military secret, but the tremendous increase in dehydrated foods is practically all devoted to war needs.

Even as a nation's armed might travels on its stomach, its peace-time existence cannot be kept peaceable if it hasn't enough food. That applies not only to our country but to the peoples of Europe, whom we shall have to feed until they can readjust themselves to a normal business economy. Our merchant ships can deliver dried foods ten times as fast as they were able to take food to Europe at the close of World War I. To the most critical areas, such as Greece, converted Flying Fortresses could each deliver ten tons of dried food with amazing speed.

Dehydration means a saving not only in storage space but in consumer costs. Freight costs, of course, will be cut tremendously. Moreover, these dried foods can be



"STRAIGHTENING THE LINE"

packed in cheap containers. Soup powders may be put in envelopes; tomato flakes in cardboard packages like cereals; oyster powders in oversized capsules. Beans, carrots, onions, potatoes, cabbage, beets, and other perishables will be reduced to flakes, powders, shreds, or chips, and reconstituted (or rehydrated) on the consumer's table by the addition of hot water. Some foods, such as string beans, can, when freshened with water, be restored almost to their original appearance. In a recent test some army dietetic experts were served fresh and dehydrated vegetables at the same meal and couldn't tell the difference.

During World War I crude efforts were made to dehydrate potatoes, but the resulting product was nothing to smack the lips over. Consumption of it by the A. E. F. was part work and part patriotism. Our present dried potatoes do not taste like cured swamp grass but like the spuds they are supposed to be.

While the leakage in vitamins varies with the class of foods dehydrated, the average loss, according to experts, is usually not more than 10 per cent. In many cases the vitamin deterioration is less than that of the fresh vegetables or fruits to be found on grocery counters.

Many authorities visualize the coming industry as an efficient method of storing crop surpluses. Perishable foods will not have to perish or be expensively refrigerated. The unused abundance of bountiful crop years will be dried and held in an ever-normal larder for years of scarcity, and thus the peaks and valleys of production will be smoothed out.

Dehydration is done in different ways, depending on the food processed and the company doing the processing. One manufacturer dries tomatoes by reducing them to a paste and spraying them on a steam-heated drum. The paste covers the drum in a thin layer 3/1000 of an inch thick, and when dried out is scraped off in a thin sheet like red tissue paper. This is broken, ground and packaged for market. In general, dehydration utilizes high temperatures, forced circulation of air, and sometimes controlled humidity.

Since practically all dried foods are now used for army, navy, and lend-lease, no one can predict with certainty just how our peace-time consumer market will respond to this method of processing. Dried-out food shreds are not going to have the show-window attraction of fresh garden and orchard products. An unprocessed juicy red apple will still have its juicy red appeal. But even if the dried-food boom is deflated by post-war conditions, there will not have to be any serious scrapping of plants. Practically all present dehydration is handled by established food industries which have merely added quick-drying equipment to their existing processing facilities. Deflation, however, is improbable. The dehydrating industry offers too many advantages to the consumer to be easily killed off.

In the Wind

REPRESENTATIVE HUGH D. SCOTT, JR., of Pennsylvania, contributed this thought to the celebration of Lincoln's Birthday in Philadelphia: "It might be just as well if the war doesn't end too soon. For if it does, it will mean that Russia will occupy most of Europe, particularly the capitals of Vienna and Berlin. . . . The American people are sore at New Deal nonsense. They are tired of fools in high places. It is time for the Republicans to take over. We are of the best stock . . . and represent the real grit, brains, and backbone of America."

BUT STALIN, it now appears, is not a Communist after all. Thomas F. Woodlock, associate editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, writes in the magazine *America*, "There is no evidence that Stalin is much more interested in Communist ideology than he is in any other ideology."

THE LINDBERGH WITNESSES, a spiritualist organization of Lindbergh admirers, objects to Paul McNutt's classification of mediums and ushers as non-essential workers. "Ushers," it says, "form a very essential part of every church service and are made up of judges, lawyers, and substantial business men. . . . One of the staunchest friends mediums ever had is Mr. McNutt's own chief, Franklin D. Roosevelt."

WANT AD in the Boulder, Colorado, *Daily Camera*: "School Board election, May 3. W. F. Luhnnow, editor, will purchase 500-word essays. Subject: The protection of our children from bastard Americans through the ousting of alien ideologists and their dupes from the supervision of American education." Mr. Luhnnow is not the editor of the *Camera*.

NORWEGIAN UNDERGROUND sources report that the annual apprentice festival of the Oslo Handicraft Society, which used to attract about 400 people, attracted only one this year. He was the son of the Nazi official in charge.

FROM ENGLAND comes word that the Ipswich Trades Council and Labor Party has gone on record as "of the opinion that the growing 'Vansittart' mentality, as expressed in some recent speeches by British national leaders, is to be deplored because its effect is to strengthen the Nazi grip upon the German workers and so lengthen the war."

QUID PRO QUO: During the recent debate on the Dies committee Hamilton Fish read to the House a telegram from William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, urging the committee's continuation. A week later Mr. Fish paid off by denouncing the Hobbs "anti-racketeering bill" as a "gratuitous affront" to organized labor, which he pointed out had kept its no-strike pledge to the extent of 99.7 per cent.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Platform for the Left

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, January

THE last months have given us all, at long last, the right to hope. The superb courage of the Russians, the turn of the tide in North Africa, the unbreakable endurance of the enslaved peoples, the growing strength of the United Nations, all these are an assurance that the peak of Nazi power has been passed. No doubt there will still be setbacks and disappointments. No doubt, also, the road before us will prove hard and grim and long. But all rational calculation entitles us to believe that decisive victory lies at the end of the road.

I suggest that it is time for the working-class movement of the world to prepare itself to use the victory. For the triumph will have been the work of the common man. It is his effort that has made possible the organization of resistance and the preparation of the weapons. His, too, has been the faith which, even in the darkest hour, has never wavered. When all the credit is given to the four great leaders of the United Nations, the foundation of their achievement has been their ability to evoke from ordinary men and women a quality of determination that has not been surpassed in history.

The hour of victory may well prove the hour of danger unless the workers are ready to act. At present, they are gravely divided. Ideological differences still keep Socialist and Communist apart. National differences are still allowed to transcend the common interests they all share. The Third International remains a pale wraith of the Soviet Foreign Office. The Second International has become a complex debating society in which bewildered phantoms search in the angry emotions of the past for the means to prevent the unity of the future. The emigration has reached that ultimate phase of tragic futility where some of its members spend more energy on hating one another than on building the basis of a common policy. That fraternity which is essential if the workers are to win the fruits of victory is hardly visible. There is no common doctrine. There is no common policy. There is lacking even the effort in a serious way to formulate either—and there is no serious means either of discussing the problems we have to solve or of formulating the attitude we ought to take to each of the massive issues by which we are confronted. There are eminent Socialists from foreign lands among us in Britain, some of whom occupy posts in the provisional governments of their countries. But they do not speak to the peoples of the world with that single voice which is so vital to the

future. Even propaganda to the enemy countries by Socialists is confused and uncertain.

I admit at once that a heavy responsibility for this position rests upon the British Socialist movement. It has failed to mobilize, still less to unify, the resources it could have commanded; and some, at any rate, of its leaders have been so moved by the passions which war lets loose that they have been anxious to stigmatize as new enemies those whom they should have recognized as old friends. Not less important has been the failure, so far, of British socialism to build any effective relation with the progressive forces in America, in China, and in India, and to insist that if, when the war ends, there is to be a continuance of that fratricidal strife which did so much to wreck the labor movements of Italy and Germany, and to blunt their strength elsewhere, the result of the war for freedom may well be the achievement only of a more bitter slavery.

I suggest to my comrades of the international Socialist movement that it is time we began seriously to understand one another. We have to bring into being an organization which can prepare for that use of the victory which is possible only with serious preparation. We are relying upon chance improvisations, which brought disaster after 1918, and will bring disaster again unless we have an agreed policy for which, from now on, we ask in all ways open to us the support of the workers everywhere as the day of liberation begins to dawn.

What are the objectives for which we must seek agreement? The list which follows I put forward for discussion merely; it does not claim to represent more than the matters which seem important to me. Others might make a different list, or set them in a different perspective than I do. I present my list because of my conviction that the time has come for an effort by Socialists to agree on a policy for attaining these objectives; and I am convinced that those who seek to hinder this effort are guilty of an irresponsibility before our problems which history will regard as a betrayal of the workers.

The objectives upon which agreement seems to me urgent are as follows:

1. An approach to the Soviet Union with the purpose of ending the schism between the internationals before hostilities cease.
2. An undertaking to do all we can (a) to safe-

guard the security of the Soviet Union in the period of reconstruction, and (b) to promote friendly relations between the Russian working class and the workers of other countries.

3. A resolve to prevent, so far as we can, any attempt by the victorious governments to hinder working-class revolutions, especially by the denial of relief to Socialist governments which take power.

4. A resolve to prevent, so far as we can, the assumption of power in the liberated countries by vested interests which have cooperated with Nazism or its associates, or been favorable to its growth in the period before the invasion of Norway and the Low Countries.

5. A resolve to prevent, so far as we can, the resumption of imperialist exploitation at the close of the war; and a resolve to assist India to the attainment of full self-government.

6. While insisting on the disarmament of Germany and the destruction among its people of the social and economic foundations of militarism, a resolve to prevent the imposition upon them of a peace of revenge.

7. A resolve to do all in our power, as organized Socialist movements, to secure racial and religious equality for all peoples everywhere, and to fight against any regime which directly or indirectly denies this equality.

8. A resolve to do all in our power to recognize the right of each nation to the fullest possible cultural independence; but, at the same time, a resolve to prevent a return to the anarchy of sovereign states by organizing, as the basis of peace, a new international authority with the power, backed by the possession of force, to impose law upon states in matters of common concern.

9. A resolve to do all in our power that the various forms of propaganda make possible to stir up revolution in the enemy states, and a refusal to support governments which seek to come to terms with Quislings, actual or potential, in them.

10. A resolve to do all in our power to liberate the Spanish people from the Franco regime, and a refusal to support any government of the United Nations in its effort to "appease" Franco.

11. A resolve to urge upon the governments of the United Nations the right of the enslaved peoples freely to choose whether they will accept the personnel of the provisional governments now in London when Hitler is defeated.

12. A resolve to do all in our power to give education its full status in the post-war world in the knowledge that planned democracy is only possible as citizens are adequately trained to political and economic understanding; and an insistence that this status for education is only available in that expanding economy which a capitalist society can no longer evoke.

13. A resolve to demand now that the necessary organization be created, and the necessary personnel

trained, to embark upon hostilities measures of relief and rehabilitation as soon as hostilities cease; it being fully understood that after the defeat of Hitler and his associates this relief shall not be withheld from the people of the enemy countries.

14. A resolve to seek to bring home to the workers of the United States the danger, both to themselves and to workers all over the world, of a return by their government to isolationism, with its inevitable result of driving the business interests of America into a policy of economic imperialism.

These are the central tasks to which a renovated international in London could, as I think, usefully devote itself. They are not tasks being undertaken today. We admire the great Russian resistance; we ought to make our admiration the road to unity. We watch with horror the grim spectacle of General Franco handing over refugees to Hitler's torturers; we do not organize protest against the steps taken by Britain and America to strengthen his power. The time for internecine disputes has gone; the time for action has arrived. The strength of our enemies lies above all in our own divisions. They are an invitation to the aggressor in that class struggle which continues while the war lasts and will not end with our victory as nations. If we could learn now that our danger is not less great than our opportunity is supreme, we might build that unity in the field of class struggle which is the condition of the workers' emancipation. But we must act today if we are to act at all; history gives men the favorable moment, but it leaves to their courage and wisdom the insight which takes advantage of its opportunity.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

AMONG the casualties of the recent battles in Russia is a thesis that has been for many months a favorite with Nazi propaganda—a thesis summed up in the slogan "Time is working for us." It was introduced about the middle of 1942, and was occasioned by an unhappy memory. During the First World War the word went all over Germany: "The English lose the battles, but we lose the war." Some time last summer Germans recalled this, and began to whisper that things were going that way again, that in this war as in the last, in spite of all the battles that had been won, "time" was on the side of the enemy. The expression arose: "We are killing ourselves with victories." To combat this, Goebbels launched one of his longest and most persistent campaigns.

In contrast to his usual efforts, which almost without exception are addressed to the emotions, this one was given a rationalistic basis. Through seemingly dispassionate arguments he sought to prove that the situation today

was just the opposite of what it had been in 1917 and 1918. While Germany in those years was really becoming weaker and weaker as the result of the blockade, now it was almost automatically becoming stronger and stronger as a result of its conquests. The more land Germany occupied the more additional sources of raw materials and food it won. And the better it organized these additional sources the farther it surpassed its antagonists in strength. "Who forces space to serve him, is served also by time." To demonstrate this, special emphasis was placed on the space conquered in Russia. France and the Balkans were passed over as relatively unimportant. But the Ukraine! And above all—way above all else—the incomparable black-earth region of the Donetz and the Don! That alone, under superior German administration, could feed half the continent.

The Donetz-Don-Caucasus region, and to a lesser degree the Ukraine, was the chief element in the thesis "Time is working for us." Hitler filled great sections of his speech of September 30—the one in which he announced that Stalingrad would surely be taken—with variations on the theme that possession of these inexhaustible regions made a German victory ultimately certain. On October 4 Göring presented the same region as a guaranty that food difficulties had been overcome for all time—"1941-42 was the last bad winter." He prophesied enormous returns from the harvest of 1943. Even that most pressing of all German deficits, the fat deficit, he said would finally be made up. "For miles along the Don and the Kuban, as far as the eye can see, are fields and fields of sunflowers, and as you know sunflower-seed oil is better than rape-seed oil." With every year that followed, as the disorganization of war was overcome and "rebuilding" made rapid progress under the German masterhand, the blessing would grow.

It is certain that this was not just propaganda. The Nazi government had set its hopes on these regions. Of course the grandiose work of "German restoration" was and remained imaginary. But at least part of the acres were sowed in the fall or prepared for the spring sowing. The Berlin mathematicians expected not only that the army would live on the products of these provinces but that considerable quantities of food could be transported to Germany. Thus the defeats in Russia, aside from their military significance, have wrecked all German plans for feeding the people in 1943-44. And this was the second time such a thing had happened. One not inconsiderable source of grain, vegetables, fruit, eggs, and meat was lost with Algiers and Morocco. Much greater supplies were expected from Russia, and their loss will have a most distressing effect on a balance that was already precarious. It can be foreseen with absolute certainty that in a few weeks, or at most months, the defeats between the Volga and the Dnieper will lead to a sensible reduction of the German food ration.

The slogan "Time is working for us" is no less a casualty. For weeks it has not been heard on anyone's lips or appeared anywhere in type. It has evaporated into nothing, leaving not a trace; and that is logical. The astonishing gospel that this time Germany was becoming not constantly weaker but constantly stronger was based exclusively on the possession of just these fabulous regions. Now that they have been lost, or are in imminent danger of being lost, the foundations of the thesis have been shattered. Goodbye to "Time is working for us." But what substitute is offered to Germans? By what argument will they be convinced that in six months the prospect is bound to be better than it is today and in twelve months still better? No plausible *Ersatz* argument has yet occurred to Goebbels's propaganda machine. Never has it been so plainly at its wits' end to find some halfway substantial fare with which to nourish hope.

A People's Poland

AN INTERESTING document has reached America recently: a program for a democratic Polish government. Entitled *Underground Poland Speaks*, it is the work of many anonymous people in Poland, representing the underground groups of peasants, workers, and democratic intelligentsia. The document comes to us through the Polish labor Group in New York.

The program deals with the tasks facing the first government of an independent Poland, outlining in the following terms the necessary immediate reforms:

(a) Agrarian reform. The great landed estates will be expropriated and turned into land reserves for parceling. These expropriated estates will be placed under the supervision of communal and district committees for land reform.

(b) Expropriation and transfer to the state, local governments, or cooperative organizations, of industrial enterprises which are suitable for socialization, and their utilization for social purposes.

(c) Reform of the fiscal system in the direction of a just distribution of the fiscal burden among all social groups.

(d) Annulment of all the decrees of the occupant [Germany] relating to the property and welfare of Polish citizens. All such property to be placed under the control of special agencies established for its supervision and protection.

(e) Proclamation of the criminal responsibility of all citizens who betrayed Poland and served the interests of the occupant.

(f) Establishment of special courts to try the officials, civil and military, of the pre-war regime who were responsible for the abuses perpetrated under that regime.

(g) The People's Government will establish a new electoral system for Parliament, based on democratic suffrage.

After formulating this basic policy, the program defines the essential conditions upon which the future Polish state must be based, among which the most important are: political democracy and parliamentary government, with effective safeguards; equality of rights without distinction of race or

religion; an adequate system of local government; planned economy and industry, democratically controlled; a just distribution of the national income, with work as the only basis for a share in this income; recognition by the state of the essential role of trade unions, cooperatives, and similar bodies; strong economic and political ties with all the countries of Central Eastern Europe, especially with Czechoslovakia; a broad system of social insurance; an agrarian system based on small peasant holdings functioning within the wider framework of the cooperatives.

File and Remember

Moscow Speaks

THE Hitlerites have now joined the disinterested defenders of Europe. Goebbels's speech and Hitler's message on January 30 showed that the Hitlerites have again resurrected the Bolshevik danger to split the bloc of freedom-loving nations. Dragging out the obsolete and morally stilted watchword of the so-called Bolshevik danger is a sure indication of how Germany's ruling circles fear the imminent and inevitable sterile defeat. The Hitlerites cannot but see that the existence of a mighty coalition of freedom-loving peoples headed by the Soviet Union, Britain, and the United States dooms Hitlerite Germany to defeat.

Last summer and autumn the entire Hitlerite propaganda machine insistently tried to cause dissensions in the coalition of United Nations by stating that the second front would never be opened, as the British and Americans wanted to make the Soviet Union bear the whole brunt of the war. The Hitlerites had evidently reckoned that their temporary successes on the Soviet-German front could shake the fighting alliance between the Soviet Union, Britain, and the United States. These calculations suffered a complete crash. So now the Hitlerites are resorting to a new swindle, in undertaking the mission of defending Europe from bolshevism.—Moscow short-wave broadcast.

TVA for the Danube

It seems possible that Stalin, who will never make peace with Hitlerite Germany, might be satisfied, if he doubts Allied good-will, to drive the Germans from Russia and then leave the final defeat of the Germans to us. Again, it is almost certain that, as the Soviet armies advance, the resistance movement in Central and Southeastern Europe will see in the Soviet Union the one hopeful and unifying force. All these peoples are tired of being the cat's-paws of rival great powers; their need is for peasant liberation. On such a question there is every reason to strive for real agreement with the U. S. S. R. The Foreign Office may easily mishandle this situation; its tradition is not to plan anything ahead and to rely on the universal power of British money and the British fleet to improvise when the time comes. This is a most dangerous outlook today when British power is still large but its sphere of influence far more limited. The most foolish policy would be to attempt to interfere in areas where our strength does not enable us to do so with success. In that way we should lose the possibility of friendship with

the Soviet Union, and we should yield with a bad grace when we might have come to an agreement with credit. Moreover, by failing frankly to discuss these problems of post-war as well as war policy with Stalin we neglect the best chance of a constructive peace, which lies in the development of functional services on the Continent—in the organization, as Mr. Wallace urges, of joint air services for Europe and the world, in the development of a TVA for the Danube Valley, now widely canvassed in a hundred exciting and constructive enterprises. Here we may have a real hope of collaboration with the Soviet Union, and a chance of a Europe which is not a breeding ground for another war.—*The New Statesman and Nation* (London).

A Partnership for the Future

There can be no doubt that one of the great magnetic forces in the future of Europe will be the Federation of Socialist States under the Soviet banner. There is nothing in this possibility that makes a free and prosperous Britain an impossibility provided we, too, read the signs of the times. If we are going to set up an alternative attraction of our own, made up of the Tories, the Girauds and Francos and Horthys, we shall antagonize all popular forces in France, Italy, Germany, and the Balkans. They will, naturally, seek help against our plans to foist the bankrupt statesmen once more upon their shoulders. They would naturally gravitate around Russia and against Britain.

This we must avoid in the common interest of Britain, Russia, and Europe. This we can avoid only by our frank declaration for the democratic and planned development of post-war Europe. We can do this only in partnership with the Soviet Union and the United States, and we can do it only if this policy is conducted by men who believe in it.—*The Tribune* (London).

His Majesty's Government

There are some in this country, not very many, I believe, who think that the existence of a Communist regime in Russia makes cooperation between our two countries in the long run impossible. I do not agree with them any more than I agree with those who think it is necessary to hold the Communist faith in order to cooperate with the Soviet Union in the field of international politics. It has not been my experience. In this connection Mr. Stalin himself recently made some observations which I should like to quote to the House. He said:

"It would be ridiculous to deny the existence of differences in the ideology and structures of the states which form the Anglo-Soviet-American coalition. But does this circumstance exclude the possibility of coordinated action by this coalition against the common enemy who threatens them with enslavement? Definitely it does not."

That also is the view of His Majesty's Government. When Mr. Stalin contemplates, as he clearly does in that speech, the extension of this three-power cooperation into the period of peace, I would say bluntly that in the maintenance of that cooperation lies the best chance of building a new and better international society after the war.—ANTHONY EDEN before the House of Commons.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

EDUCATION FOR THE NEW ORDER

BY SIDNEY HOOK

ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN offers in his most recent book* a general theory of education from whose principles he derives a social and political philosophy as well. It is a significant work, but not by virtue of its insights or analysis. It commands attention because it brings into glaring focus assumptions of a school of thought which hopes to save democracy with doctrines that, until now, have been used mainly by those who would destroy it. One has to read this book in order to believe that it could have been written by a liberal convinced he is defending democracy.

As preliminary to the statement of his own position, Mr. Meiklejohn discusses the educational theories of Comenius, Locke, Dewey, and Rousseau. Comenius's universal pattern for education within the framework of a universal state is approved. But his theological bias is rejected as literally incredible in our scientific world. Locke is denounced rather than analyzed because, despite his piety, his individualism destroyed the theoretical basis of a unified society under a central authority. In treating of the individual and society, says Mr. Meiklejohn, "Locke has given expression to the characteristic Anglo-Saxon moral duplicity." Dewey is presented as a modern Locke, continuing the "false individualism of a disintegrating Protestantism." From Rousseau and his theory of the General Will Mr. Meiklejohn openly derives his clue. The General Will takes the place of God as the only and absolute source of all moral authority. The author seems unaware that weak as are the arguments for the existence of God, they are stronger than the arguments for the existence of a General Will.

Following Rousseau, Mr. Meiklejohn insists, in his own italics, that *"the purpose of all teaching is to express the cultural authority of the group by which the teaching is given."* Since the authority of the group is vested in the state, the state does and should determine the goal, methods, and context of teaching. Does this seem to imperil individual freedom? Not so, we are told, because human freedom "is freedom in and by the state." To the clarification of this paradox the author addresses himself. The state is not a secondary institution which administers common interests and mediates between conflicting interests that flow from primary activities. Nor is it ever an instrument of class or group rule. It is that without which men are not men. All we have, all we are, belongs to the state. It gives us our freedoms, can rightfully set limits to them and take them away. It can compel us to be free for our own good. No one has any rights against the state. If it constrains us or punishes us, we are still free, for, after all, "a state is its members,

ruling themselves, obeying themselves, in accordance with a general mind, a general will, which is their mind, their will." Certain irritating situations may crop up in which there appears to be a conflict between ourselves and the state power, but this is an illusion produced by consciousness of interest which vanishes when we grasp the underlying and unconscious reason and harmony of the state. "The state is the whole body of the people, consciously or unconsciously taking directions over its own activities and those of its members." Conflict with the state is a form of self-conflict and is resolved when we understand that "the state is the best of us, trying to control and elevate the worst of us."

With a post-nescience that is truly uncanny Mr. Meiklejohn attributes these notions not to Hegel but to Jefferson and the Founding Fathers. The difficulty in this theory of "unconscious direction" is to explain how there could ever have been an American Revolution at all. Either Mr. Meiklejohn must believe that there was no English state at the time or that the Revolution was an illusion of interested consciousness. He cannot believe the latter. But if he believes that there was no English state at the time of the American Revolution, then it is hard to see how he can believe that there ever was such a thing as a state as he defines it—or how there could be. With all due respect, one cannot tell what Mr. Meiklejohn is talking about or how he would go about finding out whether what he is saying is true.

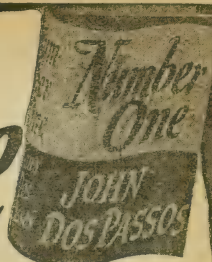
Less mystifying but no more satisfactory is Mr. Meiklejohn's discussion of the justification of democracy. With great fanfare he approaches the question: Why is democracy better than totalitarianism? He dismisses with scorn all attempts to answer it in terms of empirical fruits and consequences as they relate to concrete human interests. But although I have searched the pages of his book diligently, I have found no "proof" that will stand up for a minute. The nearest he comes to offering one is to be found in the alleged implications of two key statements: "The basic belief of our culture is that men are brothers"; "All those activities which we sum up under the term 'intelligence' are expressions of that kinship."

Take the first statement. Grant that it is the basic belief of our culture. Grant that the belief is true, that in fact men are brothers—theologically or biologically. What follows from it? How should brothers live together—like Cain and Abel, Jacob and Esau, or like David and Jonathan, who were not brothers? The validity of the democratic over the totalitarian way of life cannot be derived from kinship. Kinship, in fact, is not even necessary. With this Mr. Meiklejohn—rather inconsistently—agrees. For on the very next page he tells us that life cannot be lived rightly "unless men deal

*"Education Between Two Worlds." By Alexander Meiklejohn. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

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with one another as if they were brothers." As if—even if they are not! On the next page he admits that the brotherhood of man "must be dealt with as a hypothesis." But no sooner have we reoriented ourselves to this new approach than we are told, "We must not treat men as brothers unless we 'know' that they are brothers." And in another eccentric spin we learn that "men are brothers only as they become so by their own moral and intellectual achievements." By this time the reader may not care whether men are brothers or not. Neither does Mr. Meiklejohn; for he now tells us that we can consider men as brothers even if they hate each other, provided we can say their hatred is wrong, since "the essential feature of the life of fellowship is the presence of principles in accordance with which judgments of approval and disapproval can be made." But this last is an essential feature of *all* social life, even of a head-hunting community, and not only of a democracy.

To his theory of human fellowship Mr. Meiklejohn tacks on, in the guise of a deduction, a recommendation for a world state, a common education with fixed goals and prescribed content, scholarship harnessed to true politics, training for world citizenship, and an extended program of adult education. Excellent suggestions—some of them. But those that a democracy can use are compatible with a theory of democracy entirely different from that of Mr. Meiklejohn. The impression some of these practical proposals make is like that produced by a speaker who, having lost himself and his audience in a fog of words, concludes with an impassioned burst: "Today is Tuesday!" And Tuesday it turns out to be.

Mr. Meiklejohn's book will undoubtedly gladden the hearts of semanticists, for it is a horrible object lesson in linguistic confusion. The pages are studded with capitalized abstractions that defy analysis. Customary distinctions are ignored. Words like "state," "government," "society," are used interchangeably; so that although the diction is clear, the thought is cloudy. Anything can materialize from it. In crucial passages one cannot tell whether Mr. Meiklejohn is stating a fact about political behavior or expressing a pious wish. The scholarship is faulty. Grave sins of omission and commission are made. Rousseau's thought had no influence on revolutionary America. There are many modern theories of natural rights that do not involve supernatural assumptions. The author is bitterly unfair to Dewey, whose thought he systematically misunderstands. He carries it to such a point that in one place he italicizes a quotation from Dewey giving the impression that the italics are Dewey's, thus creating a thoroughly false idea of Dewey's meaning.

Intellectually confused though this book may be, its social drift is clear, and its social importance enormous. In a world where the state is growing stronger every day it is an exaltation of the state in the name of freedom and reason. Mr. Meiklejohn is acutely aware that his doctrine is open to the charge of totalitarianism. His reply is that he agrees with only one of the two basic contentions of Hitler and Mussolini. This is that "the state must be strong and powerful, eager and able to achieve its purposes against all opposition within and without." (Compare this statement with the previous definition of the state as an absolute, albeit unconscious, unity of all its members.) The second contention, with which

he disagrees, is that "the state can be strong and powerful only if it becomes a dictatorship, only if one man . . . rules ruthlessly over the many." The trouble is that if one unconditionally accepts the first statement, one must on occasions swallow the consequences of the second, for the latter is sometimes in fact true. If Mr. Meiklejohn insists that a state *must* be strong and powerful, then whenever it is in fact true that this can be achieved only by ruthless dictatorship, he is committed to it. One could argue, on the theory of the General Will, that in such a case the dictatorship is a dictatorship of all the people, including its victims, and therefore a democracy in a higher sense. But that would be a rhetorical indecency.

Mr. Meiklejohn sums up his rejoinder to the charge that he is unduly exalting the state over the freedom and dignity of the individual in a single assertion. On its truth, he tells us, he is content to let his whole position stand or fall. It is: "All the activities which give man dignity are done 'for the state.'" This is as false as anything can be, and its falseness is not mitigated by the converse proposition which Mr. Meiklejohn throws in as a sop to liberalism. There are other dignities than those of the market-place and public forum—the dignity of incorruptible scholarship, of courage against odds, of contained grief, of detachment, and of renunciation so complete that it transcends the state. It is not true that "man, at his best, is a political animal." On any reasonable philosophy, human personalities are prior to the state, not in the order of time or dependence, but in the order of significance. Every sensitive intelligence will reject the absurd alternative which Meiklejohn sets before us of worshipping either God or the state. The first may have therapeutic uses for the tender-minded, but the second means worshipping other men or, what is just as bad, ourselves. It is truer and more conducive to human happiness to regard the state as an instrument of social action whose goodness must be judged in relation to the interests of the personalities it affects.

"Interests" are precisely what Mr. Meiklejohn refuses to accept as a principle of understanding or evaluating state action. In consequence, when his book actually connects with the world of political realities, it turns out to be an attack upon an attitude which, so long as governments are run by men, we cannot have too much of, namely, vigilance against abuse of delegated powers. The trouble with us Americans, complains Mr. Meiklejohn, is that we have assumed that our public servants "need to be watched, to be kept under constant pressure by us. And the inevitable result is that we have had as public officials the kind of person who needs to be watched, who responds to pressure." And where in this wide world, in which temptation shadows opportunity, will we find an individual who does not need to be watched, and who can be infallibly relied upon faithfully to represent groups independently of their pressure? Can Mr. Meiklejohn name another?

The most charitable interpretation of Mr. Meiklejohn's position is that he has written a defense, not of democracy, but of a benevolent dictatorship by those who know what we ought to want better than we know ourselves. But one of the troubles with a benevolent dictatorship, even assuming that it has this remarkable knowledge, is that no one knows how long it will remain benevolent.

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We shall hear more of the social and educational philosophy advocated by Mr. Meiklejohn. It expresses with feeling and unrestraint a growing mood in the country. It is cut to order for groups who would like to save democracy from itself, not by appealing to common interests and negotiating those that are not common, but by invoking a Public Good or General Will, interpreted by themselves, that has no relation to anybody's interest except, accidentally, to their own. It is a philosophy for history's initiates who are so convinced they have the saving truth that all methods of discovery and teaching are to be judged exclusively by their capacity to affirm this truth. Finally, it is the "Mein Kampf" of all frustrated administrators whose enlightened projects have been shipwrecked in the processes of democracy, who would like to ram them down their colleagues' throats, make them like it—and still remain democrats.

In the pre-Hitlerian era it would be sufficient to say that this is a false and foolish book. In the era of Hitler it must be characterized as false and dangerous.

In Defense of Dante

DON'T TELL me," exclaimed an otherwise civilized person the other day, "that anybody ever really reads Dante." Well, I do; and what's more I read him for pleasure, and not to "improve my mind"—though the pleasure I speak of is probably not the same pleasure which enervates the readers of *True Confessions*. I hasten to assert that I have a conscience as well as a curiosity about experiencing those works of art which have entered, by common and continuous consent, the category of great literature. And it does not embarrass me in the least to say that every intelligent person ought to read Dante.

I seem to remember that Henry L. Mencken, who in spite of his late reactionary phase has the ingredients of a civilized person, once boasted that he had never read the "Divine Comedy." I thought at the time that he would probably be a better man if he had, though I myself had only read the "Inferno" in a literal English translation. Today, having negotiated most of the "Comedy" in Italian—ignominiously, with an English pony—I see all the more clearly that the joke, in this particular outflowing of Americana, was on Mencken and the other "leading intellectuals" who boasted in *Books*, and even in *The Nation* if I'm not mistaken, about the classics they had *not* read. Surely it is a curious and piquant circumstance that the vulgar desire for "culture" in this country had so infuriated those assorted highbrows that they themselves renounced culture (without quotation marks).

But to get back to the "Divine Comedy." It's very hard, as a matter of fact, to get back to the "Divine Comedy." It is hidden behind a mountain range of commentary, as high as the Himalayas, which has been thrown up in the course of five hundred years by scholars, critics, theologians. The fact that Dante's poem has given rise to so formidable an accumulation, which grows relentlessly year by year, is surely evidence of its vitality; for though one may smile at the spectacle of scholars carrying on heated arguments over the exact topography of the universe Dante created, such con-

troversies are vivid tributes to the reality of that universe and to the imagination which created it.

Still, how is the average reader to discover that the "Divine Comedy" is a beautiful and simple story, as well as an exquisite poem, which has survived because among other things it is essentially the story of every human being who has achieved—or hoped to achieve—maturity?

The answer is simple: Turn your back on the mountain and read the poem itself. There is no question that the "Divine Comedy"—like the late great novels of Henry James—must show forth in its fullest glory to those who are *nel mezzo del cammin de nostra vita*—midway in the path of life—and have found themselves in a dark wood of which the very thought renews the fear (that too is better in Italian—*que nel pensier rinnoia la paura*). Perhaps that explains why even the intellectuals of a country which runs to middle-aged adolescents can dismiss as an antique theological poem Dante's story of the crisis of the human spirit and of that spirit's wilful reassertion.

The "Divine Comedy," to be sure, is much concerned with the careers and punishments of politicians and popes long forgotten, though many of them still live in their modern counterparts. Dante was fighting, in his tract for the times, the annual as well as the perennial battle of the moral man—what other man is worth our trouble? But his particular "local color" of medieval Italy is more than offset for the modern reader by the images—in a "montage" that Eisenstein has never equaled—of the human situation. Consider, for instance, the scene in the first canto of the "Purgatorio." Dante and Vergil have just emerged from Hell. What sensitive human being, if he is still alive at forty-five, has not been through Hell, and emerged—or hoped to? The lovely morning light of Purgatory

Dolce color d'oriental zaffiro,
che s'accoglieva nel sereno aspetto
dell' aer puro infino al primo giro,

agli occhi miei ricominciò diletto,
tosto ch' i' uscii fuor dell' aura morta,
che m'avea contristati gli occhi e il petto.

"restored delight, as I emerged from the dead air which had afflicted my eyes and my heart."

Don't, above all, be overawed by the foreign language. After all, millions of ordinary people speak Italian; and no human language is as difficult as the scholars would make it out to be. Persist, and you will have countless incidental rewards such as the small ageless scene in the second canto of the "Purgatorio": some newly arrived spirits ask Dante and Vergil for directions; to which Vergil answers, in effect, "We are strangers here ourselves."

TO CHANGE the subject rather abruptly, I'd like to pass on Louis Fischer's example of "Socialist realism"—which has fluttered the advocates of Stalinist and anti-Stalinist criticism. A Soviet writer went to Magnitogorsk to write a novel. (It's done that way in Russia.) He wrote a few chapters which he read aloud to the workers in the Magnitogorsk automobile plant he was celebrating. In the course of his narrative he referred to the fact that the road from the center of the city to the plant itself was very bad.

"But Comrade," said one worker-listener, "by the time you get this novel written and have it passed by the censors and see it into print, a year and a half will have passed. And by that time, Comrade, that road will be a *good* road. So why not say it's a good road?"

I find this story very touching. It reveals the contradictions of socialism so vividly—and for all my hatred of Stalin, I find the contradictions of socialism more ingratiating, more human, than the contradictions of capitalism. Confronted with those workers at Magnitogorsk, I think even I might have been tempted to call it a good road.

POSTSCRIPT: Two days after shoes were rationed I turned up in an elevator at John Wanamaker's. A female who looked rather harassed, even for a housewife, was inquiring for the shoe department. "If the Jews," she muttered "haven't bought up all the shoes." She muttered other things—about LaGuardia giving them a tip on Sunday. "They sure work together," she said. I stood it as long as I dared. Then I said, in a very objective tone, "This store was not open on Sunday." The housewife in extremis turned on me. She looked me up and down. She grew desparate. After all, I was born in Utah and I am sometimes referred to as a blonde.

"Isn't that too bad?" she screamed. "Isn't that just too bad?"

She paused, and then she let loose her full fury.

"You would say that," she said, "you lousy little refugee!"

The audience was with me and we laughed her out at the shoe department. But I couldn't help thinking of the countries, and elevators, where the laughter would have been on the other side.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Hoc Est Corpus

I who am nothing, and this tissue
Steer, find in my servant still my maker,
rule and obey as flame to candle mated.
Whom bone has conjured, Banquo shall the bard
command, the marble rule Pygmalion—
did this tower build me, then, who am its garrison?

Strange that in me the shadow
moving the substance speaks—strange that such air
pulls the gray sinew, whom the blood maintains,
whom the heart's coming, slight defection
shall spill, speaks now and holds
Time like a permanent stone, its cold weight judging.

ALEX COMFORT

Goodby to Children

Their laughter's darken as I go;
Through double windows I detect
How they distrust the ogre train:
Its errand all at once suspect.

No need; I shall be home one night
As it is written in our books.
So they are wrong. But the strange thing
Is how to them the leaver looks.

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Like something lost, their waving says,
Like something stolen, roars the steam.
Oh, these are wrong. I do deprive
Myself of more than they shall dream

Till they are big enough to count,
Till they distinguish proper gold
From what I go this day to bring;
And coming home with it, am old.

MARK VAN DOREN

America: Theme or Saga

AMERICA: THE STORY OF A FREE PEOPLE. By Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT. By Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

IT IS natural enough that the war, marking a period in our national life, should provoke a deliberate estimate of what, historically considered, that life has consisted of. The two books under review, in very different fashion, exhibit facets of the same attempt. Messrs. Nevins and Commager retell with admirable succinctness and picturesqueness the history of America. Their very title defines their enterprise and their perspective. Our history is to them the story of a free people, that is, the story of a people which, whatever its failure and divagations from the ideal, has been with surprising unanimity committed to the ideal of freedom and to the contriving of its realization. The Beards, writing a coda to their "Rise of American Civilization" under the title "The American Spirit," try to define the idea of civilization in the United States. Far from unaware that our life in this country has its roots in a European past, they still make much of the idea that American civilization is a distinctive idea, a distinctive practice, and that it has a distinctive future. It is the distinctiveness of the future, indeed, which is the moral they draw, along with a fear that the involvement in the European and Asiatic worlds during the war may threaten that uniqueness and may imperil characteristically American civilization itself. Messrs. Nevins and Commager draw a different moral: that American freedom can only survive in a free world and that the war is the quite natural and fitting contemporary chapter of the story of America as a free people. Thus, for example, they conclude their work:

In the great Civil War of which Whitman wrote America had shown to the world what her children really were. She had seemed then, in Lincoln's stately phrase, "the last best hope of earth." Now once more she was vouchsafed the opportunity to show the world what her children really were, once more the opportunity to fulfil her destiny as the "best hope of earth," to vindicate her title to a nation of freemen.

The Beards, after citing innumerable examples—from both the obscure and the eminent—of the use of the word "civilization" in the United States, come to a less inspiring conclusion: "There is one invariable in the history of men and women. This is war. And inasmuch as the efficiency of war in spreading death and destruction depends upon some de-

gree of civilization, it follows that . . . the future of civilization in the United States has at least this much assurance."

The Nevins-Commager account is an admirably conceived one-volume history of the United States, calculated to give, say, to a Briton ignorant of our history or to an American who has forgotten it, not only the facts but the great sweep and the characteristic episodes, the climaxes and consequences, of major movements in United States history. It is as simple as a school textbook, but has none of the usual banality and dullness. There could hardly be a more timely moment to see that story in its world perspective, and the authors vividly show "how upon our development have played the great historical factors and forces that have molded the modern world: imperialism, nationalism, immigration, industrialism, science, religion, democracy, and liberty." It is the story of the impact of an old culture upon a wilderness environment.

All this is in part an old tale, but it is here freshly told, and one could go far to find a more lucid and evocative picture of the familiar episodes, here revealed as chapters in our history as well as merely chapters in a book. The authors succeed, too, in documenting the conviction suggested in their preface that there has been a "tenacious exhalation of liberty and a steady growth of democracy in the history of America." One of the intellectual graces of the book, and a moral grace as well, is that it does not for a moment hint that there have not been recessions from the ideal; and it gives frank consideration to those forces of industry, commerce, and politics which have impeded the translation of democracy into complete realization in all avenues of American life. Yet I do not see how anyone could read the tale here unfolded, from the "planting of the colonies" to the New Deal, without feeling a constant residual sense of freedom as a central motive and democracy as a constant growth in our national life.

The Beards interpret our history in terms of a controlling "idea of civilization." Charles and Mary Beard have been known so long for their probing and enlightened concern with the origins and character of American institutions that their attempt to define the American spirit in terms of a directive concept of "civilization" demands respectful attention. As one who has been long indebted to these authors for their insight and scholarship, I confess to a certain real disappointment. I leave the book not quite clear what the "idea of civilization" in America is. Nor do I feel that the idea is illuminated by the catalogue of quotations from all and sundry who have hazarded definitions of it, often incidentally in the course of other concerns. I am, furthermore—though the word and the idea appear often enough in American or in other writers—somewhat diffident of assent to the proposition that the course of American history has been controlled or directed or given momentum by such an "idea."

The Beards do, after 670 pages of an extraordinarily various and not always critically selective list of quotations, attempt finally to reiterate the notion:

The idea of civilization embraces the conception of history as a struggle of human beings in the world for individual and social perfection, for the good, the true, the beautiful, against ignorance, disease, the harshness of physical nature, the forces of barbarism in individuals and

society. It assigns to history in the United States so conceived unique features in origin, substance, and development.

The uniqueness of the idea of civilization in the United States is defined in terms of "the social principle," "respect for life," "optimism" (versus pessimism). It includes "total determinism and predicates an open and dynamic world in which creative intelligence can and does work." Many of the characteristics of the American idea of civilization can be found, as the Beards of course know, in thinkers of the French and English revolutions. Nor at the present time is belief in an open universe, in the dignity of man, in the "social principle" confined within our borders. Some of these characteristics have had, in special ways, a chance to flourish here, partly because it was once a new and pioneer society. But it begins to look as if they could not flourish here alone. The "American spirit" does not hover here only, nor could the "idea of civilization" survive here if it perished everywhere else. Quite apart from drawing different morals than the Beards seem to draw, however, it seems to me that a study of American civilization would be more fruitful if it exhibited more adequately the arts and ideas and institutions which exemplify civilization rather than traced the way in which the word has operated in the differing vocabularies of different writers from politicians to philosophers. Civilization is a complex flowering, not an idea beckoning in the local heaven above each separate country. I regret to have to say that the American spirit is better defined by other methods than by a record of the verbal attempts to define it.

IRWIN EDMAN

The Dyer's Hand

WILL SHAKSPEARE AND THE DYER'S HAND. By Alden Brooks. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.

WHAT Mr. Brooks sets out to prove in this book is that Will Shakspeare was a boorish if witty butcher's son who made a name for himself as a coarse jester, became a play broker and brothel keeper, and acted as the agent for a retiring courtier named Sir Edward Dyer who wrote great poetry and drama but always produced it under Shakespeare's name. According to Mr. Brooks, Shakespeare was merely the Dyer's hand, the sottish and disreputable agent who took credit for the genius of somebody else.

On the surface Mr. Brooks seems to be the usual kind of crank whom students of Shakespeare have for many years exasperatedly done their best to ignore. But as we think farther about his volume, this explanation does not quite cover the facts. Perhaps if we examine the work of Mr. Brooks in the same spirit in which he has examined the work of Shakespeare, we may arrive at a different and more significant conclusion.

We are confronted by an anomaly at the outset. Why, in a time of war, when publishers are faced by a paper shortage, should one of our most prominent publishing firms issue a volume of 704 pages which is patent nonsense? Surely only the work of a distinguished writer could justify the procedure. At once we are tempted to look farther. What, we ask, is suggested by this name "Brooks"? It suggests water,

shortage of Victory

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movement, flowing. United with "Alden" it reminds us still more strongly of water, for the alder bush always grows near lakes and streams. Put the two names together, and you have ■ double image, a tree and a stream. Unquestionably there is something revealing here.

But at first sight neither of these facts seems to lead us to ■ satisfactory result. It is not until we turn to page 262 of "Brooks's" volume that we find a clue. On this page occurs the following highly significant phrase: "Jonson was certainly the player in question; for, as Ohambers shows," etc. The important word in this passage is the mysterious "Ohambers." To a casual reader it would seem to be merely a misprint for "Chambers," the name of the leading authority on Elizabethan stage history. But this is inconceivable:

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no publisher who considered it important in war time to produce ■ work like that of "Brooks's" would allow any errors in proofreading. We must find another alternative. Only one is possible. In spite of the omission of the apostrophe, "Ohambers" must be the name of an Irishman.

Who, then, is this "O'Hambers," and what is he showing? In Old Icelandic the word "hamalt," of which "hambers" is an obvious corruption, means "to draw up in a wedge-shaped column." It is used in no other sense. A column is a kind of tree. But the name "Alden," as we know, is also derived from the name of a tree.

We have, therefore, the following facts: (1) the book is written by an Irishman; (2) the author's name is connected with trees and flowing water; (3) any argument about the book, as the previous discussion has shown, is primarily circular. The final question remains: Who is the real author of this volume? Who is the retiring writer who conceals himself under the name of "Brooks" but who gives himself away under the name of "O'Hambers?" What modern Irish author has written in terms of recurrent cycles, and has used trees and streams as symbols? Why does the fourth line on page 688 of this volume begin with the letter "J"?

The answer is under the skin of your teeth.

THEODORE SPENCER

The Wicked Wits of Hartford

THE CONNECTICUT WITS. By Leon Howard. The University of Chicago Press. \$4.50.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1865, admits that "Connecticut is pleasant, with wooded hills and a beautiful river; plenteous with tobacco and cheese; fruitful of merchants, missionaries, peddlers, and single women—but there are no poets known to exist there. . . . The enterprising natives can turn out any article on which a profit can be made, except poetry."

Eighty years before this Massachusetts opinion was set down it would have been thought as absurd as it manifestly is today. Any bright Connecticut schoolboy would have felt able to refute it by the mere mention of John Trumbull's "M'Fingal, a Modern Epic Poem," Timothy Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan, in Eleven Books," David Humphreys's "Poem on the Happiness of America," and Joel Barlow's "The Vision of Columbus, a Poem in Nine Books." Were not some of these lucubrations almost as long as "Paradise Lost"? Were they not all composed in close imitation of the best eighteenth-century English models and according to the specifications of the standard textbooks on the art of rhetoric? The fact was that long before Massachusetts or Harvard College had even scraped acquaintance with the Muses, Connecticut had a whole school of native poets, and Yale might have called herself ■ nest of singing birds. Sometimes called "the Connecticut Wits" and sometimes "the wicked wits of Hartford," these poets had been much admired—at any rate by one another.

Of course it has long been clear that these "wits" were not very witty, that they were not really "wicked" at all, and that the grandiose and pretentious "poems" with which they burdened the press of their day were almost devoid of poetry,

February 27, 1943

occasional humor they are less amusing in mass than they are taken one at a time.

There are four thrillers to be reported on. Although none can be guaranteed to set your hair on end, only one of the four—surprisingly enough in these times—rides its story

The Planning Age

GOALS FOR AMERICA: A BUDGET OF OUR NEEDS AND RESOURCES. By Stuart Chase. The Twentieth Century Fund. \$1.

IN "The Road We Are Traveling," the first of a series of six reports on post-war problems written for the Twentieth Century Fund, Stuart Chase gave "a fast movie of a quarter of a century of economic history." In swift sequence he turned his camera on some of the basic trends which developed in that period, such as the acceleration of technological advance and the decline of the birth rate, and went on to show how these trends had influenced the growth of chronic unemployment, the expansion of monopoly, and the mounting participation of government in business. He concluded that planned economy was here to stay and that the urgent task of the planners was to satisfy the tidal demand for security while holding fast to democracy.

In his second report Mr. Chase sets up the mark at which a planned economy should shoot—a budget for the "national family," drawn up not in financial terms but on the basis of physical needs and resources. We now have in effect such a budget operating for the purposes of the war. On the income side we have the utmost production that our plant and manpower can make available; on the expenditure side we allot for civilian consumption the minimum amount of goods and services necessary to maintain health and efficiency, leaving the vastly larger balance to satisfy the multitudinous demands of total war.

When peace returns, we should, Mr. Chase thinks, adapt the techniques of war-time planning to insure that certain basic needs of every member of the national family are satisfied. Our vast resources, he argues, can supply a nutritionally efficient diet, adequate shelter ("where children can be reared in health and well-being"), and necessary clothing for all. In addition, education through high school or its equivalent and basic medical care should be the birthright of every citizen.

Mr. Chase has little difficulty in showing that we could achieve these goals without straining our capacity to produce. Nor would man-power be an obstacle, although the health and education programs would lag until more trained manpower in certain categories became available. On the other hand, we might reach these goals and still suffer from mass unemployment. Mr. Chase looks hopefully toward a revival of private investment after the war, but in view of the tendency of savings to outrun "profitable" opportunities for their employment, he anticipates the necessity for a long-term program of government-financed public works. As he recognizes, there is nothing original in this idea, which is now indorsed by large numbers of economists, but he does add to his advocacy of public works a valuable plea for a wider conception of the meaning of that term. "We can," he writes, "challenge our citizens with the greatest, most

splendid, most uplifting series of public works which any civilization ever dreamed of. . . . Whole cities to be rebuilt and decentralized; mighty watersheds to be tamed, like that of the Tennessee; the forests of America to be put on a perpetual-yield basis, the grasslands to be restored, the entire transport system to be reintegrated; civic centers, libraries, museums, research laboratories, universities, public buildings, to reflect an aspiring culture in a new architecture."

Stuart Chase is so engrossed with his view of the Planning Age rising above the horizon that he tends to minimize if not ignore the political and psychological mine fields that we have to pass through first. Planning under the stress of war does, indeed, lend strong support to his arguments, but we have to remember that many ordinary citizens find their experience of war-time planning not altogether pleasant. They tend to see it less as a guaranty of future plenty than as a concomitant of present scarcity, as a kind of economy that implies rations and restrictions, cold houses and empty shelves. Thus a psychological resistance to planning is being built up and preparing the way for another political fling by those whose post-war program adds up to a revival of the slogan "back to normalcy."

Although Mr. Chase has not taken this situation fully into account, he has provided the best possible antidote to the kind of regressive escapism on which political reaction thrives. If his book circulates as widely as it deserves, it will

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KEITH HUTCHISON

Music and Society

A NEW HISTORY OF MUSIC: THE MIDDLE AGES TO MOZART. By Henry Prunières. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

WHEN I listen to arias from "Persée" or "Atys" it does not increase my powers of appreciation to know that Lully, formerly a palace cook, one day struck his foot with his conductor's baton and died of the resultant injury. And when I listen to early music I am not helped by knowing all about organum. But it does not follow that because loveliness is not revealed to me by these things I should scorn the study of great men's lives or take no interest in the history of the art of music. Again, Dr. Tovey once said that critics who are floored by the Eroica often prefer to talk about the French Revolution, to which that revolutionary music is supposed to have some relation. But ready as I am to admit that a familiarity with the deeds of Robespierre will not help one's reception of the music, I will not let Dr. Tovey bamboozle me into believing that there is no connection between music and society. And since there is a connection, then it is a proper object of study and one that a historian of music may discreetly touch upon from time to time, provided that he does not shirk the Eroica. Knowledge of is more important than knowledge about, but once a literature has become voluminous and quality is no longer a guaranty of currency, then knowledge about is often the necessary condition of knowing. And, rejecting the Handel-throws-his-wig school of history, as well as the criticism that rejects all scholarship not to be gained by the ears, it seems to me that the rule applies here also that the richer a man's general culture the deeper will be his penetration of any single part of it. What I demand, then, of a history of music is that it be principally a survey of the whole literature with emphasis upon the three musical values, but with a sober tracing of influences and developments also. The historian must have a grasp of musical techniques, which is not to say that I will accept a plateful of dry musicological crackers as a history. He must have a sense of personality, too, and a lively enough enthusiasm to send me to beauties I had not known about.

These qualities M. Prunières possesses in uncommon degree. Very simply, then, "A New History of Music" is a good book. In it the author's delight in music and his discrimination are as evident as his familiarity with libraries. He is lively, often piquant, and invariably honest, and in some fields his special enthusiasm readily communicates itself to the reader. M. Prunières will not displace the "Oxford History," but he will save you the weariness of Wilm and the mediocrity of Gray. Many, many yawns are saved you by a critic who can write of Palestrina's two books of Madrigali Spirituali that they "show some characteristic effects of harmonic transparency, but the listener soon tires of the shameful mass of conventional patterns and clichés. Palestrina may

no publisher who considered it important in war time to produce a work like that of "Brooks's" would allow any errors in proofreading. We must find another alternative. Only one is possible. In spite of the omission of the apostrophe, "Ohambers" must be the name of an Irishman.

When then we turn to the Middle Ages to Mozart which fails with Mozart is rather like the Giralda without the added topmost tower which makes of the less than perfect original structure a thing of flawless beauty. But M. Prunières does fail. Mr. Haggin has often remarked that French musicians commonly misrepresent the music of Mozart, making of it a cold and classical bric-a-brac of porcelain and silver gilt. M. Prunières occupies himself far too much with biographical matter. He does not fulfil the intention expressed in his chapter headed The Formation of the Classical Style, and if he had done so it would not have been to the point in the case of Mozart. True, Mozart's idiom is principally the so-called classical idiom, though listening to the music one often is tempted to reject even this never-disputed thought. But examine that incredible andante of the pianoforte concerto in C Major, K467. Play over the heart-quelling phrase that begins in bar 37. Every single motif of it is a stock piece of the contemporary idiom and can be found again and again in Mozart and in his forgotten contemporaries too. But the whole sentence is of almost unbearable beauty, a beauty that suggests no period of time at all, that has nothing at all to do with idiom or style. Mozart, in a sense, barely fits into history, and the realization of that truth may have cramped M. Prunières's wit in dealing with him. This is a severe thing to say, I know, and having said it I must repeat that on the whole "A New History of Music" is a brilliant survey, guided by fine taste.

RALPH BATES

Fiction in Review

UNFORTUNATELY most of the fiction of the last few weeks can pass in review only too quickly. Two women published novels which, by staying closely within the limits of their authors' talents, win at least minor laurels for good sense and taste: Janet Lewis's "Against a Darkening Sky" (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) is the nicely felt biography of a middle-aged woman devoted to her home and family, and Grace Campbell's "Thorn-Apple Tree" (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, \$2.50) is a small but very gracious restoration of Scottish-Canadian life a century ago. "Beneath Another Sun" by Ernst Lothar (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.75) is the tragic account of what happened to a South Tyrolean family under Nazism; by no means a book of first rank, Mr. Lothar's story is conscientious and moving and has the distinction, among anti-Nazi novels, of avoiding the exploitation of horror for horror's sake. More pedagogy than fiction is Chard Powers Smith's "Turn of the Dial" (Scribner's, \$2), in which the history of a small-city radio station provides the opportunity to repeat excerpts from several of Roosevelt's most important speeches as well as for the author to argue his own logic of personal and international morality. Twenty-five of S. J. Perelman's funny pieces—why do they always start so much better than they end?—are collected in a volume called "The Dream Department" (Random House, \$2), but like most

occasional humor they are less amusing in mass than they are taken one at a time.

There are four thrillers to be reported on. Although none can be guaranteed to set your hair on end, only one of the four—surprisingly enough in these times—rides its story merely as a political hobby-horse. The political equestrian is Mark Saxton, whose "The Year of August" (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50), a rather tedious story of intrigue among the treasonable anti-Administration forces in this country, would have been improved by more action and less ideology. Inevitably, however, because their stories deal with spies and therefore with international affairs, the three other authors still make clear their political temperaments, if only indirectly. David Rame, author of "Tunnel from Calais" (Macmillan, \$2.50), looks very much like an orthodox old-school Englishman whose characters go through their fairly incredible adventures with more energy than thought, and with excellent manners. David Keith, author of "A Matter of Accent" (Dodd, Mead, \$2), is an orthodox American, or what I like to think is an orthodox American; his paralyzed hero—he had his first appearance in Mr. Keith's prize-winning "A Matter of Iodine"—loves Free France and undergoes his discomforting adventures in order to preserve for freedom the short waves to that stricken country. J. B. Priestley, author of "Black-Out in Gretley" (Harper, \$2.50), is what I very much hope is a type of new-school Englishman; his agent of the British Intelligence has the mind to pause in his not very exciting adventures to speak forcefully if briefly of the social changes that this war must bring.

Finally, there is a novel by Stephen Longstreet. Last fall, under the name of David Ormsbee, Mr. Longstreet published a novel called "The Sound of an American"; now, under what I take to be his right name, he has published a new novel called "The Land I Live" (Random House, \$2.50), in which David Ormsbee's brother, Driscoll Ormsbee, is nominated for President of the United States. If I fail to respond properly to the element of fancy in these splits in Mr. Longstreet's personality—and, oh yes, I forgot to mention that Gramp, maternal grandparent to the four Ormsbee brothers, in another phase of his life concocts recipes for the readers of *Gourmet* magazine—it is probably because I thought "The Sound of an American" one of the really unpleasant books of recent memory, so vulgar, lush, and self-indulgent that in comparison "The Land I Live" is almost a work of maturity and restraint. By any name, Stephen Longstreet is scarcely my favorite literary figure: to borrow the manner of his own irritating title, the man I read is not the kind of man I like to think wandering with a typewriter through the land I live.

Diffuse and pretentious, "The Land I Live" is difficult to get the point of. It is dedicated to "all the little people"; so undoubtedly it is a patriotic effort. Although the narrator is an artist, the hero has no such weakness: Driscoll Ormsbee is a lawyer who comes to power with the aid of a corrupt political machine but in maturity breaks with the political organization in favor of support from the masses and a life of idealism. And he, too, has his touch of schizophrenia; victim of a common form of political split personality, he is half a little person himself and half savior of the little people. Still, he is neither entirely distasteful nor entirely

incredible as a potential President. It is Driscoll's youngest brother, David Ormsbee, creator of Presidents, who worries me both for the future of American art and the future of American politics.

For, as an example, when Driscoll is still an adolescent boy, his author has him talk to his kid brother about the "good rich mud," and this single phrase—there are scores of others—would be enough to make me suspect that no member of the Ormsbee family could ever grow up to be my hero. Or when David is inspired with a vision of Driscoll's future, he writes:

A star fell and hit me. This was the time for Dris! I had figured it all out suddenly. Logic—schoolroom logic. What was lacking in the world was faith. A faith like old-time religion. A faith honest, earnest, and true to all these things handed down from a mountain in Sinai . . . a return to a faith of the little people, a love of mankind, an understanding, a tolerance of the rights of people. Of the rights of lovers and children and fields and . . . Perhaps my head was a little hollow, my stomach empty of everything but whiskey and schoolroom logic.

Faith, stars, mankind, lovers, children, fields, and little people! I have the impression that to run this particular combination of words together into so few lines is to be drunk with platitudes, and that the alcoholic excuse is the final platitude of all. We have all the proof we need these days that to be soft with words and sentiments is to be irresponsible with ideas and eventually dangerous; so here is at least one reviewer who gives notice that should David Ormsbee's brother be acclaimed for nomination to the White House, she will not vote for him because she doesn't like his author's style.

DIANA TRILLING

Drama Note

THE MOON VINE" (Morosco Theater) is a comedy about a small-town Southern beauty (period 1905) who jilts a missionary to run away with a barn-storming trouper. When I saw it, the piece had already been playing several nights, and the not too sophisticated audience seemed to be finding the whole thing amusing enough. Yet it had got a pretty bad press for the obvious reason that it is both rather old-fashioned and rather amateurish in exactly the way that critics and sophisticated playgoers alike find especially hard to forgive. Of the author, Patricia Coleman, I know nothing at all, but somehow her play kept suggesting to me that it had probably been prepared by a promising pupil in somebody's course in practical playwriting. At any rate it presents just that combination of elementary competence so far as the simple tricks of the trade are concerned with an equally obvious unsureness of touch which the eager amateur is likely to produce. Probably such plays have no place on Broadway, but it does seem a pity that there are a few ways in which they can be tried out with profit to the author and satisfaction to the right audience. Haila Stoddard is very lovely indeed as the belle, and Arthur Franz is attractive as the young trouper. Philip Bourneuf and Will Geer, two fine actors, apparently found it impossible to make anything out of relatively minor parts.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

DEBUSSY'S "La Mer," possibly his greatest work, of which a performance by Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony has been available for three years on Victor records, has now been recorded for Columbia by Rodzinski with the Cleveland Orchestra (Set 531, \$3.68).

The new set offers one of Columbia's good recording jobs, which reproduces the sound of the performance with excellent fidelity to timbre (except for the muffled quality of the string basses at the beginning of the third movement) and lifelike distinctness and sharpness of definition. What is reproduced in this way is the well-disciplined and well-sounding playing of the Cleveland Orchestra under Rodzinski; whereas the Victor records reproduce with less distinctness and sharpness a great deal of the time what nevertheless is unmistakably the greater beauty and refinement of sonority and execution of the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky. Moreover, the music depicting the noon sun at the end of the first movement is one of several climactic passages which come off the Victor records with more power and splendor than off the Columbia; and the detail at the end of the

second movement is heard more clearly in the Boston version.

Rodzinski's performance has been pronounced an effective statement of the work; but I'm afraid I must dissent. As I explained a few weeks ago, the years of listening to Toscanini have left me with the need of hearing in a performance the rhythmic and plastic continuity that one hears in his performances, in Beecham's, in Barzin's. One of Koussevitzky's deficiencies as a musician, for me, is his lack of the rhythmic and plastic sense that makes every tempo, every acceleration or retardation, every crescendo or decrescendo rightly proportioned to what proceeds and follows; in Rodzinski the deficiency is even more marked, and in addition he lacks the finesse that Koussevitzky has. If Debussy asks that a passage be *retenu* (shortly after the beginning of the sixth side) Rodzinski holds it back to the point where it all but curls up and goes to sleep; if Debussy asks for nothing at the end of a phrase (the English horn solo near the end of the first movement) Rodzinski makes a sizable pause before continuing; if Debussy asks for a swell in a violin trill marked *p léger* (shortly after the beginning of the second movement) Rodzinski produces a minor explosion; and he produces similar crude exaggerations of inflections and staccatos of chattering violins when this passage reaches on the fourth side. There are dragging tempos and excessive retardations and discontinuities in Koussevitzky's performance also, but not the crudities and brutalities of inflection—Koussevitzky's one comparable offense being his thunderous swell of drums and horns at the entrance of the cellos (shortly after the beginning of the second side).

Another recording job which reproduces the sound of the performance with fidelity, brightness, and clarity—though also with some hardness, and with the solo violin near and strong and the orchestra distant and weak in the slow movement—is to be heard in Columbia's set (530, \$3.68) of Bach's Violin Concerto in E major, played by Adolf Busch and the Busch Chamber Players. Busch's simply and sensitively phrased playing of the solo part is beautifully integrated with the engagingly spirited and finished playing of the orchestra; and the performance will be enjoyed by those who hear in the work more than Bach's technical expertness coasting along on its own momentum, which is all I hear in it.

Very clear and hard also is the re-

corded sound of the Stuyvesant Quartet's excellent performance of Shostakovich's String Quartet Op. 49 (Set X-231, \$2.63). This work, written in 1938 after the Symphony No. 5, is offered as a brief, simple, unpretentious lyric interlude between large-scale projects; but one hears in its brevities, simplicities, unpretentiousnesses, and lyricisms the same self-conscious, posturing, glib smart-Alec; and it is clear that whether he writes big or small, epic or lyric, Shostakovich writes as Shostakovich, and writes bad music.

Why Columbia should be able to produce recorded orchestral sound as good as that of "La Mer," and not be able to produce anything better than the noisy, confused, dull sound of the performance of Sibelius's First Symphony recorded by Barbirolli with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Set 532, \$5.78) I do not know. Nor does the heavily over-emphatic performance itself provide a reason for choosing this set in preference to the one issued last spring by Victor, with a good performance by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra that is superbly recorded.

B. H. HAGGIN

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RICHARD H. ROVERE, formerly on the staff of *The Nation*, is now managing editor of *Common Sense*.

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SIDNEY HOOK, chairman of the Department of Philosophy of Washington Square College, will shortly publish a book entitled "The Hero in History."

ALEX COMFORT is an English poet of twenty-three whose work has appeared in various magazines and pamphlet collections in England.

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ODELL SHEPARD, professor of English at Trinity College, won the Pulitzer prize for his biography "Piedlar's Progress: The Life of Bronson Alcott."

BOOKS

BOOK BARGAINS

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The March Violets: Rebecca West (orig. ed.)	50
Dutch Vets: A. Rothaert (2.50 Macmillan ed.)	50
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TO THE MEN in the Armed Forces

Letters to the Editors

Not "Unessential"

Dear Sirs: Dero A. Saunders's otherwise good article on Men, Jobs, and Politics referred to the "millions of gardeners and jewelers and beauticians and clerks" who will have to be transferred to war jobs.

Few gardeners have asked for deferment on account of their occupation, and few will object to any other wartime responsibilities. But most will and do most strenuously take issue with the listing of their occupation as unessential, unnecessary, or superfluous.

At the present time, when food production is of prime importance, why throw aside the services of professional gardeners? These men are trained and experienced in growing the best quality of fresh vegetables and fruits. They have been quietly redoubling their efforts during the past year both in private and commercial gardens. Also their work in developing better economic plants and methods of culture should not be forgotten.

Due to stern economic and military necessity the work of the professional gardener in ornamental horticulture may have to be curtailed to a certain extent. But as a liberal art and as a builder of morale it should be preserved as much as possible.

The Department of Agriculture has been constantly exhorting the public to "garden for victory." The response of women and amateurs has been laudable. However, to prevent waste of precious seed, fertilizer, and man-power, who are better fitted to carry out and direct these efforts than the experienced men of the ancient and honorable gardening profession?

WILLIAM H. SHEARNE

Locust Valley, N. Y., February 13

Décret Crémieux

Dear Sirs: I. F. Stone, in your issue of January 30, makes an error in historical fact that I should here like to correct. He writes: "The Grennieux decree of the 1870's . . . gave the Jews of France the right to be naturalized." Actually, French Jews were permitted to take the oath of citizenship in accordance with a law passed September 28, 1871.

The Jews of Algeria were given

equal rights as French citizens on October 24, 1870, in a decree called the "Décret Crémieux," named in honor of the French Minister of Justice in 1870, Isaac Adolphe Crémieux. Chances are this is the "decree" Mr. Stone had in mind when he inadvertently wrote "Grennieux decree."

BARUCH BRAUNSTEIN

New York, February 10

Among the Stars

Dear Sirs: I read with interest Professor Reinhold Niebuhr's article entitled Russia and the West. It seems to me that it is rather academic, founded more on theories than facts. The professor's head is among the stars.

Russia's policy for many years has been to abandon the former ideas of international revolution and to support Russian nationalism, to build up the Russian state. I believe that Joseph Stalin was sincere when he accepted the Allies' proposition to allow all people to select their own form of government. Anyway, after this very destructive war Russia will be busy for many years rehabilitating itself and repairing the destruction. The other Allies will also have troubles of their own readjusting themselves to changed conditions.

Professor, let us not cross the bridge until we get to it.

CHARLES W. SHERMAN

Vallejo, Cal., January 29

White-Collar Economics

Dear Sirs: I would guess that my complaint is similar to that of thousands of white-collar employees. Our salary increases are not nearly as great as those of workers in war industries, but the cost of living is up by one-third for us as well as for them. My salary, for example, is 11 per cent higher than fourteen months ago. My income tax, besides the Victory tax, is more than double last year's. If a 17 per cent pay-as-you-go tax should be enacted, my income tax would be still higher.

My claim is that the war worker who was earning \$25 a week a year and a half ago and is now earning \$75 isn't hit so hard if he pays a \$600 yearly tax. His increments take care of that and still leave him in better financial condi-

tion than previously. Not so the white-collar worker. Taxes far exceed his increment.

My basic living expenses total \$150 per month, not including clothing, medical attention, or entertainment. I contribute toward the support of an aged father, for which I am entitled to no exemption. And I no longer pay the whole upkeep on my car. Where can I cut?

Furthermore, I can no longer save a single dollar except for the purpose of paying taxes. It would be interesting to learn among which group those tremendous bank balances are accumulating. I'll wager it's not among white-collar workers. We present no danger so far as inflation is concerned.

It seems to me, there is a real problem for a large segment of the population. I know there's a war going on and I know we're expected to make sacrifices. I know that compared to the armed forces, we're being asked for very little. And I'm perfectly ready to pay my income tax, even if I had an alternative. But as someone before me has said, you can't get blood out of a turnip. Another tax increase and I must withdraw support from my home, 900 miles away. I've already cut my contributions to charity and the purchase of war bonds. I just don't have the money any longer.

Have you an answer?

B. H. C.

Camp Tyson Area, February 11

(Adv.)

Dear Sirs: As the publishers announced in a recent advertisement in *The Nation*, the authors of "The Survey-History of English Literature" have prepared a reply to my article, M., W., F. at 10, and this pamphlet will be sent free upon receipt of a postcard.

I should like to urge readers of *The Nation* to send for the pamphlet. It quotes far more from the "Survey-History" than I had space for, and its exposition of theory will be interesting to anyone concerned with literature or literary education. The address is Barnes and Noble, Fifth Avenue at Eighteenth Street, New York.

LIONEL TRILLING

New York, February 18



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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 2

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 Seeing me in my little bed is a heavenly spectacle
- 4 It states the newspaper's own opinion
- 9 Anxiety about a bin produces a cavalry weapon
- 10 Aunt is in this sort of house and she can't leave it
- 11 What the tactless steward offered the seasick passenger?
- 12 Chair formerly carried by *Danes*
- 13 No wonder progress looks alarming with this at the heart of it!
- 16 Attack started by a donkey
- 17 Word for word
- 19 Horseshoe rivet
- 22 Is beer intended for this complaint?
- 24 Girls thus named would form an army
- 25 Palindromic feminine title
- 26 "One hug" from him would be "enough"
- 29 Are *men* glad when their shirts are this by the laundry?
- 30 A daily journal
- 31 Cat = Ma ran (put it together and see what you get)
- 32 Wait a minute, I'm covered with tar!
- 4 Eve is followed by the rest up a mountain
- 5 An outcast makes *his* meal
- 6 Here the burden is on us
- 7 Think of a number! this may be it
- 8 "And where care-----s, sleep will never lie" (Romeo and Juliet)
- 14 *Maud's* all over the place with a French novelist
- 15 Fashion that sounds as if it wanted some getting over
- 18 A belated recovery comes from the side
- 20 One bart (anagram)
- 21 Hero worshiper
- 22 A good cigar should not be smoked with this
- 23 Her husband made her cross all over the kingdom
- 24 Ape
- 27 The best part of all
- 28 Work of art that isn't really smashed

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1

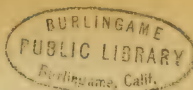
ACROSS:—1 SHADE; 4 LAP; 5 TITAN; 6 TOBACCO; 10 LATTICE; 11 RECITE; 14 GLOSSY; 15 BRASURE; 16 RITE; 17 ASIA; 19 ANCHOVY; 20 EXIT; 22 NOAH; 24 STAL-EST; 26 SPECIE; 27 THWART; 31 OMIT-TEP; 32 LOUNGER; 33 TENOR; 34 TEA; 35 HOSTS.

DOWN:—1 SATYR; 2 APRICOT; 3 ECARTE; 4 LOOT; 5 FILE; 6 TATTLE; 7 THIRTS; 8 NERDY; 12 RHINITE; 13 ASPHALT; 14 GRAVEST; 16 ROE; 18 ASH; 21 IBERIAN; 23 ORANGES; 24 SITTER; 25 THRUSH; 26 STOUT; 28 TIRES; 29 EDIT; 30 FLEA.

DOWN

- 1 Bird and fish produce an insect
- 2 The Elgin ones are in the British Museum
- 3 This will give you a *hint*, though slender

THE *Nation*



AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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NUMBER 10

IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

325

EDITORIALS

Food and the Farm Bloc

327

Otto's Freikorps

328

The New Axis *by Freda Kirchwey*

329

ARTICLES

Thurman Arnold and the Railroads *by I. F. Stone*

331

Why Food Is Scarce *by James G. Patton*

333

The Russian Miracle *by Donald W. Mitchell*

335

The War and the Liberal Arts *by Irwin Edman*

337

Hamlet on Ruml *by J. W. Abels*

339

Houses for Millions *by Richard M. Bennett*

340

In the Wind

342

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

Report Out of Spain I. Politics and War

by A. del V.

343

Program for Austria *by Julius Deutsch*

345

Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus*

347

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Years: The Image and the Book

by Morton Dauwen Zabel

348

The Spirit of Norway *by Bjarne Braatoy*

350

Lessons of Dieppe *by Marcus Duffield*

351

Frank Norris *by Isaac Rosenfeld*

352

Power and Justice *by Reinhold Niebuhr*

353

In Brief

355

Drama Note *by Joseph Wood Krutch*

355

Music *by B. H. Haggin*

356

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

357

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 3 *by Jack Barrett*

360

The Shape of Things

THE APPROACH OF SPRING HAS CHECKED THE great Russian offensive in the Ukraine, but it brings a hope of renewed pressure on the Axis in North Africa and Western Europe. In Tunisia Rommel gambled on splitting the Allied forces and lost, though by an uncomfortably close margin. Now he is being forced to relinquish his gains in the center, and the heavy German assaults on the British lines in the north are probably a covering operation rather than a new offensive. With the rainy season drawing to a close and the formidable British Eighth Army completing its reorganization, we may look forward with some confidence to the recovery of Allied initiative in this theater. Meanwhile the rapidly increasing tempo of the Anglo-American aerial offensive in Northwestern Europe has revived hopes of an early invasion of the Continent. Targets have been varied, but the heaviest concentration of bombs last month was reserved for submarine bases and building yards. Reduction of the U-boat menace is, of course, an essential preliminary to the landing of an expeditionary force, which would multiply the strain on Allied shipping. Next must come efforts to paralyze German land communications and to smother the Luftwaffe.

★

FOR MORE THAN TWO AND A HALF YEARS ships of the Fighting French navy and merchant marine have crossed and recrossed the Atlantic carrying goods to our Allies in Britain and Russia and the eastern Mediterranean. Many of them today lie at the bottom of the sea, their sailors with them. And the arrival in American ports of Fighting French ships—and indeed of British ships as well—has been treated as a military secret. No parades of De Gaulle's sailors on Fifth Avenue; no parties at City Hall. Contrast the reception given the Richelieu and the other French ships recently arrived in various American ports from Dakar. Their crews have paraded with American troops, their officers have been feted, and Vice-Admiral Fenard has been received by Secretary Knox. No secrecy about the appearance of these prodigal daughters of the French fleet! Evidently the need of the State Department to justify its Vichy policy is more urgent than the precautions previously applied. It's curious, though, how the little triumphs of appeasement always turn to ashes. The whole gaudy

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celebration has been made a mockery by the stream of sailors who, at the rate of fifteen a day, have been deserting the ex-Vichy ships and heading straight for England via Halifax to enlist in the Fighting French navy. They explain that they prefer to fight under officers who give their allegiance to De Gaulle rather than to Pétain. They openly accuse their own officers of fascist sympathies. These sailors are undoubtedly simple people. They don't understand the subtle maneuvers of international diplomacy. But they manage, somehow, to make those maneuvers look pretty contemptible.

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GANDHI APPEARS TO HAVE SURVIVED HIS twenty-one-day self-imposed fast without permanent injury to his health. This piece of good fortune must be credited both to Gandhi's own amazing constitution and to the beneficent value of sweetened lime juice. His death during the fast would have provoked extremes of disorder in India. His survival brings us no closer to a solution of the Indian problem than we were before his fast was announced, but it has dramatized as nothing else could the continued irreconcilable bitterness of the Indian nationalists, and it would be used by a wise government as an occasion for reopening negotiations. If a compromise settlement is to be reached, Gandhi's approval is indispensable. His high sense of mission may convince him that he was allowed to live so that he might reach a settlement consistent with India's aspirations.

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"WELLES SAYS NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALLIES to fix peace aims." This New York *Times* headline over the story of the Under Secretary of State's speech at Toronto undoubtedly exaggerated the scope of his proposals. Mr. Welles did not announce or even suggest a conference of the United Nations to discuss war aims in general. He merely gave notice of the intention of the United States government to undertake at once discussions with other members of the United Nations regarding the ways in which machinery might be set up for the purpose of studying "all international aspects of problems under the general heading of freedom from want." No doubt this is a step in the right direction but not exactly a bold one. Nor is it easy to see why the State Department should want to confine its discussions to only one of the four freedoms. For it is hardly possible to talk about freedom from want without getting into the question of freedom from fear. There has been a good deal of rather vague talk in Washington about using the lend-lease agreements as the basis of a post-war plan for worldwide economic cooperation. But another school of thought, with representatives both in Congress and the Administration, is beginning to regard lend-lease as a lever which should be used to prize conces-

sions from our Allies now. Mrs. Luce, in her famous speech, hinted that we should exploit our position as the arsenal of democracy to procure American domination of post-war air transport, and some of her colleagues on Capitol Hill have even more ambitious ideas in this direction. Secretary of the Navy Knox also wants to cash in on lend-lease by using it for bargaining purposes in acquiring overseas bases. If this grabster spirit is to inspire our approach to war aims, conferences are worthless, for the four freedoms will prove stillborn.

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NOT EVEN IN THE MIDDLE OF A "WAR FOR survival" can we escape the obligation to elect a President every four years. So for the next eighteen months we must expect politics as usual. In Washington a good many members of Congress seem more intent on stopping Roosevelt in 1944 than on defeating Hitler in 1943. Mr. Farley is roaming the country trying to make friends and influence people, and in every state in the Union Republicans are coyly allowing their faithful followers to advertise their qualifications. Wendell Willkie, after testing the temperature in his native Indiana, has stripped for action and plunged into the political waters—the only avowed candidate among a herd of G. O. P. hopefuls. We welcome this move, for although we have our fingers tightly crossed, especially in regard to his undisclosed domestic program, we honor him for the enemies he has made. If he is to get the nomination, he will need to work hard in the next fifteen months, for the party bosses are dead set against him. And this time they will be better prepared to meet the blitzkrieg tactics which overwhelmed them at Philadelphia. On the other hand, Mr. Willkie has 22,000,000 good arguments in his favor—arguments which practical bosses cannot entirely ignore. Moreover, the increasing probability that Mr. Roosevelt will submit to drafting for a fourth term—at least if the war continues—is calculated to strengthen Willkie's claims. There are many millions of voters who will not take kindly to yet another period of office for Roosevelt but will vastly prefer that to making a Bricker our commander-in-chief. The latest Gallup poll is significant in this respect. Of those voters with definite opinions, 58 per cent were for Roosevelt if the war is still on, but only 44 per cent should the war be over. If victory is not achieved by 1944, the President is going to be a hard man to beat.

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THE DEBATE OVER THE SIZE OF THE ARMY continues despite the President's firm stand for the goals set by the armed services. Latest to speak out against an 8,200,000-man army in 1943 is William Green of the American Federation of Labor, who insists that we must "preserve the balance between production, fighting, and morale," with particular regard to our responsibilities as

"the arsenal of democracy." Although supporting the large army, Donald Nelson told the Senate Military Affairs Committee that the country is short by 2,250,000 workers of the number needed to achieve and maintain present production goals and added that too sharp a reduction in civilian man-power should not be made when the country faces the necessity for increasing munitions output by 60 per cent this year. So far the only evidence submitted by the army in support of the figure it has set consists of rough estimates of the total number of divisions available respectively to the Axis and the United Nations. But these calculations omit the vital question of how many men can be equipped and transported to the fighting front in 1943 and 1944. The indications are that the army is planning a total expeditionary force of only about 4,500,000 by the end of 1944. The limiting factor is the number of ships, not the number of men under training. The inevitable question, then, is: What do we plan to do with the remainder? Are they, as several writers have delicately hinted, to be held in reserve for bargaining purposes against Russia at the peace table? If so, the decision on the size of our army is certainly not one to be left to military men alone.

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PASSAGE OF THE McKELLAR BILL REQUIRING Senate confirmation of all federal appointees for jobs carrying salaries of \$4,500 or more would be highly undesirable at any time; but enactment of the measure at this time could hardly fail to have a paralyzing effect on the prosecution of the war. The bill quite obviously represents an effort to set aside civil service and the merit system so that the best jobs may be thrown open to Senatorial patronage. No one even pretends that the Senate has the time or the capacity for passing judgment on appointments for the 33,000 or more federal jobs that are covered by the bill. But by holding up all appointments except those made on the basis of patronage, the Senate could readily exercise the same control over all administrative appointments that it now exercises in the selection of postmasters. The immediate effect of the bill's passage would be a wholesale turnover in the ranking executives of numerous Washington agencies. If only a few career men—officials who gained their posts by dint of their experience and ability—were forced out of high-paying jobs to make way for some Senator's political friends, we should see a wave of resignations by others, of similar abilities, who would find it impossible to render effective service working with or under hack politicians. In war time this would be, as the President points out, "little less than tragic." The government has enough difficulty as it is in obtaining and holding first-rate men—considering its low salary scale, red tape, and the activities of Mr. Dies. Must it further risk losing these men because a group of Senators want to return to the pork barrel?

THE HOUSE'S ACTION IN DENYING FUNDS for the National Resources Planning Board so eloquently expresses the contempt of the present Congress for the welfare of the public that it hardly requires comment. For nearly three years the NRPB has been at work on a long-range program for post-war reconstruction in America. In preparing this program it has enlisted the aid and services of many of the chief business interests of the country. Its planning has embraced both public and private enterprise. It has also cooperated in drawing up a far-reaching plan for the needed revision of the Social Security Act. Because this work was done under White House auspices, Congress would now throw it all on the scrap heap and trust that the American genius for improvisation will somehow see us through the difficult post-war period. The same issue of the *Times* which carried the story of the denial of funds to the NRPB outlined the British government's plans for a twelve-year building and town-planning program which would provide jobs for 1,250,000 Britishers after the war. The contrast is instructive. Which country is "muddling through" today—Tory England or New Deal America?

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THE MOST GRUESOME NEWS ITEM WE HAVE seen for some time is the report that Magda Goebbels is playing hostess, at the Bavarian estate of Heinrich Himmler, to the wives of Europe's quislings. It is suggested either that the ladies who make up this unique house party did not feel safe in their homelands or that Himmler is keeping them under his thumb as potential hostages should their husbands try to desert. We can't help wondering what these "molls" of the quislings talk about as they sit at table or stroll through grounds landscaped by the Gestapo. And how about the quisling kids, if any? Are they in Bavaria too? And do they quarrel sometimes about whose father can outlick the Nazis' boots?

Food and the Farm Bloc

IN THE past week more than 120,000,000 Americans have received War Ration Book 2, and housewives are busy working out point budgets and contriving ways and means of feeding their families on half the usual amount of canned goods. There has been some grumbling, but there seems to be general acceptance of the fact that rationing is the only fair means of distributing necessities where the demand far exceeds the supply, and most people will hail the day when meat, butter, and other scarce foods are added to the rationing list.

The Department of Agriculture has promised the country "a reasonably adequate diet per capita" for the duration. But this promise is not likely to be kept unless

consumers take time out from wrestling with their immediate problems and turn the heat on Capitol Hill, where our future supply of food is now being treated as a political football. In an article on page 333 James Patton, president of the National Farmers' Union, details the growing shortages and suggests some of the steps which must be taken to expand production. His remedy is not higher prices but a program enabling the small and medium farmers to employ their unused margin of land.

The program of the Congressional farm bloc, which claims to speak for all agricultural interests but actually represents the large farmers and plantation owners, is quite different. Its demand is for higher and higher prices and to hell with the anti-inflation program. As Edward A. O'Neal, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, puts it: "There must be a price incentive for food production just the same as for industrial production. Inflation? Well it looks like we are headed for it." If the farm bloc succeeds in putting over its program, Mr. O'Neal is right, for the upshot will be so steep a rise in farm prices that the dams holding back wages and industrial prices will burst under the pressure.

The immediate objective of the big farmers' spokesmen on Capitol Hill is to force up ceiling prices even though on a great many leading products they are already well above parity level. The Senate has just passed a bill making it mandatory for the Price Administrator to leave out of account, in fixing price ceilings, all payments made to farmers by the government—payments estimated to exceed \$600,000,000 in the present year. This will mean an upward readjustment of many ceilings. In the House an even more dangerous proposal is being pushed. It is the old plan, defeated last fall, for recalculating the parity formula so as to take into account the cost of all farm labor. Department of Agriculture experts estimate that the result would be to raise farm prices from 10 to 15 per cent.

Leading members of the farm bloc have made it clear, moreover, that they will not be satisfied by the passage of these two measures. "We want the law of supply and demand to operate," Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith of South Carolina roared recently. In other words, he wants prices to be allowed to soar, ■ in the last war, to whatever heights they might be borne by the winds of war-time necessity. There is this to be said for his simple program: it would probably enlarge our total supply of food and industrial crops provided that the return to *laissez faire* in agriculture included the removal of all the artificial props which are underpinning the prices of certain staples.

We are sure, however, that Senator Smith is not going to accept this qualification. A cotton planter and a representative of cotton planters, his main interest is in

keeping cotton at its present very profitable level. It is not held there by supply and demand but by government action. We have on hand a two years' supply of short-staple cotton, and if the government's holdings were released to the market, the price would collapse. That might be a very good thing for the country at large and, in the long run, for the South itself. It would be an immediate stimulus to the diversion of acreage from cotton to crops sorely needed in the war effort, for instance, peanuts, dairy products, vegetables, and meat. And as every agricultural expert agrees, diversification is the only long-term solution for the Southern farm problem.

The farm-bloc bourbons are not interested, however, in freeing the South from slavery to cotton. They want a war program which will enable them to go on raising their traditional crop on a profitable basis. They want draft deferments for plantation workers and their full share of fertilizers and machinery regardless of the fact that, as far as the war effort is concerned, the growing of a short-staple cotton crop this year is total waste. Indeed, the situation is worse than that, for if only half the resources which are going to be used to produce unwanted cotton were diverted to raising crops we do need, the food problem would be largely solved.

Claude Wickard, Secretary of Agriculture and Food Administrator, is undoubtedly aware that the farm bloc's plans are likely to mean less food at higher prices. Unfortunately, he is not ■ strong man, and he has adopted the fatal policy of appeasement. Under pressure he has revised the program formulated last fall for all-out food production, and he has sacrificed several of his best subordinates who had incurred the wrath of the commercialized farmers' lobby. It is doubtful whether he will put up ■ fight to expand the Farm Security Administration, which has proved its ability to assist the smaller farmers to increase their contribution to the food supply.

The farm bloc can be beaten, but only if the small farmers and the consumers make their voices heard in Congress. The first necessity is strong leadership on the food front and enlightenment of the people about the facts—the desperately serious facts—of the era of real scarcity toward which we are drifting.

Otto's Freikorps

IN THE interests of military expediency Secretary of War Stimson should personally examine that unit of the American army which goes by the name of the Austrian Battalion. For what the Secretary no doubt intended to be a spirited auxiliary of fighting Austrians has turned into a dispirited aggregation of Austrians, Czechs, Hungarians, Italians, and Slavs. Men who joined the American army to liberate Europe from Hitler suddenly find themselves furthering the fortunes of the Haps-

burgs, who among Central Europeans are only slightly more popular.

The so-called Austrian Battalion got off to an inauspicious start last fall when Mr. Stimson addressed a letter to one "Otto of Austria," by whom he meant Dr. Otto Hapsburg, who for twenty-five of his thirty years has not even been allowed to set foot on Austrian soil. In this painfully ill-advised letter the Secretary of War bestowed an official blessing on the Hapsburg project to recruit men for an Austrian Battalion. Democratically minded Austrians were outraged at this formal recognition of the man who has never renounced his claim to the throne of the Holy Roman Empire, and who as "His Majesty" still receives the bows of his pitiful retinue in the drawing-rooms of Washington and New York. Americans of Central European extraction were horrified at the implications in Stimson's form of address. A storm whirled about the head of the Secretary, who promptly advised reporters that the State Department had given its approval. State, in turn, denied responsibility, and through it all Otto proceeded to set up his Military Committee for the Liberation of Austria.

So negligible was his success that the storm abated and would have died down entirely if army officials had not stepped in to compound Stimson's original folly. When it became apparent that Otto's recruiting powers were low, someone with more authority than intelligence directed that pressure be brought to bear on all Austrian nationals in the army to accept transfer to the new infantry battalion, set up in a camp in the Middle West. "Austrian nationals" was interpreted to mean all soldiers whose papers showed they were born in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Overwhelmingly the men refused. Whereupon they were transferred without consent.

Today letters are trickling back East from the unwilling men of the Austrian Battalion. They tell of schools set up in the camp to teach the "Austrians" German. They tell of the low morale of the men and of the pressures put upon them to refrain from applying for transfer to other units. The War Department denies reports that special Austrian insignia have been prepared for the battalion.

Secretary Stimson is not insensitive, we believe, to the deeper issues of this war, and we hope he will take advantage of the current fiasco to make his position perfectly clear. One of his subordinates has expressed surprise that non-Austrians have been transferred to the "Hapsburg legion," and promised that the matter will be rectified. But the Hapsburg farce has gone on long enough. Mr. Stimson could ring down the curtain by specifically withdrawing his blessing of the Hapsburg committee and by forbidding the transfer of men to such "national" contingents against their will. Neither he nor Otto Hapsburg, after all, can hope to make Free Austrians out of coerced Czechs.

The New Axis

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

A NEW Axis is being formed. It runs from Washington to Rome by way of Madrid. Three men are busy bolting it together—Colonel Beigbeder in Washington, Archbishop Spellman in Rome, and Ambassador Hayes in Madrid. The idea isn't new: in one shape or another it dates back to Vichy and before. Indeed, it is the end product of appeasement, the object of all those statesmen who consider expediency a permanent necessity. As long ago as last June Alvarez del Vayo, in his article *World War III?*, described the preparations for a return to the old balance-of-power order in Europe as an alternative to Hitler's new order; the policy of creating as many centers of reactionary force as possible to withstand the certain post-war swing toward the left. The Washington-Madrid-Rome axis has been on the assembly line a long time. But today its mechanics are working fast, tightening the bolts at every joint, because events demand hurried decisions.

Like all political decisions in war time, these hang on military developments. Soon or late, Hitler will be defeated. It is this fact that has sent Spellman to Rome and Franco's emissary to Washington. It is this fact that is forcing a dozen quislings to throw out storm anchors, that tempts even small dictators like Generalissimo Franco to hedge their bets on Hitler. And it is this fact that is moving the exponents of permanent expediency, in and out of the State Department, to try to complete the structure of their old order before the people have a chance to get the smell of freedom in their nostrils.

When *The Nation* first spoke out against the State Department's North African policy we were accused by some of our friends of a combination of impatience and irresponsibility. We were told that we lacked that detailed inside information which our leaders possessed and which alone could justify criticism of official acts. I wonder what those friends thought when they heard or read the speech made last week by Edgar Ansel Mowrer at the French-American Club in New York. Mr. Mowrer had just resigned from his job as deputy director of the Office of War Information because of his differences with the State Department on North African policy. His differences were not based on the decision of Eisenhower to use Vichy officials who were on the spot. "What was wrong," he said in his speech, "was putting them in political control as the price of their aid—considering them not as our instruments but as our allies." Mowrer refuses to accept the necessity of giving fascists power even as a "temporary military expedient." He believes the cost is too high. And he is certain that the popular disillusionment resulting from our support

of fascist regimes will "promote the easy spread of bolshevism." Mowrer deserves fuller quotation than this page can provide, not only because what he said so desperately needed saying, but because his opinion is buttressed by all the war information possessed by the official agency receiving and dispensing war information. The State Department's most passionate defenders could hardly ask for more.

The overshadowing fact that emerges from North Africa and all that led up to it can be expressed in Mowrer's own words:

So long as there remain in high places in North Africa Frenchmen who aim at preserving fascism in France; so long as there are those in this country who do not understand why a nation engaged in warring against fascism cannot ally itself with fascists; so long as there are American officials who toy with the idea of beating the Axis by utilizing one quailing after another "right up to the German frontiers"; so long as conservatives dream of hemming Russia in behind a barrier of dwarf states whose existence merely would provoke the Bolsheviks without in the least holding them back—so long we cannot be sure that there will be no more "temporary expediency" unless the President's policy receives the firm backing of informed and vigilant American opinion.

And these words lead us straight along the new axis line to Colonel Beigbeder in Washington. The Colonel, it seems, as an emissary from Generalissimo Franco, is on a mission to "inspect the United States army." The results of his investigation should prove fascinating to the German officers and technicians who help run the Spanish army—so fascinating that we must assume our own officers have exercised restraint in showing Colonel Beigbeder the sights. But in addition to his military inquiries his trip has obvious diplomatic objectives. For he came on our invitation. And only a day or two after he arrived our ambassador at Madrid made his unbelievably frank statement about the quantities of oil and other raw materials the United States has been shipping to Franco with the object, as Mr. Hayes remarked, of extending "any help it can to Spain, which is doing so much with such obvious success to develop a peace economy that can, and will, carry [it] safely into a future period of world peace." (At this point I want to call the attention of readers to the report of Franco's "peace economy" reproduced on a later page of this issue.) And while these astonishing words were being spoken, the smiling little Archbishop Spellman, having consulted with both Hayes and Franco in Madrid, was in Rome carrying on extended conversations with the Pope.

About these conversations little has been reported; but the air of Vatican City has been thick with rumors. And it requires only a little understanding of the underlying facts to realize that the Vatican has become the rallying

point of the reactionaries of the Continent—pro-Hitler and anti-Hitler alike. A new Holy Alliance is in process of gestation. If it is finally born it will be composed of conservative Catholic regimes in Poland, Hungary, Croatia, Slovakia, Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal, and will not only serve as an antidote to domestic radicalism in each country but provide a counterpoise to a victorious Russia at the peace conference. Dominant influences in Britain oppose such a coalition. They understand the necessity of good relations with Russia, now and after the war. But in Washington the balance of opinion tilts the other way. Fear of revolution combines with arguments of expediency to support on a broader scale the policy already applied in Vichy and Madrid. The proposed alliance will retain the best features of fascism with none of its ugly by-products. So its press agents hint. But we may have to wait a while for the details. And meanwhile we are asked not to worry, just to follow our leaders. Wait patiently and with trust for the new Old Order that is being fixed up in Washington and Madrid and Rome. Expediency, frozen into policy.

FOOTNOTE I

Most of the Spanish Loyalist refugees in North Africa are still in concentration camps. But a few have been let out. A brief item in the New York papers reports that Spanish soldiers, freed from a prison camp at Kasserine and fighting under British officers, have carried out "special and dangerous missions." This is fine, and I hope indicates that full use will soon be made of the tough fighters of the Loyalist army who have waited so long for a return engagement with the fascist enemy. Fine. But just the same I wonder how these men feel when they hear of Colonel Beigbeder's equally special but not so dangerous mission in Washington and of Ambassador Hayes's promises to Franco. And I wonder how true is the rumor that when the Colonel agreed to come to America he made several conditions, the first of which was that the Spanish refugees in North Africa should not be released.

FOOTNOTE II

What Stalin thinks of the export of oil and other war goods to Franco and our reception of Beigbeder can be imagined. Mr. Welles, it is true, has solemnly announced that none of the goods sent to Spain will be allowed directly or indirectly "to reach enemy hands." On this point, he says, he has "fullest assurances" of the Spanish government. Such assurances may satisfy the State Department, but it is possible that they will prove less convincing to the Russians. For Stalin has never recognized Franco, much less addressed him as his "good friend." And Franco's Blue Legion must have needed a lot of oil for its expedition against Russia. If I were Stalin I think I should ask for some very detailed reports on the use being made of American war materials in Spain.

Thurman Arnold and the Railroads

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, February 28

I HOPE to be able to take the time soon to make a study of the work Thurman Arnold did as head of the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice. I can only record at this time the regret that most progressives here feel over his retirement—for that seems the word for it—to the bench. His division was one of the last places in Washington where the old fighting New Deal spirit still survived. Almost everywhere else one sees the big-business crowd in power.

Arnold is a very odd character, and there is no telling where he will end up politically. He is mercurial, not too profound, thoroughly opportunistic—distinctly a populist middle-class radical who might even end up on the far right. I should like to emphasize the word "might" because it would be unwise to draw too logical conclusions from some of Arnold's weirder ideas. It is just as possible to imagine him a fervent anti-fascist in a period of crisis. For he is courageous, generous, and warm-hearted, equally removed from the poles of bigotry and milk-and-water liberalism.

The Anti-Trust Division is the battered citadel of a romantic lost cause, usually betrayed by its own nominal leaders. It contains some of the most devoted and hard-working officials in the capital. There are men in it with an extraordinary and detailed knowledge of the industries under their supervision, men who could make many times their government salaries if they chose to serve the monopolies they have fought. It is a tribute to Arnold that he won the devotion of these men. He won it by putting up a better battle against monopoly than the Anti-Trust Division had ever been able to wage before.

I need hardly add that this battle was fundamentally as ineffective as Arnold's evangelical efforts to persuade a middle-aged, paunchy capitalism to leap back into the competitive scrimmages of its youth. Neither legislation nor lectures will cure its economic arteriosclerosis, and the war has both speeded up the growth of monopoly and weakened such countervailing forces as the anti-trust laws. Today the WPB, the War and Navy departments, the Office of the Petroleum Administrator for War, and large areas of the BEW are run by business men and lawyers who have devoted much of their activity to violating the anti-trust laws. Little wonder that they proved powerful enough, first, to force weak consent decrees on Arnold, then to shut off one scheduled prosecution after another, and finally to promote Arnold to the bench.

A complaint one hears against Arnold from the fuddy-

duddies—the ex-liberal careerists and picayune opportunists who are rationalizing themselves into comfortable acquiescence in the appeasement of big business—is that Arnold "talked too much." By this they mean that Arnold, when forced to take a consent decree or to stop a prosecution, often let the inside story leak to the press or to a Congressional committee. The fuddy-duddies regard this practice as somehow ungentelemanly, indecent, and improper. Apparently the facts of life, the actualities of economics, are too delicate for the ears of common folk. The same gentlemen who spout about democracy on minor provocation resent Arnold's habit of taking his cases to the people. Had it not been for Arnold's refusal to act according to the *mores* of our better social clubs, the facts of the Standard Oil-I. G. Farben cartel would have been safely buried with the consent decree instead of spread on the record of the Truman committee and broadcast in the press. Arnold fought the hush-hush policy that more and more pervades the capital and prevents disclosure of the facts.

The anti-trust laws seem to have a beneficial effect, in one way at least, upon the courts. We owe Chief Justice Stone of the United States Supreme Court to the Aluminum Company of America. Alcoa, according to a familiar story, preferred to have Coolidge put his Attorney General on the bench to having his Attorney General put Alcoa in the dock. It is difficult to determine to which monopoly we owe the new Circuit Court justice, Thurman Arnold. The honor seems to go to the railroads of the United States and to their friend, that tired radical, Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation. For Arnold's last major venture before being kicked upstairs to judicial honors was his attempt to take on that twenty-six-billion-dollar giant, the American railroads. Little of the story of that last battle has leaked to the press, though we shall hear more of it one of these days from Congress.

Arnold has had twenty-one anti-trust cases shot out from under him by the arrangement of last spring whereby the corporation lawyers and bankers who man the offices of the War and Navy departments are permitted to suspend the anti-trust laws for the convenience of themselves, their ex-clients, and their friends. Among these cases are no fewer than five against the du Ponts and two against General Electric. All but one of them are criminal, not civil, cases. In all but two instances the prosecution was stopped after indictments were obtained. These indictments act as a considerable deterrent. Recently the Secretaries of War and the Navy have begun

to stop investigations before indictments can be returned. One such case was the inquiry into the Hawaiian pineapple industry. The other involved a group of three indictments prepared against the Illinois Freight Association and the Central States Motor Freight Bureau. These were to be the beginning of the first major attack on the greatest monopoly in this country, the growing monopoly in transportation—on the methods whereby the railroads fix not only their own rates but impose uneconomic and non-competitive rates on the movement of goods by air, water, and highway. The investigation was stopped at the request of Eastman, with the approval of Under Secretaries Patterson and Forrester.

A letter to Attorney General Biddle by Secretary of War Stimson and Acting Secretary of the Navy Forrester throws new light on the curious procedure now being followed in anti-trust cases. It reveals that drafts of the proposed indictments were presented by the Anti-Trust Division to the Secretaries of War and the Navy before submission to the grand jury in Chicago, and that this was done "in pursuance of an arrangement made at a conference held in your [Biddle's] office." The War and Navy departments, and Eastman, prevented the proposed indictments from ever reaching the grand jury. War, Navy, and Eastman were willing only to permit prosecution of labor leaders and others who were alleged to have used a strike to coerce a motor carrier to increase its rate. Arnold and Biddle refused to do this. They objected that the basic conspiracy was to enforce fixed and non-competitive rates, that the strike was only one of the means used to enforce these rates, and that "it would not be possible to draw an indictment which contained only the means used and did not describe the basic plan." This readiness to prosecute labor rather than capital under the anti-trust laws is worth noting, though it is hardly a new phenomenon.

The situation in transportation today may be visualized if one imagines what it would have been like a century ago had the canal-boat companies possessed the financial means and political power to control the railroads. The railroads have become a gigantic racket in which a group of financial and managerial insiders enrich themselves at the expense of the properties in their care and the shippers these properties serve. Ostensibly their rates are fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Actually they fix their own rates through rate associations declared illegal under the anti-trust laws in 1897 but still going strong. Powerful shippers have their own ways of getting around these rates, but the weak have only the costly recourse of an appeal to the ICC and the courts. Regulation by these processes may be compared to an attempt at finding one's way through a Brazilian jungle with the aid of a handbook on Swedenborgian theology. On the one hand, we have a hopeless maze of nearly half a million freight rates fixed by private associations. On the other, we have a highly

metaphysical system of government regulation which attempts to check the tariff on prunes from Santa Clara by reference to the lofty, if subtle and arid, concepts of fair return on the fair value of the railroad property used. The resultant controversies would have delighted the medieval philosopher, though they are well calculated to bewilder and discourage the shipper.

In our society, the gravitational pull exerted by huge masses of capital inevitably forces into their orbit the agencies set up to regulate them. This is what happened long ago to the ICC, which has not only permitted the continued operation of these private price-fixing associations but has enabled the railroads to reach out for control of waterways and highways. The railroads have been allowed to drive water-carrier competitors out of business by discriminatory rate practices and to obtain ever greater control of competing bus and truck lines. This development tends more and more to deprive the public of the benefits of these cheaper forms of transportation and to enable the railroads to maintain obsolete methods free from the healthy prod of competition.

More important to the future of our society is the control exercised by the railroads over aviation. The Anti-Trust Division was preparing to take action against the contract by which the Railway Express Agency controls air freight. Under the agency's contract with the air lines, air express rates cannot be less than twice the rail rate, but they are actually held at five to seven times the railroad rates. Yet according to Grover Loening, technical consultant of the War Production Board's Air Cargo Plane Committee, cargo planes today can be run at 8 to 10 cents a ton mile as compared with rail rates of 10 to 15 cents a ton mile. To stifle the development of air transport is to stifle development of national defense.

A mass of facts on uneconomic railroad practices was gathered by the Anti-Trust Division in preparing the railroad cases. It will take a Congressional investigation to bring them to light. The railroads, fresh from their victory over Arnold, are now preparing to ask Congress to free them from the restrictions imposed by the anti-trust laws, the Panama Canal Act, and the Transportation Act of 1940. They want the right to bring water carriers and trucks under common ownership, to place air transportation under some agency, like the ICC, which the railroads control, and by these means to saddle uneconomic rates upon the nation's industry and agriculture. We see here the use of political power to maintain and expand economic privileges. This is as far as possible removed from classic conceptions of the free market. If we had good sense, we would take the railroads over now, end their war profiteering, and increase their efficiency. The railroads, as Arnold's elevation to the bench indicates, are—with their brother monopolies—taking us over instead.

Why Food Is Scarce

BY JAMES G. PATTON

I

Washington, February 24

SEVERAL million people in the United Nations and in countries that we may have been able to liberate are going to be unnecessarily hungry next fall, winter, and spring. Why? Because the tightly organized forces of commercialized agriculture have prevented the conversion and expansion of our farm plant to meet the war-time demand for food. And because we do not have a single integrated office of war mobilization, such as is provided for in the Kilgore-Pepper-Tolan bill.

Without a plan for all-out production in the past two years, agriculture has been unable to protect its resources of experienced man-power, machinery, fertilizer, and other supplies. Now that these are all critically short, panicky efforts are being made to repair the damage, not with the hope of increasing food production in 1943 but in a desperate effort to keep it from falling below 1942 levels.

Leaders of three national farm organizations—the Farm Bureau Federation, the Grange, and the National Council of Farmer Cooperatives—have set a high price for continued maximum production by the two million best farms in the country, farms which customarily produce 75 per cent of marketed farm commodities. They demand removal of ceilings on farm prices. And they propose to write off two million farm families as of practically no use for increasing the production of food. Other farm organizations, including the National Farmers' Union, which I head, state units of still other associations, and various religious and civic groups, point to the achievements of the Farm Security Administration, which last year assisted 7.6 per cent of the nation's farm families to produce 36 per cent of the total increase in milk, 10 per cent of the increase in chickens and eggs, 9 per cent of the increase in pork, 7 per cent of the increase in beef, and 27 per cent of the increase in dried beans, all 1943 deficit foods. We say these figures prove that the nation's best hope of increasing food production lies in furnishing financial aid and when necessary farm-management services to the 2,000,000 farm families who in 1940 had gross incomes of less than \$600 and to most of the 2,000,000 or more farm families who had gross incomes between \$600 and \$1,500. The 4,000,000 farmers in these two lower income brackets, who customarily produce about 16 per cent of marketed farm commodities, form agriculture's great under-employed reservoir of experienced farm labor.

The struggle will be bitter. Family-type farming in fighting for participation in the prosecution of the war is fighting for survival. Big agriculture, like big industry, moves to use the war needs to extend its grip on our economy. Present plans for providing farm man-power are designed primarily to fill the big farmers' labor needs, perhaps by furloughing soldiers to work in units. A bits-and-pieces program in agriculture, using under-employed farm families as operators and hired labor, will have a hard time, as it has had in industry. If the working farm families realize where their long-run interests are, and if the public can be made to see that its best hope of getting food lies in our program, we can win. If not, the Farm Security Administration, instead of being expanded and brought into a single integrated food-production program, will be assassinated, and food will become even scarcer and dearer.

Food has already become a paramount political issue, as well as the No. 1 topic of conversation. City folks, Senators, Representatives, industrialists, administrators, economists, and editors are today obsessed by the food problem. One and all they want to be saved from food shortages, and from the resultant public resentment, absenteeism in war plants, and lowered productivity. They want to be saved from the inflationary spiral that is certain to follow the ripping off of price ceilings.

The gravest consequence of a food scarcity will be its effect on the United Nations' prosecution of the war; their very unity will be destroyed if we betray the starving millions of the countries we have promised to liberate and feed. The argument that will be used has been indicated: the American people must not be given "the leavings." The less food we have, the smaller the share that will go abroad. If public opinion is inflamed by gross misrepresentation, which already portrays lend-lease as the star boarder stuffing himself at the expense of Uncle Sam's own children, that share will be given more and more grudgingly. Resentment will be pumped up by those who still believe that the United States can live apart from the rest of the world, maintaining a standing army of ten million men and an empire extending from the North Pole to below the bulge of Brazil. Thus food, which Secretary of Agriculture Wickard, now also Food Administrator, said a year ago would "win the war and write the peace," may lose the war and bring about revolutions that will postpone real peace indefinitely.

FOOD FOR ISOLATION



WAITING FOR THE LEAVINS

Reprinted from the Washington Times-Herald

Within the United States the 1943 crop will be the last to move to market before the 1944 elections take place. That harvest—both grain and thistles—is being planted now. Food shortages—and the danger that we will renege on our pledges to feed the other nations—appear inevitable, but we shall not feel their full impact until the end of the coming crop season, which will begin in a few weeks as seeds germinate and livestock drop their young. Many people, particularly city folks, delude themselves with the thought that perhaps the food situation won't turn out so badly after all. But more than half of last year's 12 per cent increase over 1941, the previous high for crops, was due to better than average weather. Farmers will have to run faster than ever to stay where they were in crop production.

From farmers, packing-house workers, wholesalers, retailers, and consumers come disquieting reports that we have for several months been neglecting the conservation of our livestock capital—that is to say, we have slaughtered hogs too soon and killed young stock that was too old for veal and too young for beef. We have built up our herds to some extent, but not enough. The situation recalls the slaughter of their herds by the kulaks during the period of forced collectivization of farms in the U. S. S. R. In this country farmers have slaughtered their stock because of the rising cost of feed, the shortage of farm labor, and high livestock prices, bid up by the armed services and lend-lease. This squandering of livestock capital has increased the volume of meat, but at a ghastly price. It is as if we had increased our current supply of steel, copper, and lead by melting down our

machine tools. Since the cycle of cattle is approximately four years—287 days' gestation, 2 years for the heifer calf to mature, bear her first calf, and become a milk producer, and another 18 to 24 months for the calf to become a marketable steer—the folly of the past few months will haunt our food economy until 1947.

I believe the food crisis may awaken the government and induce it to act to bring about a better distribution of inadequate supplies. More important, it may compel the government to face up to the job of increasing food production this year and next. Public opinion is an alarm clock which Congressmen and smart administrators are not likely to ignore.

Let us look at the statistical picture of food deficits, a picture that is probably too optimistic since it does not allow for the increased food needs of the 2,000,000 more workers who will be drawn into war production this year and next. In January the Department of Agriculture estimated that the supply of meat available to civilians in 1943 would be 98 per cent of our consumption in 1942 and 97 per cent of that in 1941. This estimate and the estimates for other products that follow are based upon 1942 accomplishments and 1943 production goals, assuming average weather in the growing season. (There's many a slip 'twixt crop and lip; the milk goal, for instance, is set at 122 billion pounds, but we will be lucky to get 110 billion pounds.) They have been computed after deductions have been made for the needs of the armed forces (as projected in December, 1942) and lend-lease, and for a very small reserve for contingencies of all kinds.

Total dairy products (milk equivalent) available for civilians will not be more than 97 per cent of 1942 consumption, 95 per cent of 1941 consumption.

Butter will not be more than 80 per cent of 1942 consumption and 80 per cent of 1941 consumption.

Except in the lowest-income families we are going to eat more chicken and turkey, because the supply of poultry can be more easily expanded than that of other meats. The 1943 production is expected to provide 129 per cent of 1942 consumption and 146 per cent of 1941 consumption.

Eggs will be 96 per cent of 1942 consumption and 97 per cent of 1941 consumption.

Canned fruits will be 46 per cent of 1942 consumption and 36 per cent of 1941 consumption.

Canned vegetables will be 65 per cent of 1942 consumption and 57 per cent of 1941 consumption.

And the needs of the armed services, lend-lease, and the liberated countries are rising. So is domestic consumer demand.

Our wheat stocks on January 1 were 1,162,000,000 bushels. Until recently they were being tapped at the rate of 7,000,000 bushels a week for livestock feed. This

flow is now being cut off because the Congressional limit of 125,000,000 bushels on such sales is being reached, but it must be reopened and increased. Congress should remove all restrictions on sales of government-owned feed grains by the Commodity Credit Corporation. This feed should be furnished to farmers at no more than the present 86 cents a bushel (85 per cent of the parity price of corn) or—to stimulate the feeding of livestock to maximum weights and milk production—at a price as low as 50 or 60 cents a bushel. Such use of our great granary in the war emergency will in no way mean a loss to the farmer since he has been paid in full for the wheat. Incidentally, such action is needed to clear storage space for the oncoming 1943 crop.

Of course, the Farm—or "Corn"—Bureau bosses want the feed wheat sold at not less than the parity price for corn, or about \$1.02 a bushel. This is like asking the government to withhold its support from its own war effort; it reduces the amount of feed available for livestock and poultry at a time when we have a critical shortage of high-protein livestock feeds.

Should peace come tomorrow, it is estimated that one-sixth of our total food production would be needed to stabilize Europe. The contest between democratic law and order and some form of dictatorship born of chaos and desperation may well be decided by food. Those

who get there fastest with the mostest food for emaciated bodies may capture the mind of Europe for the next hundred years. If we can't or won't do our part, the misery and disorder will increase until food from the newly sown fields of Central Europe and from the tractor-plowed stretches of the Ukraine can be harvested and brought in to relieve starvation.

We have a heavy responsibility. On Farm Mobilization Day, January 12, President Roosevelt spelled out in simple words the following pledge:

We are using food to earn the friendship of people in liberated areas and to serve as a promise and an encouragement to people who are not yet free. In terms of total food supply, the United Nations are far stronger than our enemies. But our great food resources are scattered to the ends of the earth and we no longer have food to waste. Food is precious, just as oil and steel are precious.

As part of our global strategy, we must produce all we can of every essential farm product; we must divide our supplies wisely and use them carefully. We cannot afford to waste any of them.

[In the second half of this article, to appear in the next issue, Mr. Patton will discuss the steps that have already been taken to raise food production and will outline a program for more drastic action.]

The Russian "Miracle"

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

AS THE Battle of Russia progresses, the world seems to be witnessing a modern miracle, though what has happened is actually the result of superb genius and infinite human fortitude. The winter offensives of the Red Army, now in their fourth month, have turned a contest that had seemed fairly even into a smashing Russian victory. Six short weeks have seen the final liquidation of the German army at Stalingrad, the raising of the siege of Leningrad, the expulsion of the Wehrmacht from the Caucasus, the abandonment by the Germans of their powerful Donetsk defense lines with the strong fortified points of Belgorod, Kursk, Kharkov, Voroshilovgrad, and Rostov—all enormously important to Hitler. The date of final victory has surely been put forward by months, perhaps by years.

The Russian front is too long to be considered as a whole, and success can best be measured by an examination of the various sectors. North of Voronezh there has been very little winter activity on either side. The salient driven into the German lines by the capture of Velikie Luki early in the campaign was almost certainly intended

to be a strong feint, designed to distract German attention from the vital points of attack. The reported lifting of the siege of Leningrad, never admitted by the Germans, has represented the only other marked movement in the north. Later dispatches have revealed that heavy fighting has continued in this area and that the Russians are still experiencing difficulty in supplying the city. The relative inactivity here means that the Russians weakened their defenses in the north in order to have sufficient troops for a crushing offensive in the south. The failure of the Germans to take advantage of this condition of affairs by launching vigorous attacks of their own may reasonably be counted one of their fatal mistakes.

Stalingrad can be explained only as the greatest of Hitler's recent blunders. Vanity induced him to continue an attempt pronounced fruitless by his generals. Continued frontal attacks on strong defenses caused very heavy casualties, and the failure to retreat in time assured disaster without even a compensating military service to justify such a sacrifice. The final surrender wiped out some of the best Axis troops.

Less expensive but still a major German defeat is the unfinished campaign in the Caucasus. While the troops isolated here are neither as numerous nor of as good quality as those lost at Stalingrad, they are mainly from high-grade divisions. A few have escaped via the Kerch Straits. But even those units which have reached the Crimea and have a rail line of retreat are in danger of being cut off by Russian armies in the eastern Ukraine moving westward toward the Perekop Isthmus.

These Soviet victories, impressive as they are, have less strategic significance than the offensives by Generals Vatutin and Golikov in the Donetz Basin. The Germans here, as in the initial attack at Stalingrad, were caught completely by surprise, with resultant heavy casualties among the inferior Axis satellite divisions which bore the first shock; and as the Red Army spearheads advanced rapidly and with confusing changes of direction, the Nazis were given no chance to recover. The southern wing of the great offensive sealed the fate of Rostov by threatening its encirclement. With little serious opposition, the Russians filtered between and behind the key points in the German defense system. Last year these points, even when cut off, were able to hold out, but at that time the German field armies were largely intact and Russian offensive methods were much less effective. The abandonment of the Donetz defense line and the loss in quick succession of important centers like Kharkov were caused not so much by the application of Red Army force as by the German fear of being surrounded and cut to pieces. The Germans were not actually driven from these lines but abandoned them in the conviction that to attempt to hold them would mean an even greater military disaster. That fact should warn against too great optimism. With hundreds of miles of occupied country to their rear, the Germans can retreat for long distances without disastrous consequences.

Too much credit cannot be given to Stalin himself, his able field commanders, and the personnel of the Red Army. From first to last the Germans were out-thought, out-maneuvered, and out-fought. Red Army offensive tactics had improved so markedly that the Germans, as some of them admitted, were beaten much as the French were in 1940—though not so badly. Throughout the campaign the paramount object was the destruction of enemy man-power; territorial gains were incidental.

Yet the territory retaken by the Red Army is in itself important. By last summer's retreats the Russians lost some 150,000 square miles. They have now recovered 200,000 square miles and may perhaps gain as much more in the immediate future. This area, unlike that recovered last winter, is of great economic value. Its reconquest deprives the Germans of their only captured oil field and safeguards the Soviet supply. Half a dozen of the most important cities in the Soviet Union are removed from Axis hands, though most of them may be

in a ruined condition. Deposits of coal, magnesium, and iron and sources of food have been obtained. The whole front has been greatly shortened, and the Soviet transportation lines behind the front are better located.

German prestige has inevitably been reduced by such heavy disasters, and morale among the troops cannot in the very nature of things be very high. This is borne out by the large number of prisoners reported taken by the Russians. A Europe tightly regimented under the Axis cannot adequately reflect changes in the military situation, but the few remaining neutrals are now apt to prove adamant against any German attempt to involve them in war, and the Axis satellite powers can be expected to dissociate themselves so far as is possible from the German cause.

The Germans' really vital losses, however, are in man-power. The destruction of an entire army at Stalingrad, of several divisions on the Don, and of large numbers of troops in the Caucasus and the Donetz Basin hit Germany where it is weakest. The British Office of War Information estimates that 4,000,000 Germans have been killed or taken prisoner. Probably one-fourth of these casualties have occurred in the past four months.

Nevertheless, German reverses should not lead us to underestimate Axis strength. They were caused by a series of military blunders committed by Hitler, as well as by the power of the Red Army. These mistakes have been godsend, but are not likely to be repeated. As the Nazis retreat westward they get closer to their sources of supply and thus free more troops for combat. The new troops now being raised in Germany and those units which were withdrawn last fall for rest and regrouping will also be available shortly and will help to redress the numerical inferiority in the south from which the German armies all during the winter have suffered. In addition, the spring thaws, with their attendant transport difficulties, are apt to slow down the attackers. Thus unless other factors intervene, the outlook is for a careful German retreat over a considerable area until the circumstances just mentioned bring about a substantial equality of strength and positions are reached which can be held without too great risks. Meanwhile, as spring thaws restrict mobility in the south, the weight of Russian power is certain to be applied farther north, especially since the conquests in the Ukraine offer an excellent opportunity for flanking the German positions on the central front.

In this situation, the one thing needed to upset an approaching balance and tilt the scales heavily against Germany is an instant and heavy Anglo-American attack in areas close to the center of German power. Whether sufficient shipping and troops are available to support such an invasion is a question which few persons not close to the High Command can answer. But there can be little doubt that Stalin is right in every military sense. Big talk followed by lack of action will no longer do.

War and the Liberal Arts

BY IRWIN EDMAN

THE plight of the humanities in the war has reached the consciousness of the general public in the form of news about the draft of eighteen-year-olds and its effect upon the liberal-arts colleges. The law drafting eighteen-year-olds, as soon as it is in full operation, will have removed for the duration practically the whole undergraduate male population of American colleges and universities. All those fine projects and discussions of higher education—the Chicago plan, the St. John's program, the house plan at Harvard, the tutorial system at Princeton, the humanities course at Columbia; all the arguments over the decline of the classics and the possibility of their revival in translation; the "education of the whole man" versus the "discipline of the mind"—all these things, such lively issues in print and on the campus only a few years ago, have been given a quietus for the duration. The liberal-arts college will sketchily survive in institutions with sufficient endowment or sufficient income from army and navy units. But the army program, still not definite in detail, provides practically no liberal-arts work; the navy program, a very limited year's training in English or history. There will be some civilian freshmen, admitted at the age of seventeen by a combination of combing the schools for the most talented and remitting the severer standards. There will be a scattering of boys rejected by the army and navy. But no one save the most callous optimist imagines that serious undergraduate education will continue in anything but the most meager proportions during the war.

It has been repeated almost *ad nauseam* that educators themselves, students, and even that small section of the general public interested in questions of higher education are sadly content that this should be so. First things come first, and the war effort is, in this as in food or medicine, first. The colleges have been perhaps readier to "convert" than business proved to be before Pearl Harbor, and readier in most instances than some businesses are even now. There is, indeed, a suspicion that administrators and professors, supposedly the guardians of the liberal-arts tradition, have been almost too willing to agree with the notion, not unfamiliar in peace times, that the liberal arts do not count very much, that in sacrificing education in these fields the country is sacrificing very little. Occasionally voices have been raised—among them that of Wendell Willkie in a recent national broadcast—reminding the nation of how disastrous would be the abdication of liberal studies, especially if the war should be long.

There have been two general reasons for the lack of concern over the abandonment of the liberal-arts studies for the duration of the war. The first is that the humanities in this country have always been regarded as a polite viceroy. Even in peace times they have not been granted much social or political consequence. The liberal arts have meant culture, and culture has been connected with the genteel tradition—sweetness and light with a predominant proportion of sweetness. It has been held that, along with fancy wrappings for candy and department-store gift boxes, courses in music appreciation or the Elizabethan poets and seminars in Plato could and should go. The second reason for the absence of concern over the collapse of liberal-arts education in this country is that many persons both in and out of the academic world, and persons once in it as students, have with sound reason been suspicious that the colleges were not strictly by virtue of giving a B. A. degree centers of serious light and learning. There are about 700 institutions giving instruction of collegiate grade in this country. That instruction notoriously varies. There are freshwater colleges the quality of whose work is hardly to be measured against that of a first-rate high school in a progressive suburban community in the metropolitan East. Even where the instruction has been officially of a very high order, routine and pedantry have often taken the place of scholarship and insight.

As for the student world, as Woodrow Wilson put it in a Phi Beta Kappa address delivered in 1909 at Princeton, the "sideshowes have taken the place of the main tent." No one familiar with American colleges can fail to have been depressed at times by the remoteness of the concern of the average student for anything resembling a humanistic ideal. The folderol of the fraternities, the hippodromes of intercollegiate athletics, the snobbishness of the socially sanctified institutions of the East, the mass-production education of the state universities of the West, the slipshod, second-rate, pampering standards, the thin nutriment of the spoon-fed textbook courses, the run-of-the-mill teaching—all these things have been the stock in trade of critics of our educational set-up. And in varying degrees at different places these charges have been true.

Yet despite the failings of American colleges, those who know them best have recognized a grace which is saving in more senses than one. In almost every scholastically reputable institution there has been a core of serious students who have been awakened to intellectual

sensitiveness and trained to intellectual competence and distinction by some of their teachers or some of their courses, or by the contagion of the place itself.

Among the best students in the best institutions, small private college or large state university, the humanistic tradition has been kept, however tenuously or thinly, alive. The vertebrate severities of the older American college, with its strict but narrow curriculum and its dedication of its students to teaching or preaching—these, of course, have vanished. There have been snap courses and factitiously fashionable ones. There have been vagues, now of social psychology, now of literary "appreciation" or grandiose sociology or jargon-studded economics. The "ends" of a "college education" have been vague. The pre-medical, the pre-engineering, the pre-law student has at least known what he was headed for. The liberal-arts student has felt himself destined to anything from bond salesmanship to membership in the Book of the Month Club. In many cases the four-year college course has been simply a socially approved place for members of the comfortable classes to send their sons so that these might make contacts, join the right clubs or fraternities, become well-rounded little snobs, or merely, as someone has put it, pass those crucial last years between puberty and adultery.

All these things have been true and have been sometimes melodramatically overemphasized; yet the colleges have prospered, I think, because there has been a residual feeling on the part of the interested public that at college young men and women have been able to acquire some sensitive responsiveness to the best that has been thought and said in the world, some realization of their human situation and of their place in history, and some intellectual discipline. Thomas Wolfe may have railed in his novels against his state university, but his gifts and his very words reveal his debt to it. And he is one example out of many. To take a miscellaneous set of examples, Princeton had not a little to do with the making of F. Scott Fitzgerald, Columbia with the molding of Cardozo, and Harvard with the formation of Justice Holmes and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Out of the discussion and experiment of the last quarter of a century, the colleges were gradually evolving a kind of training that was well calculated to produce educated men and women, persons with a sense of the best and a trained capacity for enjoying and judging it; citizens aware, too, of the social consequences and responsibilities of intellectual training. American colleges were not turning out philosopher-kings, but they were learning to turn out men who knew what the ideal of educated citizenship meant. And as one who has had occasion professionally to see young men and women in at least fifty colleges and universities in this country in the last fifteen years and for twenty-five years at Columbia, I can testify to the growing intellectual maturity of American undergraduates.

It would be calamitous if the colleges at their best were to be so much out of the picture by the time the war was over, if the whole ideal of liberal education were at such a discount, that state legislatures, boards of trustees, and students themselves were committed to the robot education of purely technical studies. It would be shocking if a habit of public unconcern for liberal studies should become prevalent. And it is not inconceivable that the brushing aside of the liberal studies now would be the beginning of their permanent exile. We should then have a generation that would have no use for political freedom because it had lost a care for and a discipline in those arts and interests which constitute the free mind. Out of the colleges have come some of the great scholars of our period, and men of affairs have acquired from courses in Greek tragedy or Greek philosophy or other "irrelevancies" a temper, a vision, and a method that have saved them from being merely experts—"men who draw a straight and precise line from a false assumption to a foregone conclusion"—and kept them, in the best sense, humanists.

The colleges have done these things for a number sufficient to justify their existence, and for a much larger number they have kept alive a humane temper in American society. But it may still be argued that even if the colleges were closed for three or four years or were for that period turned over completely to purely technical training, and to house and service the military, no harm would be done. Clearly a great deal of harm would be done. For one thing, many small colleges, including some of the very best of them, could not survive. Whatever the limitations of some of these smaller institutions—their provincialism, the limitations of their libraries and scholarship, of their faculties—they fulfil a function in American life that is unique and excellent. Few universities can provide the peculiar quality of intimate individual education for a small and picked group that some of the best of the small colleges, such as Haverford (if instances are not invidious), afford. During this war faculties may disintegrate—this is no less true because it is a cliché to say that men make a college—and a faculty is not to be reassembled overnight, nor is its *Gestalt* remarkable. Meanwhile there will have grown up in this country what is always nascent, a public temper that will tend to dismiss a purely intellectual and imaginative education as trivial. A college generation is only four years, and four years is time enough to impose a philistine barbarism on a society; Hitler did it in less.

There are some redeeming elements in the picture. Much of the dead wood of college life and teaching has up to now been kept through habit. All over the country university administrators and leaders in different fields will be forced during this interim—they may soon have little else to do—to reconsider what the

college can do. Such reconsiderations have always gone on verbally. Now they have suddenly become practical and central. The large-scale government endowment of young soldiers and sailors to go to the campuses to learn what is necessary for war suggests that the government may send young men and women to the colleges to learn what is necessary for peace. The campus population may not be so much determined by middle-class pocket-books in the future. It may come to seem a public obligation to send the intellectually best-prepared to college, and only those.

During this period of convulsive dislocation teachers of the liberal arts will engage in heart-searching and, what is more important, re-searchings of the fundamentals and functions of the teaching of these liberal arts. At this moment many teachers of the "useless" subjects are wringing their hands and wishing they had majored in mathematics or physics. Or they are semi-content to await the end of the war, when courses in the True, the Good, and the Beautiful will presumably once more be possible. The old defenders of the liberal studies are being trotted out, and the humanities are set over against technique much as religion, in its desperate nineteenth-century corner, used to defend itself against science. But the wiser teachers of the humanities know well that philosophy and literature were often dying in our colleges before the war. They were dying of anemia, of routine, of archaeological hardening of the arteries. English literature was taught in a compartment separated from all other literature, a corpse handled conscientiously by solemn morticians. Philosophy was frequently a hand-me-down of dialectical double-talk. The origins and consequences of thought and feeling, expression and beauty, in the life out of which they grew and the contemporary life in which their values must function were quite ignored. This tragic interval may have this much of educational good: all over the country the serious uses of the "useless" subjects are being explored.

Meanwhile the liberal arts continue to be taught in the women's colleges and in the large state universities. Learning and the spirit of learning survived the Civil War. They will survive this one, and be possibly more living for the shock they have received. It may be that when the war is over, some of the shakier small institutions, shaky intellectually as well as financially, will have gone for good. Some of them will be no loss. It may be that the two-year junior college, epidemic in the West, will spread all over the country as feeder to the big universities, where in the last two undergraduate years really advanced intellectual work will be done by college students. These changes will be far-reaching, but they will be in the interest of a changeless tradition older far than this Republic (as old as Plato's)—the training of young minds to timeless values and to public responsibility.

Hamlet on Ruml

*Soliloquy in the Ways and Means
Committee Room*

BY J. W. ABELS

TO SKIP, or not to skip—that is the question
Whether 'tis better for the purse to suffer
The bite made double, with the two years' taxes
Paid in this twelvemonth—and then to be current,
Or to make laws against these last year's taxes
And by forgiving end them? To skip—to owe
No more; and by this skip to say we end
The heartache and the strange unnatural shocks
Our purse seems heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To skip—to owe—

To owe perchance still more! Ay, there's the rub,
For with our this year's tax, what rates must come,
Once we have skipped out on our last year's tax,
Should give us pause! There is the fact
That last year's tax will not suffice to bring
More than one-half the revenues required
This year. If that be skipped—if only this
Year's tax be paid this year—then doubled rates
Must bring the doubled revenue we need!

But think! Since some already bear a tax
That's more than half their massive income's weight,
And since we cannot double up their rate
Beyond their whole year's take, our coffers lose
From them all excess of the doubled rate.
For such a doubled rate would mean for them
A fine on income earned, and not a tax.
So we must lose on those whose doubled rate
Approaches or exceeds their whole year's gains,
That's certain loss. And how make good to yield
The doubled revenues we need? By building up our levies
Where we may, to more than doubled rates!
The lower groups that now do bear a tax
One-fifth their annual wage, must mend that loss
By paying henceforth more than doubled rates.

Then wherefore skip? Who two years' tax would bear
In one, and sweat in such a pinched life,
But that the dread of tax rates after skip,
That undiscovered country from whose bourn
No taxpayer returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those rates we have
Than fly to taxes that we know not of?
Thus figures will make cowards of near all;
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

Houses for Millions

BY RICHARD M. BENNETT

ALL plans for a post-war America take for granted an inevitable boom in home building. In speeches, advertisements, and articles one interested group after another stakes out its claim in this shimmering bonanza with predictions of the wonders of houses built of its materials or by its methods, houses with all the comforts and astonishingly low in price.

The building industry may be the last frontier for mass production, and it is natural that manufacturers should be interested in the prefabrication of houses as a peace-time function for their great war plants. The makers of materials are grimly earnest about markets for their new products—and for their old ones, too, which can be used in many new ways, thanks to an ingenuity stimulated by war-time scarcities. Labor, immersed in new tasks, must sometimes catch its breath and wonder if it will ever be allowed to go back to its old ways. Real-estate interests, looking forward to selling land for these new houses, must be asking themselves what cheaper and better houses will do to the market for old, overpriced, overtaxed ones. Most architects realize that they will have to function either as designers for industry or—a more delightful thought—as master-planners for a new society. The "home" magazines continue to discuss period art and the antique market even while machine production is advancing as remorselessly as a Russian tank. Town planners try to gauge the forces at work and are torn between visions of the world we could have and the pressure of the real-estate dealers frantic to save existing values. The great money lenders—banks, insurance companies, and the government—balance their holdings in the existing order against the profit they might make from the machinery of change.

In the same press release in which Henry Kaiser promised America a prefabricated three-room house, completely furnished, insulated, equipped with all sanitary and disposal facilities, he said, "We've got millions of new homes to build after the war. What kind of homes? What will they look like? How will they be built? We've got to sit down and figure that out, and start doing it now."

Mr. Kaiser implied that we can build anything we want to—we have the men, materials, and techniques. That is, we can if enough of us want the same things. Prefabrication of houses is no new thing, but our war-time experience gives it greater certainty of success. For instance, there are more than a hundred prefabricators in business because the Division of Defense Housing

back in 1940 believed in prefabrication and brought an industry into existence. Probably many of these companies were formed just to compete for government work. They were successful because hundreds of units all alike were ordered—just as Mr. Kaiser's ships are alike, and Fords, and Packards. It is an axiom that mass production is based on mass consumption of standard products.

Meeting post-war standards of a buying public, however, will be somewhat more difficult than supplying rented quarters for war workers desperate for any sort of shelter. In the first stages of the post-war market, of course, the prefabricator need only reproduce the pre-war type of house more cheaply than it could be built singly. Later we can hope that competition among the prefabricators in a narrowing market will bring basic improvements in living qualities. Anyone going into the building of prefabricated houses at present would study his market and discover that early manufacturers who tried to raise standards and at the same time obtain mass acceptance failed; he would therefore seek the least common denominator in the housing field. He would find that 69 per cent of American families want to own their own separate home. He would find that the symbol of home and security, as established by millions of advertisements and magazine illustrations, is a Cape Cod cottage. The desire for individuality, it appears, can be assuaged by as little as a change in door trim, a trellis, or a colored roof, and presents no technical difficulty.

However, he would be a little put out with the people who had told him that there was no difference between making an automobile by mass production and making a house. The automobile is built for a standard foundation supplied by the government—our great road system—and is driven up to a service station for fuel, water, and air; but a house is expected to blend with a varying terrain, and water, electricity, and a sewer connection must be brought to it. These improvements obviously are not so susceptible of discipline and prefabrication.

The future American community will forever owe a debt to those Washington site planners who have demonstrated that the revered practical engineers were wrong when they laid out a subdivision by first cutting down the trees and then dividing the land into rectangular lots and a gridiron pattern of streets. For years good designers have fought against this practice; the higher-priced developments, the green-belt towns, have been laid out in harmony with the land and nature. Now, in

many spots scattered over the country, defense and war-housing projects have shown how charming planned housing can be on irregular wooded land where the site gives individuality to the repeated forms of houses that would be monotonous in the usual geometric pattern. The first costs of such planning are probably higher, but there is a saving of the money that would be subsequently spent by the hapless buyer in replanting a desecrated site.

Another lesson learned from war housing is the value of the community idea. War workers have needed planned community services, such as nurseries, clinics, schools, facilities for shopping and recreation, and it has been found that these crystallize a feeling of neighborliness and reestablish community responsibility in the most elementary unit of democracy. Incidentally, one great task of those who are to replan our cities will be to regroup and develop the services that form the nucleus of neighborhoods. The arrangement of these today is completely chaotic in most cities: the school is in one area, recreation in another, and the shopping district in still another.

Most current plans for prefabrication are concerned primarily with the structure or shell of the house, but the greatest advances in housing since the beginning of the century have been connected with the mechanical plant—the heating, plumbing, lighting, and other conveniences symbolic of our culture. These are the items which have been raising the cost of our homes; indeed, it has been said that we could still build an 1880 house for about its original cost if we did not include contemporary necessities. Manufacturers are probably planning more and fancier accessories for our post-war houses, but this trend should be checked, and perhaps the big prefabricating companies will have means to do so. In recent years the manufacturers of parts and fittings for houses have had almost exclusive access to national advertising and have disposed of vastly more capital for promotion than architects and builders. This has caused prospective home owners to view a house as a collection of glamorous details rather than as an organic whole.

An interesting example of the integration of what have in recent years been thought of as separate mechanisms is a compact new kitchen unit developed for war housing which heats the house and provides heat for cooking and hot water as well. It is new, but it is simply the logical development of the old-fashioned kitchen range. Undoubtedly, successful operators will pay increasing attention to the simplification of the heating, plumbing, and lighting systems and bring pressure on the parts manufacturers to comply with this trend. At the same time new inventions will create new demands. It is safe to predict that radiant heat will to some extent supplant air conditioning as an ideal in the popular

mind, fluorescent lighting will require a fresh approach to the design of fixtures, and the television screen will demand changes in the lay-out of rooms.

A recurrent subject in any discussion of post-war building is the use of plastics. The *Architectural Forum*, probably the most progressive of the professional magazines, devoted its September, 1942, issue to stimulating interest in the possibilities of the post-war house. An expert engaged in promoting plastics in the domestic market was gratified to note the number of times plastics were specified for the house of the future but was dismayed to find the extremely low percentage of cases in which its use was valid. Plastics can be used in an amazing variety of ways, but they cannot be expected to substitute for everything, any more than cargo planes can be expected to supplant coal cars. The advertisers have sold America the idea of new materials; now industry faces the harder task of seeing that the materials are used intelligently. Unfortunately, most manufacturers follow the lead of a certain typical vice-president who listed a number of newly discovered synthetics and boasted that his company would be equally successful in creating needs for them. For consumers the real benefit of the great development of plastics will be its effect on the manufacturers of other materials. While the Forest Products Laboratory is developing a plastic ply-paper as strong as steel, the steel industry brings out alloys which enable it to produce an airplane only a few pounds heavier than an aluminum one; the forced expansion of aluminum production is going to bring the price of aluminum windows down to where they will compete with wooden ones. And so we come to the delightful prospect of choosing materials not on a basis of cost but on that of how well they perform a specific task.

No one can tell today what material any object will be made of in the future. The only safe prediction about the materials industry is that the struggle for the post-war market will exhaust the ideas of the advertising agencies and bring prosperity to the professional and trade building magazines.

The aristocratic craft unions—masons, carpenters, plasterers, electricians, and plumbers—have long been blamed for the high cost of building, and it is true that they have fought the use of power tools and new techniques. But by the end of this year it is predicted that only 400,000 men will be left at work on buildings, and on many of these projects mass-production methods are in full sway. On some defense-housing jobs carpenters are forbidden to have a saw with them—pre-cut parts must fit, and all that is needed is a hammer. The proportion of unskilled men on a job has greatly increased. It is interesting to speculate what effect the regular hours, industrial methods, and lower hourly rates of war jobs will have on men accustomed to high hourly pay but resigned to long lay-offs between jobs and to

job stoppages caused by bad weather. Will the unions perhaps make a separate rate for large-scale projects and prefabrications when given reasonable assurance of continuous work, while maintaining the higher rates for jobs put up in the old craft way? On what ground can the unions reestablish their bans against the labor-saving techniques they have had to use during the war?

Many persons consider a revision of our various building codes a fundamental condition of post-war building activity. Certainly most codes are outworn, capable of diverse interpretations which result in graft for many building inspectors, and so drawn as to hold back the use of new materials and techniques. Here again wartime practice has caused the suspension of many laws and may open the way for reasonable changes. With revision of the law should come greater power for some of our planning commissions, which often have only advisory status. Unless there is some intelligent control over the growth of our communities, our new building boom will result in more slums and blighted areas.

If we continue to solve the exciting problem of using our myriad materials and titanic productive forces by cramming gadgets into structures considered beautiful because they simulate inherited forms, we shall fail in our purpose. Our designers must join forces with the sociologist, the physician, and scientists in many other fields to discover the physical and psychological needs of men in communities. Then they must be free to evolve new forms based on use, and these will be the beauty of our time. Organized research of this type is virtually nonexistent compared to the study of historical and abstract art carried on in our subsidized foundations. Architecture is said to be the true picture of the social and economic forces of an era. In the century of the common man architecture should culminate in the common man's dwelling.

In the Wind

GENERAL MILLS and eight or ten other corporations have pulled out of the National Association of Manufacturers because of Chairman William P. Witherow's recent speech in which he spoke sneeringly of a "TVA on the Danube" and "a quart of milk for every Hottentot."

THE SPANISH Library of Information, official Phalangist propaganda bureau, has closed its New York office, but Gaytan y Ayala, its director, carries on as press attaché of the Spanish embassy. The Phalangist newspaper *Nueva España*, published in New York, informs its readers that for 30 cents per half-ounce they can communicate by air mail with Germany, Italy, and occupied France as well as Spain, with the Spanish embassy playing post office.

MONTGOMERY, WARD is advertising in the Chicago *Tribune* for "active, strong girls," aged seventeen to twenty-

eight. "When you work at Ward's," it adds as an inducement, "you may or may not join a union, as you prefer."

A MICHIGAN school superintendent recently protested to the legislature about the small appropriations for education, but John P. Espie, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, put him in his place. "The old people of the state are receiving \$22 per month pension, which is ridiculous," Mr. Espie wrote. "Please compare that with the salary received by the school teachers of Michigan. The trouble with you school people, you can only see your problem."

IN A NAZI BROADCAST aimed at America, Robert Best has announced his intention to run for the Presidency of the United States in 1944. "Best for President" clubs, says Best, are already springing up all over the country. The only American newspaperman who chose to stay in Germany after war was declared, Best suggested in a recent broadcast that one Jew be killed for every German soldier who falls on the Russian front.

A COAL DEALER in Atlanta displays in his main office a plaque bearing the names of employees in the armed forces. There are two separate lists. One is marked "Colored."

STANDARD RADIO, a Chicago corporation, now offers radio stations a collection of transcriptions carrying "authentic battle sounds of World War II."

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE committee on publications is fighting a proposed California law which would permit public-health officials to treat venereal diseases in children more than fourteen years old without consent of their parents. The committee holds that such a law would invalidate that section of the state Venereal Disease Act which permits treatment of such diseases by prayer.

E. J. GARNER, now under indictment for conspiracy to undermine the morale of the armed forces, is still publishing leaflets. His latest states, "If Jews do go daffy and murder somebody who is opposing communism, like is being talked about these days, then pogroms will break out in this country of ours overnight."

CANDOR: The Syracuse, New York, *Herald-Journal*, a staunchly Republican paper, reports that Republican leaders in Albany are disappointed at the number of Democrats "frozen into lucrative state civil-service jobs," and suggests—in a news item, not an editorial—a way to get around the difficulty. "If the Republicans really want to go gunning for jobs now supposedly beyond the patronage veil," it says with a fine Republican flair for metaphor, "they could do so by having legislation enacted changing titles and duties. This would oust the incumbents, and the jobs could be restored under new titles."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Report Out of Spain

I. Politics and War

THE departure from Spain of José Rodríguez Vega, secretary of the General Workers' Union (U. G. T.), has thrown new light on the situation of the country under the Franco regime. Vega's escape from the fascist terror is one of the most amazing in recent years. Because of his position he was probably the most important trade-union leader left in Spain at the end of the war. He was of course thrown into prison by Franco's police, and would undoubtedly have been executed had it not been for the extraordinary coincidence that another anti-fascist with an identical name had been shot almost immediately after the entrance of Franco into Madrid. Through that confusion of names Vega ultimately succeeded in obtaining his release and then disappeared into obscurity. Toward the end of November, 1942, he crossed the frontier into Portugal. Eventually he came to the United States on his way to Mexico, where he has just arrived.

Of course this whole experience implies a series of collaborations about which I shall give no information but which prove how deeply the Franco regime is undermined.

"The whole thing is falling to pieces," Rodríguez Vega told me. "If this afternoon," he continued, looking at one of the newspapers I carried, "a big headline were to appear announcing that Franco had fallen, I should not be at all surprised." (By profession Vega is a printer, and what astonished him most about the American press was the huge headlines in the evening papers.)

"But even with Hitler backing him up?"

"Others back him up as much as Hitler," replied Rodríguez Vega. "The men who are his best support today are Ambassadors Hoare and Hayes."

The Republican opposition in Spain cannot understand the American Ambassador. Some people seek an explanation in the fact that he is a Catholic. He is considered one of the pawns in the great maneuver initiated by the visit of Myron Taylor to Rome—undoubtedly one of the most fascinating and well-kept secrets in the diplomacy of World War II. But even viewed from this angle, the activities of Mr. Hayes astonish them. Why, they ask, should he be allowed to go so far merely to please the Catholic church, which after three years of beatific neutrality has suddenly come forward to promote peace and plan the post-war world?

"Certainly the people most surprised by the assiduous

courtship of Franco by the great democratic powers," said Vega, "are the group who surround him. They know how weak they are inside their own country. They go on from day to day, uncertain of their survival. But when they hear Ambassador Hayes speak, they must say to themselves: 'Heaven knows we count for little here in Spain, but in London and Washington we are really somebody!' What else can they think when they hear the American Ambassador say that political refugees will have no voice in the political future of Spain? Everyone knows that the refugees and the people fighting against Franco in Spain are an unbreakable unity, that the political parties and the trade unions are largely in exile. There was a time when every film coming from Mexico—no matter how bad it might be—was furiously applauded in Spain. The reason was that Mexico is the country which has accepted more Spanish refugees than any other." (Even from the pan-American point of view, the attitude of Ambassador Hayes is a little hard to understand.)

Dozens of precise details reported by Vega confirm the deterioration of the Franco regime on which *The Nation* has insisted for three years. We have felt it from a distance, but Rodríguez Vega has followed it on the spot day by day. He tells, for instance, of the effect produced by a sensational document about Franco which appeared not long ago. The publication of anti-Franco literature is in itself nothing sensational. The underground, which operates with surprising regularity in Spain, has its periodicals and its pamphlets. The Socialists publish a small news bulletin three times a week. *Mundo Obrero*, organ of the Communists, and other publications make up a comparatively large illegal literature. But the novelty in the document on Franco was the fact that it came from the inner circles of the regime. Even names were mentioned. One of them was that of Pedro Sainz Rodríguez, a Monarchist professor and banker who was in Franco's Cabinet during the war.

In the document Franco is directly accused of several things: of having collaborated with the Republic (he had held one of the highest military posts under the reactionary government of Lerroux-Gil Robles in 1934); of not having supported the Sanjurjo plot against the Republic in 1932; of having hesitated to participate in the revolt of 1936, presenting himself in Africa only after the movement had triumphed there—a rather strange accusation since Franco, in collaboration with the Germans and Italians, was undoubtedly one of the chief

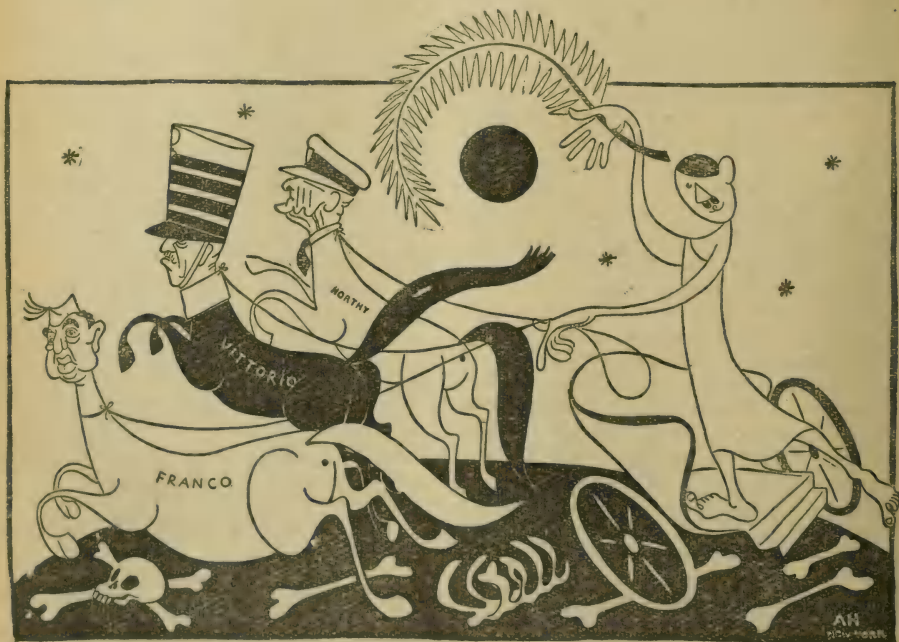
organizers of the revolt. Even on purely military grounds he is denied credit for the defeat of the Republic. Franco, says the document, is a good "division general" but nothing more. The success of the rebellion is largely attributed to General Vigón, a former officer of the General Staff and at present Minister of Air, a man close to the Bourbons. This "build-up" of Vigón is not without interest, since he, together with Varela and Yagüe, has been suggested as chief of the cabinet of generals which might eventually replace Franco.

According to Vega there are certain informed persons in Spain who foresee a development of the situation along these lines: first, a *junta* of generals which would succeed Franco and definitely eliminate the Falanx from the political direction of the country. Later, a slow return to normality. Finally, and inevitably, a restoration of the Republic. The monarchists' hour has passed. If a monarchy continues to seem the ideal solution to Sir Samuel Hoare, it commands less and less support within the country—despite the fact that an emissary, recently arrived from Switzerland, circulated in underground groups a message from Don Juan saying that the first thing he would do when he assumed power would be to grant a complete amnesty and invite all refugees to return to Spain. (On this point he goes a little farther than Ambassador Hayes!)

In this as in all projects of political change the chief object is the elimination of the Falanx. All the currents of discontent converge against the Falanx. It is the only enemy that counts. Vega confirms the interpretation given in these columns to the latest changes in the Council of the Falanx. The Falanx was strengthened, not weakened, by those changes. Its position now is more solid than it was before the crisis in which Serrano Suñer was dropped as Foreign Minister. And it is the growing opposition to the Falanx which has recently led certain military elements to make contact with the underground—opposition both to the Falanx and to the prospect of being plunged into war on the side of Hitler.

During Vega's period of hiding there were several occasions when involvement in the war seemed imminent. The last was on November 10 just after the American troops had landed in North Africa. The underground was one of the first to perceive the danger of a Nazi move and the first to take steps to meet it.

This is what the people who fight illegally in Spain, and who are always on guard against a Nazi coup, cannot understand. They cannot understand why the Allies, who could easily have established an unequivocal political situation in Spain, preferred to perpetuate a regime which Hitler may well use to jeopardize their position in the Mediterranean. It would have been so easy to avoid



Hitler's Three Favorite War Horses Start a Peace Drive

Drawing by A. Hoffmeister

that risk by withdrawing support from Franco and allowing their allies, the Spanish people, to reestablish the Republic. On one point Vega is absolutely positive: Hitler can never march through Spain without the complicity of the Spanish administration. If one day the Nazis should enter Spain and Franco should feign surprise and adopt a pose of opposition, his attitude would be as farcical as that of Pétain when he gave the order to Frenchmen to resist the total occupation of France.

The reasons for the rapid decline of the Franco regime are manifold. Vega confirms many of the points made by Thomas J. Hamilton in his recent book, "Appeasement's Child: The Franco Regime in Spain." In speaking of the repression Vega gives a much higher estimate of the number of victims than we had previously heard. Nearly two and a half million persons, he says, in one way or another—through executions, prisons, concentration camps, disciplinary battalions, temporary arrests—have experienced "Franco justice."

Industrialists and business men who supported and financed Franco now blame the Phalanx for the stagnation of certain industries. That some of these industries are paralyzed as a consequence of the repression is admitted in Franco's own press. In one issue of *Arriba* which Vega brought with him this comment was made: "The relative paralysis of mining is partly due to the number of miners who are in prison." The industrialists also begin to blame the foreign policy of the Phalanx for the scarcity of raw materials that keeps many of their factories closed. "Of course," they say, "as long as Spain stands with the Germans, England and the United States will not send raw materials and food here—and they are the only countries which have them." (Perhaps when Vega left Spain the flood of oil and other materials had not arrived in the quantities recently reported by Ambassador Hayes; or, more likely, they had arrived and gone directly to Franco's army and to Nazi Germany.)

Farmers, too, suffer. Apart from the general crisis, the demoralization of the regime has transformed the agrarian reforms into a comedy. When a landowner gets beyond his depth in debt and has no idea how to pay off his mortgage, he uses his influence with the Ministry of Agriculture, which buys his farm at a handsome price with public funds. The farm is then distributed among the peasants with the blessing of the priest and speeches praising the virtues of the new "Catholic socialism."

Those who still eat in Spain eat thanks to the *estraperlo*. (The *estraperlo* is a popular slang expression for racketeering.) One day in Madrid a couple of women were arrested for selling sausages and cold cuts in the black market. Hauled into the office of the district chief of police, one of the women said: "You can put me in jail, but in your house nobody will eat meat. Your wife buys all her meat through me." And she was very sure of gaining her freedom.

The *estraperlo* plays a role in the field of raw materials, too. No one can buy steel or wood or cement except through the *estraperlo*. Obviously, under such circumstances, it is impossible to budget the expenses of any enterprise. The leading *estraperlistas* are, of course, the Phalangists themselves. They, and in lesser degree officers of the army, civil servants, and so on, must have money not only to cover the inflated expenses of living but to take care of their amusements. In Spain few things have been rebuilt, but never were there more cafes and cabarets open in Madrid. There, a package of Lucky Strikes costs \$2.50, a cocktail \$3, and a pair of Nylon stockings, rarely obtainable, \$35. The only free commodity is the slogan "Long Live Franco"—but very few people use it.

A. DEL V.

[A second part of this report, to appear next week, will deal with life in the Spanish prisons and the activities of the underground.]

Program for Austria

BY JULIUS DEUTSCH

AFTER a couple of years of obscurity, Austria became a front-page story again a few months ago. The immediate cause of this renewed interest was nothing that Austrians could feel enthusiastic about. It was the creation of an Austrian Battalion in the American army, and the reinstatement of its "appointed commander," Otto of Hapsburg, as favorite of Washington and New York society. Through Otto, some people became very pro-Austrian again. Of course, they supported an Austria that had as little to do with the true Austria as the one constructed from Viennese music, operettas, and moving pictures. They forgot the small bourgeoisie, the workers, and the peasant masses—the backbone of the country.

Forming as they do the overwhelming majority of the population, the workers and peasants have given their impress to Austrian politics, which are for that reason much simpler than the outside world imagines. There have always been only two big parties—the Social Democratic Party, representing the workers, and the Christian Social Party, in essence a peasant party but including also the conservative middle class.

In the last free elections, in 1932, the Social Democratic Party received 42 per cent of the votes cast, the Christian Socialists 36 per cent. Together, the two parties controlled more than three-fourths of the seats in Parliament. The rest were divided among the Great Germany Party, the National German Agrarians, and the fascist Heimwehr. Neither the Communists nor the Monarchists, it should be noted, ever succeeded in winning a single seat of the 165 in the Austrian Parliament.

As long as the two big parties remained halfway at

peace, the small splinter groups in Parliament had no importance. The impetus to change came from outside. To extend his sphere of influence in the Danube region Mussolini bought and paid for certain ambitious Austrian politicians. One of these was Prince Rüdiger von Starhemberg, who says himself in his memoirs that he received a total of 3,600,000 schillings. With this Italian money mercenaries were hired and weapons procured, and soon the "political movement" represented by the Heimwehr was supported by a private army.

The Christian Socialists, led by Dollfuss, then committed the unpardonable sin of making an alliance with the fascist Heimwehr. This fatal act was the primary cause of the destruction of Austrian democracy and the ruin of Austria itself. From 1934 to 1938 Mussolini ruled the Danube region. Soon, however, Hitler forced Mussolini to take a back seat; the Third Reich established its supremacy in Central Europe; and Austria, five years ago next week, ceased to exist as an independent state.

The foregoing brief survey brings us to the question of what developments we may expect in Austrian politics after the end of the Second World War. In my opinion the situation will not be much more difficult than it was in 1918. The two great classes that gave the Austrian Republic its character will still exert a decisive influence on affairs. The only probable change will be a further reduction of the bourgeoisie's political importance, which even in the old days was very slight.

The complexity of the Austrian problem derives, therefore, not from the country's internal politics, but from its relations to foreign powers. At the end of the First World War Austria was reduced over night from a great to a small power. In order to live it had to lean, politically and economically, on one of its neighbors. I was a member of the government at that time, and I could tell many a tale about the difficulties we encountered in trying to reach satisfactory understandings with the states that had formerly been part of Austria-Hungary. For that reason *Anschluss* with Germany seemed the best, one might say the most natural, solution. In Parliament the proposal found unanimous acceptance. And not only in Parliament; the great majority of the people saw no other solution for the nation's thousand and one problems. There was no opposition to *Anschluss*.

This statement may not be welcome to every ear today. But it defines the political situation at the end of the First World War and points to what, after the Second, will be the crucial problem of the Danube region.

When the United Nations have overthrown Hitler, they are likely to undo everything that the Nazis did by force. Since Austria was obviously a victim of Nazi violence, they will annul the *Anschluss* and try to restore the conditions that existed prior to March, 1938. But no such negative action will solve the Austrian

FROM BERLIN AND ROME

Berlin broadcast to North America: "Spain is not to be won over by Churchill or Roosevelt blandishments or promises of enriched economic life. If the red peril really threatens Europe, Spain as a nation can be counted upon to join the ranks of the half-dozen European countries which are fighting against this peril. Spain has already sent many thousands of Spanish volunteers and workers who are fighting on the eastern front and working in the factories of Germany."

Fernandez Cuesta, new Spanish ambassador in Rome, in an interview in Gazeta del Popolo, Rome: "There can be no doubt concerning Spain's attitude toward the Bolshevik menace. Spain more than any other country has had an opportunity to experience the criminal tactics of a Communist revolution, and therefore when the European campaign against the barbarism of Moscow commenced, many thousands of Spaniards volunteered for service."

problem. Nor will material aid to the Austrian people suffice, important as it may be to prevent a continuing economic crisis in the heart of Europe. The new order in the Danube region must not only relieve Austrian distress but remove possible causes of a future war. It is no accident that both the First World War and the Second really started in Central Europe.

In a region which contains so many seeds of conflict how can a lasting peace be established? The answer is, through a federation of the Danube states in the frame of a general European federation.

The first condition of a Danube federation is that it be composed of states that are all equally democratic. A country ruled by a landed aristocracy like Hungary, for example, could not enter into a real union with a democracy. Half-feudal states and liberal democracies would never be able to agree on the vital question of the federal government's prerogatives. Yet a union of states must be given power in order to exercise power. Fortunately, the sharp trend to the left throughout Central Europe which will follow the overthrow of fascist rule will prepare the various states to renounce their sovereign rights. A second condition of a Danube federation is that all the component countries have a republican form of government. The Hapsburgs left behind such a heritage of hate that their restoration is unthinkable.

The positive goal for the time immediately after the collapse of Nazi power will therefore be to restore the democratic-republican constitution in Austria, to set up a strong government of workers and peasants, and to secure Austria's collaboration with its neighbors in a democratic Danube federation which will be part of a European federation.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

WITH growing vehemence and frequency Germans are being told that they cannot count on England and America to save them from eventual bolshevization. Quite the contrary. Washington and London have already definitely promised the Russians that Germany shall belong to them. In this respect the two Anglo-Saxon powers are only—Herr Fritzsche first used the phrase on February 10—"Russia's auxiliaries." To hammer this fact in, countless "open avowals that they intend to deliver Europe over to bolshevism" have been fabricated. Proof of America's purpose is found in articles alleged to be by the journalist Constantine Brown, "Roosevelt's expert on European affairs," and by Walter Lippmann, "Roosevelt's speaking trumpet." The English point of view is represented by the British ambassador at Moscow, and especially by Lord Beaverbrook, to whom is attributed the statement: "Anybody is crazy who sees a danger to Europe in bolshevization" (Fritzsche).

Of course the Jews are said to be behind it all. "Capitalism and bolshevism are not opposites but are both a form of Jewish domination." If they can't have open capitalistic tyranny, the Jews are perfectly content to have "capitalistic tyranny in the guise of bolshevism" (Goebbels on February 18). Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin, the three representatives of the Jews, have now reached an agreement on how the world shall be divided up after the war: Europe shall be Jewish-bolshevist; the rest of the world Jewish-plutocratic. Therefore, Germans, no one will save you from what you dread unless you do it yourselves! "Great Britain and the United States are not only in no position to protect Europe from bolshevism; they have no intention of trying" (Fritzsche). Defend yourselves unto death!

There is some risk, of course, in this method of whipping up the people to action. The effect might just as well be to paralyze them. If everyone outside Germany is agreed that they are to be bolshevized, what is the use of struggling? However, the expectation is that it will work the other way.

A new police force, in addition to the many others that already exist, has been organized by Herr Himmler in the villages and farming regions. It is called the *Landwacht*, or country guard. Its members do not wear a uniform but have an armband, and their duties are not a full-time job but are performed in connection with their usual occupations. It is clear that the new force was organized to deal with the many foreign workmen and prisoners of war now in the Reich. These do not work in gangs in the field, nor are they behind bars. They could easily shirk, or skip out, or now and then

steal food and clothing, or even attempt *Rassenschande*. The danger has grown as the number of foreign helots in Germany has increased; this is said to have risen from 6,000,000 in September, including war prisoners, to 11,000,000 today. So a new army of guards has been formed—and that reminds us that little net profit is derived from this slave labor. Whatever it may be worth in itself, it pins down a very considerable amount of German man-power. The thousands of barracks in which the forced workers live behind barbed wire must be guarded; escort platoons must conduct the men to their place of work and bring them back; in the factories the foreigners are divided into cells of ten men over each of which is placed a German supervisor.

Moreover, every foreign worker is made the special responsibility of a German worker, and in this relationship the language difficulty has been felt with devastating force. The Nazi government hoped at first to overcome the difficulty through "organization." Compulsory lessons in the German language were given in the barracks after working hours, but there was a lack of books and teachers and, on the part of the pupils, a lack not only of good-will but, after ten, twelve, or fourteen hours of work on an inadequate diet, of vitality. The speech lessons were a fiasco; and we know, for example, that the I. G. Farben-Industrie, the chemical trust, has abandoned them completely. In their stead this firm has experimented with a primer, a very elementary illustrated primer such as children might use, which is given to every foreign worker. This primer contains only the fifty most important words in the German language, in their simplest form. For example, no attention is paid to the conjugation of verbs; the infinitive alone is given—*ich sein, du sein, er sein*, and so forth. But even this has not seemed to work. And the inability of the workers to understand one another, according to reports, has caused countless stoppages, mistakes, and conflicts. Not the least serious of the consequences is the way the German hands—overworked, physically reduced, and nervous—suffer from the irritations that continually arise.

These things explain in part why the millions of foreign forced workers provide such inadequate relief for the German man-power situation.

Correction

An error occurred in a statement appearing in the article entitled Sikorski's Opposition, by Peter Davenport, in the issue of January 30. The statement asserted that Edward Weintal is "now on the pay roll of the Yugoslav ambassador, Constantin Fotich." The word "now" appeared in the quoted phrase as the result of an editorial slip. During the visit of King Peter of Yugoslavia to the United States in the summer of 1942, Mr. Weintal conducted the King's press relations but is no longer serving in that capacity. He is at present employed by the Office of War Information.

BOOKS and the ARTS

YEATS: THE IMAGE AND THE BOOK

BY MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

THE felicity of the life of a genius can never be recognized until after the event of his achievement. His work alone justifies his acts and gifts and supports a *propter hoc* on his fortunes. "The private history of any sincere work looms large with its own completeness," said James; and it is this retrospective logic of greatness that is most passionately envied by common men. Once the validity or strength of the artist's work is clear, every chance or mischance of his career, every risk or peril that deforms or defeats the average existence, takes on the justice of destiny, the beatitude of his vocation. Form is imposed on the chaos or confusion of experience; life receives the stamp of purpose and of permanence. So the dark night of Hopkins or Rilke rivals the sun's fine weather of Goethe; the agony of Baudelaire becomes more enviable than the serenity of Ronsard; Blake's madness proves as sane as Wordsworth's sobriety; Rimbaud snatches from defeat a triumph surer than Hugo's. To loom large in the dimensions of art is so great a passion in men that even those who fear or despise it are willing to submit to its price in indignity or embarrassment if they may share in its endurance. "Seven cities warr'd for Homer, being dead"; the citizens of three English towns competed for the immortality of surviving as the swine of Dickens's *Tatan-swill*; statesmen claim a share in the tragedies of Poe and Dostoevski; men and women of impregnable respectability sue for the honor of having been vilified by Heine or seduced by Byron. Redeem us, they plead, from our safety, our boredom, and our nonentity. Proust's law touches all of us: "Life as it flows is so much time wasted, and nothing can ever be recovered or truly possessed save under the form of eternity which is also the form of art."

An age as baffled and demoralizing as ours makes men more anxious than ever to recover themselves from its waste and stupidity by possessing an identity in the work of its image-makers and heroes of form. The impulse may be tragic: witness its results in the worship of demagogues and symbolic leaders. It may also be more happily regenerative: we live half our lives in the world that Mann or Proust, Eliot or Rilke, has arrested and made solid under our feet. Thus the great appeal of the work of Yeats, with its supreme testimony of personal salvation in an age of confusion and defeats. His poetry in its sixty-year evolution and triumph is already a document on its times; now that the life out of which it issued is complete, his career becomes more than ever an object of envious attention and analysis. Joseph Hone's biography*—the first full record of Yeats's life thus far attempted—is certainly one of the most enthralling books the year is likely to see.

Of the two difficulties that alternately harass the biog-

raphers of poets—the embarrassment of poverty that comes of finding little or nothing in the life to account for the poetry, the rarer embarrassment of riches that comes of finding too much—the historian of Yeats obviously works under the second. His problem is further complicated by the fact that Yeats anticipated him, in verse, prose, and autobiographies, at every point of his task. Yeats took his life, almost from the beginning, as "an experiment that needs analysis and record" ("at least my generation so valued personality that it thought so"); he sought "an image not a book"—the continuous vitality of symbolic experience and action, not the tact and decorum of a purposive career ("Self-interest and self-preservation," said his greatest teacher, his father, "are the death of poetry"). His energies were held in tension between purpose and instinct: between seeking his spiritual victory in "an intellectual daily re-creation of all that exterior fate snatches away" and making an art that should be "a fountain jetting from the entire hopes, memories, and sensations of the body." ("I must," he wrote in his diary in 1909, "keep one note from leading to another that I may not surrender myself to literature. . . . Neither Christ nor Buddha nor Socrates wrote a book, for to do that is to exchange life for a logical process.") He took it as his supreme task to "understand why there is a deep enmity between a man and his destiny, and why a man loves nothing but his destiny." The life he lived exists in two realities: historical and imaginative, actual and symbolic, book and image. It is with both those realities—with their mutual necessity, their complementary existence—that every biographer or critic of Yeats is taxed, and every reader faced, if Yeats's value for the men of his time is to be realized.

It is the book of Yeats's life rather than its image that Mr. Hone has set himself to write, as it was the symbolic image, in its fullest derivation and reference, that concerned Mr. MacNeice in his recent study of the poetry.* The work of biography could hardly, at this early stage of Yeats's posthumous history, have fallen into abler hands than Mr. Hone's. His skill and tact—already seen in his excellent "Life of George Moore" six years ago, a better book than this one by virtue of its simpler subject and freer conditions—here work under official privileges which, though they have imposed inhibitions that make the poet's later career obscure at a good many points, will be enjoyed by none of his successors. What Keats said of Shakespeare is far more explicitly true of Yeats: he led a life of allegory upon which his work is the comment. Mr. Hone resumes the full record:

* "W. B. Yeats: 1866-1939." By Joseph Hone. The Macmillan Company, \$4.

"The Poetry of W. B. Yeats." By Louis MacNeice. Oxford University Press, \$2.50.

childhood in Dublin and Sligo among those "old fathers" and "half-legendary men" of the West—Butlers, Pollexfens, Corbets, Middletons; school days in Dublin and London with Yeats's father as a mentor in wisdom and sympathy apparently unrivaled among the fathers of poets (happily Mr. Hone is soon to publish a collection of the letters and papers of this superb individualist); the eighties and nineties in London and Paris, where Yeats was divided between the "tragic generation"—Dowson, Wilde, Johnson—and those people of "militant action"—Morris, Henley, O'Leary, Shaw, Maud Gonne, the Parnellites—who were preparing the future; the return to Ireland, a dramatic moment in modern literature, to join with Lady Gregory, Martyn, Moore, and Synge in the battles of the Abbey Theater; the return to the larger world and to a poetry of responsibilities; the drama of 1916, of civil war, and of the new Free State; marriage at fifty-two; the final creative phase announced by "The Tower"; and the apotheosis of old age. To what was already familiar in this history Mr. Hone adds many details: we learn the importance to Yeats's thought or verse of mystics like W. T. Horton, Mohini Chatterji, and MacGregor Mathers the cabalist; of T. W. Rolleston, Ian Hamilton, Thomas Davis, Olivia Shakespeare, and Mabel Beardsley; of the women who so decisively influenced Yeats's character (though here the facts are cautiously shrouded); of the conflicting politics of Maud Gonne, the Parnellites, the Unionists, the Treaty party, and the O'Duffy Blueshirts with whom he temporized in his last decade. Yeats saw his friends and enemies in a hierarchy of values; and the pageant of these people—"Ireland's history in their lineaments"—furnishes not only a drama of causes unrivaled in modern poetic experience but an annotation of the materials whereby Yeats substantiated and tested the conceptions his imaginative and philosophical experiments were yielding him.

His life has a greater import than that of its rich opportunities and contacts. It is an emblem of modern experience, a parable of intellectual and moral exoneration in an age of unstable thought, "skeptical faith," and moral irresponsibility and evasion. The shape his career assumes is the shape imposed on it not only by his experiments in art, thought, and action, but by the conflict of personal will at grips with the typically modern passivity to fate and historical necessity which he saw as an evil of his times. His art is so brilliant and compelling that it tends to make his readers impose an excessive justice, a kind of *ex post facto* idealism, on his experience and ideas; but this tendency, which may often go to extremes, is countered by another: the critical repudiation of Yeats's way of art and thought—the acceptance of his poetry without admitting the truth of the forces and conditions that brought it into being. One review of Mr. Hone's book has already stressed Yeats as "ignorant of philosophy" and has presented as literal his statement in "A Vision" that his symbolic system may be regarded as "stylistic arrangements of experience" that "have helped me to hold in a single thought reality and justice." Another has announced that Yeats "never thought well" and that, while their "transmutation into poetry" is convincing, "his excursions into Berkeley and Plotinus, his attempts to rebut Bertrand Russell, his gleeful infatuation with viscous Oriental mysticism are pathetic." All this comes from the contemporary habit of

looking on beliefs and spiritual processes as mainly if not wholly instrumental, justified only after the fact of their utility or stimulus is demonstrated in a result. It tends to be the stress made by Mr. MacNeice in his highly resourceful and suggestive study, which interprets Yeats from the vantage-point of a "reality" of which he was largely innocent but which a later generation has at its disposal; and it reappears in Mr. Auden's review of the Hone book when he says that "Yeats's temptation—he never succumbed to it completely—to regard art as a religious ritual damages the art, for it prevents the artist from taking serious risks of failure. Magnificent as is their diction, I cannot but feel that his poems lack a certain inner resonance. Each exists solidly enough in its frame of reference, but rarely transcends it. Comparing his poetry with that, for instance, of T. S. Eliot and Robert Graves, I find it, beautiful as it is, lacking in seriousness, which, of course, has nothing to do with solemnity."

This point is serious and it is legitimately raised, but its implication must be clarified. Yeats's work undoubtedly lacks a fully convincing "architectonic" (to revive Arnold's word for it), a consistent and applicable structure of belief and reference; the structure it has often appears strategic, provisional, eclectic, and unstable except in terms of a personal need and imperative. I mean to join in no aspersions on Yeats's verse—to me it is inferior to nothing in modern literature—when I admit that its empirical provisionality keeps it from having the integrated seriousness, superior to both personal and historical emotion, that is the strength of Eliot's. Of this lack—but also of the compensating zeal, energy, and sincerity of his interests—Yeats's life supplies an explanation: he was aesthetic in his origins and temperament, he did accept Johnson's idea of ritual well past the age when such consciousness of function and attitude can remain safely overt in a poet, he did risk the laming of his faculties and the enervation of his motives by constant manipulation and curiosity, and his achievement is in a serious degree a victory over wilful indulgences of temperament and sensation. Yeats knew he had to grow from sensation to emotion, from reverie to thought, from passivity to action, from aestheticism to art, and the growth is as much marked by intention as by natural maturity. The growth was personal, sensible, moral, before it was anything else—historical, philosophical, critical. But to deprive it of reality or seriousness is to set up a paradox between Yeats's character and his poetry that admits no solution: if the poetry is real, sound, and true, the experience and "thinking" out of which it issued must be so likewise; and if they are not, it is not.

Yeats would never admit thinking to be an exclusive prerogative of the intellect; it must be a process and occupation of the whole man and of the objects to which his thought is applied—his actions, his friends and enemies, the cones and gyres of "A Vision" that describe the processes of history, good and evil alike. His father once praised a man because he "loved humanity too much to hate any man, and knew too much of history to hate any opinion." Yeats "studied hatred" and cultivated "rage," but however valuable he felt them in his creative life, he knew there is a love that transcends them and without which knowledge, sympathy, justice, and wisdom are impossible. This is perhaps not the moment to hope that such a counsel will be

adopted by civilized men; an uncivilized work must first be finished. But to those who tend to regard squeamishly Yeats's ideas of history, of the aristocratic principle, and of what many are now emphasizing as his "proto-fascist sympathies," it may be a good moment to suggest that unless Yeats's doctrine is resorted to after present disasters are put by, we may entertain little hope of emerging from "the growing murderousness of the world" or the anarchy of righteousness that has brought it about. Yeats's realities are the realities of our human capacity for vitality and sincerity; his resonance is that of the poetic integrity, whose imagination includes philosophy. If the framework of his thought and insights deprives him, through its specialized symbolism, of taking a place among the very greatest poets, it nevertheless establishes him as a poet preeminent in modern times for his sense of the moral wholeness of humanity and history.

Yeats's life has the superb advantages of its drama and its heroism. But before we claim the drama and heroism as our own, with the easy vicariousness which his poetry encourages, we should do well to remember that they are the achievements of a man who had the power of shaping and controlling them, who wrought them and the poetry that expresses them out of ordeal, division, and a full share of bitterness. It is also necessary to remember that the success of art is never easy. Yeats's life may appear felicitous now that his work is done, but its felicity will prove misleading and his poetry deluding if we imagine that we can enjoy them by assuming our own superiority, as thinkers, realists, and exponents of justice, to the man on whom it fell to prove that his life was fortunate and his talent genuine. There was nothing unreal or facile about that task. And it would be the last irony if Yeats, who hated abstraction, should end by having an abstraction made of his art through its divorce from the truth of his experience and the reality of the thought and imagination out of which it grew.

The Spirit of Norway

THE MOUNTAIN WAITS. By Theodor Broch. St. Paul, Minnesota: Webb Book Publishing Company. \$3.

THEY CAME AS FRIENDS. By Tor Myklebost. Translated by Trygve M. Ager. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

HERE are two books on the Norway that cannot be conquered. One is a workmanlike presentation of the record of Norway's fight. The other is a recreation of Norway as it lived and struggled and dreamed in the ten years before the war and as it took the invasion. Myklebost is the competent journalist. Broch is the creative writer. One can be read without the other. Both can be read without duplication.

Broch has taken his own little corner and his personal experience and let the tale unfold itself from that angle. His little corner is a small town in northern Norway which gained world renown in 1939 and may reach the headlines any day again: Narvik, the port from which Sweden's valuable iron ore used to be shipped abroad. He arrived in this town in June, 1930, to hang out his shingle as a lawyer. A married young man of less than thirty years, he settled down

without much ado to make a living. To read his modest story, you would not realize that he also happened to be one of the burning young idealists who were helping to make Norway a country of social progress and decent living for everybody. It comes as a surprise to the reader, as it apparently came as a surprise to Broch himself, when the workers of the town decided that this youngster was just the man to be elected Mayor of Narvik.

Broch is a lawyer and he is political-minded. He does not miss anything in telling about the development of his law practice. Nor does he miss anything in describing the social structure and politics of the town and countryside, not even the links between this distant spot of human habitation and world events which deprived the people of the town of their livelihood during the world economic crisis in the early thirties and brought seeming prosperity as the great military powers started pouring in ships to get out Swedish iron ore from across the mountains. His description of the invasion and the invader, of the fighting and the civilian resistance, is meticulous.

But it is all incidental to his main tale, a human story about the people, about friends and family, of Ellen, his wife, and of little Siri, their daughter, both of whom he had to leave behind as he fled from a death sentence, and who were later to meet him in the Middle West of this country, where his book most appropriately has found its publisher. And the Norseman from the land of the Midnight Sun, but above all of weeks and months of winter darkness, tells more than a human story. He tells a story full of humor. Broch relates how one Major Quisling arrived in Narvik late in 1938: "He had just resigned from active military service to devote himself to his philosophical and political studies and was to give a lecture in the Temperance Hall. A rather large group attended. It had been a long time since a circus had been in town." Broch tells of the rescue of the British consular officials who during the invasion had lived in a tool shed in the mountains. One of them knew Norwegian, but the others had pretended to be deaf-mutes when people happened by. After the naval battle of April 13 the cabin had been packed with German sailors who raged and cursed at the British; and Consul Gibbs, shaking his head and smiling, had poured coffee for the uninvited guests. Typically good-natured and dumb Norwegians, the Germans must have thought as they enjoyed the coffee.

At one stage of the invasion Mayor Broch took a German prisoner. "The corporal clicked his heels and declared himself to be my personal prisoner," writes Broch. "I clicked my own heels a little to make it official. But I am afraid I scratched my head in a rather unmilitary fashion. What was I going to do with the poor devil? When I just asked him to disappear, the corporal regained his dignity to a considerable extent and asked for a receipt for his pistol. I became brusque once more and tried to look as mad as a colonel at morning parade. What? Did he not know the simplest war rules? Baggage checks are not issued in such instances!"

Broch has now enlisted and is back in the firing line in the British Isles. His wife and little girl are still with us in the United States and may treasure with us one of the finest literary monuments to the spirit of the Norwegians.

Myklebost has done an entirely different job. Although he lived through the two months of actual warfare on Norwegian soil and a good part of the occupation period, his person does not appear. His ambition has clearly been to provide a faithful record of Norway's fight as a whole. He does not presume to be the historian of the epoch. He is journalistic in his presentation of the facts. But they are the facts. And the facts are enriched by the experience of an eyewitness and participant. Here is the story of the workers' organizations, the teachers, the clergy, the members of the Storting (Norway's Parliament), the members of the fighting forces of Norway, documents on the muddle of German administration and the inhumanity of Nazi methods. Mr. Quisling is given his due. From it all the perseverance and strength of the democratic way of life emerge.

BJARNE BRAATØY

Lessons of Dieppe

WE LANDED AT DAWN: THE STORY OF THE DIEPPE RAID. By A. B. Austin. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

DRESS REHEARSAL: THE STORY OF DIEPPE. By Quentin Reynolds. Random House. \$2.

THE Dieppe raid last August was far more than a commando operation. Two commando units took part, and their tasks were to put out of action the two big German coastal batteries to the east and west of Dieppe; if they failed, the whole raid would be smashed. The bulk of the troops, however, were picked battalions of infantry, some of whom prided themselves on being highly trained all-around soldiers and not "just beach-grabbing desperados." In addition to the ground forces, almost as many men of the navy and air force were involved in the battle, for this was a one-day miniature invasion of the Continent.

Rehearsal for war is even more vital than for a play. The Italian rehearsal was in Ethiopia, the Japanese in China, and the German, most brutal and thorough of all, against the Spanish Loyalists. Dieppe, although on a much smaller scale, was a rehearsal of the most complex form of warfare ever known, for here 10,000 men of all three services had to play their parts in coordination and pick up their cues on the minute.

As Mr. Austin points out, a bewildering number of speeds had to be calculated exactly—the speed of the mine-sweepers that cleared the path, the transports that followed, the landing barges moving through the surf, the men cutting barbed wire, the tanks crawling up the shingle beaches, the fighter planes providing the umbrella overhead. For ten minutes just before dawn the warships were to fire 1,780 shells on to the 1,780 yards of the beach; Quentin Reynolds noted that the barrage opened as the second hand of his watch hit the minute. At one point the men ashore asked the headquarters ship to get their cliff screened with smoke, and within two minutes Boston bombers were laying artificial clouds on them.

The whole operation was much too intricate and too secret for any one reporter to see or reveal all its phases. Mr. Austin covered Dieppe for the British newspapers, Mr. Reynolds

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CITY STATE

for *Collier's*. Apart from the main outlines, there is scarcely any duplication in their two books. Mr. Reynolds, who calls so many distinguished persons by their first names, traveled to Dieppe de luxe on the headquarters destroyer, and the brandy was on the King. Mr. Austin had to pay one and sixpence, cash down, for his 1:45 a. m. pork-chop breakfast; he was to land at dawn with Commando 4—men for whom the government had bought one-way, not round-trip, tickets to the English port of embarkation. Mr. Reynolds was disappointed in his hope of getting ashore, but his day was no less dangerous than Mr. Austin's. One of the bombs that hit his ship killed two of the four men with whom he was standing on the deck and seriously wounded the other two, but only knocked a gold inlay out of a Reynolds tooth.

"Dress Rehearsal" should be read first—an amusing and varied hors d'oeuvre. Like "Tristram Shandy," it does not cling closely to the subject, but wanders about among the high adventures of a super-duper correspondent taking a war in his genial stride. We learn at some length that Mr. Reynolds's secretary was so remarkable that she could get a Cabinet minister to serve as a pianist at a London party; that Herbert Marshall once gave a honey of a party for Mr. Reynolds in Hollywood; and that Lord Louis Mountbatten, like Jack Dempsey, Ernest Hemingway, and Clark Gable, has "that indefinable something called color," unlike Sergeant York, John Steinbeck, and Paul Muni, who haven't. Mr. Reynolds, too, has color.

Mr. Austin had so keen an interest in the Dieppe expedition that long before the raid he made practice night landings with the beach-head infantry and even taught some skeptical Scotsmen how to swim in their Mae Wests. When he went ashore with Commando 4, he came as near as he could to fighting alongside them; he prepared mortar shells for firing and carried messages up and down a defile in the cliff under fire.

Both authors agree that the Dieppe raid was not the success that had been hoped for. Commando 3 was slaughtered in the barges and on the beach because it had encountered in the darkness off shore a German convoy which warned the shore defenders of its approach. Of the 5,000 Canadians who formed the bulk of the landing troops, 3,350 were killed, wounded, or missing. Ninety-eight planes were lost that day.

Napoleon and Hitler quailed before the staggering task of sending invasion armies from east to west across the English Channel. Mr. Austin and Mr. Reynolds believe, from the experience gained in the dress rehearsal at Dieppe, that the feat can be accomplished, from west to east, by England and America. To Mr. Austin the most important lesson was that the defensive power of the German air force in Western Europe could be broken. Mr. Reynolds suggests that on another occasion the British bombing force may well be used to soften up the enemy's coastal defenses with an intensive two-hour preliminary barrage of bombs; this was not done at Dieppe because it would have sacrificed surprise. He thinks also that parachute troops attacking from behind might be of great value, and he notes that General Eisenhower, after studying the Dieppe results, made good use of parachute troops in the descent on North Africa.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

Frank Norris

FRANK NORRIS, A STUDY. By Ernest Marchand. Stanford University Press. \$3.

AS MR. MARCHAND'S bibliography indicates, there have been few exhaustive studies of Frank Norris. He received quite his share of critical attention from his contemporaries, and while the struggle over naturalism was at its height he was the *bête noire* of the genteel reviewers. Eventually he won wider acceptance; after his untimely death many journals suffered a change of heart, and favorable estimates and appreciations of his work began to appear. But even after the cause which Frank Norris espoused all his life won a victory in American letters, Norris himself gained little from it, and despite his popularity, his stature has, on the whole, diminished. Mr. Marchand's study makes no attempt to establish him in greater eminence. He follows closely Norris's development and evaluates his writing with an equal sympathy for its virtues and its weaknesses.

Norris's shortcomings, as Mr. Marchand shows, were largely those of impatience. He had little use for self-conscious artistry, which to him connoted only the effeteness of the aesthete and the poetaster. "Who cares for fine style! Tell your yarn and let your style go to the devil. We don't want literature, we want life." His appetite for life led him to the development of a style rich in detail and heavy in rhythm, keyed to the power and the brutality which he found everywhere in nature. And yet his style was no more than the measure of his temperament, not the disciplined form of the artist but the inconsistent expression of the man. At times it had dignity and simplicity; but more often it was burdened with a romantic extravagance and fell into the very clichés of the genteel moralists whom Norris despised.

His impatience with style was a result of an even more fundamental impatience with abstract thought. Norris was a poor theorist, and like many of his generation he could embrace the cult of the strong man with a belief in the social responsibility of the individual. In "The Octopus" his spokesman, Presley, reflects his own confusion in recognizing the injustice of railroad monopoly while holding that the abuse of power is inevitable, a manifestation of the same force which underlies all growth. The universe was governed by blind and neutral, if not brutal, force; and yet he believed, or tried to believe, that all things worked resistlessly for the good. Apparently he regarded his confusion as a token of his fidelity to nature.

Perhaps nowhere was his confusion so much in evidence as in the conception of naturalism to which both his thought and his temperament led him. He had none of Zola's scientific control of the medium. His sub-plots, the characters and episodes he introduced for relief, always betrayed him. In the middle of a powerful, objective narrative he could present a sentimental love story, as in "McTeague," or a lush, mystical melodrama as in "The Octopus," and treat these digressions with as much care and sincerity as he gave to his major passages, thereby revealing himself a naturalist in conception and in detail, but a romantic at heart.

Marchand's very successful study fails, I believe, at only one point. He does not devote sufficient attention to Norris's symbolism, that phase of his work in which, as with all

artists, his power can best be judged. The epic theme of his uncompleted Wheat Trilogy, considered as symbolism, has great scope, almost as universal as Melville's white whale. It could have been developed with even greater force, for it was a symbol of the natural world, while Melville, for all his intensity, achieved only a metaphysical signification. But Norris's symbol of the growing wheat has power only as symbol and only in so far as its meaning is self-contained and not rendered explicit. Unlike Melville, whose symbolism was so vast that it absorbed all possible levels of explication, Norris is not content to present the symbolic object alone, and he rather detracts from it by his uncertain interpretation when he identifies it both with the indifference of the universe and the nîsus toward the good. A symbol can always remain powerful on its own level; when its meaning is shown forth on the level of the natural world through narrative and invention it strikes a greater power and an even greater depth. Norris could not accomplish this merging of the symbolic and natural levels of art. His characters are neither great individuals nor great types, and the lives they lead seldom have more than the significance local to the story. His depiction of love, in particular, does not carry convincingly the overtones of the theme with which he appears to endow it. In "The Octopus" the symbol of the growing wheat has a lofty splendor out of all proportion to the banality of love's counterpart; in "The Pit" it disappears entirely.

But if the symbol of nature remained always outside his work, the presence of nature was fully realized. The force of his temperament and the passion of his perception seldom deserted him, and the world he depicted has color, size, and conviction. Nature may have been as much a theater as a stage, but the dramatic power with which he realized his episodes sustained even melodrama, and the figures which move through his pages show a clarity of characterization which never failed to give them life.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

Power and Justice

THE WORLD AFTER WAR. By Henry Bamford Parkes. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$2.50.

THOUGH Professor Parkes's discussion of post-war international problems is modest in both compass and spirit, it is more profound than most of the treatises which beat the tom-toms for this or that panacea. The author has a firm grasp of political realities. He understands the relation of power to justice. He believes that "if conceptions of justice were excluded from politics, life would not be worth living, but it is only by the exercise of power that men can enjoy the security which makes justice possible."

A part of his book is devoted to an analysis of the failure to establish a workable international order after the last war. He believes that the victorious nations failed to keep the peace largely because they failed to preserve the unity of preponderant power by which they won the war. This analysis of past failure determines his prescription for success after this war: "Those nations who make the peace settlement must retain overwhelming superiority of power

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over any nation who might wish to change it; and must be willing if necessary to use it." The United Nations "must be prepared to police the world—and they must exercise this power not for a few years only but for generations."

His answer to the problem of international anarchy will be regarded by some as an imperialistic solution. He envisages no Anglo-Saxon imperialism, but rather a kind of hierarchy of imperial unifications, with the four dominant members of the United Nations—Russia, Britain, China, and America—maintaining an indisputable hegemony. Before this solution is rejected out of hand it would be well to follow Dr. Parkes's refutation of alternative solutions.

His arguments against either the possibility or desirability of Continental federations, whether on the European continent or in the American hemisphere, seem to me quite un-

answerable. The inadequacy of either a league or a federation is convincingly established. If there is to be a stable world order, there must be no question where the power lies; and responsibility and power must be commensurate.

Whether a stable peace could be achieved upon the basis of the preponderant power of the larger United Nations would depend upon their ability to remain united; whether the peace would be just would depend upon the internal and external checks which could be placed upon the exercise of preponderant power. On the first question Professor Parkes considers the various causes of friction between the four great powers and comes to the conclusion that the self-interest of each would predispose it toward the maintenance of unity and peace. On the question of the relation of the Western world to Russia he is particularly wise and measured, believing that a permanent accord with Russia is both possible and necessary. He would hold the larger nations together by something less than a federation and more than an alliance and depend upon historical forces to weld the various parts together more solidly. His whole approach is an example of historical rather than of abstract political thinking.

On the second question the author believes that the democratic character of the dominant nations would serve as an internal check upon their exercise of power. He is right in observing that the history of the past decade proves with what difficulty democratic powers can be prompted to engage even in wars of self-defense. This implies that they would be even less likely to engage in wars of aggression. The weakest part of his argument probably consists in his failure to do full justice to the peril of economic and political exploitation by the dominant powers short of actual military aggression upon weaker powers. It is this peril of injustice which drives so many good democrats to consider utopian rather than historical solutions of the world problem. There is indeed no adequate guaranty against injustice in any possible workable scheme of world order. The trouble with less dangerous schemes than the coagulation of dominant power at the center of a world order is that the peril of a new anarchy is greater, in them, than the peril of injustice in a United Nations plan.

Professor Parkes has a lively sense of the relativity of all historical justice and concedes that no one group of powers has an absolute or abstract right to maintain its rule. He goes too far, however, in finally denying that the idea of justice is relevant to international relations. He declares: "The concept of 'justice' can be applied only to the relationships of individuals and not to nations." If that were true the Nazis would be right. He implicitly refutes his own disavowal of the morality of international relations by seeking for a solution of the international problem which will guarantee both order and justice. It is of course true that no historical order ever corresponds to an abstract conception of justice, because the accidents of power do not fully correspond to the requirements of justice. That is, incidentally, as true of individual as of collective relations. Professor Parkes's lapse into moral cynicism was probably just a slip. For in his introduction he formulates the problem correctly. He declares: "Power without justice is the objective of Germany and Japan; but justice without power is too often the aim of liberal idealists."

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

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IN BRIEF

TRAIL OF THE MONEY BIRD. By Dillion Ripley. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

HEADHUNTING IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS. By Caroline Mytinger. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

As part of a very informal expedition sailing in a fifty-foot schooner from the Atlantic coast, the author of the first of these books hunted birds in the Solomons and in New Guinea for the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences. The author of the second was half of an even more informal expedition, consisting exclusively of herself and a girl friend, which set out with no backing and very little money to do crayon portraits of the aborigines in the Solomons—the idea being that the way there and back could be paid for with portraits of white subjects picked up along the route. Both authors had the good fortune to discover a few years later that the public had developed a new interest in the regions visited, and both books give very interesting sidelights on what life is like there. Neither draws a picture likely to attract tourists, and Miss Mytinger's account of Guadalcanal is quietly hair-raising. Quite aside from topical appeal, both books are unusually interesting and unhackneyed travel literature. Mr. Ripley, who is only a beginning ornithologist and was a graduate student at Columbia when he was invited to make the trip, writes modestly and well about the birds he saw and the adventures he had. Miss Mytinger, who was probably a problem child not so very long ago, is funny as well as vivid in describing the scrapes she and her friend got out of as well as into. Of course both she and Mr. Ripley had their bouts with malaria.

EXPERIENCING AMERICAN PICTURES. By Ralph M. Pearson. Harper and Brothers. \$3.75.

Contemporary American art is here as- sayed in the light of the formal values which modernism emphasizes. It is not found so wanting as one might expect. Mr. Pearson is perhaps too literal-minded in applying his test, and he writes very badly, but there is a basis for his every judgment, right or wrong. He has earnestness, sincerity, and knowledge. Also, he examines seriously comic strips, advertising, and magazine art, and makes some shrewd points about Bud Fisher and the *New Yorker* cartoonists. If only Mr. Pearson had the

power to generalize as well as observe; as it is, his book is disjointed, and quite boring except when some specific work of art is being dealt with. Mr. Pearson is also inconsistent. He underrates John Sloan simply because Sloan puts no obvious stress upon abstract values, but he is much impressed by such painters as Castellon, Berman, and Albright, who have nothing except their bright, hard finish and showy subjects. The abstract values are present in Sloan's work all right, but they are not advertised in the way Mr. Pearson has come to expect.

POEMS OF THIS WAR BY YOUNGER POETS. Edited by Patricia Ledward and Colin Strang. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

The contributors to this English anthology have three things in common: they are all young, they are all comparatively unknown, and they are all a trifle anemic. Two or three exceptions could, at a pinch, be made; and one undoubtedly should be. The poems of David Gascoyne, and especially his *Elegy* for R. R., distinguish themselves by their depth of feeling and their grace of gesture; the poems of Nicholas Moore by their continually unembarrassed loquaciousness; and those of Alan Rock by their absence of fat matter and by a kind of awkward nobility. Apart, however, from these three poets, there appears to be very little call here for individual congratulations. What is finest about this anthology is the general climate of all the contributions; for under the stress of the war these poets have retained the prerogative of being themselves even to the point of the precious. It is to be regretted that, with the three exceptions named, so little has emerged from their determination.

THREE GREEK TRAGEDIES IN TRANSLATION. By David Grene. The University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.

"Oedipus Tyrannus," "Prometheus Bound," and "Hippolytus" have not been too well treated by English translators, unless you care for Gilbert Murray, who has reduced all three to soda water. David Grene is not a poet; a *fortiori* not a bad poet. He has had the novel and sensible notion of rendering in prose the parts of the plays that do not reach the highest intensities; this avoids the unbearable monotony of the stiffly handled forms into which most English translators have forced the flexible Greek meters. The verse passages, in blank verse or bumpy rhythms which

Grene seems to take for free verse, are less successful, but very honest with the Greek and quite free from archaisms and poetasters' clichés. The straightforward approach to the problems of translation and the excellent general introduction and penetrating critical studies of the several plays make this volume by far the best in English for readers, with tastes formed since 1914, who want a good "general impression" of Greek tragedy.

LONDON CALLING. Edited by Storm Jameson. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

As a gift, a tribute, and an apology Storm Jameson sends us this collection of stories, essays, and poems to be sold for the U. S. O. England has no other way than this, as she explains in her introduction, of making a return for the bundles and hospitality to the children, and she hopes that the true voices of the best-known British writers may help to remove our misunderstandings that arise from ignorance. Thirty-two writers welcomed the opportunity to send contributions. The historian G. M. Trevelyan compared the first Anglo-Saxon settlements with those of their descendants in New England. Harold Laski wrote on Lincoln, Phyllis Bentley on Cooper. Rebecca West told of her domestic calamities when Alexander Woollcott came to dinner, and Noel Streatfeild shared the plucky pages of her blitz diary. There is something for every taste in this *douceur* given with such graciousness and good-will.

Drama Note

EVIDENCE continues to accumulate that the war is having a peculiar effect on the taste of the New York audience. Whether that audience itself is differently composed or whether the stress of the times is making it forget its sophistication—in the good as well as the bad sense of the term—I have no way of knowing, but it is repeatedly demonstrating an unmistakable disposition to accept with good grace plays which two years ago it would have scornfully recommended as suited only for the country cousin. "This Rock" (Longacre Theater) is another case in point. The notices it drew were of the sort generally regarded as fatal, and yet when I dropped in nearly a week later I found an audience which stood to applaud after the curtain had gone down. Part of the applause was no doubt a tribute to Billie Burke, who can still exhibit what was inevitably de-

scribed as her "fluttery charm" and who has, besides, a real comedienne's gift. But I think the audience also genuinely liked the broadly sentimental piece about an English country family which learns to love the slum children wished on it by a solicitous government. It follows pretty closely the lines you would expect and inevitably includes the spoiled daughter who falls in love with the young airman born out of her class. I found myself thinking how much William Winter would have liked the play and of the review he would inevitably have written, drawing the contrast between its healthy feeling and the morbidity of Ibsen or the impudence of Shaw. But the audience of 1943 is also evidently in the mood for simple pleasures, and "This Rock" is competently written and well played—by the standards appropriate to drama on this level.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC


BERNARD SHAW, writing in 1892, speaks of Verdi's "Trovatore," "Ballo in Maschera," "Ernani," and so on as "that ultra-classical product of Romanticism, the grandiose Italian opera in which the executive art consists in a splendid display of personal heroics, and the drama arises out of the simplest and most universal stimulants to them." Having defined the executive art they require, he ascribes the popular misconception of them to "performances in which the superb distinction and heroic force of the male characters, and the tragic beauty of the women, have been burlesqued by performers with every sort of disqualification for such parts, from age and obesity to the most excruciating phases of physical insignificance and modern cockney vulgarity." Describing them as "that dynasty of execrable impostors in tights and tunics, interpolating their loathsome B flats into the beautiful melodies they could not sing, and swelling with conceit when they were able to finish 'Di quella pira' with a high C capable of making a stranded man-of-war recoil off a reef into mid-ocean," he says that to blame Verdi is "much as if Dickens had blamed Shakespeare for the absurdities of Mr. Wopsle."

Today at the Metropolitan one hears "La Forza del Destino" conducted by Bruno Walter with respect, affection, care, and musical understanding; one hears the work as a whole, treated in this way, come into existence with validity, power, style; one hears not only the dramatic force of the music but its loveliness, its exquisitely wrought delicacy. But the "superb distinction and heroic force of the male characters and the tragic beauty of the women" are still burlesqued by the unimpressive appearance, the lunging and clutching and arm-waving of Kurt Baum, Leonard Warren, and Zinka Milanov, whom I heard at an evening performance; by the bellowing of Mr. Baum throughout the evening, except for the few moments when he lay wounded and, singing quietly, sang with surprising beauty of voice and phrasing; by the occasional shouting of Mr. Warren, who when he did not shout charmed the ear with the rich sonority of his voice; by the occasional tremolo-ridden shrieking of Miss Milanov, who at other times produced sounds of ravishing beauty. Ezio Pinza, on the other hand, was, as always, impressive in appearance, movement, and singing.

The lunging and clutching and arm-waving don't occur only in performances of Verdi's operas; they are the absurd clichés and mannerisms to which most singers reduce the plastic movement that is—like the singing of the words which makes it necessary—one of the expressive means, one of the conventions of opera. In itself this convention is no more absurd than any other; it becomes absurd only when it is absurdly used; and what dignity, expressiveness, and force it can have one may observe in the Orfeo, the Fricka, the Marina of Kerstin Thorborg. And what it can be when it is the medium of one of those singing actors who command stage and audience like sovereigns by their mere presence, their imagination and feeling, their communicative intensity, one may observe in the Leonore, the Marschallin, the Elisabeth, the Sieglinde of Lotte Lehmann. One may observe them, that is, in so far as the Metropolitan permits; and one of the things the Metropolitan has to answer for is the fact that during the years when Lehmann was still singing Leonore in Salzburg the American public was deprived of an impersonation which takes its place in operatic history with things like Chaliapin's Boris.

The Metropolitan's production of Strauss's "Rosenkavalier," however, still offers Lehmann's Marschallin, which remains a wonderful and affecting achievement even though much of the subtle detail of the impersonation and much of the singing do not reach a person in row Z of the huge auditorium. It creates, in fact, the one bit of reality and truth not only amid the clutter of cliché and mannerism of the performance but amid the clutter of the trashy work itself. Of the other principals in the performance I attended Eleanor Steber, when she got rid of an initial tremolo, sang the part of Sophie exquisitely; Risé Stevens, the Oktavian, did not get rid of her tremolo throughout the evening; Emanuel List half-talked his way through the part of Baron Ochs with the quavering remains of a voice; Julius Huehn's Faninal was one of the Metropolitan's most grotesque errors in casting; and Elwood Gary sang the Italian aria well. Having read about Erich Leinsdorf's unauthoritative conducting, I watched and listened to his work very attentively, and found it technically expert and authoritative and musically effective. But then I have no ax to grind.

B. H. HAGGIN



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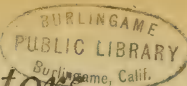
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Letters to the Editors

Let the "Sun" Rise

Dear Sirs: As a subscriber to *The Nation*, may I thank you for the two excellent articles by Keith Hutchison in which he tells The Truth About the A. P.? I'm speaking for myself, but I believe I express the gratitude of all Chicagoans. We are keenly interested in the Department of Justice's case against the A. P. because we want to see our new morning newspaper, the *Chicago Sun*, get the break it deserves.

As you know, for many years we have had to swallow the "news" as it is manufactured by the *Chicago Tribune*. Pick up almost any issue of the *Tribune*, and you'll find at least one-half of the first page devoted to editorials, made to look like news, attacking the New Deal, especially Washington personalities. For weeks now we've read about Harry Hopkins's dinner, and recently New York City has been bitterly attacked (it seems that some brass hat from Washington was spotted in a New York night club).

Marshall Field has been making every possible effort to give Chicago a good morning newspaper. He hasn't hesitated to fire expensive talent which failed to capture the Chicago outlook. He has added many fine columnists. Some of these are pro-New Deal and some of them are anti-New Deal. He has promoted persons in lesser positions to jobs of real responsibility if they showed talent. (Recently he made Milburn P. Akers, his political editor, the managing editor—and excellent results are already evident.)

I mention these points because they show that Mr. Field is genuinely interested in giving Chicago the best—and it is entitled to the best. It is entitled, among other things, to the A. P. wire service. The people of Chicago—and not Mr. Field—will benefit from it. Heaven knows he has all the money he needs, all the fame, all the everything that a man could ask for. When selfish members of the A. P. deny the *Sun* their service, they are robbing the people, not the owner of the paper.

Mr. Field's competitor, Bertie McCormick, continually harps on the freedom of the press. There are columns of space devoted to the subject in his paper, and recently he began a series of radio talks. He believes in freedom of

the press—so long as it applies to the *Tribune*. He doesn't believe in it for the *Sun*. He simply says that the *Sun* is not a newspaper!

Perhaps your readers know that the *Tribune* has printed articles and cartoons viciously attacking Mr. Field. It has called him almost everything in the book, concentrating particularly on his social activities and his war record. The *Tribune's* point of view is that the *Sun* doesn't deserve Chicago's support, because it doesn't like the publisher personally.

One more example of the two newspapers' handling of news: The *Sun* has printed (with special permission) the A. P.'s point of view in the Department of Justice's case against it. The *Sun* has refrained from editorials on the subject. On the other hand, the *Tribune* twists every story pertaining to the case to suit its own selfish interest.

I don't know how the case will come out. The members of the A. P. are powerful and influential. One thing is sure: If the *Tribune* and the A. P. win the case, then neither newspapers nor the American people deserve freedom of the press, or freedom of anything else.

STEPHEN TEDOR

Chicago, February 13

Oxenstierna

Dear Sirs: Well, what the devil did Oxenstierna say 300 years ago? (See Albert Guérard's review of "The Road to Vichy" in your issue of February 13.)

LOWBROW MORON

New York, February 13

Dear Sirs: in re Oxenstierna.

Text: Oxenstierna, Swedish chancellor at the time of the Thirty Years' War, told his son: "Go, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed."

Commentary: We are told, from day to day, "Be still, children: Father knows best!" We realize, from year to year and from decade to decade, Father's egregious mistakes. I believe John Doe, the common man, has a sounder conception of diplomacy than the Career Boys. Not that John Doe is more intelligent, or better informed, than Metternich or Talleyrand. But because they are "realists," the professionals think in terms of the past: the past is "real," the fu-

ture is "shadowy." Therefore they pay excessive attention to vested interests which are inevitably special interests. Their one desire is to preserve or restore the status quo, perfectly defined as "the mess we are in."

It was said that "the machine is an excellent servant but a bad master." The same ought to be said of professional diplomacy. John Doe's heart is in the right place. Let him assert himself. He wants a saner world and should not be gypped out of it by the clever sub-realists.

ALBERT GUERARD

Stanford University, Cal., February 20

Karolyi and Bela Kun

Dear Sirs: Revolutions intrinsically tend to extremes. This is probably the reason why the Gironde is never successful and only history decides in its favor. It is gratifying, therefore, that Lucien Vogel, in his brilliant analysis of legitimacy published in your issue of February 3, discounted the final judgment of Clio on the government of Count Michael Karolyi in 1918. May I correct two slight errors marring his otherwise flawless argument? When General d'Espérey, or rather the Big Four, refused to recognize the Karolyi government, there was as yet no Hungarian white army. This army was organized many months later at Szeged under the protection of the French occupation forces.

Of more importance is the erroneous statement that Karolyi "released from prison the Communist leader, Bela Kun, and turned the government over to him." This happens to be one of the conventional historical lies on which the Horthy regime forged the moral foundation of its existence. In two judgments passed in the trials of the People's Commissars and Matthias Rakosi (whose counsel I was), the court, referring to conclusive evidence, declared in the reasoning of the sentences that Karolyi or his government neither released the imprisoned Communist leaders nor turned the government over to them. What, indeed, happened was that Karolyi hoped to appoint a Social Democratic government to get the support of the proletariat against pressure brought upon him by unjustified demands of the Allies. Meanwhile, a member of his government, with two Socialist leaders, came to terms with the

imprisoned Communists. The staging of this putsch was easy because the strongest unions were under Communist influence.

To question this judicial statement would be inadmissible, for the courts in Horthy's Hungary were and are certainly not biased in favor of Karolyi. In the light of the adage, *On n'est jamais trahi que par les siens*, he always will be the arch-traitor of the Magyar fascist-feudal caste.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

New York, February 16

"The Itching Parrot"

Dear Sirs: It may seem a long way back to the review by Lionel Trilling—in your issue of March 28 last—of the Mexican classic "The Itching Parrot" by José Joaquín Fernández de Lizardi, of which an English translation by Katherine Anne Porter has appeared under the imprint of Doubleday, Doran and Company. A sheer coincidence made me reread the review: a friend presented me with a copy of the Spanish original—an almost unobtainable book in England just now—and the evening I finished what I believe to be a fourth perusal of "El Periquillo sarniento" I came across the back number of *The Nation* with the review. Naturally, I compared my own impressions of the book with those of the reviewer, and the first query that came to my mind was: are my impressions based on the original only—for I have not seen the translation—and are the reviewer's based only on the translation? I think it must be so, because, to judge from the review, the translator does not seem to have achieved the impossible. Your reviewer says: "Miss Porter's translation is a model of firm, simple prose in the manner of the eighteenth-century masters of realism; but she tells us that the allusive and obscene language of the original will not submit to translation." Miss Porter's contention is right, and I hope she will not take it amiss if I add that Lizardi's Spanish is very far from being firm, simple prose and that to transmute it by his highly flexible vernacular—indeed, conversational—Spanish into firm, simple English is to transform an itching parrot into a somewhat sedate and tidy macaw without an itch on his whole body! Does that explain, perhaps, why your reviewer found the book a bore?

There need be, however, no mistake about one thing. This book does contain if not the secret at least some of

the best interpretations and presentation of Mexican psychology to be found in literature. It can be compared with the Chilean work "El Roto" and the Argentine works "Don Segundo Sombra" and "Martin Fierro," for in a sense it does for Mexico what those books have done for the southern republics.

The Mexican reader can see in it reflections of the workings of his own mind; and that is its principal secret. No blame to the translator for not being able to make those of us with entirely different traditions and psychological make-up see in it the workings of our minds; the genius of the two languages is so different, and the difficulties of translation so great, that most of the subtlety of the original must be inevitably lost. To translate such works is like trying to make a dish of tamales into a dish of Irish stew. No literature is more difficult to convey in translation than Spanish; the same may be said of Spanish American classics. Not one translation conveys one-half of what is in "Don Quijote."

Your reviewer does not think that any great original powers of intellect can be claimed for the author of "The Itching Parrot." In company with dozens of the best Mexican critics, and those of other countries also, I disagree—absolutely. For, in spite of the faults and blemishes in the book, one has to admit that the author succeeded in the difficult task of giving us an entirely convincing and in parts very amusing picture of a complex period in the history of his country. He has produced a most valuable social document, some say the transcendental novel of Mexico, with remarkable sketches of representative types and keen psychological insight into the vices and virtues of a very solid section of his people—all written in a most readable if not academically perfect style. The picture and the types are drawn so clearly that when one sees them one grasps the reason for much of Mexico's history. Such an achievement, surely, indicates considerable powers of intellect. Of how many English or American novels can one say the same?

"The Itching Parrot" is without any doubt a "key book" for those—especially foreigners—who wish to understand Mexico. Hence, the translator has rendered a great service, and if she has not entirely succeeded in producing the perfect last-word translation, to judge by your reviewer's tribute she has produced one pleasant to read which should help and encourage those who

might some day tackle the original. For, as with every great book written in Spanish, or any other language, it is always the original which contains most, and this book is the gateway to an understanding of the country which seems destined to have a profound influence on Spanish America of the future. It is therefore of first-class importance.

CHARLES DUFF,

Editor, *Spanish News Letter*,
Translator of Quevedo's Works

London, January 9

Miss Porter Adds a Comment

Dear Sirs: A number of persons, some of them good friends, all of them well disposed to my work, have confessed that they simply (simply!) could not be interested in "The Itching Parrot." Some of them don't like picaresque novels in any language. Others thought it not a good example of the kind. And others thought it was cut too much. (I agree.) This dismayed me as translator, for I found the book interesting in Spanish and naturally have an indulgent eye for the curtailed version in English. This is not altogether self-love, for I had a regiment (or anyway a squad) of collaborators and advisers, some of them extremely well informed on the subject and all of them marvelously opinionated. Also I was guided in the first working over by a *borador* made by Mr. Pressly, a good knowledgeable, if sketchy, translation. Toward the end I took flight in the most cowardly manner, leaving the manuscript to its fate, pretending not to know what was being done to it; and I am not half so sorry as I should be, perhaps, when I consider the great number of serious, good criticisms I have had by letter from real authorities in the Spanish language, Spanish and South American literature, and intelligent admirers of Lizardi. And I feel that Mr. Elder certainly made the very best of his part of a bad bargain, for the final cutting is pretty adroit, I think.

My share in the book has been well rewarded in Mr. Duff's scholarly and courteous defense of my motives and methods in publishing the book in its present—and first—English version. He is most reassuring. All my gratitude to Mr. Duff for supporting me in the matter of untranslatable idiom, slang, and double meanings. The only way to translate them would be to hold up the progress of the story with a paragraph of explanation for every such word or phrase. For example: "*Todo lana es*

March 6, 1943

velo," or "All wool is hair." Is that all? Why, how pointless. Indeed? Look it up in the dictionary. As for my tidying up the Parrot, and turning him into a Macaw, that may have happened. But I did not assume "the manner of the eighteenth-century masters of realism." That manner is Lizardi's, and I found it comfortable because of the special influence upon me of eighteenth-century English prose: notably that of Lawrence Sterne; and Lizardi's style comes into English in just that manner. Even his slang, his racy phrases, have a mixture of formality in them, and as for the straightaway course, I open the book at random and translate at sight the first paragraph under my eye: "That which they call Fortune appeared quickly to have wearied of favoring me. I formed a close friendship with two rich merchants of Vera Cruz, who proposed to me that I should share with them in the negotiation of certain interesting contraband on board the frigate Amphytrite. . . ." Call that what you please, firm and simple, or eighteenth-century, or just plain prose, it is as near an exact translation as my mortal powers will allow. . . .

I have always been in favor of publishing the full and complete document, whatever it may be. I detest edited historical papers, novels cut in half when brought from one language to another. Yet, in the end, I consented and for a good reason. There was absolutely no prospect of getting it published in the original form. I should know, after ten years' trying, and fourteen publishers' rejections. I have the first version, in four big fat typewritten volumes, with a map of Mexico City for 1770 or thereabouts, a portrait of Lizardi, and the illustrations which appeared in the 1884 edition. They will probably never see daylight. The present version, I decided, was certainly better than none, for Mr. Duff is right in his belief that the book is important, and for precisely the reasons he gives.

As an inadequate expression of my thanks to Mr. Duff, I shall send him a copy of the translation, to judge for himself. (God willing that there is room for it on a ship and the ship shall arrive.) I stand by the translation, what there is of it. I wish it were all to do over again, perhaps it would be better next time. I shall be glad to see a full translation published by someone else. I can't do it again, there is not time, I must go on to the next thing. . . .

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

Ballston Spa, N. Y., February 15

The Truth Is . . .

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* of February 6 there appeared the regular Washington report of I. F. Stone, in the first part of which the writer discussed our government's decision to send a commission to investigate labor affairs in Bolivia. In discussing the composition of the commission Mr. Stone made the following comment, in utter disregard of the real facts: "The commission was picked at the State Department, and this may explain the absence of a C. I. O. member."

The truth is that a C. I. O. member was appointed and will most probably be in Bolivia by the time you read this letter. His name is Martin C. Kyne, an executive vice-president of the United Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Employees of America.

JOSEPH GODSON, Publicity Director,
United Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Employees of America
New York, February 8

Dear Sirs: The truth is, as Mr. Godson should have known, that the C. I. O. had a very difficult time getting the State Department to add a C. I. O. man to the commission, that Mr. Kyne was not appointed until after the rest of the commission had been named, and that my letter was written before Kyne was added to the commission.

I. F. STONE

Washington, February 15

Double Edge

Dear Sirs: Thanks very much for the poetry review by H. P. Lazarus in your issue of January 16. It struck home. For over twenty years I have been trying to understand the modern poets—particularly the poems published in *The Nation*.

M. M. FLANDERS

Chicago, Ill., February 7

Here's Hoping

Dear Sirs: Here's hoping that the final outcome of your campaign against the State Department is successful; that the democratic interpretation of policy accompanies our boys and our flag to foreign soil. It is more than a shame that good American lives should be lost for causes that are nullified by the unenlightened diplomacy in "high places." Rip Van Winkle woke up after twenty years. If the State Department is to come to sooner than that illustrious gentleman, the people will have to shake it rudely.

I. RESTES

New York, February 12

Thank You

Dear Sirs: Because of some particularly excellent recent numbers of *The Nation*, I cannot help thanking you for every article and for every word.

I am at a loss to say what I appreciate most—articles, essays or editorials. Each inconspicuous review of books or music is perfect. It is significant of the high level of your contributors that an article such as Britain Is Not Amused is bound to bear most effectively on the mind of the reader, although the facts are obsolete. FREDERICK BARDACH
Milwaukee, Wis., February 24

CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES G. PATTON is the militant young president of the National Farmers' Union. Committed to a policy of "security of the farm family . . . in an economy of abundance," the N. F. U. has become a major rival of the conservative "farm-bloc" organizations which have traditionally dominated American agriculture.

IRWIN EDMAN, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, has just returned from a trip covering many of the campuses of the Middle West.

RICHARD M. BENNETT, practicing architect and products designer, is assistant professor of architecture at Yale and visiting lecturer at Vassar.

JULIUS DEUTSCH, former Secretary of War of Austria, and a general in the Spanish Republican army, is now working in the European Council of the Free World Association.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL, professor of English at Loyola University, is the author of "Literary Opinion in America."

BJARNE BRAATTOY is a Norwegian author and journalist. In the recent reorganization of the foreign propaganda service of the Office of War Information he was appointed chief for Region 4, which covers the Scandinavian countries and the Baltic states.

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INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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CROSS-WORD PUZZLERS!

Please Notice

that with this week's cross-word puzzle all blind letters have been permanently eliminated. If you had an easy time with puzzles Nos. 1 and 2, you will find No. 3 and subsequent ~~are~~ much ~~more~~ difficult to solve.

We repeat: The continuance of this ~~new~~ feature depends largely upon the response from puzzle fans. Make sure to send us your suggestions and recommendations. Tell us if you want us to continue these puzzles. Tell us whether you prefer other types of puzzles—political, geographical, literary, or cryptogrammic brain-teasers.

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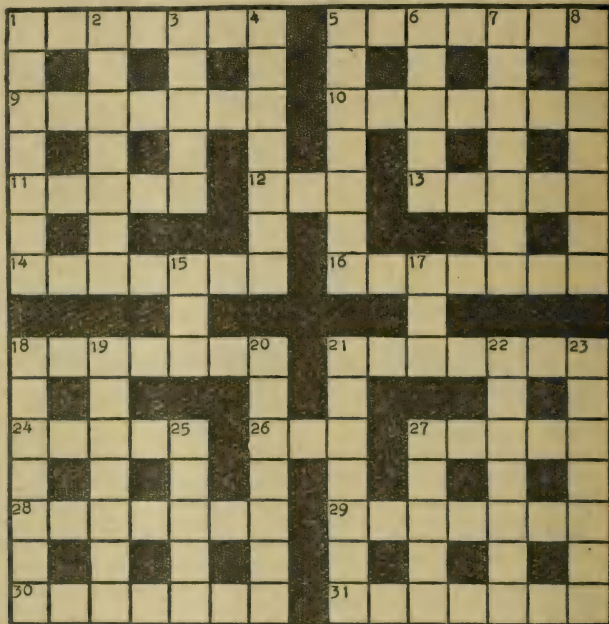
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 3

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 Father embraces the leading lady and is revealed for what he is
- 5 Sounds like a lugger, but it's a different sort of vessel
- 9 Little ones fell great oaks, according to Poor Richard
- 10 Property, and when backward they are set at S.E.
- 11 Feminine name
- 12 One great country in a thousand
- 13 A slow coach, judged by modern standards
- 14 Train without wheels
- 16 Liberality, with a capital letter
- 18 *The tale* is altered
- 21 These supporters may be spongers, and they quit when the fighting starts
- 24 Overseas telegram, or undersea wire
- 26 Bovine remark
- 27 A way they have in church
- 28 First thing Henry VIII decided to do when he came to the throne (two words, 3 and 4)
- 29 Effusive people, but welcome to oil prospectors
- 30 If you want *retorts* to be emphatic, try this for a change
- 31 "Go on, Ann!" (anagram)

DOWN

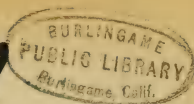
- 1 A spider is mixed up in this hopeless condition
- 2 Might take the form of a present, but it wouldn't be a very welcome one
- 3 A low joint, but not in the vulgar

- 4 "I am monarch of all I survey, My right there is none to -----" (Alex. Selkirk)
- 5 Form of elation that is the limit of your understanding
- 6 Barred entrances
- 7 Wanton mischief that might make a goat *rise*
- 8 Trying persons
- 15 Born in need
- 17 This bird would surely want to take a peck!
- 18 Makes a charge, though it sounds like what the polite marker may offer you
- 19 *Tabitha* reveals her place of abode
- 20 Stoats in their winter coats
- 21 As its head suggests, the effects of this cordial are not exceptionally rapid (two words, 4 and 3)
- 22 Something put by for a rainy day, perhaps (hyphen, 4 and 3)
- 23 Hat popularized by cowboys
- 25 Oh, run away and get married!
- 27 The parson loses his head and turns to crime

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1

ACROSS:—1 COMET; 4 EDITORIAL; 9 CARBINE; 10 HAUNTED; 11 ROLL; 12 SEDAN; 13 OGRE; 16 ASSAULT; 17 LITERAL; 18 HORNAIL; 22 AJLMENT; 24 MARY; 25 MADAM; 26 BEAR; 29 MANGLED; 30 DIURNAL; 31 CATAMARAN; 32 TARRY.
DOWN:—1 COCKROACH; 2 MARRLER; 3 THIN; 4 EVILREST; 5 ISHMAEL; 6 GONUS; 7 INTRODER; 8 LOMER; 14 DUMAS; 15 STYLE; 18 LATERALLY; 20 BARONET; 21 LEANDER; 22 ABANDON; 23 ELEANOR; 24 MIMIC; 27 FLUM; 28 BUST.

THE *Nation*



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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

361

EDITORIALS

- Strategic Frontiers and Collective Security 364
The Man-Power Muddle 365
While the Jews Die *by Freda Kirchwey* 366

ARTICLES

- Words Are Not Enough *by Archibald MacLeish* 368
What Has Happened to Hitler? *by Joachim Joesten* 372
Why Food Is Scarce—II. *by James G. Patton* 374
Seventy-five Years Ago in *The Nation* 376
How to Curb Absenteeism *by James A. Wechsler* 377
In the Wind 378

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

- Finland's "Peace" Offensive *by Jack Gerber* 379
The Yankees Arrive 380
Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 382
File and Remember 383

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- Notes by the Way *by Margaret Marshall* 384
To a Camoufleur. A Poem *by Lynn Riggs* 384
Under and After Mussolini *by Gaetano Salvemini* 385
War Primer for Civilians *by Robert K. Haas* 386
English Pageant *by Keith Hutchison* 387
Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 388
Out of the Old South *by Grace Adams* 390
In Brief 391
Art *by Jean Connolly* 391
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 392

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

393

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 4 *by Jack Barrett*

396

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The Shape of Things

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE OUR TROOPS landed in North Africa, the fortunes of political war on that front have begun to favor the cause of the United Nations as distinguished from their purely military interests. General Giraud has at last stated the simple proposition that a country freed from Nazi rule need not obey Nazi law. This new French revolution was encompassed in an eleven-word official paragraph, to wit: "A decree signed in Vichy is not valid in French Africa." What is more, the General's spokesman announced over the Algiers radio that Vichy "governs contrary to French national feeling" and that "nothing can be expected of this shadow government of prisoners and traitors." What is still more, the General specifically wiped out official anti-Semitism in North Africa, abolished the agency in charge of making life difficult for Jews, and dismissed the official who as recently as March 3 published Vichy racial decrees in the *Journal Officiel* of Algeria under the seal of Marshal Pétain and his Chief of Government, Pierre Laval. Even in Morocco, which is under the control of the unsavory General Nogué, government workers dismissed by Vichy were reinstated and the ban on foreign radio stations was lifted. For all these improvements we rejoice, but we do not imagine for a moment that the battle is over. Ground has been given slowly—under pressure, not out of conviction. Giraud and his regime, reports Drew Middleton of the New York Times, "continue to make surface moves toward liberal government and political reforms, but in most respects they are essentially the same as they were when they first took office. What is needed is a salesman who will convince them that the cause of the United Nations is just. They already know that that cause will win."

✱

THE BATTLE OF THE BISMARCK SEA TURNED out to be the most decisive in a long string of United Nations victories in the South Pacific. For the first time in modern warfare an entire convoy was destroyed by air action alone. While the American fliers undoubtedly had luck on their side in this engagement, the results can be laid primarily to careful preparation and effective teamwork. According to General MacArthur's official communiqué, the efficiency of the attack was extended to

the "mopping up of barges, lifeboats, and rafts from the sunken ships of the . . . convoy"; so that "practically all were destroyed [and] there was scarcely a single survivor." In the absence of more details on the exact location of the engagement, it is difficult to pass judgment on this aspect of the operations. If the sinkings occurred within a few miles of the convoy's destination at Lue, and a considerable number of Japanese troops were likely to get ashore with their equipment to continue the fight, such a massacre might be justified under the laws of war. But if our airmen merely indulged in the same sort of indiscriminate strafing of lifeboats which the Nazis have engaged in, the action is indefensible even against the most ruthless enemy.

✱

THE RECENT DRIVES LAUNCHED BY JAPAN to "drive China out of the war" now appear to have been far weaker than was first supposed. In no instance has the enemy gained more than transitory success. North of Shanghai a Japanese attempt to trap a Chinese force has failed, and the Japanese appear to have fallen back to their original positions. In Kiangsi they have been forced to withdraw in the same area in which they suffered a severe setback last summer. The greatest Japanese success was gained in the mid-winter offensive along the Burma frontier, but the force that had advanced some thirty-five miles northward into China along the west bank of the Salween is now reported to be in full retreat after a Chinese counter-attack. Japanese attacks in Hunan, Homan, and Suiyuan are also said to have been repulsed. Although China has been relieved by those victories from any immediate military threat, its critical economic and supply position is unimproved. The Allied campaign in Burma appears to have bogged down before it was fairly started, and recent reports from the American air force in China indicate that it has been only slightly strengthened since the days of the "Flying Tigers."

✱

NO ONE IN HIS SENSES—UNLESS HE WERE AN Axis agent—would knowingly stimulate the growth of feeling against Russia. Close relations between the Soviet Union and its allies are essential—today, for winning the war; tomorrow, for establishing a peaceful Europe. Hitler, knowing this, is doing his best to whip up dread of the "Bolshevik menace" among the people of the Allied countries and to encourage the tensions that have already developed. This is good strategy because feeling against Russia is undoubtedly growing. Stalin recognizes this tendency and knows its danger; he has several times gone out of his way to assert his faith in Allied unity. At the same time it must be admitted that the Anglo-American contribution to the war has in fact been minimized in his speeches and in the internal propaganda of the Soviet government. This belittling treatment of

United Nations aid has been something of a sore spot, but until this week's outburst by Ambassador Standley it was not a major issue, largely, we believe, because Americans and Englishmen know deep down that the thousands of tanks and planes we have contributed to the eastern front do not tip the balance against the millions of lives contributed by Russia. Now Standley has dragged the issue into the open, accusing the Soviet government of deliberately hiding from its people the facts concerning Anglo-American aid in order "to create the impression that they are fighting the war with their own resources." Indirectly, he has threatened that a continuation of this attitude might condition the extent of further lend-lease aid. As we go to press, it is impossible to say whether or not the Ambassador spoke with inspiration from Washington. From the undiplomatic tone of his remarks we suspect that he was sounding off on his own and that something in the way of an official repudiation will quickly follow.

✱

ON ANOTHER LEVEL AN IRRITANT TO GOOD relations with the Soviet Union is the execution of the Polish labor leaders—Ehrlich and Alter. The record of these men provides the strongest possible refutation of the charges of anti-war activity on which they were condemned by a Soviet court martial. They were not Socialists of a pacifist stripe. On the contrary, they helped organize the valiant resistance to the Nazis of the workers of Warsaw, and kept up the struggle long after the Polish government had fled. That they were anti-Communist is certain, but it is not easy to believe that, as Poles, stranded in Russia and wholly at the mercy of the Soviet government, they engaged in conspiracies against the regime. Whatever their offense, the act of the Russian military authorities has outraged opinion in other countries, especially among Socialist and Jewish workers, who were slowly coming to realize the need of closer ties with their fellow-workers in Russia. And in reactionary circles, where the fate of two labor men would ordinarily be a matter of vast unconcern, the executions are being used as another instrument against the unity of Russia and the West. For this the chief responsibility lies with the Soviet government. The execution of Ehrlich and Alter was not only bad justice; it was also bad propaganda. But people in this country have a responsibility too. It is no accident that on the same day pickets marched up and down in front of both the British and the Russian consulate in New York; those groups which allow their sympathy for the cause of Indian freedom to boil over into anti-British propaganda are equally ready to use the death of the two Polish Socialists as the basis for an anti-Soviet campaign. Such behavior plays directly into the hands of Goebbels. The enemy in this war is still the international fascist conspiracy headed by Adolf Hitler—and not either one of our chief allies.

HENRY WALLACE'S SPEECH BEFORE THE Conference on Christian Bases of World Order might have been subtitled A Plain Man's View of the World. It was bold, simple, and utterly disinterested. Even its religious overtones, which in the mouths of public officials usually sound like a politician's set phrases, held no hint of hypocrisy, for Wallace is genuinely religious. His description of the "three great philosophies in the world today"—the Prussian, the Marxian, the democratic—might not satisfy the political philosopher, but it was a description that is basically sound and easily understood by the ordinary person. We are grateful to Mr. Wallace for speaking frankly of the third great conflict which will be the penalty the plain man must pay if he fails to fight for a decent peace after World War II. We are particularly glad, in this connection, that Mr. Wallace talked sense about the German people at a moment when even intelligent men and women are preaching hatred and extermination. They are, he said, "neither better nor worse than Englishmen, Americans, Swedes, Poles, or Russians"; but for a hundred years, and especially in the last ten, they have been systematically educated to the belief that might makes right, that war is glorious, that the state is all supreme. They must be reeducated—but here again Mr. Wallace offered no imposed panaceas. "It is not up to the United Nations to say just what the German schools of the future should teach, and we do not want to be guilty of a Hitler-like orgy of book burning. But it is vital to the peace of the world to make sure that neither Prussianism, Hitlerism, nor any modification of them is taught." Within these limitations it is the "many cultured German scholars with an excellent attitude toward the world who should be put to work on the job of rewriting the German textbooks in their own way." Finally, Mr. Wallace stated with fresh force that unless the Western democracies and Russia come to a satisfactory understanding before the war ends, World War III will be inevitable.

✱

IN THE SECOND PART OF HIS ARTICLE, Why Food Is Scarce, James G. Patton, president of the National Farmers' Union, discusses the food-production program which he presented last week to the National Economic Stabilization Board. Mr. Patton's objective is to increase the contribution to the nation's food supplies of some 2,000,000 medium and small farms which have a margin of unused capacity. He proposes that this should be done by pooling labor and machinery and by a government investment of \$1,000,000,000. This may seem a large sum, although it is only 1 per cent of this year's budgeted war costs. But in any case it is a small price to pay if it saves us from a condition of scarcity that will hamper the war effort. Moreover, the alternative seems to be to let prices rise unchecked until supply and demand reach an equilibrium—a policy which would cut the living standards of everyone and add untold

billions to the cost of the war. Mr. Patton believes that the present price level is satisfactory on the whole, but he urges a system of forward prices so that the farmer will know what return he may expect when he sows his crop. It cannot be said that prospects for the adoption of this program are very hopeful. The farm bloc in Congress has shown little interest in the small farmer, and Mr. Wickard, the Secretary of Agriculture, seems bent on appeasing the farm bloc, as we noted last week. The latest step in this direction is permission to farmers to increase cotton-planting allotments by 10 per cent despite the fact that we have abundant short-staple cotton. The excuse given is that the by-product of this crop—cotton seed—is an excellent source of protein feed and edible oil. But according to Professor Theodore W. Schultz of Iowa State College, "in terms of oil yield peanuts do three times as well as cotton seed per acre."

✱

THE UNITED STATES POST OFFICE HAS decided to deny second-class mailing privileges to an obscure organ called the *Militant* on the ground that it has attempted "to embarrass and defeat the government in its effort to prosecute the war." From the little we have seen of the periodical and from what we know of leftist splinter politicians, we find it easy to believe that the *Militant* entertained such gaudy ambitions but impossible to believe that it had the faintest chance of realizing them. Censorship of the press is in its nature so risky that we favor a rigid adherence to the Holmes doctrine of taking no action except in cases of "clear and present danger." If the *Militant* represented anything like the menace of, say, *Social Justice*, we would witness its complete suppression without a qualm. But a few facts should make apparent the fatuousness of the Post Office's solemn action in the case of the *Militant*. Of the paper's total circulation of 12,000 (probably an inflated figure), only about 1,200 readers receive their copies through the mail. Presumably these are subscribers, and as such confirmed Trotskyists of the same persuasion as the *Militant's* editors. They don't need the paper to be stirred to the heretical belief that this is an imperialist war; they start out with that conviction. In short, the Post Office is using a dangerous power so that 1,200 individuals will no longer learn by second-class mail what they already think they know. The government has been sparing in the use of its censorship powers in this war, and we are sorry to see it set a dangerous precedent to so little purpose.

✱

A MERE HEADLINE READER MIGHT ASSUME that the greatest threats to war production these days are absenteeism—and glamor. On another page of this issue, as no *Nation* editorial writer can refrain from pointing out, James Wechsler deals with absenteeism. We defy anyone to deal with glamor. Telling women war work-

ers to "forget sex appeal"—we quote Miss Dorothy Sells of the Office of Defense Transportation—is almost as futile as telling men to go and do likewise. But Miss Sells is not dismayed by a problem that has been with us for a long time. She goes right on to denounce the "well-filled sweater" (it sounds like a War Aim) and asserts sternly that "women need firm discipline." Uplift in this country, as any brassiere manufacturer will tell you, has come to stay. It seems to us that Miss Sells is forgetting another old problem—reproduction—without which wars could not even get under way. In Germany of all places, glamor, according to Wallace Deuel, is now encouraged after an early unproductive attempt to stamp it out as non-essential. We have been told to learn from our enemies; and from the pictures we've seen of Nazi Frumpy Frauen it seems quite possible that the glamor girls on the American assembly line, even if they induce absenteeism, are an asset rather than a liability. In any case, we doubt that sumptuary legislation—or factory rules—against sweaters, lipsticks, or the seeing eye will get very far. Nature will take its course, even in Mother Hubbards.

Strategic Frontiers and Collective Security

THE series of sharp exchanges between Moscow and the Polish government-in-exile over the delimitation of frontiers, after the Nazis are liquidated, again calls attention to the urgent necessity of "a common strategy for peace"—to quote the recent report of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace. Russia's tough attitude in respect of the little Baltic states and eastern Poland has shocked a good many people in this country who feel that it is already repudiating the Atlantic Charter. On the other hand even some of our reactionaries are praising the Kremlin for being "realistic" and urging that we should make haste to follow its example.

Russia's claims for expansion beyond its pre-1939 borders are being justified on more than one ground. Eastern Poland, it is asserted, is largely inhabited by Ukrainians and White Russians who ought not to be separated again from their brothers in the autonomous Soviet republics of White Russia and the Ukraine. One can sympathize with this argument when one recalls that not so many years ago the treatment of the Ukrainian minority in Poland was one of the major scandals of Europe.

It seems certain, however, that Russia's major reason for demanding the inclusion within its boundaries of the Baltic states and the disputed Polish territories is a desire for "security." Used by a hostile power, this area would form a massive springboard for attacks di-

rected against Leningrad and Moscow. It was to avert this danger that the Soviet Union extended its frontiers in 1939 and thus added to its defense system a depth which stood it in good stead in the summer of 1941.

But do exigencies that existed when Hitler was at the height of his power justify demands at the expense of small nations after Hitler is liquidated? The answer depends largely on the sort of world we are to have after the war. If we are going to have a genuine system of collective security, strategic frontiers ought to become an obsolete conception. But at present it cannot be said that we, any more than the Russians, are proceeding on that assumption. It is true that a good deal of lip-service is paid in this country to the ideal of collective security. The Russians, however, may be forgiven if they pay more attention to the fact that, far from attempting to clothe that ideal with reality, many of our spokesmen seem preoccupied with the question of strategic security for America.

Secretary of the Navy Knox, for instance, is currently agitating the question of acquiring Pacific naval and air bases. And he has made it clear that he is not thinking about the Japanese mandated islands, which we may eventually hope to capture, but rather about bases in territories owned by our allies, who, he suggests, should be invited to turn them over to us in perpetuity in return for lend-lease contributions. Moreover, Mr. Knox has just told us that his department is planning for a "permanently enlarged fleet."

If after the Axis is defeated, the world is to slide back into the pre-war international anarchy, Messrs. Stalin and Knox can hardly be criticized. But we do not believe that the peoples of the United Nations are willing to resign themselves to such a future. There is a demand for collective security which the statesmen will ignore at their peril. And the time to lay its foundations is now, before the defeat of our enemies opens the way for a free-for-all game of strategic grab.

No plans for collective security can be even formulated without the definite assurance of participation by the United States. At the end of this war we shall command a greater force for good or evil than the world has ever known. We shall possess the greatest air force, the greatest navy, and the greatest war plant, together with a very large army. This predominant position will give us the inescapable responsibility of choosing either to direct the world toward a peaceful future or to persuade it by our example to turn once again to the delusive security of strategic frontiers and back-breaking armament programs.

As the Report of the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace points out:

The British will hesitate to commit themselves to a new colonial or commercial policy if they fear that the United States will again retire into isolationism after

this war. The Russians may feel it necessary, in self-defense, to seize important points in Europe unless the United States will accept her share of the responsibility for collective security in the world. The Chinese do not care for hegemony in the Far East, but they may find it necessary to protect themselves if there is no international system to give them protection. The American republics must delay their planning for the future until the policy of the United States is made clear.

Such assurances cannot be given by the Administration alone. Our allies remember all too well that Woodrow Wilson was repudiated by Congress, and they will feel no confidence in any proposals put forward by Washington unless they are underwritten by the legislative arm of the government. Recently there has been some faint stirring of interest in such questions on Capitol Hill. Senator Gillette has put down a resolution urging the President to negotiate an agreement giving substance to the Atlantic Charter, and Senator Pepper has made the excellent suggestion of a joint Congressional committee to study post-war problems. Even more interesting is the news that Senator Bennett Clark, one of the leaders of the isolationist bloc prior to Pearl Harbor, is considering the introduction of a joint resolution favoring "the establishment of a system of collective security, including international, social, economic, and military protections and . . . the effective participation of the government of the United States in the maintenance of this system." We hope Senator Clark will persevere in this project. The passage of such a resolution would have an electric effect on the United Nations and would assure him a place in history.

The Man-Power Muddle

AS THE man-power situation becomes more critical, Washington's utter lack of a basic policy becomes more evident. Each of the half-dozen Congressional committees studying the problem has come up with its own solution. One wants to revise our draft procedure so as to give blanket exemption to farm workers. Another would throw out the principle of occupational deferments and reinstate dependency as the chief basis of deferment. The Education and Labor Committee of the Senate some weeks ago sponsored a bill to set up a civilian Office of War Mobilization to coordinate all man-power activities, while the House Appropriations Committee recently eliminated from the budget an essential appropriation for strengthening the one agency, the United States Employment Service, that is capable of bringing order out of chaos in local communities.

This confusion in Congressional ranks has greatly hampered Manpower Director Paul V. McNutt in dealing with the increasingly acute situation. As long as

McNutt was content to tinker with minor aspects of the problem he encountered no opposition from Congress. But the moment he attempted to come to grips with the problem by such drastic action as the "work-or-fight" order, the forty-eight-hour week in critical areas, and measures to freeze men in war jobs, a drive was started against him. As a result he has been unable to offer the kind of leadership the situation demands.

Mr. McNutt has insisted that the country's man-power needs can be met most effectively by voluntary measures. Accordingly the War Manpower Commission has placed chief reliance on local labor-management stabilization agreements designed to reduce labor turnover and speed the transfer of workers from non-essential to essential industries. It cannot be denied that these stabilization agreements have improved the situation in many localities. Labor piracy has been greatly reduced; discrimination by employers against women and Negroes has been cut down. Nevertheless, these voluntary arrangements are not putting men and women in jobs as rapidly as is required in an all-out war program. Donald Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, recently testified before a Senate committee that the country is short 2,250,000 workers of the number needed to achieve and maintain present production goals. This does not take into account the shortage in agricultural labor, estimated at nearly 1,000,000. Moreover, the War Manpower Commission has been inexcusably slack in long-range planning. Apparently it has not tackled the most fundamental of all problems, that of balancing military and civilian man-power needs. And it has never taken adequate steps to recruit and train women workers. It has been conspicuously lax in encouraging the organization of day nurseries and facilities for the care of older children which would release mothers for war work.

In an attempt to offset the Manpower Commission's lack of planning, the President has appointed a special committee headed by Stabilization Director James F. Byrnes to consider basic policy. Its report is not yet available. But as a result of the failure of McNutt's voluntary program, there is an excellent chance that on its recommendation Congress will pass the Austin-Wadsworth war-service bill. This bill would apply the principles of Selective Service to the recruitment of essential workers in war industry and agriculture. No one can quarrel with these principles. In a total war no distinction should be made between a man's obligation to serve on the fighting front and on the home front. Women should be expected to serve to the limit of their capacities in the same way as men. Advocates of the Austin-Wadsworth bill are probably correct in insisting that the government's right to assign workers in accordance with the country's needs must be established by law before we can bring order out of the present man-power chaos.

But a labor draft can be successful only if the public is convinced that it is the fairest and most efficient method of distributing the burdens of war. In England the demand for a labor draft came very largely from the common people, who knew that sacrifices must be made and who asked only that they be made by everyone. Organized labor was strongly behind the plan. There is no reason to believe that American labor would react any differently if it were given an effective voice in planning the details of the program and were assured that the interests of the average worker would be adequately safeguarded.

In its present form the Austin-Wadsworth bill virtually ignores labor's interests. It contains no provision for protecting organized labor in union or closed shops against dilution by unorganized workers. There is nothing in the bill that would prevent a skilled worker from being moved arbitrarily from a highly paid to a poorly paid job in the same or another industry. Nor is there protection against discrimination because of race, sex, or union affiliation. Passage of the Austin-Wadsworth bill without these elementary safeguards might stir up a hornet's nest of labor opposition that would seriously delay the war effort. But we believe that it is possible to work out a compromise measure that will prove acceptable to all groups in the population.

While the Jews Die

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

JEWs in Europe are being killed because they are Jews. Other innocent people are being killed too—hostages, men and women who resist oppression, old people who consume food needed by German soldiers and workers. But only Jews are being killed without other excuse or cause than the fact that they belong to a single religious-racial group. Hitler has promised their total liquidation, and he is carrying out that promise as fast as his Mobile Extermination Squads can work. They work fast. Seven or eight thousand Jews a week are being massacred. The ghetto of Warsaw, two years ago the dumping ground for Jews from all over occupied Europe, is now depopulated. Every Jew is dead. In Cracow, where 60,000 Jews lived, 56,000 have been killed.

The ways in which these slaughters are conducted have been reported. The numbers have been verified. The story is old. But the killing goes on. And as Hitler's armies are forced step by step back into Europe, the tempo of extermination quickens. He must hurry now lest the liberating armies arrive in time to rescue some fragment of the doomed race. It is not fantastic to believe that even when Hitler is overthrown, he will find profound compensation in leaving behind him a Europe "cleansed" of the hated Jew.

If this happens, no one living today will escape retribution for the crime. For the purge of the Jews is only positively a Nazi crime. In this country, you and I and the President and the Congress and the State Department are accessories to the crime and share Hitler's guilt. If we had behaved like humane and generous people instead of complacent, cowardly ones, the two million Jews lying today in the earth of Poland and Hitler's other crowded graveyards would be alive and safe. And other millions yet to die would have found sanctuary. We had it in our power to rescue this doomed people and we did not lift a hand to do it—or perhaps it would be fairer to say that we lifted just one cautious hand, encased in a tight-fitting glove of quotas and visas and affidavits, and a thick layer of prejudice.

Today we hear something is going to be done. Secretary Hull has suggested a meeting at Ottawa of the executive committee of the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees appointed at the Evian Conference in 1938. This group will undertake "preliminary exploration" of the problem of the Jews in occupied Europe. But the exploration, it seems, is to proceed along rather well-worn trails. For, as Mr. Hull assured the British government, the United States government feels "that it has been and is making every endeavor to relieve the oppressed and persecuted peoples. In affording asylum to the refugees, however, it is and must be bound by legislation enacted by Congress determining the immigration policy of the United States."

By all means let's have the conference. But let's remember that it wasn't called because our government felt impelled to do something about the greatest crime committed in our generation. Not a move of any sort was made until a delegation of prominent Jews called on Secretary Hull and the President of the United States on December 8 and presented them with verified accounts of the massacres in Poland which were simultaneously released to the press. The President and Mr. Hull promised action. But nothing happened until more than a month later, on January 20 to be exact, when Lord Halifax presented an aide-memoire to Secretary Hull expressing the "concern" of the British government over the killings. And then it took another month for Secretary Hull to reply with the note quoted above. Hundreds of thousands of Jews fell into their self-dug graves while our government, with glacial slowness, moved toward a proposal to confer and to explore. And in view of this record of delay it is fair to wonder whether even this modest step would have been taken if a great mass-meeting of protest had not been called for March 1 in Madison Square Garden in New York—a meeting organized by the American Jewish Congress and sponsored by a group of important labor and liberal organizations. Mr. Hull's note to Lord Halifax was dated February 25. It was

made public the day after the mass-meeting took place.

Whatever the sequence of events, we must be glad that some voices were loud enough to penetrate the official armor. But let us not bank too much on the new "Evian" conference. The first one was held in 1938 while it was still possible to save the Jews of Europe. But Hitler is still busy with the job of exterminating 5,000,000 of them. Let us be hopeful—but not sanguine.

And let us also acknowledge the uncomfortable fact that if a group of American Jews had not demanded action, nothing, not even a conference, would have resulted from the horrors in Europe. Let us acknowledge that in shame. And let us ask ourselves what has come over the minds of ordinary men and women that makes it seem normal and indeed inevitable that this country should stolidly stand by and do nothing in the face of one of the world's greatest tragedies until the Jews themselves press for action.

But what on earth could we have done more than we did do? We let in refugees until people protested that jobs were being taken from good Americans by an invading army of aliens. We let them come in to the limit of the quotas—provided, of course, that they had money and good sponsors and respectable political views. We did our best—all that public opinion and Congress and our State Department would permit. And why should we do it all, anyhow? How about Palestine? Why don't the British let them in there? And how about South America and Canada and Australia?

This is the sort of question non-Jewish Americans ask when they are faced with Jewish suffering and the reproaches of their own conscience. But the questions are not impressive, and the answers are easy.

One answer is that we could have cut down those barbed-wire defenses strung along our shores. We could have suspended the immigration quotas for the duration of Hitler. We could have raised funds to support refugees who couldn't bring out any money. We could have chartered ships to bring them from Europe. We could have put any questionable individuals in detention camps or segregated them on a Caribbean island. We could have offered an example of decency and humanity to a world hungry for evidences of good feeling.

We could have done all this. But we wouldn't have had to be quite so generous. An easier answer was at hand. We could have made the resolutions of the Evian conference a reality instead of a hollow gesture. We could have entered into an agreement for common action with the other anti-Axis nations—an agreement to absorb all the victims of Hitlerism who were physically able to escape—each nation taking a quota decided upon with due regard to its size and wealth and capacity to absorb immigrants. If the United States had taken the lead in such a move, I am certain that no nation would have

refused its cooperation. And under such a scheme, the burden on each would have been insignificant.

But nothing was done. Every nation established its own restrictions, the United States admitting no more immigrants than in the days before the persecutions began. And so we come to the horrifying present.

The resolutions adopted by the mass-meeting at the Garden the other night were restrained and practical. Here they are, in summary:

1. Through neutral intermediaries, Germany and the governments of the states it dominates should be asked to release their Jewish victims and permit them to emigrate.
2. The United Nations should designate sanctuaries, in Allied and neutral states, for Jews whose release may be arranged for.
3. American immigration procedures should be revised in order that refugees may find sanctuary here within existing quotas.
4. Great Britain should be asked to receive a reasonable number of new refugees and accommodate them for the duration.
5. The United Nations should urge the Latin American republics to modify their immigration regulations sufficiently to provide refuge for agreed numbers of Nazi victims.
6. England should be asked to open the doors of Palestine for Jewish immigration.
7. The United Nations should provide financial guarantees to neutral states offering refuge to Jews from occupied territory.
8. The United Nations should organize the feeding through neutral agencies of victims forced to remain under Nazi oppression.
9. The United Nations should undertake the financing of the program here outlined.
10. The United Nations are urged to establish an intergovernmental agency to implement the program of rescue here outlined.
11. The United Nations are urged to appoint a commission forthwith to implement their declared intention to bring the Nazi criminals to justice.

This is a good program, though more moderate in several details than I would wish. How far it will influence the coming conference at Ottawa remains to be seen. One thing is certain. The United States—or the United Nations as a whole—will save only as many Jews as they are inflexibly determined to save. If the representatives of the anti-Axis powers meet in a mood of impatience, prepared to deal on a minimum basis with a difficult and irritating problem—if, in short, the mood of the past prevails—nothing will happen at Ottawa or after. Europe's remaining Jews will be saved only if their anguish has become unbearable to men and women who live in safety at a distance. They will be saved only if we recognize their fate as inextricably linked with our own.

Words Are Not Enough

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

THE Speakers' Committee of a Chicago association wired me recently that the association wanted me to talk about psychological warfare but hoped I would call it something else. No neater summary of a complicated matter was ever sent by Western Union. "Psychological warfare" as a title repels almost as many Americans as "psychological warfare" as a subject fascinates. It sounds too much like a Pennsylvania hexing party, or the art and skill of jabbing heated needles into small wax dolls. The picture of a group of adult males, some of them in uniform, sitting as a "Committee on Psychological Warfare" to plot the undoing of the psyches of their enemies is a picture in which the elements of comedy, mystery, and terror are so inextricably confused that the ordinary citizen cannot make up his mind whether to grin or shiver.

There is a good deal to be said therefore for a discussion of the realities as distinguished from the terminology. What precisely are we talking about when we talk about psychological warfare? Are we talking about a new terror of war like the terror—infinitely overrated—of bacteriological warfare or of chemical warfare? Are we talking about a secret weapon invented, this time, by Freud? Are we talking about the use of whippers by wireless and shouts over loud speakers—the dissemination of rumors on crowded roads and the broadcasting of panic? Or are we talking about something else?

We should have no difficulty in agreeing, I think, that we are talking, if we are talking seriously, about something else. It is not, that is to say, the black arts or the ingenious devices or the clever tricks which principally concern us. It is not even the offices and agencies of government in which this form of warfare is conducted. It is the form of warfare itself. The offices and agencies of political and psychological warfare both here and in Great Britain are offices of communication and dissemination—hard-working and overburdened men and women whose days and nights are filled with programs and publications, with radio and leaflets, with the problems of timing and the problems of beaming and the problems of interpretation, and the over-all, ever-present problems of intelligence—of the understanding and the integration and the fitting together of the complicated facts. They are not, here or in Britain or in any honest country, the manufacturers of a product but its distributors. And their activities, fascinating though they may look through the darkened glass of professional reti-

cence, are not the real object of intelligent concern. The real question, the question that is never asked by those whose interest is in mystery and melodrama, is the question of the substance of the thing itself. What warfare? Waged by whom? And with what weapons?

There will be various answers to that question, depending on where it is asked. There is the answer, for example, of those who believe psychological warfare is a bright, new branch of military warfare which can be "planned" by the generals and the strategists in a guarded room with a secret staff of experts and advisers, as you would plan a movement of troops. There is the answer of those who believe that psychological warfare is an operation for psychologists, to be run as you would run a psychiatric clinic, and of those again who look upon psychological warfare as an activity for journalists, to be practiced on typewriters, or a profession for refugee scholars and refugee statesmen who know how to play by short wave on the fears and aspirations of their countrymen in Europe.

These are the answers commonly heard, but none of them, or so it seems to me, is true. And for a very simple reason—that none of them takes account of the essential nature of the action. What we are really talking about when we talk seriously of psychological warfare is, I submit, nothing more mysterious and nothing less important than the effort of a nation at war to enlist the opinion of the world—enemy opinion as well as neutral opinion or friendly opinion—in support of its position and its purposes. Psychological warfare, in other words, is nothing more and nothing less than that branch of warfare of which the field of battle is men's minds and the objective men's opinions—a form of warfare waged to conquer, not cities or islands or elevations or continents, but the convictions of the world. A nation, to put it prosaically, wages psychological warfare to convince its enemies that they cannot win and to persuade the rest of humanity that it not only can win but will win and should win and furthermore deserves their help in winning.

It is unnecessary to point out that there is nothing novel about such warfare except the word "psychological"—which has somehow or other become attached to it in our time—and the methods of communication, such as short-wave radio and leaflets dropped from planes, which are now employed in its prosecution. Generals have always fought on the battlefields of men's minds as well as on the battlefields provided by geography. Indeed, the ultimate victory sought in any war is in-

evitably a victory of opinion. It is not by massacre of one's opponents to the last male child that wars are won but by the persuasion of the enemy that further resistance would be useless. The purpose of modern psychological warfare is precisely that purpose. Psychological warfare aims to do, more adroitly and with less expenditure of men and iron, what Caesar did by the fame of Rome and the unanswerable logic of the Roman legions.

The objectives have not altered. And neither—and this is the essence of the matter—have the weapons of this warfare. It is still by its armies and by its actions as well as by its broadcasts and its leaflets that a modern nation convinces its enemies of its strength, and its neighbors of the desirability of coming to its aid. With a nation as with a man it is the total impression—the conduct summed up in terms of character—which counts. And with a nation as with a man actions speak far louder than words. It will do you very little good, and may indeed do you considerable harm, to say you are powerful if in fact you are losing battles. And it will not help you but will certainly injure you if you protest the nobility of your principles while you display a preference for expediency in your acts.

The addition of the word "psychological" has not changed these all too obvious truths. It may be, though readers of Greek poetry will doubt it, that the psychologists have discovered aspects of human fear and aspects of human self-interest unknown to earlier men, but these discoveries, if they have been made, have left the principles of human conduct unaltered. You can so appeal to the fears of the world's reactionaries and the self-interest of its petty tyrants as to persuade them, if you are Dr. Goebbels, that you are the savior of truth and virtue, but no one else will believe you indefinitely if your own conduct in Germany and in conquered Europe makes it obvious that your protestations are not true. No inventiveness in the arts of terror or seduction can change the fact, now or ever, that nations, at war as at peace, speak to the world and persuade the world by the things they do as well as by the things they say—and more convincingly.

The point needs making not because it is obscure but because it is too easily forgotten. Men, and men not of the least intelligence or the smallest authority, speak sometimes as though the actions of a nation could be divorced of their significance in the world of human judgments—as though there were such a thing, for example, as a purely military action having only military meaning—as though a military action could be stripped of its human meaning and left dumb and inarticulate and meaningless as a stone. An action which could not be justified on any other ground may, it is true, be justified on military grounds, but it is foolish to hope that any act of a nation at war will not be interpreted

by the watching world as an expression of that nation's actual character and inner purpose. And it is a little unrealistic to expect that the world or anyone in it will think of the most purely military action in purely military terms, as though it were an abstraction of military science or a footnote in a history. We did not so consider the military action by which Nazi Germany overran Poland, and we were not impressed by the contention of the Nazis that they were acting solely in a military capacity in their own defense.

The same thing is true of all the actions of a nation at war—its conduct of its international relations, its production of goods and weapons, the way its people behave, their determination and purpose, their ability to endure privation and suffering and even death. These are the expressions by which the nation speaks and is heard and understood. And these, therefore, are the essential weapons of the warfare for men's minds. The nation which carries the strategic points of opinion, the nation which captures the dominating heights of belief, is the nation which convinces the world by the total effect of its conduct as a nation. It is the wholeness of the expression which counts, for the wholeness of the expression is the guaranty of its sincerity.

The phrase about ideas being weapons is a good phrase and within the limits of its picturesqueness a true phrase, but as a guide to the practice of this form of warfare it is quite misleading. The implication is that a man's ideas will fight for him like his dog, and that in a struggle between opposing ideas the best idea will win. But the fact is that in the battles for men's minds ideas will fight for you only if you make them yours; and neither with nations nor with men are ideas appropriated by speaking them in words. There is no doubt in the mind of any sane and healthy man that the idea of human freedom is superior to the idea of human slavery, but unless the world is convinced by the totality of United Nations behavior that human freedom is on the United Nations' side in this war and that human freedom for others, as well as for ourselves, will follow from our victory, the idea of human freedom will not fight our battles for us.

It is unnecessary to look far for proof of the proposition that ideas will fight only for those who deserve to own them. The Nazi attempt to capitalize upon the worldwide fear of communism is the classic case. The world was generally agreed that communism was hateful. It was ready therefore to applaud and encourage the opposite of communism. But not all the efforts of all the propagandists in Germany were able to persuade anyone but General Franco and a few Balkan dictators that the opposite of communism is fascism. Nazi propaganda would have won its great victory, and the war as well, had it been able to persuade the peoples of Europe and the Americas that the ideas opposed to the idea of communism were its ideas. It failed because every expression of

Nazism in action rather than in words suggested that the contrary was the case.

But there is no need to labor the point. The theory is clear enough, and the record is even clearer. The question before us here is the question of the application of this theory and record to the practice of psychological warfare. If the real weapons of what is miscalled psychological warfare are the actions and the declarations of a fighting nation as they affect the opinions of that nation's enemies and of the world besides—the total actions of that nation—then how should this form of warfare be considered? Is it an auxiliary to other forms employing purely military weapons? Or is the opposite the case—is military warfare only one of the means by which this larger warfare, this warfare of the nation's total will, must be conducted?

The answer, I think, is obvious and would be even more obvious if the adjective "psychological" could be sponged out for good and all. What we are really talking about when we talk about the battle for men's minds is not a *part* of warfare, an *incident* of warfare, but the *whole* of warfare, of which other actions make the parts.

Even in the medieval wars of mercenary troops military action was only the most persuasive of the various means of convincing an adversary or attracting an ally. And what was true in the mercenary wars of the fourteenth century is considerably truer in the total war of our own time. Military action remains with us the most convincing, as it is the most difficult, of the warlike arguments, but not even the military argument can persuade alone. The Battle of Britain is the eloquent and moving proof. Britain was beaten—except that Britain was not beaten. And today the Nazi propaganda agencies hold out to the victims of the catastrophe at Stalingrad the example of the British nation, which turned military disaster into a people's victory by something else than arms.

But if this is true, then certain obvious conclusions follow as to the conduct of the warfare for men's minds. First, it can be conducted only by those who direct the total effort of the entire nation, those who can commit the nation by their words and make their acts its acts. Second, in democratic countries, and to a certain extent even in dictatorships, it can be conducted only with the support and participation of the people as a whole.



"ACCORDING TO PLAN"

The first point is obvious enough both in principle and practice. If a nation affects the opinions of the world by its total conduct as a nation—its production as well as its armies, the behavior of its people as well as the behavior of its diplomats—then the direction of these expressions of the nation's character and purpose can be exercised only by those who represent and speak for the nation as a whole. It cannot be exercised either by the generals or by the foreign office or by any other section of the government. And in practice, both here and in England, it has been the officer of government who alone can speak for the nation as a whole who has most effectively conducted this all-inclusive warfare. The most powerful blows delivered by Britain and the United States in the battle for men's minds have been delivered by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt.

One need only recall the words and actions by which the loss of British prestige at Dunkirk was turned into the greatest victory British repute has ever won to estimate the role played by the Prime Minister in the struggle to convince the world, and above all to convince the German people, that Britain cannot be defeated in this war. And as for our own country, the massive blows we have struck for the defeat of the hopes of our enemies and the assurance of our own have been struck, one after the other, in words and acts as well, by Mr. Roosevelt. The Arsenal of Democracy, the Four Freedoms, Lend-Lease, the declaration of unlimited emergency, the order to shoot on sight, the production program of 1942—these, one after the other, were victories in the war for men's opinions, and they were victories gained, one after the other, by the President. The President and the Prime Minister are both, it is true, masters of the spoken word. But it is not for this reason that their declarations have taken strategic point after strategic point in the struggle for belief. Their declarations have been powerful because both combine the mastery of words with the mastery of action and because they speak, both of them, as the elected and supported leaders of their people.

For the second point as to the conduct of the warfare for men's minds is as important as the first. This warfare can be successfully conducted, at least in democratic countries, only with the support and often with the participation of the people. More penetrating and more powerful than anything the people of America may say by leaflet or by radio abroad is the echo overseas of what the people of America have said at home. The transmitters may tell the people of China after their ten years of agony that the American people are their friends and wish them well and will supply them as best they can with guns and planes to fight with, but their words are of little meaning beside the worldwide echo of the roar of approval which went up in the House of Representatives a month ago when the President spoke in praise of

China. And so too the transmitters may repeat to every corner of the occupied countries of Europe the great commitments of the Atlantic Charter, but unless these commitments take breath from the words the Americans speak to each other in their talk at home, the assurances will not be heard.

The fact is that the opinion of a nation—its true and real opinion, the opinion it speaks to itself and hears from itself and accepts—is itself an action in this war. If the Nazis believe that we here believe that we shall surely win this war—believe it with understanding of the meaning of the words we speak, believe it soberly and grimly and speak of it in grim and sober earnestness between ourselves—their hope that we will be defeated is, by that much, shaken and decreased. If the peoples of the occupied countries and those who fight beside us in this war believe that we believe in freedom and in decency—believe in these things with an understanding of the meaning of the words, believe in them earnestly and with the devotion with which our fathers and our grandfathers believed in them—their determination to survive and to resist beside us will be that much greater. The people's morale in a democratic country is not an end in itself, whatever it may be in a dictatorship. The people's morale is a means, and one of the most powerful of all the means, by which the purpose of the people may be won.

The determination, for one example, of the American people will almost certainly decide the success or failure of the effort of their government to win, beyond this war, a lasting peace. The principal danger to that hope today is the danger that our allies in the war, remembering the defeat of Mr. Wilson's undertakings by the Senate, and realizing therefore that no American President and no American government can make commitments in advance, will decide now that each must take such measures as he can, alone and for himself, and will proceed, as opportunity permits, to take them. The inevitable consequence of such a course of action would be a repetition of the history of the last disastrous years. And yet that course of action will certainly be taken unless the world can have some reasonable and believable assurance that if other peoples will put their trust in order we will add our trust to theirs.

Such an assurance can be given under our system, the world now understands, only by those in whom the ultimate sovereignty resides, and by them only in human, not in legal, forms. And yet, so pressing is the necessity, so terrible is the alternative, there is little doubt that a clear indication of the purpose of the American people to bear their part in making peace would satisfy the Allied nations. They have learned by bitter experience the limitations on the powers of the American Executive, but they still believe that the will of the American people

is binding on their Senators and Presidents and that the people of America can make their purpose good.

It is therefore strictly and precisely true that the most critical struggle this nation's government has ever attempted on the battlefield of world opinion depends for its success upon the participation of the American people. There is reason, I think, to believe that the participation of the people is assured. No disinterested observer questions the people's thinking on this subject. Even in sections of this country where private ministries of propaganda, conducted under the guise of the publication and the sale of "news," have attempted to stifle and suppress the people's thinking and to give distorted pictures of American opinion to the world, the truth is quite apparent. The people of this country are determined that

there shall be peace. They know that peace has obligations and responsibilities, and they are ready to assume those obligations and responsibilities. They know what happened before. They know what it cost them. And they have made up their minds that it shall not happen again, and that no man nor any group of men shall make it happen.

There is no question that the American people have made up their minds. But neither is there any question that unless American opinion can be so declared that all the world will hear it—unless the truthful interpretation of American opinion can be set above those other interpretations which traduce it and distort it—this battle for a decent and a lasting peace may have been lost before we start to fight it.

What Has Happened to Hitler?

BY JOACHIM JOESTEN

THIS is no inside story from the Führer's headquarters, but merely an attempt to distil a few drops of truth from a welter of facts and rumors.

The mystery of Hitler's whereabouts, his prolonged silence, and the Wagnerian orgy of gloom after the Stalingrad disaster have produced a flood of conflicting and generally unsubstantiated reports that Hitler is (a) dead, (b) insane, (c) permanently intoxicated, (d) prisoner of the Russians, (e) under arrest, (f) ill. What are the known facts underlying these rumors?

Hitler made his last public appearance on November 8, 1942, when he addressed a Nazi Party rally at Munich on the anniversary of the beer-hall putsch. Six weeks earlier he had spoken at the Berlin Sportpalast. In his Munich speech Hitler, as usual, went far out on a limb. He said about Stalingrad: "I wanted to take it. And—you know we are modest—we actually have it. There are only some very small spots left." He also promised early eviction of the Anglo-American forces which had just landed in North Africa.

But things didn't come off a bit as he had planned. The Germans met with continuous reverses both in Russia and in Africa: Stalingrad, Kursk, Rostov, Kharkov, and Tripoli were lost in rapid succession. Hitler made no more speeches; nor did he appear in public. He even failed to show up at two of the party's greatest memorial dates—January 30, the tenth anniversary of its rise to power, and February 24, the official birthday of National Socialism. On both occasions he addressed the faithful by proxy, in manifestos read by Joseph Goebbels and Hermann Esser. The wondering party comrades were given the unconvincing explanation that the

Führer was too busy on the eastern front to attend the celebrations. Perhaps he really could not absent himself from the front; but there are many technical devices that will carry a leader's voice to a far-off audience from any place of his choosing.

There is no point in discussing whether or not the two written messages were Hitler's own compositions. Many persons find them as Hitlerian in spirit and style as "Mein Kampf." On the other hand, some very discerning observers think they are just clever imitations. Surely it would not be beyond Goebbels's ability to produce outpourings which Hitler himself might mistake for his own stuff.

What is important is that we did not hear the voice. (If Hitler's voice could be imitated, that would have been the time to do it.) Nothing can explain Hitler's failure to speak, through a microphone or from a record, but the assumption that he was physically or mentally unable to do so. Hence the rumors.

Let us now examine the plausibility of each rumor.

Hitler is dead. This is sheer speculation, unwarranted by any known fact. Since his failure to appear or to speak could be explained by many other contingencies, there is no need to attribute it to death. As for the three-day national mourning after Stalingrad, this is a far-fetched argument for the theory of Hitler's demise. Why shouldn't a highly dramatic regime like the Nazis' mourn over a military catastrophe of such magnitude?

Hitler is insane. The obvious answer is that he has always been insane, and that this has never prevented him from making speeches.

Hitler is drinking. This is the kind of "inside story"

a correspondent facing a dearth of copy would dream up. It ranks with the recurrent stories of Hitler's sexual orgies. All such reports are contradicted by the known facts about the type of man he is.

Hitler is a prisoner. If the Russians had captured him, you can be sure they wouldn't hide him under a bushel. Nothing is more damaging to the morale of the enemy than to announce the capture of his commander-in-chief.

Hitler is under arrest. This could happen only after a military coup d'état. But it is absurd to think that the generals would arrest the Führer and leave his principal henchmen untouched. If and when the military strike, you can be sure that all the leading Nazis will be taken care of.

Hitler is sick. This is the only assumption that stands up under scrutiny. And it is not a mere guess. There are good reasons to believe that the Führer is really seriously ill.

The main evidence supporting this theory comes from the "Chief," the mysterious announcer who broadcasts daily over the secret German radio station Gustav Siegfried Eins. It is quite irrelevant in this connection whether the "Chief" is a voice of the German underground or broadcasts from somewhere outside the Reich—there are reports that he is a high German officer. Whoever he may be, and whomever he may represent, the "Chief" has proved many times that he knows what he is talking about. He has uncanny information about the most secret happenings in the Third Reich. He has many notable scoops to his credit. For instance, he revealed as early as last October 28 that Hitler had replaced his Chief of the General Staff, General Franz Halder, with the then totally unknown S. S. general Kurt Zeitzler. At the time nobody believed the story, but Berlin officially confirmed it in December.

In recent weeks the "Chief" has repeatedly referred to Hitler's poor health. On February 2 he said: "The man has utterly overworked himself. He is a physical wreck now as a result of that abdominal trouble [an apparently serious ailment which the "Chief" had mentioned once before]. But instead of undergoing an operation he lets that brute, Dr. Brandt, pep him up with injections. And these injections drive him even more crazy." And on February 15: "The man is washed out, physically and mentally exhausted. All those who have seen him in recent weeks have had to confirm this impression. . . ."

This description of an ailing Hitler is strikingly borne out by a recent photograph which shows him precisely at his last public appearance in Munich. The caption calls attention to Hitler's "tousled hair, rather sagging jowls, pouchy eyes, a double chin, and enlarged midriff." Indeed, the picture is so startling that one is tempted to doubt its authenticity. Yet according to reliable information, it is an actual photograph of Hitler in the beer hall,

sent to London through neutral channels. If the Führer looked like that four months ago, one can imagine what the débâcle in Russia must have done to his declining health.

Another significant item has just been added to these indications. On March 3 the London *Daily Sketch* reported in its "inside-information" column that Hitler was at his mountain retreat at Berchtesgaden and that it was believed he had not been at the Russian front for two months. And, said the paper, Hitler's physician, Professor Sauerbruch, has recently left Berlin for an unknown destination. Dr. Sauerbruch, who also treated President Hindenburg, is one of Germany's foremost surgeons, a specialist in internal complaints.

All this adds up to the conclusion that Hitler is in fact gravely ill and probably laid up at his Berchtesgaden home, where Sauerbruch now at last may be performing the operation which "that brute" Dr. Brandt tried to avoid by means of injections. The Rome report that Hitler and Mussolini have just met "somewhere in Germany" seems to confirm rather than contradict this impression. Of course it is possible that the news was "planted" to reassure the Axis public that Hitler is still alive; on the other hand, there is no reason why such a meeting should not take place at the Führer's bedside, even though he is too ill to appear in public.

The "Chief," in baring Hitler's state of health, had a purpose: he has persistently exhorted the Führer to relinquish active command of military operations and again to intrust the conduct of the war to firmer and more experienced hands. For the "Chief" would by no means rejoice over a complete German defeat; on the contrary, he is violently anti-Soviet and nationalistic. He is believed to belong to the officer clique which now detests Nazism because it has forever destroyed Germany's chance to conquer the world. He and his kind do not relish the sight of a human wreck interfering autocratically in military operations.

The most interesting feature of the whole mystery is that Hitler, in the past few weeks, apparently has given up his control of military operations. We need not credit the "Chief" with this achievement, but it was undoubtedly brought about through the efforts of the military circles which he is said to represent. Though Hitler may still be the titular head of the German state and of its army, he no longer commands in the field, nor apparently at home. This conclusion is inescapable if one studies certain recent reports and observes how they all fit into the picture.

From Swedish sources we learn that General Halder is back at his former post and that other competent generals—Guderian is one—have also been recalled from retirement. Besides, the increasing firmness of German lines in southern Russia suggests that military operations are once more handled by professionals, not amateurs.

Meanwhile, in Germany, Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels emerges more and more as the man of the hour. After his recent speech neutral observers expressed amazement at the unusual honors now being accorded the little propaganda wizard. And on February 26 Gunnar Müller, former Berlin correspondent of the Stockholm *Aftonbladet*, declared that political power in the Reich had passed into the hands of a quartet of high Nazi officials headed by Goebbels. *Aftonbladet* is noto-

riously German-inspired and unreliable, but this development also has been reported by the more trustworthy correspondent of the New York Times.

The most plausible explanation, then, of Hitler's eclipse is that he has at last yielded to the persistent pressure of his generals and other advisers and retired to nurse his ills. These seem to be of a serious nature. We may yet see Hitler die in bed like Napoleon, and possibly of the same disease.

Why Food Is Scarce

BY JAMES G. PATTON

II

IN THE dual role of Secretary of Agriculture and Food Administrator, Claude R. Wickard, an Indiana farmer, faces a task far more difficult than the conversion of American industry to war production. Pearl Harbor, Bataan, and Singapore convinced industry that conversion was necessary; imports of rubber and other vital industrial materials had been cut off. But our food supply did not seem in danger, and many farmers and the public assumed that food surpluses would continue. In attempting to convert agriculture to war, Wickard has to deal with about 6,000,000 farm operators, whereas potential war industries were concentrated in a few hundred enterprises. Politically, he has to deal with farm-bloc Congressmen dominated by men from cotton states sensitive to any proposal to divert millions of acres to the production of food instead of cotton, of which we have about two years' supply on hand.

Although he had no counter-balancing political support from farm organizations, consumers, or the public, Wickard last November considered a sweeping plan for the complete reorganization of the great Department of Agriculture, with its 64,000 employees in every farm county in the nation, into a single machine for the production and distribution of food. He was specifically authorized to do this by the President's Executive Order of December 5. But the political repercussions in Congress, which controlled appropriations, appeared so great that the original plan was shelved and a compromise program adopted. Existing agencies were continued, and after the departure of H. W. Parisius, who resigned as Food Production Director on January 9 in protest against the shelving, Wickard inaugurated great departmental activity. Production goals were raised and support prices announced on several vital crops, including soy beans, peas, grain sorghums, flax, potatoes, and sweet potatoes. Corn, which had been scheduled for a smaller yield in 1943 than in 1942, was stepped up—

though only 5 per cent—and its acreage restrictions were removed. Late in February acreage restrictions on wheat were removed. These steps had long been urged by the Farmers' Union. Credit to finance increased production in the sum of \$225,000,000 was offered in Regional Agricultural Credit Corporation non-recourse loans, to be administered by local representatives of the county war boards. These are dominated by the AAA, which is now shifting its policy from one of controlled production to one of expansion. The loans are to run for one year at 5 per cent.

Incentive payments were offered to farmers producing more than 90 per cent of such crops as sweet potatoes, soy beans, grain sorghums, peanuts, flax, dried peas, potatoes, dry beans, and truck crops, up to 110 per cent of their production quotas. These payments were to be met out of an addition to the budget of \$100,000,000, a request for which in Congress was promptly turned down by farming-as-usual leaders.

The Farm Security Administration, which is assisting nearly 500,000 low-income farmers to produce more, is to be continued—if the President's budget request is honored—but not expanded except for the recruiting, training, transportation, and housing of farm labor for larger farmers. By the time this is read, the FSA will have about run out of rehabilitation-loan funds—at a time when at least half a billion dollars should be available for expanding 1943 food production on the lower two-thirds of the nation's farms.

This program has satisfied no one. Spokesmen for the Farm Bureau, the Grange, and the National Council of Farmer Cooperatives (dominated by the Cooperative Milk Producers' Federation) late in January served notice on Congress that they would be satisfied with nothing less than the removal of price ceilings. They denounced incentive payments as subsidies and professed a new and passionate love for the free market and natural price levels. Spokesmen for these organizations were critical

of the RACC loan program, the Farm Bureau and Grange going to the length of telling Congress that country bankers could meet farmers' new credit needs and should be given exclusive opportunity to do so. Wickard was given scant thanks for increased quotas of farm machinery and fertilizer and for belated steps by Selective Service to keep farm man-power on the farms. These measures were in part the result of Congressional pressure.

Our farm organization, as well as the leaders of some smaller groups which had likewise been urging all-out production since Pearl Harbor, recognized that Wickard had made his decision. While it was being tried, farmers would have to make the best of what was offered.

Although it is now too late to get in 1943 the maximum production of which American agriculture is capable, it is not too late to step it up somewhat. More important, it is not too early to act to get maximum production in 1944. And the world probably will be hungrier in 1944-45 than in 1943-44. What, then, should the program include?

The federal government should appropriate immediately up to one billion dollars to be invested in expanding the nation's farm plant by one-sixth, and it should appropriate another billion and a third to be invested in the following two years. Of this initial billion dollars, it should advance an average of \$700 apiece to the 1,200,000 farm operators now producing from \$400 to \$1,500 in farm commodities annually. Allowing \$50 for technical services and administration of each loan, this would total \$900,000,000. The remaining \$100,000,000 should be used to mobilize, train, and transport—and maintain labor standards for—most of another two million farm families who have so little land, equipment, and other resources that it is advisable to find them employment as farm laborers during the war emergency, thereby giving the top million farms the farm-bred labor they need. It may be that some of this labor can be spared for replacements in industry as inductions into the armed services continue at the rate of 12,000 a day.

For the probable food needs of the next three years, our farm plant is wholly inadequate. Compared with the intensive farming of Europe, American agriculture is inefficient in its use of land, machinery, and man-power. More than three-fourths of our farm families do not have enough livestock, tools, and other equipment to employ their full time efficiently. Many of them, compared to our large commercial farms, are grossly undercapitalized. In World War I we met increased food demands by bringing more land under cultivation. This time we cannot use that easy solution. We must expand production by investing in machinery, fertilizer, feed, and seed, and by better organization of farming operations on the land now occupied.

Even the commercialized farms which are responsible for most of our farm output can improve their methods. The million largest farms now produce two-thirds of the nation's total and are operating near capacity. But they must have machinery, replacement parts,

repairs, fertilizer, and man-power to keep up. They can pay for the machinery and the fertilizer; they can pay wages and provide the housing for hired labor. The mobilization and transportation of the labor can best be done by the government as part of the war effort and should be paid for by the government.



Claude R. Wickard

The best opportunity for immediate expansion of production, however, is found among the middle-income farmers, those with gross incomes of between \$400 and \$1,500 a year. At least 1,000,000 of these farms, and probably 1,500,000, can show rapid production increases if mobilized in a livestock farming program that will provide full year-round employment. Such a program will also help to improve their soils.

Many require additional equipment. New equipment and that already in the neighborhood can be put to maximum use by community agreement. Machinery pools can draw in privately owned apparatus only if (a) the owner is guaranteed first call on his own implement, and (b) the government gives him a guaranty that the machinery will be maintained in working order and returned to him in as good condition as when he pooled it, or, if depreciated or worn out, that it will be replaced. County-wide cooperative machinery associations should be organized among farmers themselves, with government assistance when it is needed. Such cooperatives can schedule maximum employment of machinery, using county- and state-highway machine shops and garages as maintenance-and-repair stations. Of course some farmers have always shared some of their machinery, but now we must have full utilization, working it around the clock when feasible. The machinery inventory of large farms is more than adequate if enough machine operators, replacement parts, and repair services are provided. Big farmers must be induced to share their machinery with smaller farmers.

Farm man-power, both operators and hired labor, must be really stabilized by shutting off the suction of Selective Service and industrial employment. Job "freeze-

ing" will work even less satisfactorily on farms than in industry. Coercion does not make the best workers. Commercialized agriculture must accept some minimum labor standards of wages, hours, housing, and sanitation.

Many middle-income farm families need somewhat larger farms in order to balance and fill out their operations. They should be assisted with credit and management to lease farms or parts of farms that have been vacated or are poorly run.

A system of forward pricing is necessary, that is, a contract to purchase all strategic foods and fibers at a specified price, together with full insurance against loss. The present level of prices is in the main satisfactory; in a few instances prices are too low, in others too high. But certainty of price is important to the grower. He should know a marketing season ahead what he is going to get. The government must make firm contracts with farmers themselves or with their cooperatives, just as it makes war contracts with industrial plants. Such contracts are extremely useful in getting farmers to shift from familiar to unfamiliar crops, and particularly to high-risk commodities such as flax, hemp, peas, tomatoes, and other truck crops—all vital war foods, all on the deficit list. The government assures manufacturers of financial aid and a market for munitions; likewise it should advance credit and guarantee a market to the farmer who is asked to run five more "fat factories" or five more "milk factories," that is, five more hogs or cows.

Some farmers who expanded peanut and soy-bean production in 1942 were disappointed when they moved them to market, and considerable tonnage, particularly in soy beans, was left in the fields for lack of labor and milling facilities. To prevent a repetition of this failure, the investigation proposed by Chairman Hampton P. Fulmer of the House Agriculture Committee should be useful. This investigation would inquire into the spread of food costs between grower and consumer, particularly into wasteful practices in marketing, processing, transportation, and supplies. We must cut waste of manpower and transportation facilities in the handling of food after it leaves the farmer's gate.

Finally, such steps as I have outlined must be the responsibility of a fully integrated food administration which is in turn fitted harmoniously into one over-all agency for total mobilization for total war.

As a matter of practical politics, conversion of agriculture to war is impossible until Congress feels the public demand. At present Congress is most conscious of the demands of big agriculture seeking ever higher prices, even at the risk of inflation. Closer attention and courageous leadership by the Administration will help. But the people have the last word. Until the people speak, "farming as usual" will continue to produce too little, too late, too dearly.

[Part I of this article appeared last week.]

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

IMPEACHMENT [of President Andrew Johnson] and the subject of appropriations have occupied most of the attention of Congress this week. . . . We shall be heartily glad to see Mr. Johnson relegated to private life if he should be convicted, but that his fate will furnish either a warning or an example to his successors we do not in the least believe. . . . There is one other consideration, too, more powerful than any, and that is that Mr. Johnson's acquittal will be the death of the Republican Party. Why it will be so, it would be easy to explain; but that it will be so, very few will deny.—*March 5, 1868.*

THE INCREASING infrequency of marriage at the present day is fast getting into the category of topics of universal discussion. . . . The cause, if we mistake not, is nothing less than the higher development of civilization and the new form which modern progress has given to modern life.—*March 5, 1868.*

MR. GLADSTONE has a decided turn for literary pursuits—a weakness it may be called, considering its results. . . . One wonders a little at the almost unqualified praise which the head of the Liberal Party gives Scott as a writer of historical novels. Surely Scott's novels left uncorrected would have made a statue of Cromwell bought with public money an impossibility in England.—*March 5, 1868.*

FOR CRITICAL EXAMINATION in detail, Mr. Darwin's new book ["The Variation of Animals and Plants Under Domestication"] must be referred to the scientific journals and to cultivators and breeders. But whatever audience he may address, a wide circle of general readers is sure to attend the founder of a new *ism*, and the word Darwinism has become as familiar as Galvanism or Mormonism.—*March 19, 1868.*

THE RESULT of the New Hampshire election has not been officially promulgated, but it is certain that Harriman is Governor. . . . On the whole, the Republicans have every reason to be very well satisfied. . . . Their adversaries, too, would be more than human not to be a little disheartened. . . . The *Mobile Tribune*, however, takes almost too melancholy a view of the situation. It receives the news with this welcome: "There is a sulphurous volcanic cloud rising over the northern land; and by the lurid light that gleams along its borders we can see houses in flames, and fields desolated, and outraged women flying with disheveled hair to hide their shame, and mastless hulks with blood-stained decks drifting rudderless on seas whitened no more for ever with the canvas wings of commerce, and cities of the dead whose mouldering ruins would topple over and fall with the jar upon the air of a single footstep upon their sidewalks, but the footstep is not there." It should remember that the Democrats have made gains in Biddeford, Maine, and other towns.—*March 19, 1868.*

How to Curb Absenteeism

BY JAMES A. WECHSLER

Washington, March 6

REPRESENTATIVE RANKIN of Mississippi confided to a half-empty House the other day that God rescued Eddie Rickenbacker so that he might bring Americans the truth about absenteeism. It appears likely, however, that the current furor over hooky-playing among war workers would have occurred without divine intervention. The "strike wave" had been played up too hard at anti-union revival meetings; with walkouts reduced to an invisible minimum, the beat-labor-first bloc desperately needed an issue. And then came Rickenbacker. He accused home-front workers of lying down on (or off) the job, urged suspension of overtime payments as a sobering-up measure, and incidentally opposed the \$25,000 salary ceiling as inconsistent with the American dream. He made "absenteeism" a headline word, and he got a lot of lecture invitations.

Since the aviator's first public sermon, the subject of the cause and cure of absenteeism has been magnified to amazing proportions. Most of the talking has been done by those who, like Rickenbacker, appear more eager to discredit labor than to cut down job absences. They have created the impression that the nation's workers, with the stealthy cooperation of the union bosses, are wilfully devising new and ingenious ways of staying home from work. Last week-end Admiral Edward L. Cochrane denounced an epidemic of "twenty-four-hour pneumonia cases" and asserted that the absentee problem "is one which can be solved only between the individual worker and his conscience." The best available evidence indicates that this is bunk. Informed government officials believe that if all "wilful absenteeism" were eliminated, only a minor increase in job attendance would result. Secretary of Labor Perkins has estimated that 90 per cent of the absences are due to industrial accidents and illness. Many accidents and some illness could be prevented, but not by workers communing with their consciences or by admirals delivering speeches.

None of this is to suggest that the loss from absenteeism is trivial. It isn't. People in the best position to know believe we have just begun to get a glimpse of the scope and nature of the problem. Labor Department surveys show that absenteeism in commercial shipyards has averaged about 7 per cent since last April; in air-frame plants, 6.4 per cent since January. The department's *Monthly Labor Review* admits that, apart from specific studies, "there is no statistical information available to

indicate the general extent of absenteeism in war industries." All the localized inquiries, however, furnish indisputable evidence that involuntary absences are much more prevalent and serious than week-end binges. This was confirmed by the OWI's recent analysis of government information and by the absentee study prepared by *Fortune*.

The causes of involuntary absence should be pretty apparent; but they have been obscured by the loafing legend. Overnight expansion of war industries has created a multitude of daily annoyances and hazards for war workers. Inadequate transportation facilities become hopelessly snarled in bad weather. (Did any newspapers headline the story of two elderly Connecticut workers who went back to their jobs when war came, tried to walk to work in a blizzard, and perished on the way?) Lack of housing has forced families to live in trailer camps where illness rates have risen steeply; workers at Willow Run have been living in desolate shacks without heat or proper sanitary devices. Such conditions are imperiling the health of employees in many war-industry areas.

Again, the thousands of women who have been added to the labor force are intensifying the rising absentee rate. For one thing, women are less used to the arduous routine; for another, inadequate facilities for the care of their children and unavoidable housekeeping demands compel them to take time off. Similarly, the many older workers who have returned to the labor market are inevitably more subject to accidents, sickness, and fatigue than younger men. In many plants the work-week has been steadily lengthened, sometimes to fifty-four hours or more. British experience after Dunkirk showed that the cost of such an increase is many man-hours lost through absenteeism.

All these factors are by-products of the sudden creation of an industrial war machine. Some can be combated with direct government measures, such as large-scale housing projects. But a large part of the problem, most investigators believe, arises in the war plants themselves and is directly attributable to the negligence or the apathy of the management. Reports to the Labor Department reveal that fatigue, eye strain, poor ventilation, inadequate heat and sanitation, and lack of food facilities are all contributing to illness—and absenteeism. It has been found that steps as simple as providing decent drinking fountains and improved lighting will bring dividends in

better job attendance. These so-called "frills" become imperative when men are working fifty-four hours a week.

There are usually two sides to every "horror story" about absenteeism. The front pages of many newspapers recently reported that the Bethlehem Steel Corporation had fired 150 welders at its Fore River shipyard because they were guilty of absenteeism. Editorials throughout the country cited the case. Subsequently the C. I. O. produced rebuttals from some of the men dismissed. One said that he had worked seven days a week for five and a half months, then got pneumonia and stayed home for two weeks. He was fired for absenteeism when he went back to work. Another said he went to the hospital for treatment of bleeding ulcers and was similarly dismissed when he returned.

Finally there is the impact of labor hoarding on workers' morale. C. I. O. officials have showed me numerous case-histories of plants which kept workers around idle because materials were lacking but which didn't want to cut their labor force. (Under fixed-fee contracts the government pays the bill anyway, and profits actually decline if labor costs are cut; besides, the materials may arrive some day.) At a Columbus, Ohio, aircraft plant men were told to go out and play basketball in the afternoon—they were "cluttering up" the plant. When this sort of thing happens, it is difficult to persuade an employee that his showing up for work every day may be a matter of life or death for a boy in North Africa or the Solomons.

It is as silly to think of "legislating" against absenteeism as to plan to outlaw the common cold. The real answer has been found in those war plants where labor-management committees are genuinely functioning and are not treated as mere window-dressing. Wendell Lund, labor director of the War Production Board, cites a California shipyard where absenteeism was drastically reduced after a labor-management committee had discussed its causes. The findings were elementary: the yard needed a sweeping safety program, including regulation of crane-loads, use of respirators in spray painting, and solid construction of scaffolding.

Records in the files of the Department of Labor show that this experience has been duplicated in plants throughout the country. Labor-management committees can also plan more effective utilization of the working force. They can stage morale drives which the workers will understand and respect because the leaders come from their own ranks. They can make life unpleasant for the habitual absentee. Unfortunately, too many managements still regard these committees as the prelude to socialism and either refuse to establish them or ignore their existence. Too many managements—and too many Congressmen—prefer the Rickenbacker cure. But it won't work.

In the Wind

THE AMERICAN THEATER WING is finding it hard these days to get actors to take part in its "Lunchtime Follies"—performances which are offered in war factories to ease the strain and stimulate production. Actors and actresses who used to give generously of their time and talent are now frequently "tied up." Direct questions put to several of them have brought the equally direct reply that after Rickenbacker's "revelations" they don't want to do anything for labor.

THE RUBICON, an Italian-American news letter published in New York, on war aims: "The reason why we are a democracy (pardon! republic) is not so that we can give democracy to the starving Hottentots and Javanese, but so that we may preserve our own Constitution and Bill of Rights here, not for the English, the Dutch, the French, the Russians, the Germans, or the Italians!"

BRAVE NEW WORLD: An article in *Broadcasting*, a radio trade magazine, puts it this way: "With the end of the war will come the golden age of American business and industry, and with it the golden age of good, hard-selling advertising technique."

THE OLD AGE PENSIONERS' ASSOCIATION of Scotland recently held a conference on the Beveridge Report. A unanimously adopted resolution condemned the provision for a graduated pension rising to twenty shillings weekly in twenty years, and advocated an immediate pension of thirty shillings.

A SOCIETY COLUMNIST for the San Francisco *Chronicle* recently visited the Greek consul-general in her city and was given ambrosia and nectar in the form of canapés and cognac. "All this," she wrote, "made me believe that no matter how starving the Greeks are today—and we all know that their situation is indescribably horrible—they are making some pretense at keeping up the niceties they have carried from generation to generation right down from Pericles."

THE NEW ORDER: Danish sources report that the town council of Svendborg has voted to give every child between two and seven years of age one hot bath a month. . . . Of 1,122 children examined in Copenhagen, every seventh had rickets. . . . The Danish press is not allowed to refer to Nazi meetings in Sweden as Nazi meetings. They may only be called "meetings." . . . A special ration of twenty pounds of dog biscuit per month is decreed for Alsatian dogs provided the owner can prove the animal's male parent was German. . . . Official Nazi cars in Holland have horns that give a distinctive sound, and when pedestrians hear it they must clear the road or take their chances of being killed. The published order "also applies to street cars."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Finland's "Peace" Offensive

BY JACK GERBER

SOME of our better-informed news editors and commentators apparently have not yet learned that the smart thing to do about a tendentious story out of Stockholm is to cock an eyebrow and ask: "What good can this do the Germans?" As a consequence of this gullibility, many people took at face value the recent Finnish "peace offensive," first explicit rumors of which came from Stockholm.

But the actual beginning of it goes back to Stalingrad. Nazi propaganda turned the defeat at Stalingrad into "proof" that the "Bolshevik hordes" have the strength to "overrun the world." A major portion of Axis broadcasting time was turned over to "proving" the Soviet intention to rule the world.

For American consumption that kind of talk has a relatively limited appeal. Faced with an imminent second front and the Roosevelt-Churchill "unconditional-surrender" declaration, Dr. Goebbels had to find a gambit so strong it could endanger United States-Soviet relations. During the first week in February Axis short-wave broadcasts directed to the United States suddenly started emphasizing Finland's part in the "crusade against bolshevism." "Finland," gullible American listeners would have believed, "is fighting because the Finnish people know a Bolshevik victory would mean their annihilation." It was apparent that Dr. Goebbels had found his gambit; and a powerful one, as a result of the sympathy so many Americans had worked up over Finland in its 1939-40 war with the Soviet Union.

Simultaneously with the sudden German emphasis on Finland, the Finns opened a new, powerful short-wave transmission directed to the United States. Morning after morning Americans were told: Finland is a fellow-democracy and wants the friendship of the United States; Finland is not "committed to any foreign power"; Finland is fighting only for its independence and territorial integrity against the "Bolshevik aggressor." Said the Finnish spokesmen: "Despite its war with the Soviets, Finland keeps out of the great powers' war."

During the week preceding the reelection of Risto Ryti as Finnish President the United States began to receive "speculation," largely out of Stockholm, that a change of administration would mean a more pro-United Nations foreign policy. Shortly thereafter the first specific "peace" rumors appeared. According to the most concrete of them, Finland was supposed to have made Moscow an offer, via Sweden, containing four points: (1) full recognition of Finnish independence, (2) estab-

lishment of "honorable" frontiers, (3) a pledge by Finland to obtain the departure of German divisions in Finland, (4) a guaranty of Finland's integrity by Sweden and the United States.

At that time there was no denial from Finland. Instead, the Finnish radio told Americans that Finland would withdraw from the war "when the right moment strikes and its freedom and independence are secured." Thus encouraged, the "peace" rumors spread for more than a week before the Finns put out an official denial.

Was it really "peace" talk? The four points cited above are all predicated on Russia having been the aggressor against Finland's "independence and territorial integrity." Obviously, the Kremlin could not even look at a plan based on such an assumption. The Finns doubtless know that; more important, the Nazis doubtless know it. A specific proposal that the United States "guarantee" Finnish integrity was mentioned. Guarantee it against whom? Obviously only the Soviet Union.

As to Finland's new propaganda directed to the United States, obviously designed to lay the foundation for American "intervention": Is Finland a democracy? From all accounts it is as thoroughly an occupied country as Denmark. Does Finland really want American friendship? The Office of War Information broadcast a story to the effect that on December 7, 1942, Finnish government officials attended a banquet at the Japanese legation in Helsinki at which toasts were drunk celebrating the anniversary of the Japanese "victory" at Pearl Harbor. The broadcast Finnish explanation of that event was palpably ridiculous: that the Finnish officials had no idea the banquet—on December 7, mind you—would be "turned into a political occasion." Is Finland committed to no foreign power and fighting only for its own independence? Returned American correspondents attest that Finnish troops are fighting on every sector of the Russian front, from Murmansk to the Caucasus.

Every whit of the "peace" and "peaceful" talk regarding Finland has led to one point—the contention of Nazi propaganda that the "Bolsheviks" are the aggressors. If the United States were officially to intervene on such an assumption, our relations with our (to Germany) most important ally would be seriously jeopardized. Alternatively, if enough Americans accepted that assumption independently, there would be the chance that they would put pressure on the Administration for decreased aid to the Soviet Union. Dr. Goebbels will settle for either alternative.

The Yankees Arrive

[The document which follows is being circulated widely, though anonymously, throughout North Africa and, we are told, has a way of reaching the breakfast trays of French and Allied dignitaries. It made its first appearance right after the Casablanca conference. As the reader will see, it pretends to be an account of the landing in France next November of the Armies of Liberation, and it so closely follows the pattern of what happened in the North African curtain-raiser that the authorities there are making serious efforts to apprehend the perpetrators of this cruel satire.]

The reader will no doubt remember that resistance to our armies was ably led in Morocco by one General Noguès (still at the same job, to judge by all reports) and by one Admiral Michelier. On the evening of November 8 the imminent arrival of the Armies of Liberation was announced to the groups in league with us by a code phrase interminably repeated over the London radio: "Attention, Robert is arriving." When General Bethouart, the principal pro-Ally conspirator in Morocco, went to General Noguès to implore him not to offer resistance to the historical friend and ally of France, the General called Admiral Michelier by telephone and was assured by him that there was not an American ship within a thousand miles. So the General fought, in the name of "honor," and was later hailed as a gentleman and a patriot for his act by some of our military men like Major General George W. Patton, Jr., who, installed in a handsome requisitioned villa, plunged into a whirl of social activity as guest and host alternately of General Noguès and his set, male and female. Active in the resistance to the Americans both during and after the landings was the S. O. L. (Service d'Ordre Légionnaire), French equivalent of the Nazi S. S.

Careful study of this satire leads the editors to believe that any apparent resemblances there may be between "General Gonesse" and General Noguès, "Admiral Chamelier" and Admiral Michelier, "Governor General Breuvage" and Governor General Boisson, "General O. W. Littlepatapon, Sr." and General George W. Patton, Jr., the L. O. S. and the S. O. L. are purely intentional. General de la Laurencie, of course, exists but, unlike General Giraud, is now a prisoner of the Nazis.

Paris, November 28, 1943 (From our Special Correspondent): After the inevitable restrictions of censorship imposed following the Allied landing on the coasts of France I can now cable you the first impressions of my arrival with our liberating troops.

I shall not retrace the landing in detail. Everyone

knows that the German high command, after having sent to the eastern front all the troops which had occupied France, had turned over to the government of Vichy the responsibility for defending metropolitan France against aggression, from whatever direction. It is known that General Bridoux, Secretary of State for War, had rapidly reconstituted an army, to which was joined the militia formed by Pierre Laval, the Légion de l'Obéissance sacrée (L. O. S.). He had confided the defense of the west coast of France, the most threatened, to General Gonesse, for seven years Governor General of the Celtic Provinces (Normandy and Brittany), trained in the delicate problems of the Celtic world, and enjoying the full confidence of the government of Vichy.

Let us recall the facts rapidly: On the eve of the arrival of our troops the Anglo-Saxon radio had broadcast ceaselessly the appeal agreed upon: "Attention Toto, Teddy is arriving. . . ." The entire civil population was aware of the landing of our troops—it was, as the French say, a "Harlequin's secret." General Gonesse was not without news of these rumors, for many times during the night he telephoned Admiral Chamelier, the commander of the fleet anchored at Deauville, to ask whether anything unusual had been noticed at sea. The Admiral replied each time that the horizon was as empty as a speech by Marshal Pétain.

During this time our troops joyously prepared to liberate the Celts and the French. Our boys whistled gaily at the thought of marching soon under arches of triumph, amid the enthusiastic acclamation of populations drunk with joy. At Bordeaux there was only token resistance, after which the representatives of the government of Vichy, neutralized beforehand in their beds, rushed to fraternize with the liberators, but things did not go so easily in the sector defended by the valiant General Gonesse. Three days of violent fighting, the greater part of the Deauville fleet destroyed, hundreds of deaths on both sides, such was the toll of the glorious resistance offered to the Liberators.

Meanwhile General de la Laurencie, who had escaped from a German prison, had reported to Bordeaux, where he had taken command of the French troops, in full accord with London and Washington. He lost no time in constituting a High Commissariat, to which he hastened to name, with all the honors due him, the faithful General Gonesse, still covered with the blood of so many French and Allied soldiers. He brought in Governor General Breuvage, who had commanded at Dunkerque and had distinguished himself shortly before by fighting off an Anglo-Gaulliste attack against this great port.

This triumvirate immediately undertook the task of galvanizing French patriotism. It proclaimed that the population would not fail to rise as one man and that, thanks to American arms, Free France would soon equip an army of a million combatants, animated by the magnificent traditions of June, 1940, which would not be slow to hang its washing on the Siegfried Line.

General Gonesse, proud of the confidence of General de la Laurencie and buttressed by his influence with the great chief of the indigenous Celts, immediately became the man of the hour. The commander-in-chief of the American troops, Major General O. W. Littlepatapon, Sr., perceived at once the loyal and dependable character of General Gonesse, unswerving in his diverse convictions. The American general was not insensible to the charms of the French ladies; and his French colleague, always delicately helpful, insisted upon the privilege of introducing him to gracious young women who were to make gay the austere life of the American warrior.

All these things are known. Recent events are less so. I shall run over them rapidly.

While General O. W. Littlepatapon, Sr., surrounded by a gracious bevy of young and pretty French girls, actively carried on the war of liberation in sumptuous requisitioned villas, our troops pushed on in all directions. Everywhere they received the acclamation of the people, enchanted to live under a rain of dollars and to think that these men were going to fight and die for them, thus saving them the trouble. The entry of the Anglo-Americans into Paris and Vichy highlighted, as we know, this rapid campaign, which put an end to the resistance of the L. O. S., brilliantly commanded by Joseph Darnand. The German troops had evacuated France taking with them Marshal Pétain, who, until the last moment, never ceased broadcasting over the radio energetic appeals for resistance against the odious British oppressor and the cynical American conqueror.

It was then that Pierre Laval himself courageously decided to rally to the army of liberation. Hardly had the Allies entered Vichy, after a bloody struggle, when they assisted at the reassuring spectacle of a cordial interview between General Teddy Wellcome, commander-in-chief of the Anglo-Saxon forces, and M. Pierre Laval, chief of the French government. The eminent statesman had no trouble in giving proof of his good faith and his good-will. He made much of the fact that he had always been a sincere and loyal friend of the United States, that his son-in-law was more than half-American, that his daughter José had fond memories of the White House, and that in addition he had always wished for the victory of the United Nations and had foreseen the annihilation of Germany. "And if I have seemed to say or think the contrary," he added delicately, "believe me, dear friends and allies, it was for the better, as we say in my country."

Needless to say, General Teddy Wellcome was moved and charmed by this dignified and generous attitude. He assured Pierre Laval of his fullest esteem and asserted that he was ready to collaborate with him. Moreover, he said, since the Allies had no desire to interfere in the internal affairs of France, no one would be better qualified than M. Laval himself to rehabilitate French politics, to give it a resolute democratic direction, and to put the entire country at the service of the sacred cause of liberation of oppressed peoples.

Thereupon Pierre Laval formed his famous Cabinet, for the prosecution of the "holy war for liberty." It was thus composed:

Présidence du Conseil et Intérieur	Pierre Laval
Défense Nationale	Général Bridoux
Marine et Tunisie	Admiral Esteva
Affaires Etrangères	Vicomte de Brinon
Finances et Pots de Vin	Jacques Doriot
Colonies et Affaires celtiques	Général Nogues
Politique et Délation	Joseph Darnand
Instruction Publique	Marcel Déat
Moralité Publique	Alfred Mallet
P. T. T. et Illustration	J. de Lessaigne
Famille et Cinéma	Jean Luchaire
Presse et Propagande	Georges Anquetil

(The President of the Council and Minister of the Interior reserved for himself personally the Portfolio of Treason; he is assisted in this heavy task by a sub-secretary of state, M. François Pietri.)

Such was the political situation, as clear and reassuring as could be wished, when there took place the famous conference of Touquet which was to astonish the world. It has been so often described that I limit myself to a brief summary of its remarkable results. About President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill were grouped the principal British and American military chiefs. The high point of the conversations, which were held against the celebrated background of the celebrated "plage du Nord," was the meeting of Generals Giraud, de Gaulle, and de la Laurencie. Everyone has seen the photograph which has preserved for posterity the triple handshake of the three great soldiers. After laborious negotiations each of these generals put his signature to a document of which this is the exact text: "Generals Giraud, de Gaulle, and de la Laurencie are perfectly in accord on the fact that they are not at all in accord."

Thanks to this virile manifestation of the fighting spirit of the French and thanks also to the confident collaboration of the Anglo-Saxon governments and of the brilliant team organized by Pierre Laval, the people of the United States and of the British Empire can be assured that final victory is in sight, to the great satisfaction of the French nation, which is perfectly aware of the sacrifices it might otherwise have had to make to assure the triumph of Justice, Civilization, and Democracy.

HIMMLER WINS AGAIN

For a long time Himmler has demanded an aviation section for his S. S. guards. Göring refused. At the first evidence of increasing dissatisfaction following the reverses in the east, Himmler renewed his demand, asking Hitler to support it. This time Göring yielded. The question is settled. Should the German people rise, they will be bombed from the air as if they were living in London, Coventry, or Kharkov.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

THE German word *Unruhe* means uneasiness, restlessness, anxiety. One can imagine the dismal jokes that are being coupled with the name of General Walter von Unruh. Certainly Herr von Unruh represents the greatest anxiety that the average German suffers today, for he is chief executive of the colossal—and swiftly developing—project that goes under the name of total mobilization. In that capacity he must—before March 15—comb several million hitherto indispensable persons out of war industries and pack them off to the army, and at the same time comb the last civilians out of their peace-time occupations and put them in war jobs.

The two decrees of January 27 and February 4 which ordered this "greatest mobilization in the history of the world" laid down only a few general principles. They directed, for example that all firms and branches, stores, workshops, restaurants, and so on "not vital for the war effort or for the necessary minimum of civilian supplies" should be closed immediately. And they provided that all men between sixteen and sixty-five years of age and all women between seventeen and forty-five not already engaged in war work should be drafted at once for the war economy. But these decrees furnished only the framework and included no practical directions for carrying it to completion. Since then orders, regulations, and blitz measures have been issued in rapid succession.

The first specific order provided that in Berlin alone 50,000 retail shops of every kind, size, and quality, and 50,000 handicraft shops were to be closed. It is reported that already on a street like the famous Kurfürstendamm hardly a shop is open. Of the 12,000 spirits and brandy distilleries still operating in Germany, only 755 will be permitted to continue. A third of the extant newspapers are to be scrapped; the first one to cease publication is the well-known *B. Z. am Mittag*. Waiters are to be transferred to war industries in a body and their places filled by women; other traditional hotel and restaurant jobs, such as newspaper and tobacco stands, are to be eliminated entirely. Of more

far-reaching significance is an announcement made by Minister of Justice Thierack in a conference on February 10. In reporting it the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten* said that the minister had made public a scheme for "greatly reducing the number of judges." "At present," it continued, "there are about 14,000 judges, but according to Thierack, 4,000 or at most 5,000 are enough. About 10,000 therefore will have to disappear." To make up for the disappearance of two-thirds of the judges into the insatiable maw of the war's man-power demands, the remaining third will have, as the paper expressed it, "increased authority." Expressed in another way, court procedure will be still more summary than it has been. Even more serious in the long run may be the consequences of the announced reduction of the school week to eighteen hours—so that about half of the teachers still employed can be transferred to war jobs and also so that greater use can be made of the pupils as helpers, especially on farms.

The difficulties of such a colossal undertaking seem enormous. First, there are the damages to be paid. The small tradesmen and handworkers whose shops are destroyed must be left some hope—it is slight enough—of being able to make a new start after the war. They are therefore allowed damages—it looks as if a considerable bureaucracy would be needed simply to evaluate their claims. Moreover, the state is so hungry for goods that it cannot permit the proprietors to dispose of their stock and fixtures as they like. Everything must be turned over to the government—materials, goods, machines, tools, even office equipment, including furniture, telephones, and lamps. To inventory these millions of heterogeneous items and to utilize them or turn them into cash will keep another regiment of clerks busy.

Then the problem arises, how usable will these left-overs be in war production, for which they are completely unfitted by training and habit? The factory managers, who are losing masses of strong and practiced workers and receiving such unsatisfactory substitutes, seem extremely pessimistic. They must have uttered many protestations and warnings, for a joint proclamation issued on February 23 by Minister of Munitions Speer and Labor Czar Sauckel holds the managers responsible for results. It is their job to transform the "reserves" assigned to them into capable workmen by setting up schools and giving the necessary instruction in their plants—and to do it quickly.

The first signs are appearing of how great the "enthusiasm of the people" for the "total mobilization" really is. There have been threats against shirkers and persons making false declarations. The *Völkische Beobachter* of February 11 attacked women in general because so many of them—some with the help of forged doctors' certificates—are trying to get into office positions instead of essential work.

File and Remember

Volunteers for Fascism

THE recruiting of volunteers [from the occupied countries] for the Russian campaign has been disappointing, but "fascism" points out that the importance of this enterprise must not be measured by the size of the volunteer army. After Jena Napoleon fixed the limit of the Prussian army at 42,000. The Prussians defeated his intention by keeping the army to that figure but passing men through the ranks so that Prussia had a small army but a large number of trained men. Something like that has been done with the volunteers for the Russian war. Numbers of them are continually being brought back from the front and replaced by new men. The Dutch Nazis and the Belgian Fascists boast of the training their followers are thus receiving. Degrelle said that his followers had learned in Russia to kill quickly and well. These forces will not be strong enough to withstand the popular feeling of the occupied countries when liberation comes, but they will make the struggle more bitter. — *Manchester Guardian*.

A German Majority

Not so long ago the German press boasted that for every four Germans working at home, there was one foreigner. Now the Nazis are finding that there are disadvantages in employing millions of foreigners. Sauckel, Hitler's special commissioner for labor mobilization, says: "We have a situation in which at many factories representatives of as many as twelve alien nationalities are employed. We must now take measures to see that Germans constitute a majority in every factory." — *Soviet War News*.

Norway on Darlan

The Norwegians, like the peoples of other occupied countries today, hope that their liberation will not be too long postponed. But—and it is important that we should understand this—the Norwegians have taken the political tragedy of North Africa to heart. "The Darlan incident," a leading article in the *Norsk Tidend* said, "also has its significance for Norway and the other countries. Political and military aims must go hand in hand, otherwise we shall find ourselves on a slippery slope. Our aim, a free and democratic Norway, can never be achieved by a fascist compromise. No good Norwegian has ever had any doubts about this." — *The New Statesman and Nation* (London).

The Finnish Quislings

Ryti and Mannerheim are as guilty of blood and of the massacre of their people in the interests of a little coterie dependent upon Hitler as are any quislings in Europe. It is amazing that there should be found British and American newspapers which discuss these people coolly as though they were the "victims of unfortunate circumstances." They are no more the victims of circumstance than Pierre Laval. — *Daily Worker* (London).

Program for Spain

Franco is making things worse by strengthening Morocco, which threatens our position in French North Africa. Our campaign goes slowly there partly because so many of our men have to watch the Spanish divisions, which are commanded by Spain's best general, Yagué.

So what is to be done? Three things. Replace Sir Samuel Hoare. Tell the Spanish people that they will be in the war in the spring unless the Blue Division and half Yagué's troops come home. And tell them that shiploads of food will enter any Spanish port that declares for neutrality and peace, if Franco insists on going on with war.

There are millions of Spaniards ready to be on our side, ready to defend their dwindling chance of peace. They will do the job for us—if we let them. — *The Tribune* (London).

War in the Air?

There is uneasiness on both sides of the Atlantic. Some Americans allege that by supplying aircraft under lend-lease they are giving the key to Britain; at least as many Englishmen allege that by handing over Empire routes to United States lines they are selling their birthright. Few opinions on the subject are so riddled with nonsense as those expressed in Mrs. Clare Luce's recent plea for "sovereignty of the skies." Fantastically, she speaks of the squeezing out of American shipping by the "heavily subsidized" lines of other "low labor-scale" countries, and voices the fear that the same may happen in the air. It is high time that the British and American governments ended this sordid wrangling by stating exactly what is happening and making plain their future policy. They have to choose between "sovereignty of the skies" and "freedom of the air"; and there is no doubt which choice will best serve both world peace and the efficiency and cheapness of world transport. In this discussion, British and American imperialism look equally ugly. — *The Economist* (London).

Shameless Cynicism

"The Atlantic Charter is a shameless piece of cynicism. If it were followed, all peoples would have to give up their sovereign rights for the sake of the United States, England, the Soviet Union, and Chungking, and they all would suffer the fate of Cuba and Puerto Rico." — SPANISH COUNCILOR ANTONIO TOVAR in *Pueblo* (Madrid).

Social Revolution or Reform

No proposition of social reform in modern history has been seized so eagerly or with so much determination by the people as a whole as the Beveridge Report. What fools the Conservative organizers must be not to realize that here was a providential opportunity to steal the thunder of the progressives and place upon the statute books the social enactment of a lifetime. "If you do not give the people social reform," said Mr. Quintin Hogg, one of the younger and better-educated Conservatives, in an admirable speech, "the people will give you social revolution." — A. J. CUMMINGS in the *News Chronicle* (London).

BOOKS and the ARTS

Notes by the Way

JOHN DOS PASSOS presents in his new novel, "Number One" (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50), a portrait of a Southern demagogue. The model is obviously Huey Long, though the story is a parallel of Long's career, not a literal record. Now Huey Long in the flesh is still sufficiently vivid in the reader's mind to be a constant and authoritative check on the success of any attempt to transfix him in print. Yet Dos Passos has so transfixed him, without shrinkage either of dimension or of body heat.

Mr. Dos Passos has done live historical figures before with great success—the best things in "U. S. A." as far as I am concerned are the short biographies. Here, however, he not only presents such a figure at full length; he does it in fictional terms. In his short biographies of real personalities he could make his readers function as collaborators by tapping the keys of known fact; his skill lay in selecting the keys that would release the particular emotion and idea he wished to use. In the present case he has chosen the indirect and far more difficult method of projecting a fictional character in the image of a known historical figure—which makes of the reader a judge rather than a collaborator. And he has succeeded, for Chuck Crawford is not only a public character in his own right, with his own story, but wins complete acceptance from the reader as the prototype not only of Huey Long but of the whole spate of demagogues which the backward areas of the South will continue to throw up as long as their dismal swamps of poverty and ignorance remain undrained.

A great deal of observation, research, and understanding has gone into Dos Passos's study of a demagogue. He understands, for instance, that it is the element of sincerity in such people which makes them successful—and dangerous. He never loses sight of the fact that the Chuck Crawfords really believe that they are friends and defenders of the people—a belief which confuses both the Crawfords and the people. And he has shown with great skill the shuttling process by which Chuck Crawford, the ignorant, stupid, yet shrewd messiah, gains power by attacking the "interests" (while promising to make "Every Man a Millionaire"), exploits and is exploited by them, and finally becomes their servant as well as a parasite they must support because of his popular following.

But Chuck Crawford remains throughout a public rather than a private character; and since Dos Passos has chosen such a subject, the question must arise as to whether the public significance of Chuck Crawford, past and future, makes him worth the serious novelist's trouble. In Huey Long's time there was a tide in American affairs which might have led a Southern demagogue on to victory over us all—Long's assassination was a stroke of good luck. Today war and organization for war have set new tides in motion which will throw up quite different and even more sinister, and

knowledgeable, candidates; and while the primitive Southern demagogue will continue to rise and flourish, he now seems dated as the possible leader of a sophisticated American fascism. In that context Chuck Crawford becomes a reminiscence rather than a prophecy and seems not quite worth a full-length portrait.

That is the danger the novelist runs, of course, when he selects a public character as a major subject. The private character is another matter, if only because we are all private characters, forever interested in ourselves.

There are, of course, private characters in "Number One"—and I am not sure that Mr. Dos Passos does not consider one of them his principal. As a foil (and secretary) to Chuck Crawford, he gives us another of his dismal drinking young men—Tyler Spotswood, weaker brother of the Glenn Spotswood of "The Adventures of a Young Man"—a thwarted idealist who is so obviously weak-willed that one can't help feeling he is an idealist because he is thwarted, not thwarted because he is an idealist. There is a difference. Dos Passos almost broke the pattern in "The Adventures of a Young Man." Glenn Spotswood was defeated in the end, but at least he put up a fight—which is after all far more true to life and a great deal more interesting. The Tyler of the present book is down for the count when the book opens; he never rises and one soon becomes bored by his groans. At the end, when he is left holding the bag for Chuck Crawford, he faces the choice of going to prison or exposing Chuck, with whose wife he is, again feebly, in love; but by that time anything he may or may not do seems quite without significance. (Sue Ann, by the way, like most of Dos Passos's women, is more engaging than his men.)

Here again Dos Passos refuses, or is unable, to endow his fictional characters with the resilience and will power which characterize the real figures of his biographies, including Chuck Crawford—not to mention the general run of the human race. In real life, Mr. Dos Passos notwithstanding, even intellectual under-dogs like Tyler Spotswood, defeated or not, possess those qualities—which are the requisites for staying alive. To deny them to Tyler Spotswood in his argument with life, and with Chuck Crawford, is to invite, from this reviewer at least, that old, fatal newspaper verdict "No story."

MARGARET MARSHALL

To a Camofleur

a tree is not a tree it is a man
granite rocks have thirty creeping toes
and canvas sides where once the highway ran
the scattered flock nuzzles the winter snows

mobility lies leaden in the grave
inured to torpor there will be those to see
what doom of jeopardy consumes a brave
anachronistic visibility

folded in darkness from your mind erase
 the dream you dreamed through all the ancient wars
 a man erect and walking in a space
 confronting god and stars

LYNN RIGGS

Under and After Mussolini

ITALY FROM WITHIN. By Richard G. Massock. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

THE author of this book was correspondent of the Associated Press in Rome from the fall of 1938 to the end of 1941. His task was "finding out as best as he could what was going on." But the Stefani Agency (the Italian counterpart of Havas and Reuter) gave out only government "pap." The dailies were mere instruments in an orchestra conducted by the Ministry of Propaganda. The radio, the newsreels, the books and magazines, the news photos—everything was censored. The hotel where Mr. Massock first established his residence was staffed entirely by informers. When he went to live in an apartment, the doorman was a spy and reported everyone who went to call on him. The police kept a dossier on each correspondent and his family. The telephone was tapped. Under such conditions, how could a newspaperman find out what was going on? Even if he did, he was not allowed to send out his findings. His telephone calls were intercepted and transcribed. The radio company automatically sent every dispatch to the ministry before transmitting it. Words were scrutinized, one by one, and their author held accountable for them. If he displeased the masters, he was expelled.

Mr. Massock, while imparting to us such pleasant information, protests that he never deserved expulsion. His record was "clean." He was just a newspaperman "without seditious thoughts or political animosity." He "avoided known anti-Fascists." He "never met any member of the underground, never tried to obtain news in a clandestine manner." He "evaded political discussion in his social contacts." He was only interested in obtaining news that he could transmit "through the nominal channels of information."

"We were sick," he writes, "that we had to withhold so much of the truth. Yet we knew the editors and readers wanted a man on the spot." Wait a moment! No doubt the editors wanted to make money by feeding their public with "good news," whether true or not, and only men on the spot could produce such news. But the public was living under the delusion that a man on the spot would give them the truth. Yet for twenty years, though sick of their dirty job, the men on the spot deceived their public. What was forcing them to do so? Why were they so fond of keeping their records clean? Why didn't they leave Rome as soon as they realized that a newspaperman could not honestly carry on his professional work there? Why didn't their agencies and publishers inform their readers that correct information could not be got from totalitarian countries and that therefore they refused to keep correspondents in those countries?

Here is a problem which should be squarely faced by the "gentlemen of the press" who have consecrated a shrine to the freedom of the press, hail the press as the unstained

source of truth, and each year hold conventions where they solemnly vindicate the freedom of the press. Freedom of the press or freedom for the "gentlemen of the press" to fool the people for twenty years?

The chapters Mr. Massock dedicates to the period of non-belligerency from September, 1939, to June, 1940, to the disastrous invasion of Greece, and to the economic and moral conditions of the country are among the best things on Italy that the present reviewer has read of late. Mr. Massock states that "the Italian people hold Mussolini personally responsible for Italy's tragedy. They hate him." "The supporters of Fascism form a small minority of the population." "The majority of Italians would like a restoration of parliamentary self-government, as in the democracies, as the only system capable of giving them decent leadership and economic well-being." But "an Italian revolution now, with all Europe under Nazi domination, direct or indirect, would fail, so strong are the odds against it. And such premature revolt might be catastrophic." However, "with the tide of anti-Fascism rising as it has risen, it is not inconceivable that the public, given the circumstances, could override the militia." "The primary question is how long will the Italians have to wait for the defeat of the German army by those of the United Nations." One hundred per cent right. Could anything else be said for the other occupied countries and, let us hope, for Germany itself?

Mr. Massock notices that "the anti-Fascist movement in Italy lacks leadership, organs of opinion, the means to get together in large numbers. There is no center of agitation, no parliament, no free institutions." Could it be otherwise? If Italy did not lack those paraphernalia, it would be a democratic and not a totalitarian country. It must reconquer them through "blood, sweat, and tears."

During more than three years among Italians in Italy, Mr. Massock never heard mentioned the name of a single émigré who would be a "likely deliverer of the people from Fascism." Quite natural. The name even of Toscanini has been suppressed in the Italian press. Thus a youth who is twenty-two now and was ten in 1930 does not know that a Toscanini ever existed in this world. One can guess what has happened in the case of all the other émigrés who are not surrounded by such a halo of glory as Toscanini. Therefore Mr. Massock is completely correct when he holds that "the liberation and future system of government of the Italian people is primarily the business of the Italians in Italy"; "the Italians seemed to be searching for new leaders among those who had stayed in Italy." Future leaders will arise from among those who are on the spot. Mr. Massock, however, would be at least half wrong if from this fact he drew the inference that there will be nothing for the émigrés to do when they return to Italy. Men and women who were in their twenties when political emigration began to curse Italy, are now in their fifties, that is, still young in spirit. They have not forgotten and will welcome those of their old friends who come back home.

"The pre-Fascist parties have been buried so profoundly that not even their ghosts were abroad in the land." Here again Mr. Massock is entirely right. Names of political parties will most likely still be the old ones. But the mentality of the generation in their thirties and forties is no longer

that of the old parties. They want new wine even under old labels. No force on earth will revive the pre-Fascist formations.

Mr. Massock is also 100 per cent right when he reports that at the time he left Rome "the Crown was in contempt among many Italians." The King had fallen so low that he visited the birthplace of Mussolini and laid wreaths on the tombs of the Duce's parents. The Crown Prince "has little personality" (to say the least). Last spring he concluded a manifesto to the troops under his command with these words: "Hail to the King! Hail to the Duce!" The Queen has taken such pains to identify herself with the German alliance that when she received the Japanese ambassador she insisted on his speaking German, though he knew very little German. Under such circumstances, Mr. Massock should have taken less seriously that "anti-Fascist" who told him that "the monarchy is the chief bulwark of Italy after Fascism."

His anti-Fascist acquaintance told Mr. Massock that the army might present the King with a military dictator who would end the reign of Fascism and assume the policing power. Mr. Massock might have asked him how that same army, or rather those same military chiefs who had brought to power and supported and exploited Mussolini for twenty years, might think of putting an end to the reign of Fascism. They would merely substitute Fascism without Mussolini for Fascism with Mussolini. And how could the United Nations disarm Italy if the army were not disbanded and as a consequence its chiefs were not deprived of all material force and moral prestige? Anyhow Mr. Massock might prove a good prophet, if President Roosevelt agreed with Mr. Churchill, to the effect that this war would lead to the most dastardly deception in history, not only for Italy but for the whole of Europe and America itself.

"All the country seems to ask is a fair deal, peace, and the opportunity for its sons to work at home and abroad." "Americans should first prepare for an invasion by making the Italians believe we are going into the Italian Peninsula to help them and to free them from Fascism." Will the Americans give Italy a fair deal? Yes, if they remain true to the tradition of Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson. No, if they adopt the ideals of Winston Churchill, Myron Taylor, and Monsignor Cicognani.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

War Primer for Civilians

THE STORY OF WEAPONS AND TACTICS FROM TROY TO STALINGRAD. By Tom Wintringham. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.25.

TOM WINTRINGHAM is a practical soldier; he served in France in World War I, commanded the British International Brigade near Madrid in 1937, and, three years later, was largely responsible for the development of a British Home Guard to a strength of over 1,000,000 men, a force so formidable that it may well have influenced Hitler's decision not to invade England. Out of this long experience has come his belief in the importance of the theory of war, his conviction, indeed, that in order for democracies to win, not only the military but the people as well should understand warfare; he stresses the importance of studying the history

of war to get a tight grip on this understanding. The subject is huge, but weapons lie at its core. Mr. Wintringham concerns himself in this excellent and suggestive book with an analysis of weapons, their use by land armies, and the changes that have occurred in them and in their tactical employment.

A striking example of this continual change is the Battle of Hastings, in which William of Normandy, with armored cavalry, defeated the more lightly equipped English infantry. William's men were superior to King Harold's in three fundamental respects—mobility, hitting power, and protection. Victory, as a matter of course, followed this concentration of controlling factors. Beginning with the Greek triumph over the Persians at Plataea in 479 B. C., tendencies are traced in which the ebb and flow of emphasis on these three primary elements of war shape themselves into a pattern of alternating "armored" and "unarmored" periods. One of the recurring characteristics of an armored period, such as we are in now—it began with the tank at Cambrai in 1917—is that a kind of coordinated complexity, in which small units, often of an auxiliary nature, operate under commanders exercising great initiative, succeeds a more simply integrated but also more unwieldy organization. A characteristic common to both types of period lies in the surprise nature of changes when they first appear and their consequent effect on the opponent. War is only in part a science; it has few constants, and no completely accurate projection of its future shape is ever possible.

In his chapter on early weapons and tactics the author describes the bows and spears of the Trojans and their scythe-bearing chariots; the armor of the Hoplites, the Greek heavy infantry; the ballistae and catapults of Dionysius, Tyrant of Syracuse; the phalanx invented by the Spartan Epaminondas; the great twenty-four-foot Macedonian sarissa, or pike, used in mass by King Philip; Alexander's inspired division and subdivision of his father's too heavy formations into highly maneuverable units supported by light auxiliary forces; Alexander's defeat of Darius the Persian and his elephants at Arbela; the organization and employment of the Roman legions, how they were humbled by Hannibal at Cannae and how, later, having become free men, they beat the Carthaginians. In the fourth century the first armored period, the period of the victorious Romans, came to an end.

The second unarmored period followed; these were the great days of light cavalry. The Goths, well mounted and armed with lances, the Germans with their heavy franciscas, or battle-axes, took full advantage of the decay of Rome and Roman freedom. Mobile archers assisted, and had already come into their own under the Mongol Genghis Khan.

With Charlemagne's victory at Pavia in 774 the pendulum again swung toward armor, but it was to change direction because of the archer, at Hastings still an auxiliary to the cavalry shock-trooper and only attaining his full flower under the Plantagenets. Crécy, in 1346, marked the end of this second period.

The next era was that of gunpowder; war had become an affair of longer and longer range as guns became more and more efficient. As early as the fifteenth century artillery was a weapon to be reckoned with. Mohammed II, conqueror of Constantinople, had bombards thirty inches in caliber that

March 13, 1943

ed stone shot weighing 1,800 pounds. Fortified castles were no longer impregnable; firearms accomplished the end of the feudal system. Napoleon became the master of artillery; Wellington, to counter him, had to devise new ways of utilizing cover. The bayonet, even in 1870, was less useful as a weapon than as myth. The machine-gun, brainchild of Hiram Maxim and wet-nursed by Basil Zaharoff, flourished and grew great.

But armor, coupled with mobility, to be sure, was destined to return. Tanks showed the way, and with supporting planes they are today dominant factors in that violent infiltration which, large-scale, spells "irruption," the deep break-through against which even strong "web defenses" have sometimes proved ineffective.

The author has observed, however, that mechanized units and tanks are particularly vulnerable to the close infighting typical of guerrilla warfare; he believes, further, that the present blitzkrieg pattern is already becoming obsolete and will be supplanted by what he calls the People's War, fought by an armed population linked to an offensive striking force. This revolution in warfare, according to his thesis, will take the form of a popular anti-fascist worldwide revolution. But if it is to succeed, its leaders must ever be ready to make changes in techniques, tactics, and strategy. Change is the single immutable law of war, and, because no book could bring out this point more clearly, none could be more useful.

ROBERT K. HAAS

English Pageant

ENGLISH SOCIAL HISTORY: A SURVEY OF SIX CENTURIES, CHAUCER TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

By G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans, Green and Company. \$4.50.

THERE was a time when, in the hands of the Manners and Morals school, social history was almost exclusively concerned with Society with a capital S. The life of the "lower orders" was treated as uninteresting and irrelevant except in so far as it provided a background, sometimes faint, sometimes degraded, for the doings of their "betters." Then, under the influence of Marx, the pendulum swung violently in the other direction, and social historians concentrated on the poor and downtrodden. The nineteenth-century conceptions of the class struggle and economic man were projected backward through the ages by writers who started with a thesis and picked over the ever-expanding shelves of recorded fact for material to clothe it.

In this new social history of England, from its emergence as a distinctive nation to the onset of the present century, G. M. Trevelyan, the doyen of British historians, does not attempt to prove any all-embracing theory. Social history, as he sees it, is quite distinct from both political and economic history, but it is the "required link" between them without which the one is "unintelligible" and the other "barren." "It has also," he adds in his introduction, "its own positive value and peculiar concern"—the reconstruction of the daily life of the past. Its real appeal, Mr. Trevelyan believes, is to the imagination, and thus the impelling motive of historical study is poetic. "Its poetry consists in its being true." There

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we find the synthesis of the scientific and the literary view of history.

In these terms this book is a brilliant success. It does give us a rich pageant of English life in many of its aspects. We see people of all classes at work and at play, in their economic relations with each other, at home, at church, and in school. We see, too, a developing culture expressing the general conditions of each age in changing forms of literature, art, and thought. But no one historian can give us a complete picture, and Mr. Trevelyan's methods have their limitations. For one thing his over-reliance on literary material inevitably makes for disproportionate attention to the lives of the middle and upper classes, for whom and about whom the mass of literature was written until recent years. We can be grateful, however, for the evidence which this book provides regarding the comparative fluidity of the English ruling class—a factor unduly neglected by some recent historians. It has always been an aristocracy which believed in maintenance of membership rather than the closed shop, and it never carried snobbishness to the point of excluding a steady infusion of new blood from below. Even "the old school tie" is a fairly new symbol. In Elizabethan times, Mr. Trevelyan points out, boys of all classes learned Latin side by side in the grammar schools, and it was only in the middle of the eighteenth century that segregated education for the upper classes became the general rule. Moreover, up to that time, it was common practice for the landed gentry to apprentice their younger sons to city merchants and craftsmen, thus providing a link between the upper and middle classes which was lacking in most Continental countries. Perhaps this avoidance of biological and intellectual inbreeding is one of the reasons why the English ruling class has been so hard to shake. For it has always retained a disconcerting amount of energy, and if not exactly hospitable to new ideas, it has long possessed an instinct for calculating nicely the irreducible minimum of social and political reforms which had to be conceded in order to enable it to hold its privileges.

In his approach to the past Mr. Trevelyan is sometimes hampered by a certain ambivalence. By training and family tradition he is a nineteenth-century liberal, but the belief in progress, which is his birthright, is in conflict with his nostalgia for the eighteenth century, about which he has written so much and so brilliantly. Of the years between 1740 and 1780 he says: "The gods mercifully gave mankind this little moment of peace between the religious fanaticisms of the past and the fanaticisms of class and race that were speedily to arise and dominate time to come." It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the picture he paints of this era is inspired by Joshua Reynolds rather than by Hogarth, by Horace Walpole rather than by Fielding. And his enthusiasm sometimes betrays him into making statements as naive as they are charming. For instance, writing about the development of cricket as a game played by all classes together, he concludes: "If the French noblesse had been capable of playing cricket with their peasants, their châteaux would never have been burnt."

Throughout this book Mr. Trevelyan rightly emphasizes the social aspects of religion, and he has many original and penetrating comments to make on this subject. In the early

years of the nineteenth century, he points out, "England was less 'class conscious' than 'church and chapel conscious.'" Consequently religious dissent formed a strong bond between the growing army of industrial workers and the new capitalists, both of whom resented the pretensions and privileges of the Church of England, just at the moment when divergence of economic interests was tending to pull them apart. It was only gradually that the religious division paralleled the class division, as the rising industrialists bought and married their way into the ranks of the upper classes and adopted their mode of thought, including Episcopalianism. Then the dissenting chapels became the nurseries of the trade unions—a development which has had a profound influence on the whole ideology of the British labor movement.

But if religious controversy in England stimulated political growth, it proved, as Mr. Trevelyan shows, a bar to educational progress. Toleration had been painfully achieved in Britain, and it is only in this century that something like real tolerance has developed. During a large part of the Victorian era politicians shied away from the provision of state education, fearing to evoke a denominational battle over the question of religious teaching. The result was a lag in this field in Britain compared to other Western nations, which proved a sore handicap. Standards of education, in fact, are still dangerously low for an industrial community, and it is not surprising that this matter is prominent on the post-war agenda.

Summing up this book, one can say that it provides stimulating and fascinating reading as well as a useful corrective for an overdose of materialist interpretation. But an antidote taken by itself may have unfavorable reactions, and in order to achieve a really balanced ration it should be read in conjunction with such a book as Cole and Postgate's "History of the British Common People." KEITH HUTCHISON

Fiction in Review

EXCEPT for members of the Communist Party or a few sentimentalists who think that the fine victories of the Russian army justify all the sins of Stalinism, and of course Martin Dies, it is hard to know who can take seriously Ruth McKenney's long and serious new novel, "Jake Home" (Harcourt, Brace, \$3). As history—and it is in large part an account of the labor movement in America between the last war and 1932—it is written from the Communist Party-pris and therefore suitably tailored to fit the wavy line; as much by what it leaves unsaid as by what it says, it would try to create the impression that the history of labor in this period is identified with the history of the Communist Party, indeed that unionism and communism are always one and the same thing. As frank fiction, on the other hand, Miss McKenney's story of the small mining-town boy who comes to the big city and makes good as a leader of the workers is basically such pure fourteen-carat goldwyn that you need only soft-pedal the cops and occasionally turn the camera on a kindly capitalist or two—the demi-heroine's parents would serve the purpose nicely—in order to wind up with one of those movies in which idealism triumphs over low sexual-commercial temptation and Hollywood saves its soul.

A large section of the book is concerned with the Sacco-Vanzetti case: Jake Home, Miss McKenney's six-foot-three of red-headed hero, organizes Sacco-Vanzetti workers' defense committees over the country. Happily in 1943 the air on the literary front has been at least temporarily cleared of the need to rehab the old left-political issues; so if you will, you can skip Miss McKenney's version of the factional feuds in the case and concentrate on the cultural implications of her narrative. Perhaps even before Jake goes on his tour you will have noticed the delicate distinction between the way he addresses his upper-class associates and his fellow-proletarians — Jake's self-taught English which is so elegantly equal to the Boston lady who buys him his first lobster thermidor but which comes up with the good old proletarian "ain't" the moment he is back with the workers. Then the trip itself is fabulously successful, largely because of the Vanzetti letters which Jake carries with him. Of course, by the time he has read these fine documents to half a dozen public meetings, using Vanzetti's words to play on the emotions of his audience like Aimee Semple MacPherson at a revival meeting, now murmuring them in a hoarse whisper, now blasting them to the heavens, holding up one finger for the accompanying orchestra to play "the dead march" (*sic*) soft and now two fingers for the orchestra to come up loud, the "Marseillaise" and the "International" and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" finally mixing hysterically with the sobs of the women and the shouts of the men — by that time, I submit, the serene soul of a martyred fish-peddler may be turning in its grave, but attaboy, says Miss McKenney, the workers of the world are behind Jake Home!

It used to be said that revolutionary theory and revolutionary practice cannot be separated; surely, in the same way, revolutionary culture and revolutionary politics go hand in hand through Miss McKenney's novel. Here, for instance, space being short, are a few of her cultural touchstones jotted down at random; draw your own political conclusions.

1. At the age of ten Jake Home knows "Hamlet" by heart; that's all right because "Shakespeare had to keep the boys in the pit in mind." At twenty-one he discovers Beethoven, for the good, and Rachmaninoff and Debussy, for the bad. At twenty-six he knows of James Joyce, "poet of imperialism," that "this guy is covering up a pretty cheesy mind with a lot of style."

2. Sex for a worker is home, a wife, a son, and curtains, preferably ruffled curtains sewn by the wife's own hands after a jolly day at the revolutionary stencil.

3. Nothing, in the last analysis, is so really bad as an intellectual. For author McKenney, as for the author of "To Have and to Have Not" (remember?), the final insult is to call someone a WRITER.

4. Scratch a WRITER and you will find a Freudian. When Kate, the second of the two evil (female) geniuses in Jake's life, takes to drink instead of having either a baby or curtains, Jake is ashamed of her until one of the comrades gives him a good talking-to. "You have a positively medieval mind on this subject, Jake," says the comrade. "Freud! Jake snarled. 'A bunch of intellectuals picking over their elegant libidos!'" The comrade answers: "Do you know no one, no one at all, who uses the works of Karl Marx to confuse, or even to

amuse? I am not saying that Freud himself did not evolve a completely bourgeois theory. Of course he did; but he also suggested lines of inquiry to others which have opened a new world."

It appears, in short, that the proletarian novel, which seemed literary glory a short decade ago, trails into this decade clouds that are musty and bedraggled, like scenery at the opera.

A March Book of the Month Club selection is "Colonel Effingham's Raid" by Berry Fleming (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, \$2.50). Definitely on the side of the angels, this new novel by the author of "Siesta" is too coy a handling of an important subject for my taste. It is the story of an aging army colonel who is retired to his home town in Georgia but who, instead of growing roses like a proper gentleman, turns

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his still militant energies against local political corruption. What Mr. Fleming is saying is that house-cleaning abroad is without meaning unless we also house-clean at home—an excellent thing to say—but a writer with such notable gifts of humor and style should also have the taste to offer his political sense without worrying so much about the chic of the packaging.

Theodore Pratt's "Mr. Winkle Goes to War" (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, \$2) is about an ordinary human being, an old gent of forty-four, domesticated, dyspeptic, and bespectacled, who, suddenly finding himself classified I-a, has to accommodate himself to the idea that in the eyes of the army he is still young and kicking. Mr. Winkle's adventures through induction and training are reported with such a sure, light touch that even the last twenty pages of rather incredible heroics fail to spoil a pleasant and curiously heartening hour's reading.

DIANA TRULING

Out of the Old South

ANOTHER SECRET DIARY OF WILLIAM BYRD OF WESTOVER. Edited by Maude H. Woodfin. Decoded by Marion Tinling. Richmond: The Dietz Press. \$5.

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON. By Ellen Hart Smith. Harvard University Press. \$3.75.

THREE parts of a diary which William Byrd kept in shorthand have recently come to light. The earliest portion (1709-1712), which begins soon after Byrd, a thirty-five-year-old bridegroom, has returned from his prolonged schooling in London to take over the management of Westover, turned up in the Huntington Library in California and was published in 1941. The second section, in which Byrd, a middle-aged widower, is back in London paying florid court to the wealthy ladies among whom he seeks a second wife and making more direct overtures to those who, in accordance with the custom of his time, he describes quite frankly as mistresses and whores, belongs to the Virginia Historical Society and has not been published. The present volume is made up of two notebooks discovered at the University of North Carolina and includes the diary for the years 1739-1741 and copies of letters and "literary exercises" which Byrd wrote between 1696 and 1726, most of them during his two periods of residence in London.

This portion of the diary lacks the racy interest of the earlier parts. When it opens, Byrd has been back at Westover for thirteen years and is living in aging tranquillity with his even-tempered second wife. All the entries are brief, being for the most part concerned with his family and the management of his plantations; the majority of them end: "At night talked with my people, played piquet with my son, and prayed." Yet these simple homely notations read in connection with the expansive letters, "characters," and satires which Byrd composed during his younger rakish years in London give a peculiarly solid picture of the versatility of the eighteenth-century planter and of the complex relationship between the Southern colonies and England. William Byrd's education had to prepare him primarily for performing his civic duties in Virginia and for managing

his 43,000 scattered acres, with their mills and stores and hundreds of "people" both white and black; it had also to fit him for living, during the time he spent at his London residence, the life of a sophisticated English gentleman, a life which in his day centered about the court, the theater, the coffee-house, and the spas.

Though Charles Carroll was only five years old when William Byrd died in 1744, their early lives were remarkably similar. Carroll was also sent abroad at the age of ten to acquire the training of a gentleman; and he returned to Maryland in 1765 to take over the management of Carrollton just as sixty years earlier Byrd had assumed that of Westover. But it was to a different America that young Carroll came back, for the Stamp Act had recently been made law, and colonial resentment, though few then realized it, was already making toward a belligerent break from England. Despite the fact that his religion disqualified him from voting, Carroll plunged so heartily into provincial politics that he was known as Maryland's First Citizen, as well as America's wealthiest young man, by the time war actually broke out. Though not yet an official delegate, the Continental Congress sent him early in 1776 to Montreal, along with Samuel Chase and Benjamin Franklin, to try to persuade Canada to join our side. This mission was, of course, foredoomed to failure, but Carroll acquitted himself so well that notwithstanding his Catholicism Maryland was able to send him as a duly elected delegate to the next session of the Congress.

He arrived in Philadelphia on July 18, in the nick of time to sign Charles Carroll of Carrollton to the parchment upon which the Declaration of Independence, voted upon favorably ten days before, had just been engrossed; and to be appointed to the Congressional Board of War. It was a fortunate appointment, for while serving on the board he was able to help prevent the greatest threat to the Revolutionary cause—the plot to deprive Washington of his command. When the war was done and distrust of Washington had turned to adulation, Charles Carroll was Maryland's first choice as United States Senator. Though "he shared with most of the patriots from Washington down" what Miss Smith describes as "the distressing tendency . . . to feel loyalty and duty to his state before he felt it to his country," he remained a Federalist; and when in 1800 Maryland went Republican he retired from politics a discouraged and embittered man, quite certain that "and so will terminate the Union, if Jefferson should continue President for eight years."

But the most remarkable thing about Charles Carroll of Carrollton was the fact that his life, which stretched back into the romantic bawdy days of the London coffee-houses, extended into what we can accept as really modern times. In 1828, four years before he died at ninety-five, he laid the cornerstone for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, an experience which he described as second in importance to signing the Declaration.

Miss Smith, who in her preface describes this as her first book, displays a pleasing adaptability to her subject; she turns easily from the great events in which Charles Carroll played such an admirable part to the intimate, sometimes petty details of his domestic life that make him come alive as a man.

GRACE ADAMS

IN BRIEF

WING COMMANDER PADDY FINUCANE, R. A. F., D. S. O., D. F. C. A Memoir by James Reynolds. Edmond Byrne Hackett. \$1.25.

This is a charming, if somewhat self-consciously Irish, tribute to Wing Commander Brendan Finucane, who was evidently as vivid and interesting a personality as he was a brave flier and born leader of men. The little book is beautifully and appropriately produced.

AN OUTLINE OF POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY. By J. F. Horrabin. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

In little more than 150 pages and 46 maps the brilliant English geographer provides a geographical history of civilization from ancient Egypt down to the present World War, as an aid to world politics now and in the immediate future. He pulls no punches in dealing with the imperialism either of his own country or of the United States and does not hesitate to point a vigorous moral. Here is *democratic* geopolitics.

OLD THAD STEVENS: A STORY OF AMBITION. By Richard Nelson Current. University of Wisconsin Press. \$3.

This is a well-written and well-documented biography of one of the most important figures of one of the crucial periods of American history—the era of Reconstruction. The political implications of the fight Stevens lost and the economic and social results of the fight he won are carefully brought out, but the man himself, one of the most unattractive figures in our history, does not arouse much personal sympathy even in his biographer.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF G. E. MOORE. Vol. IV of the Library of Living Philosophers. Edited by Paul Arthur Schilpp. Northwestern University. \$4.

This, the most technical of the volumes so far published in the series, is primarily for professional philosophers. G. E. Moore is distinguished for many reasons. He was among the first to re-establish the prestige of common-sense realism in modern Anglo-American philosophy. As an acute questioner and analyst he has few peers. He is perhaps the world's most skilful virtuoso in the art of epistemological chess. He can get more out of his perception of a match

box or a patch of color than many other philosophers can derive from a wild imagination. The autobiographical pages in this volume, which will be the only ones intelligible to the general reader, are an unexpected delight. They portray, in a simple but graceful style, a single-minded devotion to philosophical activity that borders on saintliness. The environment in which G. E. Moore grew up, the schools and university life in England, are described in such a way that they seem to be scenes of a distant time from a different world. If there is a heaven, Mr. Moore will feel at home in it, provided the angels do more than sing.

GREENLAND. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50.

As a companion to his "Iceland," the well-known explorer-author has written a readable and comprehensive account of the history, geography, and strategic importance of this western outpost of Europe now occupied by our troops. Illustrated with photographs, line cuts, and revealing end-paper maps.

THE BURDEN OF BRITISH TAXATION. By G. Findlay Shirras and L. Rostas. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

This study of the burden of British taxes on incomes of various size follows the technique of previous British studies of this nature and the technique of the Newcomer study published in the Twentieth Century Fund volume "Facing the Tax Problem." It estimates the total tax burden on families of different size having different incomes by directly estimating the amount of the various taxes which these particular units pay. No attempt is made to reconcile the burden thus set forth with the aggregate revenues by applying these burdens to some distribution of the population among the various income classes. For this reason the results are to be taken primarily as a measure of the relative burden on different incomes and cannot be accepted as a reliable measure of the general level of the burden except for purposes of comparison with previous studies using the same method. In particular, some rather arbitrary assumptions as to the expenditure of the various income classes for various items had to be made, since no British study comparable to that contained in "Consumer Expenditures in the United States" is available. The assumption is made that estates will be

subject to the death duties once every generation, estimated at thirty-one years. This appears to be the really serious departure from reality. Actually under the pressure of increasingly high estate-tax rates the practice has grown both in this country and in Great Britain of spanning more than one generation by bequests directly to grandchildren and great-grandchildren or by creating trusts to this end. It appears probable that the method employed greatly overestimates the progressivity and probably the magnitude of the death-duty burden.

ART

TWENTY-FIVE IMPORTANT ACQUISITIONS. At the Primitives Gallery of Harry Stone, 555 Madison Avenue, until March 20.

Most of the twenty-five acquisitions are charming. There is something here to please everyone—the collector, the lover of good painting, or the detective who wishes to trace the artist, the time, or the place.

EXHIBITION OF MONOTYPES BY DEMETRIO URRUCHUA AND EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY LUIS HERRERA GUEVARA. At Durlacher Brothers, 11 East Fifty-seventh Street, until March 20.

Two South American painters. Urruchua paints in monotype, a process whereby the paint is applied in reverse to a stone or glass slab, and the slab then run through a press for imprinting on a slightly absorbent paper. This process, the catalogue tells us, is popular in Argentina, but it seems elaborate for the



quality of the work produced by Uruchua. His drawing has a slightly frightening quality which does not redeem the mediocrity of his inspiration. Guevara, a Chilean, appears to be a genuine primitive with a peasant's feeling for vivid color and formal design. One might tire of his paintings, but at first sight they are entrancing.

PAUL KLEE, ANDRÉ MASSON, AND SOME ASPECTS OF ANCIENT AND PRIMITIVE SCULPTURE. At the Buchholz Gallery, 32 East Fifty-seventh Street, until March 20.

Klee's pictures, twenty-seven in all, are intended to "illustrate his greater versatility," which, alas, they fail to do. The earlier ones, excluding Number 5 (and perhaps Number 4, which I could not find), show him as a great artist but not at his greatest. Masson is steadily becoming a finer painter, and his smaller pictures are rich and concentrated. But the exciting, the terrific thing in this exhibition is the sculpture. It is not to be missed.

JEAN CONNOLLY

MUSIC

IF AT 6:29 in the afternoon of February 28 you noticed your dog stirring restlessly and whining in his sleep and you felt uneasy yourself, that was because at this moment *The Nation's* music critic was near death from the most lethally dull of Bach's Sonatas for unaccompanied cello, No. 5 in C minor, which was being played at the final concert of the New Friends of Music by Luigi Silva, an excellent cellist and musician who on this occasion intensified the effect of the music by playing it with the driest tone I have ever heard produced from a cello. Two minutes more and it would have been all over with me; but at 6:30—that was when Rover leaped up with a joyous yelp—Bach and Mr. Silva stopped, and Haydn and the Budapest Quartet resumed; and so I am alive to write the exciting story.

That concert illustrated an old New Friends weakness in program-making—the inability to distinguish between the works of great composers that are worth playing and the ones that should be left in obscurity. The concert a week before illustrated an old weakness in selection of artists. The New Friends' claim has always been that it—and it alone—attracts audiences with music, not with

performers, and that having decided to give, say, Schumann's "Dichterliebe" or Bach's "Goldberg" Variations, it then looks for exactly the right artist for the particular work. Actually the New Friends, like other organizations, has always announced lists of performers along with its lists of works, in order to attract the audiences it would not have attracted otherwise. And for "Dichterliebe" it engaged Lotte Lehmann, who in addition to having box-office appeal is famous for her singing of the work; but for the "Goldberg" Variations on February 21 it engaged not Wanda Landowska but Rudolf Serkin, and did so not because of his reputation for competence in the work but because of his ability to fill the hall. The intense emotion which Mr. Serkin felt about the music was evident in the upflung arms which threatened to hit him in the eye and the gyrating body which threatened to slip off the chair, but not in the *Allegretto* rippling-off of those three great variations in minor which have so different a meaning and effect when played slowly and phrased with powerful tensions and momentums; nor did he reveal greater adequacy and comprehension in the tempos, phrasing, and style of the other variations, some of which he played with dazzling virtuosity. Nor was the choice of Busch and Serkin for performances of sonatas on February 14 an ideal one: they play together with remarkable feeling for ensemble performance, and Serkin does his best playing when stimulated and restrained by Busch; but he in turn does not seem to be able to stimulate Busch into producing something better than the thin, wiry tone and pallid phrasing that were heard in Bach's E major Sonata, and their playing in this great work was, as it often is, unimpressively small-scale.

The weaknesses I have mentioned are to be observed in the New Friends' announcement for next season. Beethoven's ten sonatas for violin and piano are to be played; and if the New Friends were concerned with exactly the right artists for the music it would have engaged with Szigeti either Franz Rupp or Artur Balsam, each of whom is a superlative ensemble pianist with temperament and style that are perfectly suited to Szigeti's; but being concerned with big-name performers it has engaged Claudio Arrau, an excellent musician but a solo pianist whose style is not well matched to Szigeti's. Beethoven's sixteen quartets are to be played; and again if the New Friends were con-

cerned solely with the right artists for the music, and if it were genuinely concerned with "a more uniform standard" of performance "for this concentrated type of music" (whatever that means), it would not divide the works between the Budapest Quartet and the mediocre Busch Quartet, but would have all sixteen played by the Budapest group. Other works of Beethoven are to be played; and the program already announced for the first concert begins with the great Quartet Op. 127 but ends with one of the feeblest and dulllest pieces of music Beethoven wrote, his Piano Quartet Op. 16, to be played by Serkin with members of the Busch Quartet. The series, then, will offer the mixture of good and bad in music and performance that all New Friends series have offered, and that most organizations offer without the New Friends' pretentiousness.

With the signing of a union contract the Boston Symphony Orchestra has begun to broadcast the first part of its Saturday night concert; and the fabulous beauty and refinement of sonority and execution survive the reduction of range caused by the telephone-wire transmission to points distant from Boston, and even the reduction in range in a small console radio (though they are heard with the interference that used to spoil Toscanini's Saturday night broadcasts). Not only, moreover, did the orchestra exhibit these qualities when Koussevitzky conducted it in his fabulous performance of Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, but one could recognize it as the same orchestra when Szell conducted it in a good performance of Schubert's C major Symphony. That tells us something about Szell, but it also tells us something about the Boston Symphony—something in which this orchestra differs from the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. At the time when the New York Philharmonic-Symphony was conducted by Toscanini and was a great orchestra I don't think one would have been able to say one had recognized it as the same orchestra if Szell had conducted it. The difference would have had something to do with Szell, but a great deal to do with the attitude of the orchestra. That attitude is as important in the present New York Philharmonic-Symphony crisis as the mismanagement of the orchestra's affairs by the board of directors and the business manager; and I hope to say more about both next time.

B. M. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Education—American Style

Dear Sirs: The Public Education Association is deeply disturbed by the continuous stream of misleading propaganda emanating from certain groups in New York city who claim to speak for America. These groups actually seek to pin the cause of the current unrest in our schools upon progressive education. Among other claims which have been made is the preposterous one that the activity program is the root of all evil, that it stems directly from Russia, that "Lenin demanded such a program be adopted for the training of children back in 1917-1920," and that America imported this "foreign" philosophy of education, thereby corrupting our educational system.

While one is tempted to treat so patently absurd a statement with the contempt it deserves, it seems necessary, in view of the widespread publicity it has received, to point out briefly its absurdity. These self-styled "patriots" do not seem ever to have heard of Horace Mann (though his name is a household word among educators), who lived from 1796 to 1859, and whose magnificent work in Massachusetts laid the foundation on which our entire educational system was built. Nor do they appear to know of Francis Parker, who was operating widely known progressive schools in Quincy, Massachusetts, and in Chicago, before 1900.

The philosophic basis of progressive education is the theory of pragmatism, developed by a third great American, William James, who died in 1910, and who, although one of the greatest geniuses this country has produced, seems also to have escaped these "patriots'" attention. John Dewey, who applied James's philosophy to education, wrote his educational classic, "School and Society," in 1899. "Schools of Tomorrow" by John and Evelyn Dewey, which describes numbers of progressive, or "activity," schools already operating in this country, appeared in 1915.

Therefore to talk about the activity program as having been imported from Russia is not only sheer nonsense, but is dishonest as well. The activity program is thoroughly American procedure. It was nurtured in our democratic society, because it meets the needs of that society. It encourages in children self-

discipline and the ability to think and to make decisions; it makes the child aware of his responsibility to the community of which he is a part. The Public Education Association, believing this to be the logical type of education for Americans, wishes to see that program expanded.

Many persons have written to our newspapers recently demanding a return to formal, rigid methods of discipline in our schools. These persons even urge a return of the rule of the rod with its brutalizing effect on both teacher and pupil. They are the ones who seek the "foreign" formula, not the American. We must not allow them, in this time of emotional stress, to mask their ideas under the guise of Americanism. We must resist and confute their continuous reiteration of the statement that progressive thought and action is alien to America. Who could have been more progressive in thought and action than our founding fathers? Are we to regress to the restricted and repressive concepts from which they fled?

America is today, as it always has been, a forward-looking nation. The activity program is a practical method of educating for this American way of life. Our country has led the world with the concept of free schools and free education for all men. We have always pioneered. Today more than ever we must continue to push forward—not retreat.

MARGARET LEWISOHN, Director
New York, February 26

Mr. Meiklejohn Comments

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* of February 27 you publish Professor Sidney Hook's review of my book, "Education Between Two Worlds." May I make three brief comments on that review?

First, Mr. Hook finds the book to be "a horrible object lesson in linguistic confusion." I regret, of course, that he holds that opinion. And yet I have no protest to offer against his expression of it. If Mr. Hook finds my thinking unclear, as I find his, he is in duty bound to say so.

Second, Mr. Hook's account of my argument is, I think, both inaccurate and misleading. In fact, he does not seem to me even to try to state for his reader my central problem in the form

in which I was considering it. But, here again, I do not protest. I can only express regret that Mr. Hook's discussion does so little toward the clarification of an issue whose "social importance" is, for both of us, "enormous."

But, third, Mr. Hook uses, in place of clarification, a method against which I do protest. It is that of personal attack. Speaking of my "social and educational philosophy" he says, "Finally it is the 'Mein Kampf' of all frustrated administrators whose enlightened projects have been shipwrecked in the processes of democracy, who would like to ram them down their colleagues' throats, make them like it—and still remain democrats." I do not know what I may have done to arouse in Mr. Hook the personal bitterness of that characterization. But I do know that as criticism such a statement is unworthy either of a student of philosophy or of a reviewer for *The Nation*.

ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN
Washington, February 27

Dear Sirs: The sentence Mr. Meiklejohn quotes was not intended as a personal characterization of him or as a reflection on his educational practices, about which I know little. If I gave a different impression to him or to anyone else I am sincerely sorry. The paragraph in which the sentence appears enumerates three groups important in American life to whom Mr. Meiklejohn's social philosophy, in my judgment, will make a strong appeal. The group of "frustrated administrators" is mentioned as the third and last.

SIDNEY HOOK
New York, March 2

The SEC Is Right

Dear Sirs: What is all this hue and cry over the SEC's proposed regulation compelling a corporation to call for a stockholders' annual meeting at which any stockholder can say anything he wants to up to a hundred words?

Stockholders are the real owners of any corporate body. They elect the directors, who in turn elect the officers. Too many boards of directors have leaned too heavily toward perpetuation in office. They know that if a sufficient number of stockholders attend an "annual meeting of stockholders" and de-

cide to elect an entire new board of directors, these "perpetuals" are *out*, including all present officers. But stockholders may be so widely scattered over the country that they never communicate with each other as to how they would like their property run differently. They merely receive notice of the call for the annual meeting, usually with no program whatsoever set forth. And to take care of any opposition, the management secures as many proxies from its friends as it deems necessary (freely solicited or maybe otherwise).

Every voter is a "stockholder" in the United States of America. He helps elect the Congressman who he feels has advanced a platform serving the best interests of his constituency. If this voter (in the mass) decides he no longer wants this Congressman (director) to remain as representative of his (stockholder's) interest (in America), the annual election meeting of stockholders is the time when such action is taken. And there is no doubt as to what the program is—the political rallies, the newspapers, and the radio have acquainted every voter with the two programs in view. Not so with the stockholders in a large corporation.

But some newspaper commentators have come out with, "What a field day for the blackmail! What a wonderful chance for the 'strike-suit' lawyer who through buying a few shares of stock in a company could clean up a fortune on this SEC proxy ruling!" And in this connection one commentator mentions "crooks and shysters" as being given an open door to such a "field day."

This SEC ruling won't make any more "crooks, shysters, and blackmailers" among a corporation's stockholders than there are now. The moral rectitude of a prospective shareholder is never questioned once his checkbook is opened and his pen is dipped in ink. From the opposition by corporations to this SEC ruling one would almost think that the directors considered themselves the only ones above reproach.

When corporate bodies enlist the aid of public commentators to prevent—as coming under "blackmailing, shysterism," etc.—one or a thousand stockholder-owners from learning, in advance of any annual meeting, the opinions of other stockholder-owners as to the present or future operations of the corporation, then it rather looks as if the directors of *some* corporations have a "nut in the fire" and that they are afraid to be the "cat's-paw" to pull

it out. Financial history has shown only too truly the need for stockholder-owners to know more about what their elected directors have been up to.

GRIDLEY ADAMS

New York, February 25

For Civilian Control

Dear Sirs: As I. F. Stone pointed out recently, Baruch sides with the army and navy in wanting military control of production. Like Mr. Stone, I would prefer to see such control in the hands of civilians. But many people seem to feel this must mean that a civilian will decide whether we shall have tanks or guns, etc.

Is not the problem much simpler? Yes! let the armed forces list their needs—but let all control for their production with all possible speed be in civilian hands.

HILDA H. ABRAMS

New York, February 24

From Such Liberals . . .

Dear Sirs: The article on Hull and the Press in your issue of February 6 makes timely a few remarks on the mystery of how Hull became classified as a liberal. He is so thought of by most persons, and yet his record in the critical period prior to the war was clearly one favoring reactionary elements. The record of the State Department in its handling of Vichy and North Africa is not one which on the surface shows a liberal temper, but it may be too early to judge the complexities of that kaleidoscopic epic. Temporarily the State Department may be given the benefit of doubt in judging the character of our appointees and those Frenchmen who have been given posts of importance despite their records of appeasement and as hangmen for Pétain.

If the record of the State Department prior to the war had shown a clear understanding of the growing Nazi menace, our judgment could be further withheld. However, that record is no credit to the State Department. One good instance will show up that record. On May 7, 1938, the New York Times published on page 1 a two-column article headed *Hull Clashes with a Columnist on Arms Exports to Germany*. The incident was important enough so that a full transcript of the press conference was published that day on page 6 of the Times. This transcript was edited by Mr. Hull. In it it appears that he assumed full responsibility for

the export permits which had been granted for the shipment of arms and munitions to Germany. These shipments could not be made under our treaty with Germany without explicit and written permits from the State Department.

Mr. Hull took the position that the treaty provided "Germany should not rearm" and did not provide that we might not rearm Germany. Statements by reporters indicating surprise at such flouting of a clear moral issue brought forth from Mr. Hull his usual petulant remarks about the unfairness of reporters. He made some cynical references to cornfield lawyers who did not understand the fine points of legal terminology, and said that his good lawyers at the State Department had justified the export of arms to our potential enemies despite the treaty provisions.

From such liberals as Hull we need more protection than from avowed fascists whose aims are clearly understood.

JACOB MARK

Brooklyn, N. Y., February 7

No Wilder Than Babbitt

Dear Sirs: Mr. Edmund Wilson, in *The Nation* of January 30, dismisses the Joyce-Wilder controversy by stating that it can scarcely be controversial, since Mr. Wilder has so openly delved in the Joyce mine.

In the course of his remarks he writes that "the general indebtedness to Joyce in the conception and plan of Wilder's play is as plain as anything of the kind can be"; and that "what Wilder is trying to do is quite distinct from what Joyce is doing." Is there some mild contradiction in these two statements?

It would be perfectly easy to trace "The Skin of Our Teeth" back, not to "Finnegans Wake," but to Mr. Wilder's own work. Surely, to go as far afield than "Our Town," the general indebtedness is quite plain also. The characters of Gladys and Henry find exact prototypes in a one-act play entitled "The Happy Journey to Camden and Trenton," published as long ago as 1931. Mrs. Antrobus also appears importantly in "The Happy Journey"; but then she appears in almost every book and play that Mr. Wilder has written. Mr. Antrobus is, of course, rather an old type—Man. Some of his lineaments are quite distinct in most of Mr. Wilder's male characters; and George Brush, hero of "Heaven's My

Destination," besides being Man, was also wanted by the police. Mrs. Antropus's letter, which smells so strongly to Mr. Wilson and others of the miner's pickax, dates back to a scene in "The Woman of Andros," published in 1930.

Mr. Wilson reproaches Mr. Wilder for using the cheap device of having Abel killed by Cain, instead of following Joyce, who kept both Shaun and Shem constantly alive. Mr. Wilder's model for this, as for others of his themes, is a Book considerably older than "Finnegans Wake."

Mr. Wilson also objects to Mr. Wilder's treatment of Sabina, as compared with Joyce's or even with Shaw's Lilith, who at least always breaks up the pattern and leads (*natürlich!*) to something different and higher. Mr. Wilder's Sabina, it seems, is conventional and even a little philistine.

Mr. Wilson seems not to realize that Mr. Wilder is preeminently philistine. He is George F. Babbitt turned poet. He has left the real-estate business and taken to the lyre; but his songs are only long nostalgias for those happy real-estate days. This is the true and hitherto secret explanation of Mr. Wilder's success with the philistine populace. In this he differs from James Joyce.

He differs in several other respects also. Joyce was the most skilful deceptor of our age. He stripped the secret flesh of man down to the last wretched ganglion; and left on the operating table a heap of bloody though fascinating pulp. If Mr. Wilder has used this pulp, it is in a rather remarkable fashion: he must have assembled the lumps of flesh, the broken bones, and the severed nerves, and, bursting into laughter, blown the breath of life back into the corpse. Mr. Wilson, perhaps hankering for the fresh breezes of the morgue, finds this Lazarus, as exemplified by the Antropuses, rather too cozy.

A long time ago Joyce wrote, at the end of a book more intelligible to the illiterate than "Finnegans Wake": "I go to forge a new conscience for the race." Mr. Wilder appears strangely content with the old conscience.

Mr. Wilson says that he does not consider "The Skin of Our Teeth" one of Wilder's very best things. We would be fascinated to learn which one of Mr. Wilder's other books or plays he does so consider. With the exception of "The Cabala," a boyish effort, Mr. Wilder, like most important writers, has written on one theme only. "The

Skin of Our Teeth" is the most complete and moving treatment of that theme that he has so far produced. Is it possible that Mr. Wilson is unaware of Mr. Wilder's theme?

M. MCGRATH

East Orange, N. J., February 23

Liquor and Law

Dear Sirs: In the issue of *The Nation* of January 16 a contributor criticizes you for saying that conditions under prohibition were worse than before the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment, and that such a statement from a liberal shakes his confidence in his liberalism. In reply I would say that millions of people today are in accord with your statement.

We talk glibly about prohibition without realizing that no prohibitive law ever prohibits, and the pretense that it does only tempts the young and adventurous to violate the law just to show he can get what he wants, regardless of enforcement officers or the law. Under the Eighteenth Amendment we had what was much worse than the open saloon. We had bootleg, dark-alley, and dark-cellar grogeries, school-children's booze parties as well as adults' orgies, all for the sake of profits.

It has been my privilege to live in a city with dozens of wide-open saloons; yet there has never been the debauchery that obtained in an adjoining district afflicted with the privilege to sell while a nearby city had voted dry. Such conditions were found all over the country. Hence neither local option nor prohibition is a remedy for the evils of the liquor traffic. Any district can get whichever evils it wants by its votes. If it votes dry it will have bootleg and the speakeasy. If it votes wet it has the debauchery of the open saloon.

Probably not all of the evils of intoxicating liquor can be eliminated without generations of education. However, the major portion of the evils may be destroyed now, or whenever the people are willing to forgo profits to banish the vice.

A moment's reflection will convince any thinker that the sole motive for dealing in or manufacturing intoxicants is the profit derived therefrom. The federal government receives many millions of dollars from the traffic. Many millions more are taken by the distillers, wholesalers, retailers, bootleggers, and others.

If then the government would take over the manufacture and distribution of all intoxicating beverages and sell

direct to the consumer, at cost, in limited quantity and in original packages, and if consumption on the premises where it was sold was prohibited, such an act could be enforced and would reduce the evils to a minimum. It is because of what I learned, before, during, and since the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, that I resolved never again to vote for prohibition or local option. However, if the people will start a movement as outlined above, they can count on me 100 per cent.

GEORGE HEFFNER

Pasadena, Cal., February 7

CONTRIBUTORS

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, Librarian of Congress, last month resigned as assistant director of the OWI. He has written several volumes of poetry, plays, and criticism; "Conquistador," a long narrative poem, won the Pulitzer prize in 1932.

JOACHIM JOESTEN, author of "Rats in the Larder," a study of Nazi influence in Denmark, is an assistant editor of *Newsweek* on the foreign desk.

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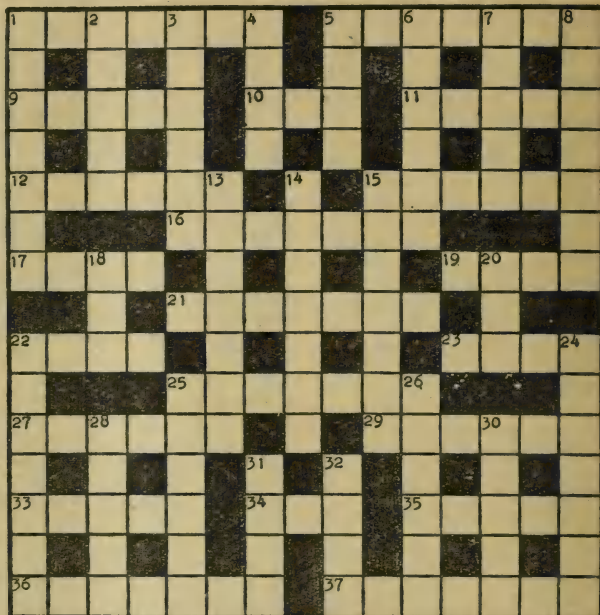
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 4

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 Associated with a poet in a popular overture
- 5 Led a run to wash and iron
- 9 The French and the English are in this mythical river
- 10 It did for Cleopatra
- 11 Opposed to rural
- 12 A raid, or no raid
- 15 Confer
- 16 A solvent colonist?
- 17 That reminds me!
- 19 Welcome! but not in summer
- 21 Contempt when Dad is in for a change
- 22 Gasp, and you'll need a couple for your wardrobe
- 23 It sounds a weird lake
- 25 Seems to make me older
- 27 Damage started by a little devil
- 29 This fishing-vessel should be able to stick it
- 33 Solar helmet
- 34 Turns the vicar into his residence
- 35 The bull's neighbor
- 36 Here a red tale is unfolded
- 37 Rum finish to a fit of ill-temper

DOWN

- 1 Back seat often willingly taken
- 2 A flower in tears
- 3 Scenes of action
- 4 Don't tip this waiter
- 5 Cigarette holder
- 6 Extraordinary interest is shown in his books

- 7 Often mentioned with credit
- 8 Necessary in order to make a thing real new
- 13 What carriers do—and free, too!
- 14 Artists' workshops
- 15 In addition, little Sidney is among the bees
- 18 Better that the Sun should do it than the father
- 20 Is broadcast daily through itself
- 22 He is proud of his execution and likes to be hung
- 24 Is this responsible for head noises
- 25 The fruit which falls first
- 26 A great number, for example in the king of beasts
- 28 These bulls may fulminate, but they never bellow
- 30 Ocean greyhound
- 31 Placed face up, so to speak
- 32 An all-round supporter

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 3

ACROSS:—1 DASTARD; 2 TUGBOAT; 3 STROKES; 10 ESTATES; 11 ADELE; 12 USA; 13 STAGE; 14 RETINUE; 16 LARGESS; 18 ATHLETE; 21 SECONDS; 24 CARLE; 25 MOO; 27 AISLE; 28 SIT DOWN; 29 GUSHERS; 30 ROTTEN; 31 NONAGON.

DOWN:—1 DESPAIR; 2 SERPENT; 3 ANKLE; 4 DISPUTE; 5 TOENAIL; 6 GATES; 7 OUTRAGE; 8 TESTERS; 15 NEE; 17 ROC; 18 ACCUSER; 19 HABITAT; 20 ERMINES; 21 SLOW GIN; 22 NEST-EGG; 23 STETSON; 24 HLOPE; 25 ALSON.

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS

- The Eden Mission 397
- The Word and the Deed 400
- A New Bill of Rights 401
- An Old Abuse Is Ended 402

ARTICLES

- Battle Lines in Tunisia *by Donald W. Mitchell* 403
- Planning and Politics *by I. F. Stone* 405
- 50 Years Ago in *The Nation* 407
- The Return of Eduard Benes *by Blair Bolles* 408
- Okies Wanted *by Selden C. Menejee* 410
- Democrats Against the Party *by Jonathan Farmer* 412
- In the Wind 414

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

- Report Out of Spain. II. Prisons and Prisoners *by A. del V.* 415
- Something to Fight for *by Jack Gerber* 417
- Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 418
- File and Remember 419

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- The Cliché and the Classic *by Irwin Edman* 420
- Spain Under Franco *by Louis Fischer* 421
- The Honest Man . . . *by Henry Miller* 422
- Philadelphia in Franklin's Time *by W. E. Woodward* 424
- Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 424
- Drama: Henry Ward Beecher's Little Sister *by Joseph Wood Krutch* 426
- Films *by James Agee* 426
- Music *by B. H. Haggin* 427

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

- CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 5 *by Jack Barrett* 432

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The Shape of Things

THE RECAPTURE OF KHARKOV REPRESENTS

a setback to the Russians which Moscow makes no attempt to minimize. It brings the German armies in the Ukraine back approximately to the line they occupied in the spring of last year, from which they launched their summer offensive. And it postpones indefinitely hopes of a Soviet advance to the Dnieper River, which would have enabled the Russians to regain the riches of the Ukraine. It is probable, however, that the Germans will not be able to extend their counter-offensive at this time. Russian reinforcements are said to be arriving in large numbers in the south, and the spring mud, which checked the momentum of the Russian winter drive, will now, in turn, handicap the enemy. Moreover, the German High Command may find it necessary to switch some of their reserves to the central and northern fronts, where the Red Army continues to make progress. The key centers of Smolensk, Bryansk, and Orel are all threatened, and a new drive has been begun toward Staraya Russa. Russian reports stress the fact that German reserves in large numbers are being transferred from the west, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the second-front question should be raised again. It is probable that the Nazis are gambling on the chance that there will be no invasion of Europe so long as Allied shipping and other resources are tied up in Tunisia, where Rommel's delaying tactics have had a considerable measure of success. On the other hand, the scale of the uprisings in France, which appear to be receiving practical encouragement from Britain, suggests that a cross-Channel attack may be fairly imminent.

★

CONFUSED BY PRESSURE FOR THE RUMI PLAN, the House Ways and Means Committee has thrown overboard the pay-as-you-go plan advocated by the Treasury in favor of a modified collection-at-the-source scheme for wage- and salary-earners. Although there is some merit in the committee's proposal as compared with the present system of delayed tax collection, it falls short of achieving the two main objectives of the Treasury's plan. It does not greatly speed up tax collection; nor does it provide a way for increasing *this year's* revenues so as to head off inflation. Meanwhile, the Republicans appear to be determined to make the Rumi plan a party issue

despite its obviously dangerous inflationary possibilities. Some of this effect has already been felt. Treasury officials report that because of the uncertainty about the Ruml plan many fewer persons are paying their income tax in full this year than in past years. This means that less money has been withdrawn from the consumer market than had been anticipated, thus increasing the demand for scarce articles. Altogether an atmosphere has been created in which Congress will find it hard to crack down to the extent that is necessary if inflation is to be averted.

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IN THESE DAYS ONE CHALKS UP ONE'S victories—small or large. They are not frequent enough to be ignored. A small victory, but significant for its size, is the decision of the War Department to permit members of the Austrian Battalion—known officially as the 101st Infantry Battalion—to quit if they don't like it there. The background of the decision is as follows. Recruiting for the battalion, as our readers know, was put in the hands of Otto of Hapsburg. But Otto as a recruiting agent wasn't much more convincing than Otto as the future ruler of Central Europe. He signed up his two brothers and about seventeen other young men. To fill the battalion, the army called for volunteers from other units. The response was totally inadequate. Austrians in the American army were satisfied to stay where they were; they didn't choose to serve in Otto's battalion. The War Department shifted to compulsion. Not only men of Austrian birth or descent but Czechs and Yugoslavs and others whose forbears came from the states freed from Hapsburg rule were assigned against their will to the 101st Battalion. But force proved little more successful than Otto's powers of persuasion. So bitter was the resentment among the men in the battalion, so strong the criticism from democrats outside, that the department ordered a strategic retreat. Henceforth enlisted men who object to service in the Austrian Battalion will be permitted to transfer to other ground-force units upon submission of written application to the commanding officer. In other words, the department will return to the volunteer method which had proved a failure. From this as from every retreat, there is a lesson to be learned. In this war alliances with anti-democratic elements don't work. They also have a tendency to explode in one's face. This lesson could advantageously be applied in larger areas of action. Otto should be looked upon as merely a free sample.

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ALTHOUGH THE McKELLAR BILL WAS somewhat modified before receiving committee approval, it remains an outright bid for increased Senatorial patronage and a serious threat to war-time administrative efficiency. Despite exemption of the employees of the FBI and TVA, the President's staff of White House aides, and "technicians and craftsmen," the bill would still require

Senate confirmation of some 25,000 to 30,000 federal employees earning more than \$4,500 a year—employees who are now chosen almost entirely on the basis of merit. It would reduce the Civil Service Commission to the status of a secretarial employment agency, and open the top jobs in every office in Washington to the sinister effects of the spoils system. Existing friction between Congress and the executive branch might be reduced, but only through the unconstitutional method of placing administration directly under the thumb of Congress. Since administrative heads would not even be able to control the appointment of their assistants, discipline would be virtually impossible, and the problem of coordination within administrative agencies might become as difficult as the existing problems of coordination between the various executive branches. Fortunately, some Senators are already discovering that their constituents dislike the bill. We hope that this dislike will be vigorously expressed.

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NONE OF THE VOLUMINOUS OBITUARIES OF J. P. Morgan appear to have mentioned the dramatic coincidence between his fatal illness and the ICC's rejection of the Erie Railroad bond issue. Yet this action, which prevented a very profitable security deal for the firm of Morgan, Stanley and Company, constituted a new and significant blow at the tied-corporation system on which the power of the house of Morgan has been built. The Pecora investigation of private banking in 1933 brought out the fact that Morgan partners held 167 directorships in 89 corporations with total assets of \$20 billion. These included many of the largest concerns in the country—railroads, utilities, and industrial giants such as United States Steel, General Electric, General Motors, Kennecott Copper, and Montgomery Ward. The actual interest of the Morgan firm in such companies was often relatively small, but it exercised effective control, nominating the management and deciding financial policy. Thus it was able to insure for itself the immense profits arising out of security flotations. In recent years the SEC has challenged this kind of control by insisting on competitive bidding for certain utility issues, and the ICC decision last week means a loosening of the ties between railroads and their "traditional" bankers. Thus the empire which J. Pierpont Morgan built and his son consolidated begins to crack as the third generation inherits it. As a man the late J. P. Morgan was undoubtedly more genial than his buccaneering father. The newspaper eulogists stress his love of children, flowers, country life, pig-breeding, and grouse-shooting. But so far as the record goes there is little indication that he ever developed a social consciousness. Directors of public companies, he once told a United States commission, are in no way responsible for labor conditions in the plants they control.

THERE IS NO QUESTION THAT RECORDS AND radio have created far more jobs—even for musicians—than they have destroyed. Yet James C. Petrillo claims that thousands of members of the American Federation of Musicians are unemployed because of "canned" music; and he has demanded, as a condition of his lifting the present ban on recording, that these unemployed members be provided for by means of a fund to be created by payment to the union of a fixed fee for each reproduction of records, transcriptions, mechanical devices, and library service of which the master record was made by members of the American Federation of Musicians. The recording and transcription companies, needless to say, have turned down Mr. Petrillo's proposal. The companies contend, with logic it seems to us, that such an arrangement would put a penalty on technological improvement, duplicate government relief, and probably be found to violate half a dozen laws, including the National Labor Relations Act. The companies maintain, further, that when Petrillo says a large number of his members are unemployed, he can only mean that they are unemployed as musicians, for a great many of them earn their living otherwise; and Petrillo has practically admitted that union membership is open to anyone who *wants* to earn his living as a musician. Thus a man who works in a factory and also plays the cornet can presumably join the A. F. of M. and qualify as one of the unemployed musicians in whose name Petrillo has prevented recording. Petrillo has done a good job in raising the wages and standards of musicians; but when he attempts to enforce his demand by taking a step which affects the public interest as gravely as the ban on recording he is performing a service, not for his members or for "music culture" in the United States, but only for the enemies of labor unions.

★

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET DIED ON MARCH 13 at the age of forty-four, and despite his youth his name was probably better known to a large public than that of any other contemporary poet of serious literary pretensions. His long narrative poem "John Brown's Body" is said to have sold a first edition of 70,000 copies, and more recently a moving-picture version of his prose tale "The Devil and Daniel Webster" carried his name to an even wider audience. At the present moment when dozens of young writers of every sort are hopping upon a bandwagon labeled "America, Americans, and Americanism," and when the whole aspiration toward a native literature threatens to degenerate into mere vulgarity, it is worth remembering that when "John Brown's Body" was published in 1928, the expatriate was setting literary fashions and Americanism was a term of derision. At the same time Mr. Benét deliberately resisted another current tendency, and despite his high seriousness made his appeal to the general public over the heads of all the

esoteric cults. Less than a year ago a two-volume selection from his work afforded a convenient opportunity to assess his actual accomplishment. The best of the prose and the best of the verse seem thoroughly sound, vigorous, and enduringly interesting. No doubt it is hardly to be expected that "John Brown's Body," which is some hundred thousand words long, should take its place among the five or six poems of that length which continue to be read, but some of Mr. Benét's lines—for instance, the passage beginning "I have fallen in love with American names"—may very well become a *locus classicus* for certain sentiments, and one or two of his prose stories are quite possibly permanent parts of our legend.

The Eden Mission

MR. EDEN has arrived in Washington at an opportune moment, just as public alarm about our political relations with our allies has crystallized sufficiently to create an atmosphere favorable to building a new understanding. That is shown by the hostile reception of Ambassador Standley's calculated indiscretion, by the deep impression made by Vice-President Wallace's warning of the danger of World War III, by the overwhelming vote in Congress for the Lend-Lease Act shorn of all hampering amendments, and by the approval accorded to the bi-partisan proposal for a Senate resolution indorsing the idea of a United Nations organization placed on a permanent basis.

In the past few months, as hopes of military victory rose, ugly forces have emerged from the shadows and set about the work of sabotaging peace. Proponents of a new American imperialism have been sounding off in many directions. One group has been clamoring for American domination of the air to be secured by using lend-lease to extract bases and concessions from other members of the United Nations now, when their position is still too insecure for them to be able to bargain advantageously. Other proposals have been made for demanding permanent title to the Caribbean bases leased from Britain, for the acquisition of sovereignty over all Pacific islands, and for the creation of an international bank, with 51 per cent of the stock owned by the United States, which would control the strategic raw materials of the world. The crackpot nature of some of these proposals does not disguise the chauvinistic spirit which inspires them, and it is not surprising that they should arouse British imperialists to fierce counter-challenges. If reactionary nationalism of this kind is allowed to get a start, the end of the war must inevitably mean the beginning of new international rivalries.

It is a hopeful sign, however, that the Seventy-eighth Congress, in its first important vote on a foreign issue, decisively rejected both the idea that lend-lease is an economic lever and the notion that it is a charity for

which the recipients ought to be most humbly grateful. And by so doing it rebuked not only the isolationist-imperialists—it is curious how nearly these two schools of thought coincide—but also our Ambassador in Moscow, who had just suggested that Russia might find lend-lease supplies cut off if it didn't say "thank you" in more fervent tones.

Admiral Standley's statement was promptly repudiated by Sumner Welles, and he was later forced to admit that he had exaggerated the lack of Soviet publicity for American help. Following the line of most commentators, we might, therefore, dismiss it as an old salt's attempt to match Stalin's famous bluntness. Unfortunately, there are grounds for suspicion that the Ambassador's indiscretion was inspired by people in Washington who have swallowed the Goebbels line about the "Bolshevik menace." Inside the State Department there are influential officials whose constant care is how to fill the vacuum which the defeat of the Nazis will create in Europe in time to prevent communism from rushing in. Obsessed by fears of revolution, they seek ways and means to bolster the forces which they consider "safe," to clothe with new flesh the skeletons of long-perished "legitimacies." Hence the constant flirtations with the Francos, the Peyroutons, the Hapsburgs.

When Mr. Wallace warned recently of the dangers of "double-crossing Russia," he did not specify the forms this danger might take. But we would hazard a guess that he was thinking of diplomatic maneuverings designed to lay the foundations of a *cordon sanitaire* in Eastern Europe, to organize a group of reactionary powers strong enough to balance the might of Soviet Russia. It ought to be obvious enough that this policy shows an appalling lack of understanding of the problems of Eastern Europe, that there is no economic foundation for such a group of states unless it includes a resurrected Germany, that it would positively invite revolution by perpetuating a condition of decaying feudalism which already smells to high heaven, and that it would fan the smoldering suspicions between Russia and the West into open flames.

We do not believe Mr. Eden has the slightest sympathy with this amateur *Realpolitik*, and his conversations with the President could do much to squelch it. For he represents those forces in the British government which, backed by the overwhelming majority of the British people, look to the building of a system of collective security which Russia could enter on a basis of equality. In his first press conference in Washington he hailed the Anglo-Russian twenty-year treaty of mutual assistance. "It is most desirable," he said, "that we and Soviet Russia should place our relations on an enduring footing of cooperation. That is what the treaty does. Premier Stalin said it was the turning-point in our relations. That is how we view it."

Mr. Eden's discussions in Washington are expected to cover a wide range of subjects. We hope they will not merely allay current misunderstandings between the United States and Britain but pave the way for definite agreement among the United Nations in regard to a common peace policy. The chances of this outcome would, we think, be improved by a definite statement of Congressional policy, and we hope that reports of Presidential discouragement of a debate on the issues involved are unfounded. The resolution which has been drafted by Senators Ball, Burton, Hatch, and Hill could no doubt be profitably amended in details, but it contains the roots of the matter. It advises that the United States take the initiative in proposing an organization of the United Nations with authority to assist in coordinating resources for the prosecution of the war, to establish temporary administrations for countries freed from the Axis and to administer relief, to establish procedures and machinery for the peaceful settlement of disputes between nations, and to provide for a United Nations military force to be used against any aggressor.

These are modest proposals, but they raise all the fundamental issues which we must face now or tackle under much more unfavorable conditions at the peace table. Of course, the Wheelers and the Nyes would put up a bitter fight, but we believe that a large majority of the Senate would support the resolution and, by so doing, would reflect the sentiment of the public, which is now looking fearfully at the abyss which lies before us. There is no time to be lost in building an international bridge, and it cannot be constructed without the aid of Congress.

The Word and the Deed

TWELVE sailors of the French battleship *Richelieu* probably did not hear last Sunday's speech by General Giraud. If they did, they must have been puzzled, because the General spoke eloquently about those Frenchmen who had never accepted the armistice; he predicted monuments to France's saboteurs and *francs-tireurs* who risked death at the hands of Pétain's police as well as Hitler's; and he denied the slightest validity to the Vichy regime. Here were exactly the ideas which these twelve sailors had entertained right along. That is why they mistrusted their officers, who had forbidden them to tune in on any but Vichy-Nazi radio stations or to read any but the Vichy press and who still consider themselves responsible to the hypocritical old Marshal. That is why they were restive when one of their officers assembled them on deck and told them to stop grumbling about the forced-labor decrees of the Laval regime because "the sending of our workmen to Germany was a very fine thing for France." That is why they were moved to anger when, on the occasion of the American landings in North Africa, another of their officers called President

Roosevelt a guttersnipe and Churchill a clown. It is why they were moved to rebellion when their singing of the "Marseillaise" and their shouts of "Vive l'Amérique!" resulted in the arrest and disappearance of thirty of their number.

Yet here they were on Ellis Island, "twelve undesirable aliens," awaiting hearings on a charge of having entered the country illegally. They had made the mistake of abandoning their "Germanophile" officers to join those Fighting French with whom General Giraud was saying he desired "whole-hearted and effective" union.

Of course Secretary of the Navy Knox is right when he points out that these desertions, twelve or fifteen a day, can no longer be tolerated. "The vessels will be left so understaffed that they will be virtually immobilized." That is good hard sense, the same kind that induced us to "use" Darlan and Peyrouton and Noguès. Obviously the ships can't fight without a crew; therefore, coerce the crew. The only hitch is that impressed seamen under fascist officers wouldn't put up much of a fight either. And doesn't it occur to anyone that it would be more logical to replace Vichy officers with Free Frenchmen than to force Free Frenchmen to serve under officers who are still infatuated with the enemy?

The plight of the Richelieu sailors is a microcosm of the larger tangle in North Africa. It highlights the same discrepancy between the word and the deed. Giraud's speech, repudiating Vichy and its laws and promising reestablishment of the republic, is a notable advance, bringing him almost to the position held from the start by the Fighting French. Yet what confidence can be reposed in any program toward democracy carried out almost exclusively by anti-democrats? How can anyone believe that an anti-Semite like Governor Peyrouton will effectively scotch anti-Semitism in Algiers or that a fascist like General Noguès will hasten the return of the Third Republic? The sacking of General Bergeret, one of the most virulent collaborationists in the North African regime, is all to the good. But Bergeret is one of many.

We welcome the words of Giraud, with their invitation to unity. They should do some good, particularly if they are speedily followed by the elimination of more of the remnants of Vichy. Only such action can be a real token of better things to come. But the General's words can also do harm if they mean what the United Press reports they were taken to mean in some quarters in Washington—to wit, "an effort to bring into active collaboration with the Allies men like Admiral Georges Robert, French High Commissioner at Martinique, and Admiral René-Emile Godfroy, chief of the French fleet units interned at Alexandria." If that is the objective, we would advise the twelve French sailors to stay on Ellis Island, where they can at least see the Statue of Liberty from their windows.

A New Bill of Rights

THE Administration has given the American people a dramatic reply to the question: "What are we fighting for?" We are fighting, according to the long-awaited report of the National Resources Planning Board, for an America in which every citizen shall have "the right to work usefully and creatively . . . the right to fair pay . . . the right to adequate food, clothing, shelter, and medical care . . . the right to security . . . the right to live in a system of free enterprise . . . the right to come and go, to speak or to be silent . . . and the right to rest, recreation, and adventure. . . ."

This new Bill of American Rights might well serve as a statement of the war aims of the United Nations. It epitomizes, as no other statement has done, the contrast between the way of life of free men and the way of life in the dictatorships. It is a natural supplement to the Atlantic Charter, but it is far more specific, far more inspiring to the average man, than that document.

The National Resources Planning Board has given us much more than a general statement of principles. It has given us a concrete program for implementing them in the years after the war. This fact deserves the utmost emphasis in view of the concerted effort that is being made by President Roosevelt's political opponents, inside and outside of Congress, to characterize the program as vague and visionary. The opposition apparently assumes that few voters will take the time to wade through the 640 pages of specific detail in the board's report on "Security, Work, and Relief Policies," or its companion volume, "National Resources Development—Report for 1943," which sets forth a series of concrete proposals for meeting the problems of the transition period from war to peace.

Editorial writers on newspapers which have the facilities for getting the facts if they want them have complained that the National Resources Planning Board's report is less complete than Great Britain's Beveridge plan. Actually, the reverse is true. While the American program for strengthening the social-security system does not present tables showing how the cost will be distributed as does the Beveridge Report, the American plan deals at length with such problems as demobilization, post-war employment, public works, post-war industrial and agricultural rehabilitation. It is an integrated program covering all aspects of post-war adjustment—an area in which Sir William Beveridge is greatly interested but which is not included in his justly celebrated report.

The board's proposals for changes in the Social Security Act are, in general, those that have been urged by experts since the social-security program was first up for discussion in 1935. Specifically, the board recommends that the existing cumbersome federal-state system of un-

employment insurance be replaced by a federal system which would cover seamen, the employees of non-profit corporations, and those of small firms. A separate system is suggested to take care of domestic and agricultural workers. Under these national systems it would be possible to standardize benefits and to extend the period of payments to a minimum of twenty-six weeks. Proposals are also made for offering old-age and survivor's insurance to groups now excluded from such benefits, and for providing at least partial protection against disability. The most significant change in the federal-assistance program is inclusion of the long-advocated suggestion that federal contributions to the states take into account their differing economic and financial capacities, and that the states distribute aid among their subdivisions in accordance with relative need and financial capacity. Such a change is clearly essential if the present wide disparities in the size of old-age pensions and children's allowances are to be ironed out.

To provide jobs for ex-soldiers and war workers who are not assimilated by private industry, the board proposes a broad federal works program based on very different principles from those which governed the WPA. The means test is to be eliminated as a condition for employment. Men are to be selected solely on the basis of their employability and need for work. They are to be subject to the same standards of performance as those governing private industry, and are to work the same hours and receive the same pay as if they were working for a private employer. This change in emphasis—taking public work out of the field of relief and stressing its creative possibility—is long overdue. It is the one constructive answer to the charges of boondoggling that were levied, not without some justice, against many of the work-relief projects of the depression.

Significant also are the board's proposals for meeting the acute problems of adjustment that are bound to face youth in the immediate post-war period. It is suggested that the federal government make it possible for talented young people to continue their education beyond the age of compulsory school attendance by means of grants distributed by the educational authorities. Young people who do not continue their education and are unable to find jobs are to be aided through special youth-training projects, where they will receive a living wage.

Sweeping though this program is, it falls short at three important points of the comprehensive security provided in the British plan. It contains no general provisions for the needs of married women comparable to those put forward by Beveridge; it makes no provision for children's allowances except on a means-test basis; and it offers no comprehensive plan for pooling the uneven costs of medical care. Although these are serious omissions, the need for such special types of protection is probably not as great in this country as it is in Great

Britain. Against these defects can be set the fact that the National Resources Planning Board has presented a program that is thoroughly American in its emphasis on work, constructive enterprise, fair pay, and full freedom. It represents an abrupt break from the defeatist thinking that held us in economic thralldom through the thirties, when it was assumed that we could not afford full employment or full production in this country. The war has shown us the absurdity of this contention. The National Resources Planning Board has given us a plan whereby we may tackle the problems of the peace with the same emphasis on production and jobs that has characterized our war effort. The Planning Board has done its job; the responsibility for action now rests squarely on Congress.

An Old Abuse Is Ended

ONE of the oldest and most vicious abuses of civil rights is the police practice of arresting persons and holding them incommunicado, without counsel, until incriminating statements are extorted. Used time and again against labor and political minorities, illegal secret detention and inquisition have been denounced by the Wickersham Commission, by bar associations, and by civic committees; incommunicado detention has featured nearly every civil-liberties case of the last two decades. Now the Supreme Court, in two decisions by Justice Frankfurter, has read police and prosecutors a badly needed lesson on lawless enforcement of the law.

The first case was that of eight copper workers arising out of a strike in 1939-40 of the International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers against the Tennessee Copper Company's mines at Copperhill, Tennessee. After the company forced open the mines by bringing in a number of special deputies in the company's pay, several of the company's power lines were dynamited under somewhat obscure circumstances. Two FBI agents arrived on the scene to investigate. The local sheriff then took a number of the strikers into custody, without warrant, and locked them into the company-owned Y. M. C. A. building in Copperhill, which was being used by the sheriff and his deputies as their headquarters. Six more FBI agents arrived to assist in the investigation.

The strikers were not arraigned, as is required by Tennessee and federal law; instead, in the copper company's rooms, there began a grilling which lasted almost a week until the men gave statements—repudiated later in freedom—which satisfied their inquisitors. "Unaided by relatives, friends, or counsel," says the opinion, "the men were unlawfully held, some for days, and subjected to long questioning in the hostile atmosphere of a small company-dominated mining town. . . . There was a working arrangement between the federal officers and the

sheriff of Polk County which made possible the abuses revealed by this record." The Supreme Court heard the case because it presented "serious questions in the administration of federal criminal justice," and set aside the conviction obtained in the lower court.

The case of three Tennessee moonshiners was argued and decided at the same time as the labor case and involved the same kinds of federal lawlessness. The Tennessee mountaineers had been taken into secret custody after a federal agent had been shot by an unidentified assailant in the course of a night raid on a liquor cache near a cemetery. Instead of arraigning their prisoners, as the law directs, the federal agents held them for fourteen hours in a detention room and then in other isolated quarters, and held them incommunicado, hidden away from relatives and friends and deprived of the legal aid to which they were entitled. The period of clandestine confinement and questioning at the hands of the six federal agents lasted from three o'clock Thursday morning until two o'clock Saturday morning; on the basis

of admissions thus wrung from the suspects—none of whom had had more than four years of elementary schooling or had ever left the mountain settlement—they were convicted of second-degree murder. The Supreme Court declared that the detention procedure revealed "a plain disregard of the duty enjoined by Congress upon federal law officers . . . a flagrant disregard of the procedure which Congress has commanded. . . ."

The words of Justice Frankfurter will be cited in the never-ending struggle to control what he called "the overzealous as well as the despotic" in their use of "the awful instruments of the criminal law." Emphasizing the vital statutory safeguard against secret detention and inquisition, he said that it "checks resort to those reprehensible practices known as the 'third degree' which, though universally rejected as indefensible, still find their way into use. . . . It reflects not a sentimental but a sturdy view of law enforcement. It outlaws easy but self-defeating ways in which brutality is substituted for brains as an instrument of crime detection."

Battle Lines in Tunisia

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE showdown campaign for North Africa has not yet been fought, but all signs indicate that it does not lie far ahead. Progress in the African war has not always been correctly assessed. The loss of all Libya to the Eighth Army was not in itself a serious matter for Hitler. It relieved the British of a threat to their position in the Middle East, but it did not spell defeat for the Germans. The American occupation of Algeria and Morocco aroused hopes of an instant annihilation of Rommel, but the failure to reach Tunisia ahead of Axis troops, together with weather difficulties and not too brilliant generalship, afforded von Arnim time to dig in and develop strong natural defenses.

Today, as four months ago, the total strategic situation favors the United Nations. Surrounded by the British Eighth Army on the south and by French, British, and American forces on the west, the Germans in eastern Tunisia are in a dangerous position. Inferior on sea, in the air, and on land, they would seem to be marked for destruction. Nevertheless, all the advantages are not with the United Nations. A large share of the troops which give the Allies a two-to-one superiority on land are on garrison duty in Morocco and Algeria. The British Eighth Army, the best striking force available, is still dependent on supplies shipped around Africa and has yet to clear the Mareth Line. Rommel, on the contrary, is now operating upon extremely short lines of com-

munication and supply. His troops are more mobile, more experienced in battle, and better led.

The recent fighting in Tunisia was important in that it demonstrated the strength of the chain of armed men and fortified points with which the Allies have ringed von Arnim and Rommel and afforded the first trial of American troops under battle conditions. In his attempt to break the chain surrounding him Rommel wisely chose the weakest link, the American section. After their attempt to cut the Tunisian corridor and to separate Rommel from von Arnim had failed in January, the United States troops were left in a poor position. They were spread out very thinly over a long segment of line and had insufficient reserves. When French troops were withdrawn from the central front to be reequipped and Americans moved into the vacant sector, this problem was aggravated. Before the weak natural defenses could be strengthened or reserves brought up, Rommel struck with superior force in a two-pronged armored thrust at the center and the southern end of the American position. Both columns made rapid gains, and the Americans, threatened with envelopment, retreated, suffering heavy casualties but also taking toll of the German armored units. The air forces of both sides were active, but the Germans did the better job of coordinating their air and ground movements. They were also far superior in tactics, and they repeatedly and disastrously fooled their

In view of the significance of Tunisia in the defense of the European fortress, Hitler may be expected to give Rommel all the support he can afford and to try to maintain at least his nuisance value. There are two possible methods of doing this. The first, direct reinforcement by air and sea, has been employed on a large-enough scale to enable von Arnim to more than hold his own in brushes with the British First Army. But it has been extremely costly, for British submarines have taken a large toll of Axis shipping, short as are the convoy routes.

The other possibility, a blow against Gibraltar through Spain and an attempt to close the Mediterranean, represents a danger so serious that a large part of the American troops in Africa have remained in French Morocco to guard against it. For several years Spanish Morocco has contained an army estimated at 100,000 men. And in the appeasement era the Axis placed heavy-caliber guns directly opposite Gibraltar on the African shore. At least temporarily these could close the Straits. Were Franco's cordial cooperation in a German attack assured, the United States could quickly be placed completely on the defensive. Since, however, the war is global, with events on each front affecting occurrences elsewhere, an attack through Spain looks like doubtful strategy. For the moment Hitler must throw most of his forces against

Russia, and it is at least questionable whether he has available for a new theater of operations the troops and especially the air power such an effort would require.

The original strategy of the African campaign, the planning and transportation, the coordination of forces, and the political fifth-column activities were handled with unusual brilliance. But the follow-up has taken too long and disappointed practically everyone. Making the original landings farther east in order to include Tunisia would have entailed extreme risks, but the results might have justified them. It was to be expected that our fighters, new to desert warfare, would make mistakes. Criticism should come only if they continue the same blunders. But the delay in the west while Rommel was being chased halfway across Africa affords no ground for satisfaction. Finally, it has been all too evident that no adequate plans were made either by the army or the State Department for dealing with the myriad problems which followed occupation. Economic and political problems of the kind we have fumbled in Africa are part of modern war, and they will arise in greatly increased complexity when we invade continental Europe. Before that day we must correct the weaknesses revealed by the African campaign if we are to achieve success without paying far too great a price.

Planning and Politics

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 15

THE so-called American "Beveridge plan" submitted to Congress by the President has been lying around the White House for some time. It is in two parts. One deals with security, work, and relief policies; the other with post-war planning. The first, a tome of 640 pages, was actually delivered to the President three days before Pearl Harbor. The second, a literary quickie of but 50,000 words, was sent to the White House a year later, on December 16, 1942. Thus one had been on his desk for fifteen months and the other for three when the President finally passed them on to Congress.

Mr. Roosevelt is a master of publicity, and it is interesting to speculate on his timing. The moment chosen by the President for the submission of this plan served to distract the press and Congress from Admiral Standley's quaint attempt to better our Russian relations by kicking the Soviets in the teeth. In longer perspective, as has been widely enough noted, the release of this post-war security program in the wake of the President's first coy trial balloons opens the 1944 campaign. The report

may also serve several functions in Mr. Roosevelt's strategy for dealing with an unusually cantankerous Congress. The President is said to hope that Congress will overplay its hand, and this report may goad his opposition to greater follies. The report effectively contrasts the President's large and historic aims with the picayune and querulous fault-finding and scandal-mongering that is the principal characteristic of the bi-partisan anti-Roosevelt bloc in Congress. Mr. Roosevelt has set the stage for a campaign far more momentous than his two past triumphs—the original fight to enact the New Deal and the struggle to force its acceptance by the Supreme Court.

Some of the right-wing papers, with a kind of senile glee, assume that the President's plan is already buried. They draw comfort from the fact that it has no chance of being enacted at this session of Congress. They believe it will be safely interred by the coalition of conservative Democrats and standard-model Republicans which dominates the new special Senate Committee on Post-War Plans set up under the chairmanship of Senator George. They are entitled to the pleasures of self-

deception. Roosevelt's strategy, in fact, depends on opposition. The George committee is made to order for his purposes. Mr. Roosevelt wants to be able to go before the country—and the armed forces, which will vote by mail—in 1944 and say, "I offer jobs and security. My opponents offer joblessness and insecurity." This is not a program which can be beaten by calculations as to budgetary cost or appeals to the virtue of private enterprise, Hoover fashion. American politics will revolve around this program for a good many years to come, and it can be defeated only by a new type of demagoguery in which fascist-style politicians will seek at one and the same time to outbid the President and to confuse the issues by appeals to the crasser forms of prejudice. Just as fascism in the Reich had to pander to the fundamental socialistic outlook of the German people, so in this country it must hide not only behind appeals to American feeling for liberty but also behind promises to satisfy a newer and equally deep, if not deeper, desire for security.

It is an indication of the President's stature and genuine vision that he has gone beyond the necessities of social politics in submitting this program. It would have been enough, politically, to promise cradle-to-the-grave security, along the lines of the Beveridge plan in England. To have stopped at that point would have been in accord with one of the basic tendencies of the New Deal. This is the tendency to solve our economic problems by cutting down real wealth and increasing real costs. Wealth is plowed under to provide the scarcity necessary for the profitable operations of the privileged, property-owning classes, business and agrarian, while costs are raised to provide doles to placate the underprivileged. The New Deal has never had the courage in the past to put idle men at idle machines to produce the means to feed and clothe themselves. This larger economic sanity has been beyond the realm of the political possibilities within which it had to operate as a middle-class reform movement. But a grandiose dole will not solve our problems, despite the naive theory—which runs back from Keynes to Sismondi—that our economic society is a kind of gigantic poker game which can be kept going by periodically redistributing the chips of "purchasing power." Nor is "Beveridge planning" a worthy goal for our youth, which must strive to release the great creative possibilities which still lie stifled, for all our past achievement, in the American land and people.

It is at this point that one notes the striking difference between the first and the second report sent to Congress by the President. The bulky report on Security, Work, and Relief Policies takes only faint and tentative steps toward the broader horizons of the Post-War Plan and Program. The germ of the second report is in the call of the first for "increasing emphasis upon policies aiming at the prevention of economic insecurity through a fuller utilization of our productive resources, including

labor. . . ." But in the main the first report is only a comprehensive social worker's approach to our economy, deriving from the grimly realistic but defeatist and socially bankrupt premise with which its findings open. "The American people," the report begins its final summation, "should base public-aid policy upon the acceptance of the following facts: (1) The need for public aid will be both large and persistent for some time to come. . . ." Though I have not read the entire 450,000 words of this report, I do not think it does more than touch timidly on the basic principle that we can preserve neither our natural nor our human resources merely by letting the idle rake the leaves away from the unsightly edges of the profit system.

What is little more than implicit in the earlier report achieves explicit statement and bold development in the second, which bears the marks of its war-time origin. "Our peace aims," says an opening statement which finds only a perverted reflection in the conduct of our diplomacy, "are war weapons which in the end may determine the outcome of the military struggle in which we are now engaged." Freedom from Want has hitherto had an ambiguous exegesis, reflecting Cordell Hull's anachronistic Manchester liberalism; it was originally translated by the President into "economic understandings which will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life for its inhabitants." Here Freedom from Want is expanded into a new Bill of Rights, all of which may be derived from the first, the "right to work, *usefully and creatively* through the productive years." The italics are mine, but the emphasis pervades the entire report.

The report on Post-War Plan and Program has a two-fold purpose. It aims first to outline a program for the orderly transition from a war-time to a peace-time economy, and secondly to sketch the broad outlines of a plan for development of an expanding economy through the cooperation of government and private enterprise. Both purposes are likely to arouse opposition from the larger private units in our economy. So far as the program for economic demobilization is concerned, it provides, among other things, for aid to smaller business units, for free access by business "to the use of both old and new materials and processes unhampered by misuse of the patent system," and for vigorous enforcement of labor legislation in a period when standards will be endangered by the laying off of many workers. Measures of this kind are unlikely to be popular with those who stand to gain the most from a disorderly demobilization and deflation in which financially weaker businesses may be gobbled up, new monopolies established, and the bargaining position of labor weakened.

In dealing with the second purpose of this report, to achieve an expanding national economy, we enter for the first time into the realm of genuine social security, into the field of measures designed to effect the security of

our society as against makeshift measures to protect the security of individuals. What is envisaged in the report is not socialism but that kind of mixed state in which alone capitalism can hope to remain progressive. The report looks toward work programs that would increase the nation's wealth by developing its resources of soil, water-power, and transportation; toward the kind of governmental interference that would clear obstacles to genuine private enterprise in business; toward government partnership in certain basic fields; and toward government intervention to maintain useful productive employment where these other measures fail to maintain it. It is impossible here to dwell in detail on the National Resources Planning Board's specific suggestions, but they represent a rich, diversified, and flexible program, free from dogmatism or arid theory.

From the standpoint of business as a whole, it would be far better to accept a measure of social planning and governmental partnership in the maintenance of employment than to bear the heavy tax costs involved in a high level of joblessness. But business is deeply anarchic in its instincts, and the bigger businesses have usually preferred either a dog-eat-dog policy or an unprogressive freezing of the economic status quo. The danger in this program, as in all planning under capitalism, is that it may become a means whereby the monopolies and the combines use the political power and financial resources of the state to solidify their own power. The most obvious example of this danger is in the board's proposal for a National Transportation Agency which would regulate all means of transportation and have access to public funds for improvements. The railroads, which have learned from the ICC how easy it is to control a public regulatory body for their own purposes, would like such a setup as a means of curbing competition from truck and plane and as a way to tap the Treasury. As the largest aggregation of capital in the field, the railroads would ultimately dominate the agency, as they do the ICC.

There are similar dangers in the proposal for mixed corporations in fields like aluminum and synthetic rubber, where government "could participate in the selection of . . . business units which are to continue to operate in these industries." But the situation could hardly be worse in these fields than it is today. Posterity may look back and see the Roosevelt plan as a mirage, but if it does, the fault will also be ours. Our task is not to ponder the spectacle from mountain tops but to do our duty by the future by fighting to achieve as decent a society as we can. Laissez faire capitalism is dying, and it is up to this generation to see whether the new controls will be democratic or monopolistic. Given the deep desire of the people for security and freedom, the outcome is not a foregone conclusion. The President has launched out on the greatest battle of our time.

50 Years Ago in "The Nation"

ON THE second of last month an afternoon performance of "Ghosts" was given in the Athenaeum Hall [London], with Miss Hall Caine as Regina. The play, notwithstanding the unflinching realism of its handling of a repellent theme, was received with marked favor by a house filled to overflowing.—*March 2, 1893.*

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S inaugural address was brief and directly to the point on all the subjects to which he addressed himself. . . . The tariff is to be reformed in the interest of the masses of the people, and the trusts and combines are to be curbed in so far as the federal power can reach them.—*March 9, 1893.*

CAPTAIN MAHAN is . . . perhaps the most distinguished writer on naval warfare in existence. . . . When he points out the value which Hawaii would have to us as a coaling station, in case we were a great naval power at war with another great naval power in the Pacific Ocean, and the annoyance which our possession of it would be . . . to our rival or enemy, he speaks as a master. But his whole argument . . . is based on the assumption that we are on the way to have a navy as large and powerful as the navies of France and England put together. . . . What effect this policy of general annexation . . . would have on our domestic institutions, Captain Mahan does not consider at all.—*March 9, 1893.*

WHATEVER may be said of the attempts of the English parties to outbid each other for the labor vote, it cannot be denied that the new Department of Labor, organized by Mr. Mundella, the president of the Board of Trade, promises to yield valuable results to the student and the statistician, whether it pleases the workmen or not.—*March 9, 1893.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK: Hudson, W. H., "Idle Days in Patagonia." . . . Pater, Walter, "Plato and Platonism." . . . Symonds, J. A., "In the Key of Blue and Other Prose Essays."—*March 2, 1893.* . . . Alger, Horatio, Jr., "Facing the World; or, The Haps and Mishaps of Harry Vane." . . . Weissmann, Professor August, "The Germ-Plasm: A Theory of Heredity." . . . Charles L. Webster & Co. have nearly ready a new volume of short stories by Mark Twain.—*March 16, 1893.*

A LADY who is an experienced teacher and holder of an advanced degree wishes for a mathematical professorship where her rank and salary will be based upon ability instead of sex. (Advt.)—*March 23, 1893.*

THE WORD Panama now suggests so universally a huge scandal that its association with an actual canal across an actual isthmus seems only a figure of speech. . . . If it results in a complete fiasco, there is an end for a long time of French prestige in America.—*March 30, 1893.*

The Return of Eduard Benes

BY BLAIR BOLLES

Washington, March 9

THE four men who profited from the indecent Munich decision thrive no more. Chamberlain, dead, was discredited while he yet lived. Bonnet has slid down the Vichy drainpipe. Hitler hides, and the Duce shakes in the shadow of coming destruction. The man who survives is the man whom Munich seemed to ruin. "Silent, mournful, abandoned, broken," Eduard Benes, the Czecho-Slovak President, went into exile after the four had laid his country on the altar of Wotan. Now he is gloriously ascendant. As before Munich, he is the Czecho-Slovak President. Shining in adversity, a statesman in 1943 as he was in the thirties and the twenties, Benes today walks in the van of the wise sculptors of the world to be. As always for him, the goal is certain, and as always the road is hard.

Many of the pitfalls that have made his path hazardous since Munich were dug by the United States. The news from London is that Benes intends to visit this country shortly. If he comes, he will speed the reluctant State Department toward a difficult decision: Shall we plan for a world security after the war that is based on complete cooperation with the Soviet Union and Great Britain? Benes's foreign policy is hinged on Russia. The United States dilly-dallies about the place of Russia in America's post-war foreign policy. Should we trust Moscow? Should we fear Moscow and cling to the Hapsburgs? Stroking their chins, the foreign-policy makers in Washington debate the pros and cons. Those who lean toward fear and hate of Russia fear and hate Benes. The respect accorded the obstinate democrat from Bohemia has become a barometer of our attitude toward the Soviet Union.

Benes resigned the presidency of Czecho-Slovakia on October 5, 1938. The British rather early forgave him for the wrong they did him, but the United States, though it was not represented at Munich, has never quite ceased to treat him as an important debtor treats a small creditor. How many are Benes's sins! In a day when the United States thought appeasement was sound policy, he insisted that Germany was not to be lulled by bribes. In a day when the prop of appeasement was fear of Russia, he clung to Russia. And worse, in a day when appeasement of Germany has been proved a mistaken policy and when our friends the British hold that it is not merely incorrect but dangerous to fear Russia, it is remembered here against Benes that he was right when we were wrong.

Benes came to the United States some months after he left Czecho-Slovakia, and spent the spring of 1939 lecturing at Chicago University. He was deeply pained but not astonished by the Nazis' seizure of his country in March after they had accepted the Munich bribe in October. He saw the Crime of March as the sure forerunner of war, and in the summer of 1939 he went back to Europe. Before he left he made it known that he wanted to see President Roosevelt. He could not be received at the White House. After all, he was but an ex-President. He was given an audience at Hyde Park instead, and no announcement was made of it.

Neither the French, at their worst, nor the British have shown our genius for mistreating those who are essentially their friends. The French government in the summer of 1939 permitted the Czechs to establish a National Committee in Paris which could serve as a pseudo-governmental rallying-point for Czechs who desired to keep alive the idea of Czecho-Slovakia and who hoped that their country would be won back, in time, by them as well as for them. Benes himself found London more congenial than Paris, because Bonnet was not done with appeasement while Chamberlain and Halifax were beginning to realize that it did not pay. Other exiled Czechs, however, carried on for Benes in Paris.

An account of Benes's activities from that distant last summer of peace until now throws light on the events and emotions, policies and doubts, of men and nations over the past four years.

The French in September, 1939, began to show signs of regretting their stupidity of September, 1938, and on October 2 the Daladier government reached a formal agreement with the National Committee. The next month both the British and French governments recognized the committee, which was attending to the serious military business of organizing a Czech army on French soil to fight against the Nazis, who, though bought off at Munich, had refused to stay bought.

Benes thought it safer to remain in London because he suspected that the French, still under the dark spell of Bonnet, would seek a peace with Germany if it were offered. But he visited France in May, 1940, and quickly returned to London with the conviction that France would not play a leading role in the war. He was prepared for the armistice in June, and the National Committee evacuated the Czech army from France to England.

London now became the seat of the National Committee, and a smoother course lay ahead for Benes, the chairman. The French had made his position difficult by permitting Milan Hodza, former Czech Prime Minister, to set up a rival "National Council" in Paris. The British pursued a more honest policy. Churchill had replaced Chamberlain, and Churchill had publicly denounced the sacrifice at Munich of Benes's country. His government recognized the National Committee as the Czecho-Slovak provisional government.

Benes felt himself and his aims safe in England, but he continued to speak well of Russia at a time when the Soviets, by the pact of 1939, were tied to Germany. He regarded the August agreement as a piece of cynical diplomacy which Russia meant in time to reject. In the winter of 1940 the Czech military attaché in Rumania told him, and Benes told the British Foreign Office, that the Russians were sabotaging their agreement with Hitler by inventing transportation difficulties that delayed the delivery to Germany of oil from Rumania and food from Russia.

Doubt of Benes's acumen concerning the Soviet government disappeared in London when the Nazis invaded Russia. Less than a month afterward, on July 18, 1941, the British gave full recognition to the provisional government. Benes's strength by that time was undeniable. Hodza, his sole strong adversary, had had little influence since the evacuation of the Czechs from France. So the United States recognized Benes's government provisionally on July 31. But though this seemed an act of encouragement, Washington diplomats actually embarked at about the same time on a policy of discouraging and embarrassing Benes.

From the summer of 1941 on, individuals in the Administration have been Janus-faced toward Russia and Janus-faced toward Czecho-Slovakia. Those who feared the Soviets feared the Soviets' friend, and fearing that friend, they cast glances in the direction of his enemies. The first of these was Hodza.

Milan Hodza, a Slovakian Protestant, was a leading political figure in Czecho-Slovakia from 1918 to 1938. Through those years he opposed the Slovakian autonomous movement. Since the fall of Czecho-Slovakia, however, he has put behind him the old policies and become a friend of autonomy, which he prefers to call "self-existence." Thus he has placed himself at the opposite pole from Benes, who wants a strong and cohesive Czecho-Slovak state and who believes further that as long as his country is occupied by the Nazis, discussion of its internal political problems is dangerously beside the point.

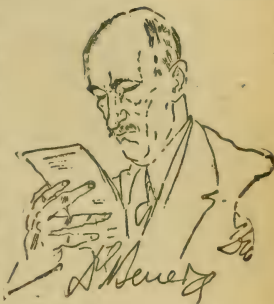
Hodza reached the United States from England in November, 1941. Adolf Berle, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State, arranged to have him received warmly at the State Department, some of whose officers drank in his

reports on the Central European political situation. Benes, Hodza said, was splitting the Slovaks of the world. Hodza was in the United States to unite the Slovaks—by splitting them from the Czechs. Whatever he may have heard at the State Department, he felt encouraged to begin a series of lectures in the United States by which he sought to undermine Benes and his recognized government.

While Hodza was planning his American campaign, the Russophobes in the State Department and the Office of Strategic Services took to their bosom another enemy of the democratic cause—the Hungarian Tibor Eckhardt. Under Eckhardt's leadership the American Hungarian Federation issued a pamphlet denouncing Benes and his friends as disturbers of the peace of Europe and the security of the world. Jan Masaryk, the Czecho-Slovak Foreign Minister, was in the United States at the time, and Eckhardt pleaded with some success in Berle's chambers that the pamphlet had been provoked by Masaryk's actions. Mr. Berle made no distinction between the position of the Foreign Minister of a government which we had provisionally recognized and the unofficial apologist for a government with which we had broken.

Public opinion in the United States, however, was against Hodza and Eckhardt, and Mr. Berle had to cast the two men adrift. They are both charming gentlemen, but it was not their manners that won them the Berle smile. They carried with them little plans for a European federation of a sort that would shield the Western world from the Soviets. The isolation of Russia, it is recognized, depends upon the destruction of Czecho-Slovakia. And the destruction of Czecho-Slovakia depends upon the erasure of Benes, the firmest proponent of a restored Czecho-Slovak state.

That Benes is able like a phoenix to rise from the ashes of his power was recognized by the British after Munich, but it is only slowly being understood in Washington. The United States government last October gave full recognition to the Benes regime. But this step was taken without publicity, and a month later Benes's hopes were shaken once more by the Stimson letter to Otto Hapsburg. Hapsburg himself told me that Eckhardt was his collaborator, and insisted that he had a "majesterial" responsibility for the Czechs and Slovaks in the



Drawing by B. F. Dolbin
Eduard Benes

United States. Hapsburg the federationist is one with Hodza and Eckhardt in contemplating federation as a wall against the Soviet Union. He is, in other words, an enemy of Russia, an enemy of Czecho-Slovakia, and an enemy of realism.

Such has been the strange course of the United States toward a friend of our country and a friend of our type of democracy. The Czechs learned their fundamental political lessons in the United States. Benes in Czecho-Slovakia, as Foreign Minister and President, guarded the country carefully from bolshevism. Liberal Social Democracy was his guide. Benes could help to dispel the fear of communism in American breasts in no more effective way than by reminding us of his own experience, which proved that an anti-Communist state can pursue a foreign policy based primarily on friendship with Russia without danger of Communist penetration. Friendship for the Russian nation, indeed, is one of the safest dykes against flooding by the Russian ideology.

Benes's Russian policy rests on considerations of security. Czecho-Slovakia is a small state, and a small state always stands in need of a large friend. The hope that

France, Czecho-Slovakia's friend of the twenties, will play a leading role in the new Europe is dead. Czecho-Slovakia must depend on Russia. It would be dangerous, moreover, for a small state to irritate so powerful a neighbor as Russia. Benes, therefore, desires a European federation friendly to Russia. *Cordons sanitaires*, in his view, can only become ribbons on the funeral flowers of the states that compose the *cordons*. If Western diplomacy, bent on walling up Russia, tries to establish a new and more ambitious *cordon sanitaire*, it will simply be cultivating irritations that will surely become wars.

The fact that Benes told a newspaper correspondent in London of his plan to visit the United States suggests that he expects a good reception. If Washington gives him a good reception, it will mean that the United States government is approaching a decision in favor of friendship with Russia. The news of Benes's expected visit coincides hopefully with the speech of Vice-President Wallace at Delaware, Ohio, in which he warned that a third world war in the twentieth century would be the end result of an attempt by the United States to isolate the Soviet Union.

Okies Wanted

BY SELDEN C. MENEFEE

FOUR or five years ago we used to cuss the 'Okies.' Now when we see one we feel like rushing up and throwing our arms around him." A Madera cotton rancher was speaking of the changed attitude in California toward the dust-bowl migrants who thronged into the state's farming areas from 1935 to 1939. His words indicated that the problem of California's farm labor supply was entering a new phase. First the Chinese, then the Japanese, the Mexicans, and finally our own refugees from the Plains States were successively welcomed into California, subjected to prejudice and discrimination when they came in too great numbers, and tolerated when they settled down to become a part of the community. Now a new cycle is beginning, as the growers are demanding that Mexican labor be admitted into the United States without restriction.

Madera, a town of 6,500 people in the heart of the rich San Joaquin Valley, has experienced all the stages. The Japanese have of course been removed—despite the outspoken sympathy of many Maderans for the American-born children of Japanese parents. The Mexicans form a permanent and growing section of the town, and in some classrooms their children actually outnumber those of the "Anglo-Americans." There is a growing

colony of Negroes, attracted to California from Oklahoma, Texas, and nearby states by the relatively high wages and the comparative lack of racial discrimination in the West. And there are the dust-bowl refugees.

In 1938 and 1939 the migration of the so-called "Okies" into Madera reached its peak. They had been attracted by the large-scale employment of cotton pickers; half of Madera County's 100,000 irrigated acres being devoted to cotton. The county's cotton crop was worth nearly \$4,000,000 in 1940 and furnished more than three-fourths of all seasonal farm employment.

The migrants usually ended up at Madera picking cotton after they had gathered other crops to the southward in the summer and early fall. Since little work could be found anywhere after the San Joaquin cotton crop was in—the citrus crop farther south offered employment to a relatively small number—thousands of these people remained in or around Madera. Relief and WPA reached a high point early in 1939, when 5,000 families were dependent on government aid, most of them "Okies" who had no work from December until April. Their children filled the schools, which were expanded in one district until classes were held in the school-bus garages and even in the janitor's home. Certain of the taxpayers felt

resentful, but Madera, unlike some other Western communities, did not "take it out" on the children.

In the fall of 1939 the C. I. O. agricultural workers' union ("UCAPAWA") invaded Madera County, organized a large proportion of the cotton pickers in a local union, and staged a short-lived strike. The pickers had been getting 75 to 90 cents per hundredweight and hoped to raise the rate to \$1.25 by united action. But they did not reckon with the stubbornness of the growers, who were accustomed to deciding the wage rate at their annual meetings. On October 21, 1939, a mob of 150 angry cotton farmers gathered outside the County Park, where the strikers were meeting, and ordered them to disperse. The strikers refused, and a pitched battle followed. Sheriff W. O. Justice and his men did not interfere, but state troopers ended the riot by using tear-gas bombs. The sheriff then said, "The situation appears to be well in hand, with both parties dispersed." This meant, of course, that the growers had achieved their purpose. "We are not exactly proud of that day's happenings," one Madera business man told me.

The strike was broken, and to this day the farm workers of Madera County remain unorganized. Hundreds of the former Okies have now settled down to live in Madera, most of them on one- or two-acre plots on the fringes of the town. Shrewd farmers subdivided large stretches of grain land worth \$20 to \$25 an acre and sold it to the migrants, without improvements of any sort, for \$125 to \$150 an acre. As they had time, the settlers dug wells, built small frame shacks to live in, and planted vegetables and flowers. An occasional family prospered, sent its children on to high school, and came to take an active part in the life of the community.

At least half of the immigrants of five years ago have now left Madera County. Some have gone to the San Francisco Bay region to work in the shipyards, which already employ 165,000 workers. After Pearl Harbor a few started back to their old homes to escape possible bombing attacks, but the extent of this movement has been greatly exaggerated. A much larger exodus began when nation-wide gas rationing was first announced, and thousands of Okies who had been unable to get their roots down into California's soil headed back eastward while they could.

The resulting acute labor shortage dismayed the growers and caused some of them to regret their former toughness. At their 1942 meeting they increased the rate for pickers to \$1.50 a hundredweight, or nearly twice the official rate for 1938. Local growers raised this to \$1.75 and \$2, some paying as high as \$2.25 for the clean-up. Since a good worker can pick from 200 to 300 pounds of cotton a day, this meant a relatively high wage. But still there wasn't enough labor.

In the fall the Madera County Defense Council took a hand in the matter. Craig Cunningham, secretary of

both the Council and the Madera County Chamber of Commerce (which is closely allied with the Associated Farmers), organized a "Food for Victory" drive which did a good deal to save the crops. Leading citizens, including school principals, teachers, and the district attorney and his wife, went into the fields to pick cotton, grapes, and tomatoes. The schools, except for the primary grades, closed for two weeks so that the children could help. One group of thirty-five children, organized as a sort of shock troop, went twenty-six miles to a farm near Firebaugh and picked eighty-five tons of tomatoes which would otherwise have rotted in the field.

The children worked under the supervision of the teachers, who called roll and kept an account of their earnings. Within two weeks the supervisors learned that four hours in the field was the optimum working day for children. After that the schools were put on a half-day basis, adjourning at noon so that the pupils could spend afternoons in the fields. The teachers saw to it that the proceeds went to the children themselves, not to their parents. As a result the 3,077 children who participated earned a total of \$88,000, of which \$74,000 was from cotton. They also enjoyed themselves, and their efforts saved nearly all of the cotton crop; only the clean-up was left to adults.

The situation next fall will be worse, not better, for farm workers are still leaving Madera. Moreover, some time this year the huge Friant Dam—fourth largest in the world, and second only to the Shasta Dam in the huge California Central Valley project—may be put in operation. Its prime purpose is to replenish the water supply in existing irrigated areas, not to reclaim new desert land. Madera gets only nine inches of rainfall a year, and deep wells dug for irrigation have lowered the water table until existing crop land is in danger. But when the dam and irrigation canals are finished, crops will be increased and more labor will be needed.

In 1943 Madera will again have to utilize school children and the rest of the community to get the crops in. The Chamber of Commerce and the Defense Council, however, are laying plans for the future. In the first place, they are supporting a move in the Legislature to modify the minimum 170-day school year, perhaps by giving credit for time spent in the field. This would undermine the state's high educational standards, even if it were limited to "the duration," and is therefore meeting opposition.

The second plan of the Madera County growers is to break down federal restrictions on the importation of Mexicans. "We shall need 50,000 pickers, not the 3,000 we had last year," a representative of the growers told me. "The minimum wage of 35 cents is O. K.—we paid more than that last year. But we can't afford to put up a \$100,000 bond, or to take a chance on being responsible for the Mexicans. Furthermore, we can't furnish them

new houses, with hot and cold running water and the like, because we can't even get the materials."

Some modification of federal requirements may be necessary to meet changing conditions. But if California beet growers were able to comply with the basic stipulations and import 3,000 Mexicans, the well-organized cotton farmers should be able to do the same. Further steps are up to the War Manpower Commission. Freezing of farm labor in critical areas and raising of farm wages are clearly indicated.

Eventually, mechanization may solve the present shortage of cotton workers. In February the *Madera News* reported the arrival of a mechanical cotton-picker in the county. While one such machine could not handle more than 1,500 acres in a season, thirty or forty of them could pick virtually the entire crop. In view of the limitations on the manufacture of farm machinery, however, it is not likely that many can be obtained. Madera County will have to rely on community effort for the duration of the war.

Democrats Against the Party

BY JONATHAN FARMER

THE pouter-pigeon posturing of members of the new Congress is one of those comic performances to which this body periodically treats a tolerant public. Their shouts of "See how independent I am," "Watch me take my rightful place as a coordinate branch of the government," "Down with bureaucracy" are only revelations of the vanity which is the predominant trait of politicians who have been the beneficiaries of a popular vote. This exhibitionism is common enough and ordinarily harmless. It delights the exhibitor, amuses the cynical, and fools a certain number of impressionable or uninformed people. But in the present instance it bodes ill for the Democratic Party. From a national point of view it looks as if the dominant Democrats in Congress were laying the groundwork for a long stay in the wilderness.

This expectation is not based simply on the expressed determination of Congressmen to assert the rights and prerogatives of the legislative branch of the government. There is nothing ill-omened in that. A sense of responsibility on the part of members of Congress regarding its legislative function would be an asset to the party, just as the extra-legislative activities of special investigating committees have often been wholesome. Signs of a bleak future for the Democratic Party are found rather in the boasts of these exponents of Congressional independence about how they intend to exemplify it. Evidently they propose to undo, as far as they are able, everything that has made the Democratic Party triumphant, everything that has won for it the confidence of the people, during the past ten years.

This trust was reposed in the Democratic Party of the New Deal because it showed its devotion to the people's welfare as opposed to that of special interests and the privileged classes; because it placed human values above property values; because it recognized that the distress of citizens was a direct concern of their government. It

lived up to its convictions by passing various temporary relief measures in the depression years and by setting up permanent agencies for the advancement of social justice and security. That these efforts were heartily approved by a great majority of the people was amply attested in three national elections.

Even if they are indifferent to the humane, progressive, and just achievements of the New Deal, politicians might be expected to support a program which has proved so popular, and to be influenced by the purely practical consideration that a policy which landed them in office and kept them there was a good thing to cling to. That, indeed, was the case till lately. Democrats in name but not at heart supported the New Deal because they felt it meant their political life. But being by nature and conviction Tories and anti-social, they secretly waited for the day when it would be expedient to come out in their true colors. The gains made by the Republicans in the last Congressional elections have evidently convinced these lip-service Democrats that that day has arrived, and now we hear the Southern reactionaries babbling about doing away with this New Deal measure or crippling that one. Moves have already been made by them, or by others with their concurrence, to emasculate the Wagner Act, to abolish the Farm Security Administration, to weaken or nullify the Securities and Exchange Commission, to do away with the National Youth Administration, and so on down the line.

Since this Bourbon Southern group is the dominating element in the Democratic Party in Congress, especially in the House, its ability to lead the party out of office is great. In the Seventy-seventh Congress there were 118 Democratic Representatives from 12 Southern states to 147 from other parts of the country, and 24 Democratic Senators from 12 Southern states to 41 from other states. In the present Seventy-eighth Congress the 12 Southern states have 111 of the 222 Democratic members of the

House and 24 of the 57 Democratic members of the Senate. In both houses, therefore, the proportion of Southerners among the Democrats was greatly increased by the last election.

Because of the seniority rule and their generally continuous service Southerners hold the chairmanships of the most important committees. In the Senate "Cotton Ed" Smith heads the Committee on Agriculture; McKellar of Tennessee is next to the aged and ill Carter Glass of Virginia on the Committee on Appropriations; Bailey of North Carolina heads the Committee on Commerce; Reynolds of North Carolina, the Committee on Military Affairs; George of Georgia, on Finance; and Connally of Texas, on Foreign Relations. In the House the Speaker is Rayburn of Texas, and on the powerful Rules Committee, which dictates what legislation shall be considered, after the chairman stand Cox of Georgia, Smith of Virginia, Clark of North Carolina, and Dies of Texas. The chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency is Steagall of Alabama, and heading Judiciary and Military Affairs are, respectively, Sumners of Texas and May of Kentucky, as reactionary a pair of gentlemen as were ever returned from Pennsylvania or New Jersey by the Republicans.

What chance has a humane or enlightened proposal among primitives of the type of "Cotton Ed" Smith, McKellar, Reynolds, and Martin Dies? How far would a modern or progressive idea get among such fossils as Byrd of Virginia, Bailey of North Carolina, and Cox of Georgia? It would be unfair of course to lump together all Congressmen from the South as reactionaries. The South has sent a number of able and enlightened men to Congress. The weight of influence, however, is with the bourbon; the progressives shine as exceptions.

The Republicans, of course, are cheering the reactionary Democrats on and, when a close vote makes it necessary, giving them just the required length of rope with which to hang their party. It's smart politics. Since there is a nominal Democratic majority in both houses, the Democratic Party will be held responsible for everything this Congress does, no matter how the vote on the various bills is divided.

Perhaps this Southern bloc in the Democratic Party correctly diagnosed the last Congressional election as meaning that the country has gone, or is ready to go, reactionary. When Herbert Hoover can lift the lid of his political tomb and peer around, it is a sign that others also believe there is a trend "back to normalcy." But if these Dixie Democrats imagine that a country ready to turn its back on progress is going to select the Democratic Party to carry out its mandate, they are deceiving themselves. If the people decide they want that kind of government, they will demand the simon-pure article. They will not want masqueraders or turncoats.

Furthermore, the leaders of the Republican Party in-

tend to see to it that such a demand, if it comes, shall be fully and squarely met. They will stand no liberal nonsense from those in its ranks who aspire to high honors. Just the other day when Governor Stassen of Minnesota, who has been mentioned in connection with the nomination for the Presidency, uttered some enlightened views about world affairs, he got a good dressing-down from members of his party in the House. Their remarks ran all the way from a pained "Oh, Harold, say it ain't so" to downright denunciation of him as "a stalking horse for the Democratic Party."

If the country wants Republican doctrine to prevail, it will call on the Republicans. And if the reactionary element now in the ascendancy in the Democratic Party in Congress carries out its loudly proclaimed intentions as to policy, the party may as well apply now for its discharge papers.

The situation was correctly described by Monsignor John A. Ryan of Washington in an address delivered at the convention of the American Catholic Sociological Society in Cleveland last December. His theme was labor, but what he said about the danger of labor's losing its gains applies with equal force to all social gains made since 1933.

If the Republicans elect their candidate for the Presidency in 1944 [said Dr. Ryan], and if they are able, with the assistance of Democratic reactionaries, to control both houses of Congress, the status and influence of organized labor, and therefore of the whole body of wage-earners, will undergo a disastrous decline. As a matter of fact, this combination of Republicans and reactionary Democrats already dominates the House of Representatives, that is, the body that was elected the third of last month. Except for two obstacles the most important recent gains of labor would all be swept away within the next six months. Those obstacles are the Senate and the President, and we cannot be too confident about the Senate. So long, however, as the present occupant of the White House remains there, no fears need be entertained for the cause of labor or the cause of social justice.

After the beginning of the year 1945 the situation may be disastrously different, and labor may face the imminent peril of losing all that it has gained through legislation since 1933.

Dr. Ryan's topic was labor and he stuck closely to it, but labor is not the only target of the reactionaries. In their hatred of the true democracy that would assure to every man a square deal before the law, equality of opportunity, economic protection, and social security, they propose to destroy all progress made in this direction during the tenure of the New Deal. Whether President Roosevelt and other sincerely progressive leaders will be able to remove this canker from their own party remains to be seen. There should be enough people in the country who still appreciate the benefits brought by the New

Deal to prevent the debasement of the party and also, if they are efficiently organized, to save the nation from being plunged again into such an era of greed and ignorance as followed the First World War.

The Republicans have seemed to be able to elect almost anybody President—witness the 1920's. But the Democratic Party to be successful has always had to live up to its highest professions and put up a candidate of outstanding character and attainments. That is the simple explanation of why Roosevelt was chosen for a third term.

It is the considered opinion of informed and unprejudiced persons that President Roosevelt was wholly sincere in his declaration that he did not wish to run for a third term. Without attempting to excuse the blundering methods by which his nomination was brought about, these persons believe that the reason he did run for a third term was that he finally realized he must if the achievements of his two terms were to be preserved. According to this view, President Roosevelt did not imagine that he was the only one capable of carrying on the New Deal policies. He probably had men in mind whom he believed able to do so and withheld a definite statement on his own candidacy till the very last in the hope that one of them might show the popular strength required not only to obtain the nomination in the convention but also to win the election. The New Deal gains would not have been saved by the nomination of a candidate who, though able and well-disposed, could not carry the country.

No one can say whether a like situation will arise in 1944. Nor dare a prudent person predict what President Roosevelt's response to it would be. His enemies are already saying that if peace is not here by convention time next year, he and his friends will be stressing the necessity of his remaining in office till the war is successfully concluded.

All that lies in the future. The immediate task of President Roosevelt and of all loyal supporters of the democracy of the New Deal is to save the Democratic Party from the reactionary elements that are sabotaging it. Otherwise the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1944 and for many years thereafter will not be worth seeking.

Many years ago, when the animosities engendered by the Civil War were still alive and the Democratic Party had suffered a disastrous defeat in a national election, a leading Democratic newspaper vented its disappointment on its own party in an editorial which said: "The party is without a future and without a hope. The malediction of the war has palsied its brain. The curse of slavery has poisoned its blood and rotted its bone." Reversion to the archaic policies and antediluvian leadership of poll-tax Southerners can well do the trick again.

In the Wind

EDDIE RICKENBACKER is said to be stunned by the hostile reception labor has given his speeches, and his advisers are worried lest it hurt his standing as a hero. . . . Labor organizations are backing a tour by John Bartek, who was on that raft with Rickenbacker. Bartek is a union man and a sergeant in the army. He says Rickenbacker is a good man personally but all wrong on labor.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, after protests by the *Amsterdam Star-News*, a New York Negro newspaper, has agreed to stop calling one of its brands "Nigger Head."

FRENCH SAILORS from the warships being repaired here report that the Fighting French newspaper *Pour la Victoire*, published in New York, is *verboden* aboard ship.

AT BROTHERHOOD WEEK services in Christ Church Episcopal Cathedral in St. Louis recently, whites and Negroes sat unsegregated. No one was visibly perturbed by the arrangement.

NOT WITHOUT FRIENDS are the thirty-four men and women under indictment for conspiracy to undermine the morale of the armed forces. The Citizens' Civil Liberties Committee has just been formed for the express purpose of defending them. Margaret Easton, New York state secretary of the new organization, tells why in a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune*: "Because the American Civil Liberties Union, that great 'liberal' organization, so-called, has continually refused to come to the aid of these anti-Communist leaders . . . and because we strongly suspect that the American Newspaper Guild through its membership has in some manner silenced the press."

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER was recently quoted in the press as saying in a public speech, "Conservatives dream of hemming Russia in behind a barrier of dwarf states." People who heard the speech insist that he said "Catholic states."

FESTUNG EUROPA: To become ineligible for military service many Hungarian men are representing themselves as Jews. . . . All athletic competitions in Norway are supposed to be directed by Quisling's Sports Association, but the nation's leading skiers recently held a secret tournament and proclaimed a champion without benefit of Quisling. When the Nazis found out about it, they arrested twenty-five prominent skiers. . . . Under Nazi rule the treasury of the city of Utrecht has become so depleted that a tax has been levied on public notices in newspapers to meet "steadily increasing municipal expenses."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$3 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Report Out of Spain

II. Prisons and Prisoners

THE night Rodríguez Vega* arrived in New York we spent together. He had brought his story from Madrid, and he had to tell it to someone. It was a fresh, intact story; the weeks he had spent in Portugal were not part of it. It was as though he had left Madrid the day before and had landed in New York after a non-stop flight.

I let him talk for hours. During the brief week that he was in New York before leaving for Mexico, I saw him often, and he did the greatest part of the talking. In order to get his full impressions of three years of Franco Spain, one had to understand his state of mind. One had to allow him to draw out all the thoughts that had been accumulating for so long. Physically he was in New York. Spiritually he was still in the Cárcel Modelo, the main prison of Madrid. To follow his story, one had to place oneself in the atmosphere of the Madrid prison. For any Spaniard of my background that was not a difficult task. I was perfectly familiar with its corridors and its cells.

The first night that we met here my interruptions were confined to questions about some friend or comrade about whom there had been no exact information. "Shot." "Twenty years." "Still waiting for trial." He gave no details, but immediately went on with his tale. It was in this way that I was able to record the story of the Spanish prisons. I made many notes, and I am going to reproduce some of them here, as I took them.

Salvation by the Crimea: D. was fifty years old. Until the outbreak of the Spanish war he was a sereno, a night watchman in the streets of Madrid. He was of no party but was known for his Republican sympathies, and, after Franco took power, was denounced by some elderly spinster in his neighborhood as an anti-Jesuit and a man without God. During the war he had rendered minor services in the rear guard. His one distinguished action was his help in the arrest of some *paqueadores*, franc-tireurs who in a blackout sow the seeds of panic in the city. That deed gave him a moment of glory in the neighborhood. Now he was going to pay for it with his life. He had been sentenced, but others had been, too; weeks had elapsed, and he had not yet been dragged out to face the firing squad. It gave him time to hope for a miracle, a miracle which was to come from very far away. Every morning when he woke, his first question

was "How are things going in the Crimea?" He was not an educated man. Of Russia he knew only that it had helped Spain during the war. But now he felt Russia as an ally. He had made up his mind that when the war on the eastern front was won, the Axis would be finished—and then he would escape execution. "Nowhere else," observed Vega, "do people follow the war as attentively as they do in the prisons of Spain. For many it means not only victory but the hope of coming back to life."

Searching for Garbage: Vega received extra food from the outside. For three years the prisons of Madrid have been the centers, the gathering places, of the democratic sympathies of the city. If someone is still in a position to save a little food, he sends it to the prisons, either to family or friends. It is a kind of permanent demonstration of solidarity. Vega's extra food came mostly in cans. He shared it with his cell-mate, but part of it spoiled quickly, and he threw it into the garbage pail. Immediately another prisoner grabbed it. Vega warned him that it was not to be eaten, that it might poison him. He promised him that the next time he received food he would share it with him. Useless. The other took the spoiled food into his corner and ate it. Bad or good, it was the first thing he had seen in months that looked like meat.

A Voice from Heaven: For many days a small typewritten paper circulated through the prison. It was very much worn with handling. But the prisoners touched it with great care. It was part of the text of a sermon by Father Hevia, Catholic priest of the prison of Alcalá de Henares, and it was a warm denunciation of the mass-murder carried out by the military court. "Despite the promises of generosity made by the authorities, many honest fathers of families are being shot. An atmosphere of hate is being created that will provoke tremendous reprisals afterward." The whole sermon revealed a profound concern for the consequences that the Franco repression will have for the Catholic church. The lower clergy, it is true, have been against so much shooting and are in great part hostile to the regime. Catholic youth was represented in the prison by boys from Acción Católica, arrested for distributing leaflets considered subversive. These boys did not restrain themselves when they talked with the Republicans in the prison. They openly condemned the Phalanx. All this is true. But it is no less true that all through these three years the Catholic hierarchy has been unreservedly identified with the Franco regime. Spanish prelates, so eager to denounce "red atrocities" during the war, have since its end tol-

* Secretary of the General Workers Union who escaped from Spain and came to the United States via Lisbon. He is now in Mexico.

erated the execution of thousands and thousands of men and women without uttering a single word of mercy. One day things may take an opposite turn, and the Republicans may again come to power in Spain. It will be difficult then to reestablish the respect of the people for a Catholic hierarchy which has behaved in this manner. That was the fear expressed by Father Hevia in the sermon circulated in the prison, injecting an amazing note into the flood of literature that was passed around.

Beatings: Happily, T. is still alive. He has not been shot as was reported some time ago. But he had already endured his twentieth beating. He is a Socialist of fifteen years' association with the party. He has been in it practically since he was a boy. T. has tremendously broad shoulders that defy the brutality of the Phalangist gang. Vega saw him immediately after one of those beatings. He could hardly walk, but his voice and his eyes were as firm as ever. "If they believe that by breaking my bones they are going to obtain anything from me, they are silly, those boys," he said. He remained in a corner of his cell, taking no food for many days. The idea that he knows everything about the underground movement has saved him, until now, from being shot. Because of his extraordinary constitution he is, perhaps, the man who has survived more beatings than any other. For the rest, beating is daily fare in the Madrid prisons. In the handling of prisoners the influence of the Gestapo is very apparent. The Spanish police have adopted methods that were quite unknown in Spain before, and that can easily be attributed to Nazi *Kultur*. For instance, they beat prisoners in the presence of their families. Perhaps in a moment of breakdown the wife or the daughter may tell something—something which the prisoner has been stubborn enough to conceal. Vega tells of cases in which the judge and the attorney joined the police in beating the prisoners—a symbol of the high impartiality of Franco justice.

Singing in the Night: Larrañaga has been shot; so there is no need in his case to use initials to protect him. A Basque Communist, he escaped the fascists at the end of the Spanish war. He was safe in Central America when his party sent him to Spain to work in the underground and to help organize resistance in the eventuality of Franco's entrance into the war on the side of Hitler. With him was Dieguez, also a Communist and very active in Madrid organizations during the civil war. The two men had hardly landed in Lisbon when they were arrested by the police and delivered to Franco. The Christian dictatorship of Oliveira Salazar applies the *droit d'asile* in its own way. Every demand by Franco for extradition of Republicans who have succeeded in fleeing into Portugal is granted by the Portuguese government. In the case of Larrañaga and Dieguez, there had been no time for extradition. But the police, anticipating Madrid's wishes, hurried to turn over the two

Spaniards to the Franco authorities. They were sentenced to death. All through the night before the execution Vega heard Larrañaga singing. From time to time he would call to Dieguez to join him: "Now you, Dieguez, let us see if you can beat this song." It was as though Larrañaga was afraid that Dieguez might fall asleep and that his silence would be interpreted as fear. Many prisoners, Vega says, have gone to face the firing squad singing. Usually they sing political songs, but some have sung *flamenco*. And there was one who, in order to irritate the Phalangist watchmen, went to his death singing the song of the Requetés—the rival faction in the present Franco regime and bitter enemy of the Phalanx. One night, when those who had been sentenced to death were singing, Vega heard one watchman say to another: "There is nothing to do. Those reds, they are not to be broken. To save the regime it would be necessary to shoot four-fifths of Spain. And I wonder. . . ."

Sentence Revised: Vicente Carrillo, Socialist mayor of El Escorial during the Spanish war, was condemned to thirty years in prison. He would have been sentenced to death but most of the conservative people of the fashionable summer resort interceded for him with the court. He went to prison. The local Phalanx protested. They demanded a retrial. Carrillo's case came up again before a military court. This time he was sentenced to death—and shot. Surely the counsel for the defense, appointed by the court, was at a disadvantage. Not only was he confronted with the farcical reality of fascist "justice." He was also overworked. Franco's murder machine worked fast, especially in the early days of the regime, and Vega reports that a single public defender prepared the cases of twenty-seven political offenders in half an hour. Most of them were sentenced to death.

The Unfinished Toy: Vega said to me, "If one day I should write the story of the Spanish prisons during these past three years, one of the chapters will carry the title 'The Unfinished Toy.' I shall leave the subject to Vega, but I cannot resist saying a word about it. In the gallery for those sentenced to death the prisoners kill time—sometimes weeks and months of it—by carving little wooden toys. They are sold outside the prison and often help the men to secure an extra ration of food. But those prisoners who have children always keep the best ones for them. There have been many cases when, in the midst of making a toy, a prisoner has been called to be executed. Before he goes, he gives the toy to another prisoner who sets to work on it so that he may send it to the child of his friend. In one case, the second prisoner was executed before he could finish the toy. It was passed on to a third. Three men shot—and a little wooden toy as a souvenir of the most cruel period in the history of the Spanish nation. A. DEL V.

[The first part of this article, *Politics and War*, was published in The Nation on March 6.]

Something to Fight for

BY JACK GERBER

DO you know what Europeans are hearing about us—us people of the United Nations? Here's an example. If you had been a European listening to your radio the day after Henry Wallace made his Delaware, Ohio, speech, you would have heard:

The differences of opinion which divide the Anglo-Saxon plutocrats and the Bolsheviks are most conspicuous when Washington or London or Moscow begins to scheme for the future. Their points of view are as far apart as the poles, not only in the ideological field but also as regards practical political problems. Confirmation of this delightful state of affairs was given by Mr. Henry Wallace, the American Vice-President, who has lamented that should no agreement be reached between the Anglo-Saxon plutocratic powers and Red Moscow at the end of the war, a third war would be inevitable.

If you had been a European listening to your radio during the recent border discussions between the Polish government-in-exile and the Soviet Union, you would have heard:

The Soviet terrorists have aspirations for Finland and Poland, and also the Soviets want to gain access to the Atlantic, either through the northern regions of Europe or across the Mediterranean.

Or suppose you had been listening to your radio in Europe while the necessity for post-war maintenance of naval and air bases was being discussed in the United States. This is what you would have heard:

According to Colonel Knox's wallings over the territories which the United States wants for naval bases, it is obvious that the United States is plotting to grab naval and air bases all over the world.

All the foregoing quotations are taken verbatim from German broadcasts directed to Europe and recorded in New York at the CBS short-wave listening station.

It is difficult for an American, used to free discussion of all sides of a question, to imagine Europe's intellectual isolation. Radios in every home and loud speakers in every public place tell just one story. The newspapers repeat it. At the present moment it is the story of Axis solidarity versus United Nations disunity.

Let us assume that you are a Little Man in Europe. You work in a factory under the eye of the Gestapo. When you get home at night you are desperately tired and you don't get much to eat. You blame your condition on the Nazis, and your only hope lies with the United Nations. But day after day you have drummed into you this story of United Nations disunity, imperialism, greed. You don't want to believe Nazi propaganda, but since you hear nothing else doubts are beginning to form in your mind. So you work up the courage, and

the energy, to sneak out after dark to the house of a friend who has one of the few short-wave radios left. Blinds drawn, you and your friend listen to New York or London, hoping for words telling you that the Nazis lie, that the United Nations plan to build the kind of world you want to live in.

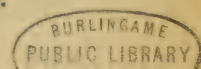
But you hear only generalities. You go home with the impression that the United Nations are going to win, but asking yourself: "After the United Nations win, will they merely haggle over the spoils; start the old imperialist game all over again? Is this worth risking my life for—now?"

The United Nations have little to say about their post-war plans because those plans are still hazy. It is false to assume that the Nazis tell nothing but lies. Dr. Goebbels's use of the repeated big lie is powerful propaganda, but more powerful is his use of the quasi-truth. The impression of United Nations disunity that Europe's Little Man is getting from Dr. Goebbels's propaganda is false, but it is based on the truth that we disagree on the shape of the post-war world. The distinction between disunity and disagreement is not one easily understood by a person whose mind has been perverted with distortions of the facts.

Where do we stand on the question of policing the world; by whom shall it be done, if by anyone? Where do we stand on the question of post-war boundaries? Where do we stand on the question of post-war trade? We have disagreed on these vital subjects and on many others; we have publicly argued about them in loud voices, and our disagreement has seemed to Europe's Little Man like disunity. We have not resolved our disagreements; so Europe's Little Man doesn't know what we want him to fight for—now.

It is no answer to say we should speak more quietly about our disagreements, or remain silent about them. Very rightly, millions of people in the United Nations are discussing them now, but too few of our elected leaders seem to be pointing the way to resolution. The six Senators who proposed Congressional action committing the United States to a share in planning and maintaining the peace have a hard fight ahead of them. If their proposal succeeds, they will have gone far to reassure Europe's Little Man and disconcert the Nazis. If it fails, the Nazis will be able to proclaim that the Atlantic Charter, vague as it is, is only an executive statement which has been refused Congressional sanction.

We may assume that Roosevelt and Churchill decided at their Casablanca conference to open a second front this year. The second front is going to require all the help we can get from inside Europe. A unified, official United Nations post-war plan, which can only be drawn up in a conference of the leaders of the United Nations, will recruit to our side the divisions that may be decisive in winning the Battle for Europe.



Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

THE *Völkischer Beobachter* reported on February 25:

Recently an unscrupulous business man who had been selling meat surreptitiously was sentenced to death by the Darmstadt court. This will serve as a warning to all who were toying with the same idea.

As you see, the risks of operating on the black market in meat are much greater in Germany than in the United States. Nevertheless, not even the scaffold, plus German "organization," plus dictatorship, plus three and a half years of rationing, have been able to prevent it entirely. Nor does its volume seem to be insignificant. The *National-Zeitung* of Essen carried this item on February 13:

Richard Kuhl, a butcher of Delitsch, was sentenced to death by the Halle Special Court for secretly slaughtering 100 pigs, 51 head of cattle, 115 calves, and 48 sheep.

A fair achievement for a single butcher.

Day in and day out it is hammered into the German people that the era of privileges for the well-to-do is past. The most touted of the virtues of the new "total mobilization" is the fact that it affects everybody, without discrimination.

The English will certainly say that it applies only to the common people and not to the rich. Do not believe them. There will be no more discrimination. No one will have a right to think that more is demanded of him than of another [*Neues Wiener Tageblatt* of February 21].

Such statements may be propaganda, but to take them for merely propaganda would be completely to misunderstand the German situation. On February 21 the *Völkischer Beobachter* printed an article entitled Education of Employers which reminds us of a little-known fact, though it is not anything new.

Not a majority but a considerable proportion of managers and the like wrongly think that increases in salary may still be demanded. Otherwise the Labor Commissioner's office would not receive so many applications for higher pay. The added burden the war has placed on managers in no way justifies a larger salary. Even if the manager of another firm, in a similar position, receives more, that does not justify the demand. If an engineer or an accountant is appointed manager, his right to an increase cannot be denied. But when the manager of an enterprise employing only eight persons thinks he is entitled to 11,000 marks [about \$4,200] a year and makes a long journey to Berlin, taking up valuable space in trains and hotels, simply to obtain this increase, he is going contrary to the restrictions that are necessary at this time.

The interesting point here is that the income of a German employer is fixed by the state. Although nominally he has the profits of his own business, de facto he can take out only as much as the authorities permit.

The Gauleiter of the South German province of Franconia called together on February 11 the restaurant proprietors of Nürnberg, the capital city, and instructed them on their duty to the Fatherland. One of the points he emphasized was that they must frequently turn on the radio and let their guests listen. He said further, according to the account in the *Fränkische Tagespost*:

Restaurant keepers must consider themselves sentries for Germany. Therefore they must not allow guests in their establishments to engage in defeatist talk. They must report such persons to the police. . . . They must exercise especial watchfulness over persons who assert that they are good Germans but opponents of National Socialism. Every opponent of the party is an enemy of Germany.

News of the widespread defeatism in Germany leaks out also from other sources. In the North German province of East Prussia, the *Königsberger Allgemeine Zeitung* complained on February 12:

Nothing so oppresses German spirits as the memory of the unfortunate outcome of the First World War. The British have brought it about that many of the faint-hearted are troubled by the slogan "We shall destroy ourselves with victories." This fatally false conception dampens all joyful satisfaction in our great successes and seems to be insidiously confirmed by every unavoidable setback. The briefest reflection would supply these faint-hearted ones with a moral lesson. But faint-heartedness stifles all reason.

The same theme was discussed from a different angle by a Württemberg paper, the *Alemanne*. This paper attacked "objectivity."

Who does not know [it said] the presumptuous prattlers who, in this difficult time, undisturbed by the actual facts, express their "objective" views? Who does not know those impudent fellows who, whenever a word is uttered against our enemy, reply, "But they too are human beings"? They even try to justify on military grounds the criminal English air attacks on German women and children—for one must be "objective." They are the people who regret that the German newspapers and radio do not regale them with the so-called English, American, and Russian army communiqués, so that they might form an "objective" picture of the situation. They would like to have the German press sacrifice its precious space and set before them for breakfast Churchill's and Roosevelt's lying propaganda speeches. They think anyone is a hero for truth who, in spite of warnings and punishments, listens to a foreign radio. Yet that is precisely one of the most unhealthy occupations. Instead of bringing one nearer to the truth, it leads into a thicket from which the most

practiced and experienced persons struggle out with shattered nerves. Regardless of the fact that a listener risks his head, let everyone be warned: keep fingers and ears away from such sources of knowledge.

Objectivity in any form is assailed at every opportunity. The German public, the *Völkischer Beobachter* discovered, liked the British General Montgomery far too well. So Hitler's own paper quoted him as saying, "Now is the time to drive the Boches out of Africa," but it translated the untranslatable French word *Boches*, quite falsely, as "German pigs." That showed how mistaken was any friendly feeling toward Montgomery.

Just as they laid the declaration of war at the Führer's door after he had worked for peace for six years [it went on] they now call us pigs to our face. From now on we must lay aside our peaceableness and the upright generosity we have always practiced. It will be hard for us, because we like to feel amiable and mild. They changed all that for us when they made us realize that Montgomery and Giraud think of us as "pigs." Let there be hatred, hatred, and again hatred! Remember, Montgomery called us "German pigs."

File and Remember

Berlin Reads the "Spectator"

ACCORDING to an English weekly, the *Spectator*, in its issue of February 12, there is no difference between Russian communism—as the *Spectator* calls it, or bolshevism, as I call it—and British capitalism, or plutocracy as one might say. "Even if such differences," says the *Spectator*, "had existed at the beginning of the war, they no longer do so now." —WILLIAM RODERICK DIETZE from Berlin (CBS short wave).

The contrast between Russian communism and British capitalism is not the last word in definition and distinction. Even if it were so when this war began, it is certainly not so today. Russia, after her revolution, went through a stage of fierce evangelism, but that was profoundly modified when, in 1927, Stalin established his thesis that a Communist Russia could exist in a capitalist world, and Trotsky, who held the contrary, went into exile. Too much emphasis can be laid on what is commonly called ideology. The Russian soldier today is fighting more for the Russia he loves than for any economic doctrine, though there is no doubt that the change in the individual's economic status has given him a new sense of, and pride in, citizenship. Emphasis on ideology indeed helps no one in this connection. Cooperation, free and unreserved and based on mutual trust, between Britain and Russia will be vital to the stability of Europe in the post-war period, but that is not going to be achieved by any shortsighted attempt to make Britain conform politically or in any other way to the pattern of Russia, or Russia to the pattern of Britain. Each country has its individuality and is the better for it.—The *Spectator* (London), February 12, 1943.

To Be or Not to Be

"All of you, men and women, without any exception must have but one thought: that this war decides whether our nation is to be or not to be."—Hitler, November 8, 1942.

You will fight in the marshes of Poland,
You will fight on the great German plain,
You will fight in the forests of Russia,
You will fight on the hillsides of Spain,
You will fight in the streets and the airfields,
Our *Lebensraum* you will defend,
If our frontiers are crossed, State and Party are lost
So you will hang on to the end.
The question is—to be or not to be?

For you as definitely as for me.
Your whole existence hangs upon this war,
So *oder so!* otherwise, either . . . or . . .
Either my military intuition
Secures your territorial ambition,
Seen in the greatest conquests of all time,
Or, felled by reptiles of the Russian slime,
Crushed in the pincers of the Allied drive,
No virile German will be left alive,
Ja, Volksgenossen, you will not escape,
Chains, slavery, extortion, murder, rape.
Bolshevik hordes, despite annihilation,
Propose your national extermination,
For German, Austrian, worker, townsman, peasant,
Disaster will be equally unpleasant,
No need another "Fourteen Points" to wait,
The least of you will share your Leader's fate.
Either I win, or else, you may rely on it,
As you have made your bed, so you must die on it . . .
Eternal triumph, or complete shipwreck,
You are all in it, right up to the neck.
My vast, decisive stroke has been prepared,
Stalingrad's fall has been by me declared.
I give in war, whatever be its length,
My infinitely radiating strength,
I personally take upon my shoulders
The winter hardships of my million soldiers.
Our foes their *Teufelsplan* already make
Your manhood, my existence are at stake.
The home front is a battle theater, too
Where all must toil and sweat—and this means you.
The faintest sign of night-life or complacency
I warn you will almost exhaust my patience.
Our ally Italy is on the spot,
She also asks—is she to be or not?
My infinite decisions now I voice,
You must fight on, because you have no choice.
And this is my intuitive conclusion
Either World Order or complete confusion!
You are myself, I you; it is for us,
To drive the juggernaut, or miss the bus.
World Bolshevism or German Victory!
Not be, or be? to be or not to be?

—SAGITTARIUS in the *New Statesman and Nation* (London).

BOOKS and the ARTS

THE CLICHE AND THE CLASSIC

BY IRWIN EDMAN

WHAT is a classic? The best that has been thought and said in the world. Best for whom, by whom judged the best? There is a criterion of the classic, more vulgar but none the less significant: persistence—in those pieces of prose and poetry, often fugitive, often widely misquoted and anonymous in the memories of a wide public. A candid anthology of what has survived in that miscellaneous encyclopedia of popular recollection would and should include things deeply beautiful and true, for these have also been popular. It would include, too, some of the persistent "classics" which have survived because for one reason or another they have about them a gleam of false gold. They immortalize platitudes, eternalize the obvious in humor and the maudlin in sentiment. They are the cheap luxuries of the poor in spirit, and are dear to our hearts as the scenes of our childhood. Many of them were first learned in childhood, and merely seeing them on the printed page recalls the very smell of the freshly washed schoolroom floor in which we first heard them, or the days of some August of our adolescence when we were first greatly moved by them. Our tastes are formed, it has been suggested, by our first masters and our first loves. "A Treasury of the Familiar"* should include naturally passages of prose and poetry connected with both. Such an anthology as that before us does a very good job indeed. It is a rich goulash of the beautiful and the banal.

Two-thirds of it consists of the immortal third-rate. The paradox remains why so much that is clearly cheap, limp in expression, flaccid in feeling, cliché in thought, should survive. There is Kipling's "If" along with the "Ode to a Grecian Urn." Granted the purpose of the anthology, they belong here. For both are familiar and both have for generations brought tears to the eyes, sometimes to the same people, though at different stages in the history of their tastes.

Here, on two facing pages, are "Home Sweet Home" and Prospero's "We are such stuff as dreams are made on." On opposite pages, too, are the parable of the rich man and the kingdom of heaven, and "The Village Blacksmith." Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality in Early Childhood" is followed by Admiral Nelson's "I owe all my success in life to having always been a quarter of an hour beforehand." Thoreau's account of his going to live in the woods is followed by "Casey Jones." "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" is followed by Clough's "Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth." Housman's "Wake, the Silver Dust Returning" stares across the page at "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl."

There is, I think, one curious consistent contrast in familiarity between the really classic passages, the great poetry, and the merely sentimentally persistent. Who besides John Kieran—who writes the Introduction—knows who wrote

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand"? I confess Julia Carney was news to me. Who wrote the Boy Scout oath? Even the editor does not tell us. Or "The Face on the Bar-Room Floor," whose title, by the way, is here given—I take it correctly—as "The Face on the Floor." Everyone who knows the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" knows who wrote it. "My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold" reminds everyone of Wordsworth. What explains the rapid anonymity of the universally known second- or third-rate? I can only guess, and I suspect that it is because the cliché and the stale sentiment seem like something everyone has said and might have said. They need no author because it is the mediocrity in each of us that speaks.

As one browses through these pages, other questions arise. What are the themes that animate most of the famous second-rate stuff in a volume such as this? What are the household words, and what are they about? This is a book of American household words, that is, of song and story and phrase familiar in the memories and in the mouths of Americans from their earliest childhood, the verses they were asked to recite at school, or the sentiments they early saw engraved on parlor walls or on pin cushions or on the stationery of business men's clubs.

Oh promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky.

That sentiment, from "Robin Hood" (words by Clement Scott), animates how much of the popular song and popular story in this republic! Two hearts beating as one and beating their way to

No love less perfect than a life with thee,
O promise me, O promise me.

Omar Khayyam, also in this book because equally familiar, has in Fitzgerald's translation something to say more succinctly along the same lines. Love without lack and courage without doubt are beloved themes. "If you can be a man when all about you. . . ." "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime." And nostalgic retrospect: "Sad memory, bring the light of other days around me." "Ah, that thou couldst know the joy, Ere it passes, barefoot boy." And filial affection: "Who fed me from her gentle breast, And hushed me in her arms to rest, And on my cheek sweet kisses prest? My mother." And the human touch: "And we find at the end of a perfect day the soul of a friend we've made." And the perpetual note of pathos creeping: "And one by one we must all march through the narrow aisle of pain."

H. L. Mencken used to remind us of the width of the Bible belt in this country. Browsing through this book, the reader will be not altogether surprised that half the misquotations epidemic in the country came from the Bible. There are, perhaps not surprisingly, about thirty quotations from Shakespeare. What is surprising is not that passages from Shakespeare should be so widely familiar but that nearly all the quotations here are from plays seldom studied in school. They are mostly from plays not even frequently

* "A Treasury of the Familiar." Edited by Ralph L. Woods. The Macmillan Company. \$3.

acted, nor perhaps frequently read. But the passages quoted are none the less household words. The compiler of this hospitable volume is a one-man Gallup poll of taste in America. For it appears he did not compile what he thought other people liked but, from a long life of clipping collecting, pasted what he liked himself. If familiarity is a criterion, his taste is, I think, flawless. I suspect no one who has grown up in this country will find any surprise in the book, except to find all these things in one volume. And if this book contains the standard objects of popular taste in this country, what is one to say of that taste? Possibly that the heart of the country is sound, possibly that it is soft, possibly both. Clearly, as a people we love love and courage, we deplore the passing of youth, we praise God and pass the ammunition. We like our mothers; we cherish liberty and a house by the side of the road. Our favorite sentiments may be expressed with beauty, distinction, and dignity, or truth, by God or Lincoln or Shakespeare. They may be expressed tawdrily by Robert W. Service, or Ella Wheeler's "Laugh and the world laughs with you," with which the book begins. But apparently we care more about the theme than the manner. No one could accuse us of being precious or metaphysical if this Treasury of the Familiar is an index of our tastes or our lives. One finds no T. S. Eliot, and only one passage from Donne and that the passage made famous only recently by the he-man, Hemingway, who writes of Spain or anything else as others write of the West where men are men.

Tolstoy once held that one should make the common man the judge of art and literature. Well, the common man in America, judging by what he remembers, has a pretty catholic taste. So long as it is sweet or noble or sad, or strong or cozy or optimistic, he'll read it and like it and take it to his remembering heart. And if it's Keats or Shakespeare, that's so much velvet. But Julia Carney is all right, too; her heart's in the right place and her words are on the tablets of our memory, even if her name is in oblivion. If it is doubt or perplexity we wish rather than comfort, if we seek not the simple "verities" but the complexities of truth, we must look elsewhere, among the saints and thinkers in their solitudes, not in the family circle of literature.

Spain Under Franco

APPEASEMENT'S CHILD: THE FRANCO REGIME IN SPAIN. By Thomas J. Hamilton. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

THE American expeditionary force under General Eisenhower started to land in North Africa on November 8, 1942. The Spanish Republican government in Madrid and its anti-fascist officials in Spanish Morocco were overjoyed. I mean—suppose this had been so. Suppose the American, British, and French governments and the Catholic church had not helped to kill the Spanish Republic. Eisenhower could now be fighting Rommel in Tunisia with the considerable forces he is wasting to guard the borders of Spanish Morocco against a possible Nazi-Franco attack. But what is the use of supposing? If the democracies had been wise, this whole World War might have been prevented, or at least postponed. As Thomas J. Hamilton, the author of this timely

book, points out, Spain was the first battle of the present war. But blind statesmen do not win battles. So we lost this one. We started with that and other handicaps and are paying for them today.

Mr. Hamilton went to Spain in August, 1939—five months after the end of the civil war—as regular correspondent of the *New York Times*. He stayed for two years, then went to Chile, where he observed how Franco and the Spanish fascist Falangist Party sabotaged the cause of the democracies in Latin America. Mr. Hamilton has a keen eye and a sharp, able pen, and his character can be read between the lines. He has many principles and scruples, and he abhors dishonesty, double standards, corruption, and fascists. When he doesn't know he says so, and when he is merely giving his opinion he tags it as such. Consequently, when he states a fact as a definite fact I feel we are safe in trusting him. Now and then a pro-Franco partisan took him for an informational ride and told him what happened during the war against the Republican government. But this apart, and it is confined to a few paragraphs, the volume conveys Mr. Hamilton's personal observations and researches in the Spain which Franco conquered with the aid of Hitler, Mussolini, Chamberlain, Daladier, the Pope, and our own government.

Mr. Hamilton's report on conditions in Spain is harrowing. Although he found the destruction from the war less than he had expected—this was very instructive to me who had been in Spain during the war—the ruins are still there. Five years after Irun was destroyed in the 1936 fighting, "the work of rebuilding the town had not even started." This is typical. But not only has there been no reconstruction, there has been further deterioration since the war. Spain's excellent system of highways, Mr. Hamilton states, "has deteriorated considerably since peace came." In general, the "situation in Spain has steadily gone from bad to worse since the end of the civil war. Both material conditions and the morale of the people were worse in 1940 than they had been in 1939, and worse in 1941 than they had been in 1940, and worse now than they were a year ago." Spain is "a starving country." Worse: "in few countries of the world is there such a grinding, soul-destroying hunger and such luxury for the favored of fortune." "A Dante," he says, "would be needed to describe the hunger of the Madrid poor, living in wretched hovels . . . and not even soap with which to wash themselves." But later Mr. Hamilton and his wife "discovered that Madrid was a land of milk and honey by comparison with the incredible misery of Andalusia," and elsewhere they saw the same "famine." In Seville "the animation and gaiety . . . was gone." Even in food-growing villages "children with emaciated limbs and faces like skulls gathered around the car." As a result, according to the estimate of the head of the Spanish public service, "the death rate in 1941 was double what it had been before the civil war." That is probably why some reactionaries thought Spain needed Franco.

Franco's most fiendish crime is this: his "regime has set itself the task of keeping alive the hatred inherited from the civil war." "Seldom in history," Hamilton writes, "has a government so deliberately set out to infuriate the conquered." The conquered are the Spanish people. Most of the

intellectuals of Spain, Hamilton declares, are "dead or in prison or in exile." He describes a meeting at which one young Spaniard dared to suggest that the past ought to be forgotten. "Every speaker attacked this proposal as a Communist device. . . ." After the fall of France thousands of Spaniards who had fled to France when Catalonia fell returned to Spain. "Many of these were imprisoned as soon as they came back, however, and few of the remainder were permitted to work," although Spain has been suffering from "a serious shortage of labor." Furthermore, "publications in either Catalan or Basque have been forbidden. Neither language [the language of millions, L. F.] is taught in the schools or used in the courts; priests are even forbidden to conduct services in the local language" in Catalonia and the Basque land. As a typical crime against the Franco regime, Hamilton cites a husband and wife who gave their children Basque names and talked Basque to them. "They were condemned in absentia to the loss of half their property." In addition to this perversity and political illiteracy on the part of Franco, "the incorrigible inefficiency of the Franco regime also has delayed recovery." Hamilton cites numerous concrete examples.

But let no man imagine that there are no compensations for the Spanish people; all this misery and woe has a brighter side. Franco's victories have brought great reforms in Spain: "divorce has been abolished," and so has civil marriage for Catholics. The Jesuits have returned and regained their "huge property holdings." Religious instruction has become "compulsory in state schools." King Alfonso, now dead, "got back his estates," and so did all the grandes and landlords. Teaching of contraceptive methods has been forbidden. Bathing suits must be worn longer. In other words, the civil war was worth the cost. Nevertheless, Mr. Hamilton reveals that "disillusionment with the results of the war was general" among Republicans as well as the Franco usurpers, and the latter "were beginning to feel that their sacrifices had been in vain and that Spain was worse off than she had been when the war began." Franco himself lives in the Pardo palace near Madrid; "his isolation there approaches that of the Grand Lama." He ventures out only under the heaviest guard.

The author feels that "the day of reckoning is inevitable." The population waits "for the day of revenge." Franco's regime, "despite its iron suppression of opposition, probably has been less popular than any other in the world today." Why? "The inherent cause of Spain's misery lies within the Franco regime itself." Franco has not won. He is merely in power, placed there by Hitler and Mussolini and the appeasing democracies. Within the regime there is "continuous wrangling." The Falanx is split within itself; the Catholic church has "a fascist wing"—which is surprising; Franco and Serrano Suñer and their respective partisans feud incessantly, and there is no peace or unity or plan or logic or sense of benefit in this governing group of murderers who waded into office through the blood of a million Spaniards. Let the foreign friends of Franco read this book and weep. They made him.

At home Franco has converted nobody; "the same people who fought Franco and Hitler for nearly three years are ready to do so again if only they are assured that they will

obtain a democratic government as a reward for renewing the battle against fascism." Mr. Hamilton, oddly enough, thinks that the United Nations ought to give such assurances to the Spanish nation. Instead, Sir Samuel Hoare and Carlton Hayes, the British and American ambassadors in Madrid, have assured Franco that the democracies mean him no harm and that he could remain dictator if we won the war. As Hamilton shows, Franco rewards us with an energetic movement of his thumb to his nose and then relapses into his normal state of lethargy.

All this is the background against which Mr. Hamilton paints a careful, detailed picture of the battle that has been going on to get Spain into the war and to keep it out. I think Mr. Hamilton makes a good case against the Anglo-American policy of appeasing Franco now; he believes it does not alter the situation and only helps the fascists. The book contains many important historical facts on the Axis attitude toward Franco's participation in this war and the reasons Spain remains in a condition of suspended neutrality. It also contains good advice to our State Department, as well as sober and calm and therefore very telling criticism of the department's dealings with Franco.

Some of Mr. Hamilton's most valuable statements are those which throw light on Hitler's political and military strategy. Spain was a good vantage-point from which to see that.

LOUIS FISCHER

The Honest Man . . .

ANDRE GIDE AND THE CRISIS OF MODERN THOUGHT. By Klaus Mann. Creative Age Press. \$3.

THE crisis which Gide's life and work epitomize has to do with the conflict between the individual and society. What happens to the honest man in civilized society?—that is the grand question. Somewhere the author quotes Emerson: "Society is everywhere in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members." Usually the man of genius begins as rebel; it is not always that, like Gide, Whitman, and others, he ends with acceptance. The frail ones are often crushed en route—maimed, blighted, scrapped on the dung heap. Yet in all of them, as Gide poignantly reiterates, was the desire to serve the community. But communities are not yet organized that permit this highest form of service. The true individual is harassed and persecuted everywhere, now as yesterday, and tomorrow doubtless as today, not only in the lands of our enemies but here at home in our midst. That is the cardinal fact, the ineluctable truth, which stares us in the face, today more than ever. André Gide was of tough fiber; he survived the ordeal. One wonders what would have happened to him had he been born in England, Soviet Russia, or America? One wonders what would happen to Thoreau, Whitman, Emerson were they alive today and still filled with truth.

One of the most interesting things about Gide's life is the wide circle of friends that surrounds him. What an illustrious list of names scattered throughout the pages of this book! Decadent France! What a privilege to have been born there, to have had in the space of one lifetime such friends—or enemies!—as Maeterlinck, Valéry, Proust, Peguy, Curtius,

Bernanos, Daudet, Maritain, Wilde, d'Annunzio, Roger Martin du Gard, Bergson, Henry James, Anatole France, Rilke, Copeau, Rivière, von Hofmannsthal, to mention just a few. There are some names, such as Céline, Picasso, Cocteau, Aragon, Raimu, Breton, whom the author deals with slightly, contemptuously, even vituperatively—yet if we in America had produced only these six how incomparably richer would our lives have been! In Gide's life there was, apparently, room for all. His antithesis, the lifelong friend who was his most persistent and inveterate enemy, is Paul Claudel. Interesting commentary on friendship. Only a man of the utmost integrity could retain such a mixed coterie of friends, admirers, detractors, and enemies. It is this man who says, "Isn't it curious, this need to search for vile reasons for other people's opinions?"

A line from Baudelaire, a line which we are informed meant much to Gide, gives the clue to his particular caliber of honesty: "There are in every man, in every moment, two simultaneous tendencies—one toward God, the other toward Satan." (It is Gide who stresses the "simultaneous.") Toward the end of the book, commenting on the world débacle, Mann gives a long citation which is worth the strictest attention. "Why not admit it?" says Gide. "I too have sinned and have contributed my bit to the general disarray." "How is it possible," he queries, "to ignore the sinister qualities of modern man, after the bold and tragic revelations of Rimbaud and Dostoevski, Stendhal and Nietzsche, Flaubert and Baudelaire, Tolstoy and Kierkegaard? How could we indulge in euphemisms about man's intrinsic goodness and simplicity, in view of their cruel and admirable truthfulness?"

One of the saddest episodes in this rich life is Gide's adventure into communism. What irony that his "Back from the U. S. R. R." should have been his first best-seller! (Whereas the "Nourritures Terrestres" sold only 500 copies in twenty years!) Fiasco though it was, this endeavor to serve the cause, Gide does not emerge a ridiculous figure. Again his honesty and integrity save him. It is the others, those on both sides who wished to exploit him, that appear ridiculous. Gide simply avows that he made a mistake, that he had been drawn into the political inferno because the creative demon had temporarily deserted him. He does not lose his faith in man, in man's ability to improve. Toward the close of his career he reaffirms, in effect, what he said earlier in his life, that "it is here and now that we experience the real thing, the eternal life." To the younger generation he says: "If you drift or slip, don't think that everything goes downhill from now on. Life travels upward in spirals." His last message is full of calm and cheer. In part it resembles the language of Buddha himself. "Never cease to believe that it could be richer and finer—your life, and the lives of your fellow-men. Take nothing for granted! Question everything! . . . Some day you will understand that it is man—not God—whom we should blame for the disarray of our worldly affairs. From that day on you will no longer acquiesce in evil."

There is one baffling gap in Mann's account of Gide, and that is the subject of his love life. We have almost nothing on this, Mann points out, from Gide's pen. Though it was Gide himself who said that the imperative of the artist is to "communicate frankly what one may have found out about

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one's inmost conflicts and condition," there is in his writings, nevertheless, an amazing reserve and discretion. Even the results of the Algerian adventure remain obscure. It is stated by a friend that Gide had even more need of women than of men, but where is the naked, revelatory account of these relationships? Even his wife, Emmanuèle, remains a veiled figure. Was it *pudeur* that withheld him? Could he not even confide in his faithful, portly diary? One would like to know. It is a serious lacuna in the life of such an outstanding autobiographical artist.

HENRY MILLER

Philadelphia in Franklin's Time

REBELS AND GENTLEMEN: PHILADELPHIA IN THE AGE OF FRANKLIN. By Carl and Jessica Bridenbaugh. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3.50.

HERE is a book devoted to Philadelphia which is neither a history of the Quaker city nor a guidebook. It deals with the life, culture, arts, and achievements of the inhabitants of Philadelphia during the age of Benjamin Franklin—a period that runs approximately from 1730 to 1790.

I am sure that it will surprise most readers to learn that Philadelphia, at the time of the American Revolution, was the second largest city in the British Empire. So the authors say, and I have no doubt that they have taken pains to verify their assertion. At that time the population of the town was about 40,000, a number that was exceeded only by the inhabitants of London. Next to Philadelphia came Bristol in England, with 36,000 inhabitants, and even Bristol appears to have been more populous than Edinburgh or Dublin.

This American metropolis was, in Franklin's time, the center of colonial civilization. It was much superior to New York and Boston in the social qualities of grace, leisure, and elegance that surround and nourish the arts and sciences. Twenty years before the Revolution it had groups of literary-minded people who wrote poems, essays, and political pamphlets. Painting and the decorative arts flourished. Philadelphia was the home of Benjamin West until he went to England to live, and many of his early portraits are still hanging on the walls of Philadelphia homes.

All these evidences of culture and gracious living astonished visitors from England. They expected—or so it seems—to find in Philadelphia a backwoods people, chiefly concerned with clearing land, building cabins, and learning to read. But the Philadelphians of that period could read very well. By the middle of the century the city possessed several well-stocked public libraries and numerous bookstores. In 1776 the town had seven newspapers. None of them was a daily, but several of them appeared three days a week.

In other public-spirited ways Philadelphia led all other colonial communities. It had the best hospitals, and its provisions for taking care of the poor were unexcelled at that period. As early as 1752 the town had a system of public street lighting, while at that time the streets of New York were lighted by householders who placed lamps in their windows. Even more remarkable in the way of progress was the paving of the Philadelphia streets. That was done in

1771, when a paved street was a curiosity in any American community, and pedestrians who walked a few blocks in wet weather expected naturally to be splashed with mud from the wheels of passing vehicles. In this early paving in Philadelphia a hard roadbed was laid down for carriages, and a narrow footpath, made of bricks, was placed close to the houses on each side of the street.

Unfortunately this book, which contains so many facts of interest, is so ineptly written that it is almost unreadable. The authors have crammed so many items on a page that they have made it resemble the World Almanac—not in appearance, but in import. Omission of much of the data thus included would have improved the book.

Also the authors, who are undoubtedly among the world's best researchers, lack evidently the sense of inwardness. Hundreds of people are mentioned in the volume, but the reader never really meets any of them. In fact, the reader never gets beyond the outside of anything. That's a pity, for there is enough latent life and drama in these four hundred pages to make a great and memorable book.

W. E. WOODWARD

Fiction in Review

I FIND myself not only temperamentally antagonistic but theoretically opposed to a book like "The Voice of the Trumpet" by Robert Henriques (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2). It is a novel about the war, and the reader approaches it with respect for the fact that the author is himself a commando officer—here, we think, is someone who has known the real thing, and it imposes a certain delicacy on us. But the book is so subjective that we quite lose the experience of war in the welter of the author's self-expression. The story opens at the zero hour in a raid, when an exploding shell kills Captain Smith and most of his men. In a dying vision Smith reviews the reasons for his own and the other men's presence on the "mountainside of war"; he is able to accept his death. This is the outline of "The Voice of the Trumpet"; the book is so amorphous and mystical that even this much of a clue to its content is come by with great effort.

It is explained that Mr. Henriques exactly set out to write "not primarily a report on a raid" but "a report on man's spirit"—I quote from Stephen Vincent Benét's brief introduction—but any good report on a raid, any good novel about anything whatever, is a report on man's spirit. The requirement is only that man in general be recognizable in the particular writer, or that man in general be more recognizable because one man has looked at him, or perhaps that the spirit of the particular writer shine so brightly that for the moment, we are satisfied to let him inhabit the world alone. My objection to Mr. Henriques is that he fulfils none of these requirements. He has intentionally not written a "realistic" novel, but neither has he written any kind of novel, or any kind of poetry—despite the introduction of many stretches of verse. His mood of solemnity and lyricism, his mysticism and his exaltation, all fail to disguise the simple fact that more than nine-tenths of what he writes is merely unintelligible. Even his relatively "easy" passages are pretentious and self-indulgent; the following is an example:

It is clear that the force of a happening is in its relevance; not in the cut stone, nor in the setting, but in the finished jewel aptly disposed; not in the kernel, nor in the shell, but in the whole fruit, together with the tree which it has grown to burden and the garden that surrounds the tree. This, a blatant platitude, in war time needs constant recollection; or a man may easily be misled into a false judgment of what is important, and an overestimate of the momentous event which is, in fact, quite trivial.

Prose like this, I feel, is closer to double-talk than to poetry, and evidence, what is more—if we examine it for its music apart from its meaning—of a poor ear.

As I read "The Voice of the Trumpet" I kept thinking of James Agee's "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men," published about two years ago. Mr. Agee was no more inclined to write a "report" on the share-croppers than Mr. Henriques is to write a report on the commandos, but his book was truly a report on man's spirit because, however subjective Mr. Agee's approach, his eye was always on the real, the tangible, and the objective. It may have been a fault of "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men" that the author was so concerned to create himself out of his experience of share-croppers (if you will, this is not the highest impulse of art: the point is arguable), but at least he gave the reader, too, the materials out of which to create *himself*: it is the artist's responsibility. In this sense irresponsible, Mr. Henriques may give proof, in "The Voice of the Trumpet," that he has a busy inner life, but he gives no proof that he is an artist.

There is a large amount of simple writing talent in Robert Easton's "The Happy Man" (Viking, \$2.50), a first book by a young rancher out of Harvard who is now an officer with a tank-destroyer battalion. Its formless form (here are a group of men working together on a huge cattle ranch: this is the way their days are spent, this is what they are and were), its decent distance from its characters, the decent distance between its author and his audience, all in some sort remind me of "East of Farewell," a novel about life on a destroyer, by a young writer named Howard Hunt, which was published last fall and which should have received more notice than it did. "The Happy Man" even shares the chief weakness of Mr. Hunt's novel: in Mr. Easton's book, too, the characters, despite their colorfulness, are so much the same color that they all blend together, and it comes to be a matter of distinguishing them by name, not by personality. However, what "East of Farewell" had which "The Happy Man" conspicuously lacks was enough drama and action to keep the author from riding off over the rim of reality. I have admitted myself temperamentally ill-adapted to mysticism, and I found Mr. Easton's title chapter, for instance, irritatingly obscure and dull.

Whether or not Stuart Cloete had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote "Congo Song" (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50) I am unable to figure out. It is the story of a group of white people who live together on the African equator: a doctor, a botanist, a painter, a collector of wild animals, an American, a Woman—in short, a more or less standard collection for a microcosm. At the pop of a cork they gather in twos and threes to talk about science, art, or sex, mostly sex. It is just before the outbreak of the war. The woman, who is very beautiful and very immoral in a blond tropical way with lacquered toes, has a pet gorilla which (or whom) she has

nursed at her breast; she is also a Nazi-hunting agent of the British Intelligence. Well, before the book is done, a couple of the characters not only turn out to be up to German no-good, but the gorilla has its (or his) share in the defeat of fascism—but this is not until we have gone through a considerable number of conversations about glands, witchcraft, hypnosis, botany, Picasso, Plato, or anything else you might expect to find in a bargain-basement version of the encyclopedic Aldous Huxley. But make no mistake about it: Mr. Cloete may be cheap, but he has his values. The only trouble is that, even eroticism being capable of becoming too much of a good thing, in the long run "Congo Song" is duller than it is titillating.

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DRAMA

Henry Ward Beecher's

Little Sister

HARRIET" (Henry Miller Theater) is a play about the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Like most of the new pieces seen so far this season it is no great contribution to dramatic literature, but the production as a whole most certainly does add one more to the few bright spots on a famous street now dimmed out in more senses than one. This is partly because the play itself is amusing enough and, under Elia Kazin's direction, plays well. It is even more because Helen Hayes gives one of her best performances and is likely to be remembered with a smile long after memory of the piece has grown dim. Quite possibly it was written with her talents in mind. In any event it fits them perfectly, and she plays with evident enjoyment.

Apparently the intention was to get something just enough—but not too much—like "Victoria Regina." The period is the same, and hence the atmosphere, stuffy but quaint, is the same also. Harriet was born in the royal line of Beechers, most of whom took greatness as nearly inevitable. She became a sort of queen; she was, like Victoria, "colossal in a small way," and she probably had rather more to do with the Civil War than Victoria had with either the Crimean mess or the consolidation of India. She even, as though to complete the parallel, married and cherished a pedantic nonentity who puttered about with high-minded ineffectuality. Whether or not the real Harriet was also a small woman I do not know; but if she wasn't she ought to have been. Miss Hayes's brisk little figure exactly fits the spirit of a woman who, while bearing a good many children—on occasion two at a time—and running a husband as well as a large household, nevertheless managed her spare time so well that, to everybody's astonishment, she ended up on a pedestal higher by several feet than even that from which the redoubtable Henry Ward was looking complacently down. In the first act, when Harriet has just returned from the honeymoon to her house, the stride with which she swings through her domain is something to remember. Without need of words it says clearly both how glad she is to get what she has now got and how much more she expects to have to be glad for in the future.

If "Harriet" had been written even a few years ago, the emphasis, I imagine, might well have been very different. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was, after all, an astonishing fluke. Its success would have been comic if it had not happened to touch off a powder keg, and its author might easily be debunked in the manner of Strachey or his more heavy-handed successors. But once you are given the present war and the need for voices capable of achieving what Harriet achieved, the somewhat different tone taken in this play is almost inevitable. To be sure, satiric touches are frequent, and there is no attempt to suggest that Mrs. Stowe had either the talent or the knowledge necessary to write anything more than a sentimental melodrama. "Harriet" is, in other words, a comedy. But the play ends with the heroine making a speech—a very good one by the way—to a patriotic assembly outside her window, and the curtain goes down as her audience breaks into the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Moreover, that is a good and proper ending, since the whole course of the play has been to lead us from the level of period comedy toward that of historic solemnity.

On the historicity of the character as here written and interpreted I cannot pretend to know enough to pronounce. From what little I do know, however, I am inclined to suspect that Harriet has been idealized pretty well up to the permissible limit and that the version here presented of her mind and character is, shall we say, defensible without being exactly inevitable. The authors, Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements, are obviously determined to make her as completely sympathetic as is possible without forfeiting comedy's right to smile even at heroines. She is represented as a kind of Cinderella, one of the babies of the family upon whom the replet brother Henry and the earnestly crusading sister Catherine—she went in for domestic science and the rights of women—look down in kindly tolerance. She is here endowed with an almost Jane Austenish combination of sedate propriety and realistic wit, and represented as passing becomingly from delighted surprise to a sober sense of responsibility as the magnitude of her success grows upon her realization. The Harriet of the play would never be pompous enough to say as the real Harriet is reported to have said: "I did not write 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'; God guided my pen." This real Harriet was probably not quite so likable a person as Miss Hayes makes the fictional one.

But that is quite as it should be in a piece of this sort, and I am not complaining about a very entertaining play and a very delightful performance. The temptation to rename the piece "How Helen Hayes Wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'" is strong, but the gibe is not really quite fair.

In several of its more serious passages "Harriet" is also as good patriotic preaching for the moment as anything I have seen. Perhaps that is another illustration of the fact that, at least except in the case of the very best writers at their own very best, an oblique or tangential approach to the most important topics of the moment is more likely to be effective on the stage than direct treatment. I should add that though Miss Hayes is and should be the star, the whole company is excellent and very well directed.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

THE HUMAN COMEDY" is an effort to create, through a series of lyrically casual, almost plotless scenes, the image of a good family in a good town in war time. Most of my friends detest it. A good many millions of other people, I suspect, will like it, as they liked the Andy Hardy films and Rupert Hughes's "The Old Nest," whose traditions it returns to rather more than improves on. I do not agree with either side. I think my friends are too frightened of tearjerkers to grant that they can be not only valid but great, and that the audience at large is too friendly, too gullible, too eager to be seduced. The picture is mainly a mess, but as a mixture of typical with atypical failure, and in its rare successes, it interests me more than any other film I have seen for a good while.

Many of its faults, and most of its virtues, are those of its author. What angers me is that Saroyan's original story, cut perhaps 20 per cent and sternly dry-cleaned, might have been the basis for a film which, though I might not wholly have liked or agreed with it, would have had a great deal of beauty and importance. That, of course, would have had to depend on every detail of its screen treatment; and in nearly every respect the treatment it gets wobbles between that stultifying kind of slick-paper competence which is worse than no competence at all and unforgivable errors of taste and judgment. The best one can say of it, with

few exceptions, is that it tries on the whole to be "faithful" to Saroyan; not invariably a good idea. The worst, in my opinion, lies less in its active failures of taste or of plain sense than in its easygoing, self-pleased, Mortimer Snerdish neglect of some magnificent opportunities.

There are, as I say, exceptions. Most of them involve the one sound piece of casting and performance, that of Jack Jenkins as the four-year-old Ulysses, who, I fervently hope, will not be used again; otherwise he will become just another actor. When Ulysses is trying to learn "My Old Kentucky Home" from his brother, or is asking his mother what the man meant when he sang weep-no-more—adding another weep-no-more with exquisite quickness and quiet—or when, watching an also well-played store-window robot, he first learns the meaning of terror, something perfectly limpid, true, warm, and powerful comes alive which gives Saroyan and this film, for all their lapses, a rare and honorable right to existence. There are other very good bits: the gentle leavetaking of three soldiers who have picked up two nice girls; the sound, filled with death and enigma, as they recede along a rainy night sidewalk; the beautifully timed, very moving sound, late in the film, of the first two horseshoes as they hit the dirt in the dusk. I am sorry Mickey Rooney was cast in the leading role, but I was touched to see how sensitive and earnest an actor this usually unfortunate young man can be. I thought he did almost as well with the part as an "actor" could.

It would be hard, I grant, to find anyone beyond childhood who might be capable of purity and directness of performance, which are hopelessly unavailable to most actors; but I wish it had occurred to everyone to try. The Hollywood traditions of acting, to say nothing of those of the stage, are incapable even at best of convincing one, except in the frankest kind of myth. I like some of the myths very well and some of the actors in them, but when there is any pretense whatever of portraying "real" people—as in "The Grapes of Wrath"—and in this film—such actors are painfully out of place. Acting, even in the films I would like to see made, must inevitably develop a tradition, a style, which must as inevitably, in the long run, stultify and destroy itself. All I am urging here is that the present tradition be recognized for worse than dead, except within its limited and

also half-dead bounds, and that new sources be drawn on, new styles—drastically new ones—developed. Some time I hope to make some suggestions on this matter, at length. Here, there is time to say only that nearly every performance in this film, from the skillfully well-intended but traditional (Frank Morgan's) to the hopelessly unfortunate but also traditional (Fay Bainter's, Van Johnson's, Ray Collins's), strangles at birth every hope of a truly vivid reality. And surely there are enough Mexican mothers in California to make unnecessary the use, for a Mexican mother, of a sexy young actress with flour all over her hair who can't even make the accent convincing.

Saroyan's brand of Christian anarchy I find about equally genuine, sympathetic, professional, and muddled. I think his all but glandular inability to take evil seriously not only limits his world but leads him sometimes into foolishness and unintentional deceit; but I do not question, as some of my friends do, his right to make a story which is not "class conscious," nor do I disapprove of the film for its failure to rectify this presumed lack. I do notice, however, that MGM has used exactly as much of Saroyan's feelings (or ideas) as it pleases, and no more; which is only too liable to be the fate of men of good-will who are capable of good-will alone.

What annoyed me much more was the neglect of opportunities which, one would think, would be only too obvious to film-makers with a grain of cinematic sense. Take three salient examples.

A premental child hears a freight train coming, runs up close to it, waves, is answered by a singing Negro. Made, with any imagination, from the point of view of the child—and of plain fact—this could have been a roaring and miraculous half-minute. Not one thing in it is taken advantage of. To make the shame complete, the Negro himself has the fruity vibrato of a "well-trained" singer.

On another train, deep in the night—here referred to as "an American night"—crowded troops, on their way to war, get tired of talking and of dirty songs and by gradual stages take to singing a Moody-and-Sanky-style hymn. I think it is perfectly conceivable, or properly inevitable, that they would. But if they did, it would take some doing, and if we got it, it could be unforgettable. Here, all we get is a few mushy salon shots of a night train; the well-groomed, well-rested faces of about nine in the

evening; an obnoxiously emphasized Chinese and Filipino (?) to prove that, despite the absence of Negroes, this is the century of the common man; one excellent face, that of a big-eared prep-school type of child; aside from this, about a three-point-two amount of sensitiveness to faces; the song starting, unreal, much too soon; the soldiers getting into it with the overswift, disgraceful "informality" of a musical-comedy chorus, and sounding like one; a total absence of the complexity, the weariness, the power, the pity, the great beauty which it seems incomprehensible not to have imagined, and which one night's ride in a contemporary day coach could so richly have taught those who made, and were presumably content with, this scene. Or could it have taught them? Are Hollywood "professionals" so engulfed in their "profession" that they are incapable of seeing beyond the ends of their cameras? I rather suspect that most of them are.

I suspect it all the more in their general and specific failure to realize that here they might for once have used a real town in all its intricacy, individuality, and beauty. In the closing sequence a young man, an orphan, arrives who has never seen the town before but has heard much of it. He wants to look at it, tenderly and at leisure. He might have been the vehicle for as fine a summation as an American town could ever get. What does the camera do instead? Close-ups of his face, while his stream of consciousness murmurs that there is the library, and the Presbyterian Church, and so on.

Why did they bother to make the film at all? Why, for that matter, do they bother to make any? Surely, not twice in any hundred thousand feet can they flatter themselves that they qualify to.

JAMES AGEE

MUSIC

THE fourteen New York Philharmonic-Symphony players whose contracts have not been renewed have admitted the deterioration in the playing of the orchestra which Toscanini, when he was its conductor, said was the greatest he had ever conducted; but they have charged that they were being made the scapegoats for the errors which had caused this deterioration—the management's errors first in engaging "a young and talented man" who could not handle "the tremendous burden of a complete season's work," then

in trying "a bewildering variety" of guest conductors, each with his "pet hobby horses and . . . modern works" that could not be adequately rehearsed. And on the other hand they have charged the management with "premeditated and cultivated terrorism for years, with waves of firings anticipating any demands for betterment of contract," and have contended that the present dismissals are part of the management's tactics in its attempt to cut the length of the season. By the management I take it they have meant both the board of directors and Arthur Judson, the business manager; and Mr. Judson specifically they have charged with neglecting the best interest of the orchestra for the best interest of Columbia Concerts Corporation, through which he manages conductors and other concert artists. As for Artur Rodzinski, the newly engaged permanent conductor of the orchestra, they have contended that he recommended the dismissals "for reasons of intrigue and politics and not for the good of the orchestra," and that the recommendations represented "the arbitrary caprices of a man . . . well known . . . as completely unstable temperamentally." And as protection against all this they have de-

manded a committee of the orchestra empowered to review these and future dismissals.

It is true that in engaging Barbirolli, in giving a minor English conductor of a provincial Scottish orchestra a three-year contract as sole permanent conductor of a great orchestra that had been headed by Toscanini, in doing this not merely after he had been here a few weeks on trial and had exhibited his undistinguished achievements but even, secretly, before he had come here, in re-engaging him for two more years even after those three years of amply demonstrated mediocrity, in passing over Beecham while it engaged ■ Mitropoulos and even an Efreim Kurtz as guest conductor—in all this the management has proved its unsuitability to control the orchestra's affairs. Nor has it proved its fitness now in my opinion, by engaging a man whose work has shown him to be a good drillmaster but a coarse-grained musician. By the management I too mean both the directors and Mr. Judson; for I think it reasonable to assume that where the directors' qualifications for their posts are their money, business standing, or social position, Mr. Judson's activity has not been limited to issuing stamps and petty cash. And with no knowledge of particular incidents which the fourteen players may have in mind I think it reasonable for them to contend that the man who has conductors and other artists for hire should not have anything to do with the hiring of conductors and other artists for the orchestra.

On the other hand the charge of waves of firings to terrorize the men is untrue: there have been, since the 1928 merger, only the few replacements that are normally made in an orchestra each year. And if one examines this year's list one finds that seven of the fourteen men have been playing in the New York Symphony and Philharmonic for periods long enough to make it credible that they are being retired and pensioned for age and lessened competence; one has been associate solo horn for the past two seasons, and presumably made his contribution to the sour notes I heard in Berlioz's "Queen Mab"; and one was tried as solo trombone this season, and may also have proved unsatisfactory. That leaves five, including the concertmaster: hardly a mass firing, and not without possible explanation.

At the time when the Philharmonic-Symphony was conducted by Toscanini and was a great orchestra there were

men who liked to play under him; but there were also men who disliked it and who were glad to see him go. They could tell you of his rages; but he could tell you of their enraging indolence and unwillingness to put into their work the intensity of effort that he put into his. What with his personal force and rages and disciplinary power he compelled them to play like a great orchestra; but the next week one attended a concert at which they were conducted by a man with less personal force and no disciplinary power, one saw the concertmaster relax comfortably in his chair and the others behind him do likewise, and one heard playing in which one could not recognize the orchestra that Toscanini thought so great. This illustrated the conflict of wills that is involved in the conducting of any orchestra—but also the lack in these particular men of the pride in their standing that has caused the Boston and Philadelphia men to maintain a minimum excellence under other conductors than Koussevitzky and Stokowski. In this conflict the Philharmonic-Symphony men lost to Toscanini, but won over the others, and continued to win over Barbirolli and some of the recent guest conductors; and they are now trying to win over Rodzinski. They talk of the management's errors; but the men who were glad to see Toscanini go in 1936 were glad to see Barbirolli come; they had a grand time with him, and continued to have a grand time with the guest conductors, and would like to go on having a grand time with Rodzinski. Faced with a conductor who has been given disciplinary power and has begun to use it, they are executing a manoeuvre to deprive him of it. If they are successful and he surrenders on these and future dismissals I can't see him achieving much with the orchestra; if he wins he will have to work with a sullen orchestra; but even in the best circumstances his achievements would be limited by his capacities. In the best circumstances we would not get another Boston or Philadelphia Orchestra; for that we would have to have a different orchestra, a different conductor, and—while we were at it—a different board of directors and a different business manager.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Mason and Dixon's Line

Dear Sirs: An incident occurred on one of the coach cars of the Sun Queen to Florida which deserves, I think, the attention of your readers.

The coach was of the old-fashioned, unventilated, green-plush variety resurrected for the duration. The seats were occupied to capacity; baggage which overflowed the racks was piled in the washroom or along the aisles; stops were frequent and interminable.

Good-naturedly accepting a war emergency, we passengers made the best of it with a spirit of solidarity that reminded me of hunger marches and sit-down strikes. General discomfort inspired camaraderie, and the morale in that car was high. Or at least I thought so until the incident occurred which prompts me to write this letter.

I was returning from an unsuccessful attempt to get anywhere near the dining-car when I found myself bucking an inexplicable influx of jostling, perspiring, exasperated people. Since the train was under way, and these passengers could not have boarded it at a station, I asked one of them where they had all come from.

"We've crossed the Mason and Dixon Line," she said, "so they're clearing us out of the Jim Crow car."

By the time I had reached my seat, those who had submitted to this unseasonable eviction had occupied the places of the colored people scattered the entire length of the train, and the latter were streaming toward the segregated car.

I was unhappily reflecting on the contradictions inherent in American democracy when an animated Negro voice behind me attracted my interested attention. I turned around. A colored girl was addressing the conductor: "I paid for this seat," she was saying, "and I will sit in it. I am only asserting my rights as an American citizen in refusing to give it up."

I noticed that there was a Negro man beside her and a Negro woman across the aisle. The three were apparently sticking it out together. I promptly joined them, introduced myself, expressed unqualified admiration of their courage, and promised them active support if things got tough. They thanked me, and I returned to my seat. Presently

I ventured another foray on the diner. The matter of waiting in line, and then again waiting to be served, consumed some two or three hours of my valueless time. When I got back, I noticed that the colored trio had disappeared.

Since lights were off and the three soldiers who shared my seat were all sound asleep, I had to wait until morning to learn what had happened. A woman who loaned me her soap in the washroom informed me, with what seemed like very belated indignation, that a deputy sheriff had come into the car at Raleigh and put the three colored people off the train. "You should have seen their luggage!" added my informant, "They had the nicest-looking luggage." I assured her with some impatience that one didn't need to see their luggage to realize the high caliber of the three. They had the courage to protest, under humiliating circumstances, a general inconvenience which should have been protested unanimously by the more submissive white ticket-holders in the Jim Crow car.

I'm sorry I wasn't there when the deputy sheriff boarded the train. I'm sorry I failed to support the Negro girl, as I promised to.

I hope anyone going South in a sit-up car will keep alive the issue she and her two companions raised by refusing to cooperate when the authorities undertake their mass-relocation of passengers, to the greater glory of Hitler, at the Mason and Dixon Line.

POLLY BOYDEN

Miami, Florida, February 24

Jim Crow in the Camps

Dear Sirs: I just read the article *The Novel Case of Winfred Lynn* in your issue of February 20. The facts complained of are generally prevalent throughout military training camps in the Southern area. Take our own camp here. We have separate colored training detachments. These detachments are located at the extreme ends of the camp. Mingling of white and colored troops is distinctly frowned upon. The USO shows visiting camp always stage an extra performance "for colored only" at one of the post theaters. It is considered something of a misdemeanor for a white private to fraternize with his colored comrades in arms.

Thousands of Northern boys undergoing training here unconsciously acquire the habit of Jim Crow—a habit it may be hard to break down at the end of the war. Nothing is being done by the army to help break down the barriers of racial misunderstanding in order to pave the way for interracial harmony in the post-war future.

PRIVATE, U. S. ARMY

Somewhere in the U. S., February 28

Open Letter to Governor Stas-en

Dear Sir: I have been interested in world organization for over forty years. Your plan strikes me as one of the most comprehensive and best balanced. Combined with large regional understandings like Western Europe and Eastern Asia, it would provide excellent preliminary blueprints for a saner world.

The time for definite action is evidently at hand. It would have come two generations sooner if practical men had placed their ability at the service of forward-looking ideas, instead of sneering at "crackpots" and "Utopians." It is hard to realize that only yesterday foresight was called folly.

There is one very practical question which you do not face and which will have to be faced. When your World Parliament convenes, when your World Council assumes power, when your World Court is organized, when your World Legion starts patrolling the lanes of sea and air, *what language are they going to use?*

Democratic solution: all languages will be recognized as equal; and that will mean chaos.

Oligarchic solution: only the major languages will be taken into consideration. But how are you going to draw the invidious line between major and minor? Before the last war, English, French, and German enjoyed privileged positions which were hardly challenged. But will it be possible, tomorrow, to treat Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, without counting the Oriental languages, as inferior in status?

Imperialistic solution: we shall impose English as the administrative language of the World Federation because Great Britain and ourselves happen to be richer and more powerful

than any of our competitors. Do you believe that our supremacy will be accepted whole-heartedly and permanently by Germany, Italy, France, or Russia? A well-organized world will frown upon any claim to privilege, predominance, hegemony; for there can be no genuine liberty for all without full equality of status.

Is there a fourth solution? Yes, one which is indicated by the experience of centuries. There is one international organization which has been a going concern for nineteen hundred years, and that is the Catholic church. It uses an international language, and that is Latin.

This is the century of the common man, and classical Latin may be too intricate for his daily needs. Why not then adopt as an international auxiliary language, as a lingua franca, a drastically simplified form of Latin, simpler, more regular, than Italian itself?

Respectfully submitted,

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Stanford University, Cal., March 10

Finland and the Four Freedoms

Dear Sirs: I wish to congratulate you on your honest and fearless attitude toward the French African muddle and its handling by our State Department.

I agree in the main with your attitude on home-front questions. As a member of the Farmers' Union I support your stand on Farm Security, etc. I do, however, question whether you realize that in order to supply cheap food we farmers must accept a lower standard of living than, for instance, skilled labor. Many of my neighbors and acquaintances are working in the shipyards at Frisco and Portland and are making more money than I am, though I work longer hours. You say farm income has gone up. True, but where was it to start with? The average living standard hasn't been too high for us farmers in the past.

I want to bring up another question. You quite rightly criticize British imperialism; however, the very same attitude when it is displayed by our other ally, Soviet Russia, is either excused or ignored. For instance, on the question of Finland. The Finns have had every reason to hate and fear Russia for centuries. The Stalin regime has certainly not done anything to dissipate this fear. Yet in your editorial in the issue of February 6 you blandly inform us that Finland must once more surrender territory immemorably hers. Why? Does

not the Atlantic Charter apply to her also? After all, if the Russians had not forced them into the war the Finns would certainly have remained as neutral at least as Sweden.

There has, of course, been much propaganda of a questionable nature about fascist Finland. I happen to be of Finnish parentage; so I probably am a little better informed about the people and government of that country than the average American. I could wish that *The Nation* would be very certain of its facts before it joins in the chorus of defamation against a small nation struggling against odds for actual physical survival. I believe the Four Freedoms should apply to all peoples, even those we or our allies might wish to subjugate.

ARNE KERO

Frederick, S. D., February 11

Vigorous Dissent

Dear Sirs: Sidney Hook, reviewing Alexander Meiklejohn's "Education Between Two Worlds" in your issue of February 27, quotes a sentence in which Mr. Meiklejohn had said his whole argument could be summed up. That sentence reads: "All the activities which give a man dignity are done 'for the state.'" "This is as false as anything can be," pontificates Mr. Hook, "and its falseness is not mitigated by the converse proposition which Mr. Meiklejohn throws in as a sop to liberalism." I am sure that *Nation* readers deserve to hear the converse proposition which Mr. Hook, scorning argument, has suppressed. It is this: "The test of any government is found in the dignity and freedom, the equality and independence, of its citizens. It exists through and for them, just as they exist through and for it."

Mr. Meiklejohn reached these two propositions after many pages of reasoning which Mr. Hook has systematically misunderstood and—with possibly tragic consequences—misreported. Or so it seems to one careful reader of Mr. Meiklejohn's book. It is a book about education. It begins with the assumption that education, in order to be excellent, should have something to teach. It notes that we no longer have a theology to tell us what this should be; and goes on to inquire whether politics might be restored to a dignity sufficient for the purpose. A fresh analysis of Comenius, Locke, Matthew Arnold, Rousseau, and Dewey convinces Mr. Meiklejohn that this is so; and two hundred pages of candid inquiry leave him in a position to recommend universal

education in the interest of a world state which such education would progressively make possible. Mr. Hook, reporting this recommendation, says it is merely tacked on "in the disguise of a deduction." Since Mr. Hook approves the recommendation itself, it can be only the reasoning of Mr. Meiklejohn that he calls in question. And since that reasoning satisfies me, I ask your permission to suggest that as many of your readers as are interested in human happiness should go through Mr. Meiklejohn's book by themselves. For the book is concerned with as important a theme as any I can imagine today, and its author does not hesitate to urge upon us the kind of order which consists with freedom—which, indeed, creates it.

Mr. Hook dogmatically prefers what Mr. Meiklejohn calls disorder; nor does the manifest personal slur in the next to the last paragraph of his review invite confidence in his power to consider arguments on their own merits. I suppose another review is not to be asked for. Failing that, I suggest once more that *Nation* readers see for themselves whether it is not Mr. Hook who is "false," "foolish," and "dangerous." Those are his words for Mr. Meiklejohn. But Mr. Meiklejohn has proposed that we labor to secure the major goods of reason and peace, whereas Mr. Hook grows lyric over the stoic virtues of "courage against odds, of contained grief, of detachment, and of renunciation so complete that it transcends the state." These virtues he quaintly arranges in a series beginning with "incorruptible scholarship," which of course no man belittles. They are beautiful but minor virtues, and the perfect setting for them is that tyranny which Mr. Meiklejohn is so manfully desirous of preventing.

MARK VAN DOREN

New York, March 7

And Rebuttal

Dear Sirs: I am content to leave it to critical *Nation* readers who repair to Mr. Meiklejohn's book to judge whether I have "misunderstood" his views or "scored argument" in rejecting them. I cannot, however, recognize Mr. Van Doren as an authority in this matter, for his letter shows he is deficient in logical sense. First, one cannot be guilty of "suppressing" a proposition to which one explicitly refers. Second, the "suppressed" proposition has no logical bearing upon the falsity of the statement under discussion. That statement, on which Mr. Meiklejohn rests the whole

force of his argument, still remains false. Third, Mr. Van Doren concedes it is false, although he is blithely unaware he is doing so. For he grants that some activities have dignity that are not "for the state." That on *his* scale of values they are minor is logically irrelevant. Fourth, from the fact that although critical of Mr. Meiklejohn's position I agree with some of his practical proposals, it does not follow, as Mr. Van Doren mistakenly infers, that "it can be only the reasoning" I call in question. I question the basic premises of Mr. Meiklejohn's political philosophy.

The issue between us is fundamental. Mr. Meiklejohn adopts the fateful line of Rousseau and Hegel on the existence of the General Will, which leads to the exaltation of the state over the individual. For me the state is an instrument of social action, good or bad, depending on whether it furthers or frustrates the growth of *persons*, who are alone the carriers of value. I characterized the position based on the General Will as "false" because it distorts the facts of political behavior; "foolish" because it leads to consequences that are literally absurd; "dangerous" because it can be used, and has been used, as a justifying mythology for totalitarian practices. In the short limits of a review I established this.

Mr. Meiklejohn himself is aware that his ideas suggest those of totalitarianism, but he assures us this is only seeming. On page 266 he says that he only half agrees with the political philosophy of Hitler and Mussolini. I have shown that, unfortunately, he cannot, in logic, stop at half agreement. This means that his theory of democracy is hopelessly confused; not that he isn't personally a good democrat.

To return to Mr. Van Doren. I find mildly amusing his attempts to lecture me about argument. But the insinuation in his closing paragraph that while Mr. Meiklejohn labors for reason and peace, I am concerned merely with glorifying stoic virtues that have their "perfect setting" under tyranny, I regard as a piece of impertinence.

SIDNEY HOOK

New York, March 12

Realism?

Dear Sirs: The following extraordinary statement was published by the Museum of Modern Art in connection with its exhibition of "American Realists and Magic Realists" and widely quoted by the press.

Many of the masterpieces of European and American art have been painted in this mode, which in the past few years has enjoyed a strong revival of interest on the part of a number of artists. The public, of course, has never lost its interest. No other style of painting appeals so naturally to the great majority of people, and in this sense it is a truly democratic style, offering no barrier of technique between the artist and the untrained eye. Now, after periods of impressionist, abstract, and expressionist art, it is once again of interest to the cultivated taste, as it has always been to the general public.

It is a gross misconception of democracy to say that something is democratic because it panders to ignorance. On the contrary, the basis of democracy is a universal free education that qualifies each citizen for democracy. "Realism" as a term—lately abused both politically and artistically—is too often used to justify philistinism. Its meaning, particularly as applied to art, is being distorted. Realism through the ages meant a depiction of the truth. A painting does not become real because of its "sharp focus and precise representation."

THE CULTURAL COMMITTEE OF
THE FEDERATION OF MODERN
PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS

New York, March 10

Another Hopeful

Dear Sirs: I have just finished reading Eight Hopeful Congressmen by Richard H. Rovere in your issue of February 27. I cannot understand why he left out Chet Holifield of Los Angeles. I wish you could reprint Holifield's speech in favor of killing the Dies committee.

I have known Chet Holifield for about fifteen years. He is now and always has been a liberal and friend of labor. Let Mr. Rovere keep his eye on Chet; he won't be disappointed.

JOSEPH BROWN

Los Angeles, Cal., March 3

Landon's Line

Dear Sirs: In a Lincoln Day address delivered at Omaha Alfred M. Landon, former Governor of Kansas and 1936 Republican Presidential nominee, while first admitting that his remarks "might seem a mere partisan blanket attack," asserted that they were "really an effort to spur a win-the-war policy." With that he launched an all-out scurrilous attack on the Administration, characterizing it, among other things, as "a small but dominant group of Nazi New Dealers" and as "fascist New Dealers." The speech was published in the Milwaukee *Sentinel* and presumably in numerous other journals. Such language at this

critical time makes for disunity at home and moreover tends to impair the morale of our armed forces.

The harangue ended with the following: "We must be willing to cooperate with the world, not on the sacrificial basis that Vice-President Wallace proposes, but on an intelligent self-interest of a world free from repressive high tariffs, managed currencies, unstable monetary systems and monopolies."

It is inconceivable that the Honorable Alfred M. Landon does not know that the American protective tariff is not only the offspring but also the pride of his own political party, and that managed currencies and monopolies flourish when enjoying the benefit and sanction of Republican administrations. That is common knowledge. College freshmen imbibe it in copious doses in their debating societies.

Verily, Alf, "none so blind as those that will not see."

JOSEPH H. DOCKERY

Milwaukee, Wis., March 1

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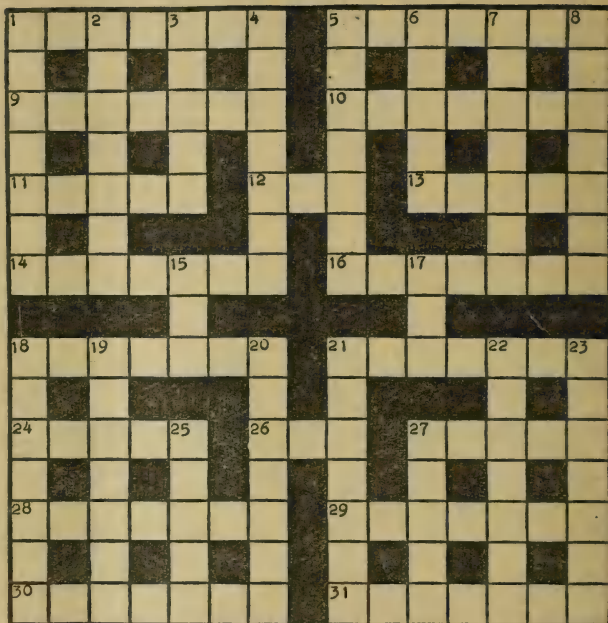
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to the 1943 VICTORY BOOK
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nearest collection center or public
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 5

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 This race official always gets left as the post
- 5 This is the dog to beat the favorite!
- 9 Gasoline, in France
- 10 Man o' war?
- 11 Three cheers! and just one more
- 12 Starter of the first race
- 13 Just right
- 14 Clothing with a purpose in it
- 16 Common ones rebel if you treat them kindly, the philosopher tells us
- 18 Her cubs make beautiful children
- 21 Everybody's pain-reliever
- 24 This fish did if kept too long
- 26 She introduced St. George to the dragon (Faerie Queen)
- 27 How trade may be estimated
- 28 "That no ----- priest shall tithe or toll in our dominions" (King John)
- 29 New in America, old in France
- 30 Bit gently, but get the point first!
- 31 After fifty all learners become this

- 7 May hold a boat or a brush
- 8 In the soup? No, the soup's in them!
- 15 A foreign coin gives you a cue
- 17 A hint worth waiting for
- 18 Though in the chair is often sat upon unmercifully
- 19 Poor man's one possession (hyphen, 3 and 4)
- 20 Drove away with the foot
- 21 Fashionable beef
- 22 Might be caterer or terrace, but a third arrangement is demanded
- 23 Exposure is the last thing they fear
- 25 This fabric sounds positive
- 27 Will help to keep you straight

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 4

ACROSS:—1 PEASANT; 5 LAUNDRY; 9 LETHE; 10 ASP; 11 URRAN; 12 INROAD; 15 RESTOW; 16 SETTLER; 17 NOTE; 19 HAIL; 21 DISDAIN; 22 PANT; 23 ERUB; 25 REMODEL; 27 IMPAIR; 29 SEALER; 33 TOPEE; 34 AGE; 35 INNER; 36 RELATED; 37 TANTRUM.

DOWN

- 1 When re-spelt is zinc
- 2 Hardly a point of peaceful penetration among Zulus
- 8 He must have a ear for music
- 4 Return to office (hyphen, 2 and 5)
- 5 Occidental
- 6 You may get let in for this

DOWN:—1 PILLION; 2 ASTER; 3 ARENAS; 4 TRAY; 5 LIPS; 7 USURER; 7 DEBIT; 8 RENEWAL; 13 DELIVER; 14 STUDIOS; 15 BESIDES; 18 TAN; 20 AIR; 22 PAINTER; 23 EARDRUM; 27 RIPST; 28 LEGION; 28 PAPAL; 30 LINER; 31 LAID; 32 BELT.

THE *Nation*



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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

433

EDITORIALS

- Approaches to Russia 436
- Feed Europe's Children 437
- Wages and Prices 437
- The Battle of Martinique *by Freda Kirchwey* 438

ARTICLES

- The Farm Bloc Goes to War *by I. F. Stone* 440
- What Eden Is After *by Blair Bolles* 442
- 25 Years Ago in *The Nation* 444
- Nazis Can Be Made Over *by Hiram Motherwell* 445
- Canada's Rising Socialists *by Frank Underhill* 447
- Vox Populi, Inc. *by Robert Bendiner* 449
- In the Wind 450

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

- The Second Front *by J. Alvarez del Vayo* 451
- Russia's Baltic Frontier *by Vassili Soukhomline* 452
- Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 454
- File and Remember 455

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- Mr. Mencken and the Good Old Days
by Joseph Wood Krutch 456
- Man and History *by Denis de Rougemont* 457
- Flight from Self-Made Terror *by Hans Ernest Fried* 458
- Strawinsky as Critic *by Jacques Barzun* 459
- The Great Theme *by Diana Trilling* 460
- Douhet on Air Power *by Donald W. Mitchell* 462
- In Brief 463
- Drama: Killing Germans *by Joseph Wood Krutch* 463
- Art *by Jean Connolly* 463
- Music *by B. H. Haggin* 464

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

465

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 6 *by Jack Barrett*

468

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The Shape of Things

THE VOICE WAS THE VOICE OF HITLER; THE sentiments expressed those which have become boringly familiar; but the manner of delivery was unusually subdued. Radio listeners report that the Führer spoke in a low monotone with none of the ranting eloquence to which he has treated his audiences in the past. He expressed confidence in victory but offered no hint to the German people that the day of triumph was near. The best news he could give them was the fact that the day of disaster on the eastern front had been staved off, and the appeal he made was to the strength of despair rather than to renewed hope. The tremendous dangers overcome in the past winter, he said, were a reminder of the depths of horror into which Europe would have been plunged but for National Socialism. Ascribing to his adversaries the crimes he himself has committed—a psychologically significant habit—he painted a picture of "bestially murdered masses of people" falling victim to "an Asiatic flood." This warning against the perils of Bolshevism was twice repeated for the benefit of "the so-called neutrals" and the Western powers. Interwoven into the speech were several references to the Anglo-American aerial offensive, which appears to be giving Hitler cause for anxiety. That is not surprising, for recent reports from inside Germany offer little backing to his assertion that "fires in our towns and villages will strengthen more than ever the determination of our people."

✕

IN HIS LATEST RADIO ADDRESS WINSTON Churchill responded in some measure to the vehement demands of the British people for reassurance about post-war domestic policies. This demand has been intensified since the debate on the Beveridge Report, which occurred during the Prime Minister's illness. On that occasion ministerial spokesmen created the impression that they were merely paying lip-service to the principles of the Beveridge plan and were intent on using financial and administrative excuses to emasculate it. The solid Conservative majority of the Commons, which has long outlived its mandate, voted its approval, but many younger Tories expressed as much disquiet as Labor and Liberal members. Churchill evidently felt the need of meeting the drive toward social and political reform halfway. He carefully avoided specific commitments, but

the post-war domestic policy which he outlined was broadly progressive. He spoke approvingly of a four-year plan covering "five or six large measures of a practical character," including "national compulsory insurance for all classes from the cradle to the grave." Other questions which he indicated would have to be tackled by the government after the war were the improvement of agriculture, public health in all its aspects, education as the basis of equal opportunity for all, and reconstruction and replanning of towns and villages. American listeners to his speech probably noticed a distinct similarity between his proposals and those recently put forward by the National Resources Planning Board.

✱

THE TROJAN TAX HORSE FASHIONED BY Dr. Beardsley Ruml has been adopted by the House Republicans. Ruml by its Gallup form, the steed is a hot favorite with the public, but we hope that before the taxpayers place their bets they will tap its flanks and look it carefully in the mouth. Above all they should ask its sponsors one simple question: If 1942 taxes are forgiven, just what tax rates do you propose for 1943? There has been so much debate about methods of levying income tax that the urgent necessity of increasing its total yield has been almost forgotten. But the fact is that current taxes cover less than one-third of current expenditure, and heavier rates must be levied to reduce the inflationary potential of swollen national income. One of the strongest supporters of Ruml, the New York *World-Telegram*, has met this issue by declaring editorially that "once on the sound basis of taxing current earnings, rather than last year's earnings, Congress can legislate whatever rates are necessary to obtain whatever revenue is required." The question is: On whom would the increased rates fall? At current rates taxes on 1943 individual incomes will yield about \$13 billion, while the President has asked for an increase in revenue of \$16 billion. We cannot attain this goal simply by doubling everybody's rates, since the upper brackets are already paying more than 50 per cent. It follows, therefore, that the lower brackets will have to pay more than double rates, losing more than they would gain by forgiveness, while taxpayers with really big incomes would suffer but a slight increase in their tax bills, which would only diminish slightly the benefit incurred by the cancelation of their 1942 liability.

✱

IN PASSING THE BANKHEAD BILL TO DEFER all farmers from the draft, the Senate has struck a body blow at the War Manpower Commission's effort to work out an integrated man-power policy. Under the law as it now stands, farmers are deferred if they meet certain reasonable production quotas, but these quotas have been set high enough to prevent men from dodging the armed

services merely on the pretext of being engaged in farm work. By seeking to extend draft deferment to an entire economic group, the Bankhead bill violates the basic democratic principle of equality of sacrifice upon which our Selective Service system rests. Since essential farm workers are already deferred, the bill cannot even be defended as an aid to food production. Politicians who are more interested in getting reelected than in winning the war will naturally support a bill such as this one, or the Kilday bill for exempting fathers, on the theory that the exempted men will remember them at the next election. For this reason deferment questions would be safer in the hands of the Manpower Commission.

✱

A FEW DAYS AGO THE SPANISH DICTATOR redoubled his persecution of the growing political opposition within Spain. A new decree imposes the death penalty for any kind of criticism of the Franco regime. A few days later, as Hitler had done with the S. S., he incorporated the Blue Division, a privately financed volunteer organization, into the Spanish army. He has now delivered to his puppet Cortes a speech of unexampled aggressiveness. It is a speech which every democrat and every State Department official should analyze. The key to its meaning undoubtedly lies in these words: "The war of today is set in terms of long duration . . . but the presence of Russia in one of the groups gives the war in Europe the character of a war unto death." The Spanish Quisling's view is identical with that of Goebbels. He means that Germany is fighting a war in defense of civilization, in defense, that is to say, of Franco. But there is a further meaning to this speech. While he recognizes that his only sure guaranty of survival lies in an Axis victory, Franco is nevertheless appealing to the United States and to Britain. In effect, he is asking as the price of his temporary neutrality that we help him maintain his regime. Taking all this into account, it seems futile to follow a policy of hopeful conciliation of Franco. It seems even more ridiculous, not to say cowardly, to demand of him as the New York *Times* has done, that he earn our help by "leaning a little toward the democratic . . . method of dealing with his people." The essence of Franco's position is that he is a fascist, that he is thoroughly pro-Axis in his foreign policy, and that he is deeply hated by the Spanish people.

✱

THE STATE DEPARTMENT HAS MADE A NEW offensive move against the French sailors; it has stopped issuing exit permits with which the "deserters" from the Richelieu were hieing themselves to Canada in order to join the Free French navy. Meanwhile the twelve sailors who were taken into custody as "undesirable aliens" are still sitting on Ellis Island waiting for a hearing on the

farical charge of having entered the country illegally. But there is at least a possibility that they will have the last laugh. According to Arthur Garfield Hays, who has taken over the defense, deportable aliens may leave of their own accord for the country of their choice—in which case the French sailors will head as one man for Canada. But even if they wait for the immigration service to direct their departure and their destination, the only country to which they can conceivably be sent is—Canada. The one hitch is that the State Department, which ordered them picked up in the first place, may not flinch at ordering them “deported” back to the Richelieu. Secretary Knox, for his part, has not flinched at insinuating that the “deserters” were partly responsible for the sinking by enemy action of one of the Dakar ships just after it sailed again from New York. This ship, he said, lost eight or ten of her gun crew and was later sunk with her American war cargo. The fact is—and the Free French have the names and figures to prove it—that though five gunners left the ship, seven others, from the Richelieu, were taken on.

✱

THE MAJOR ISSUE OF DEMOCRACY AGAINST reaction in the post-war world has been sharply raised in two meetings which are being held this Thursday in New York. In European terms they sum up compactly the conflict of interest and attitude which brought Anthony Eden to America. One meeting, called by the European Council of the Free World Association, expresses the demand for a settlement based on the recognition, first, that “no European reconstruction is possible without the active collaboration of Britain and Soviet Russia,” and, second, that “no Nazi, fascist, or semi-fascist state in any form shall be tolerated.” The council represents a union of democratic leaders of most of the European groups in exile—including Rustem Vambery of Hungary, Count Sforza of Italy, Charles Davila of Rumania, J. Alvarez del Vayo of Spain, and others of similar outlook. The second meeting is the Fifth Pan-European Conference, officially sponsored by New York University and presided over by our former ambassador to France, William C. Bullitt. But its real motivating force and permanent director is Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, who apparently hopes to revive in this country the pan-European movement he headed on the Continent before the war. In normal times this movement would be unimportant. In the context of the present struggle it presents a challenge which democrats can hardly ignore. For it aims at the exclusion of Soviet Russia from any Continental post-war federation and assigns to Great Britain the role of benevolent spectator. Its leaders talk the language of democratic reconstruction, but their general position is reactionary. The conjunction of the two conferences provides a dramatic pre-view of the coming struggle for power is post-war Europe.

AN EFFORT TO GIVE REAL EQUALITY TO Negroes has backfired in the National Federation of Business and Professional Women at a most unfortunate moment. The federation's Midtown Club of New York has brought suit against the New York State Federation charging that the club's charter was revoked because it had the temerity to admit two prominent Negro professional women to its membership. Although the executives of the federation declare that the issuing of the charter was a “clerical error,” the fact that the “error” was discovered immediately after the Midtown Club had refused to exclude its Negro members has not been denied. Pressure is also known to have been brought against another of the federation's clubs to persuade it to exclude Negroes. How a great national women's organization, presumed to be established on democratic principles, could permit Hitler-like doctrines of racialism to intrude themselves in the midst of a war against just such doctrines remains to be explained.

Notice to Our Readers

SOME weeks ago I announced the reorganization of *The Nation* as a non-profit membership corporation. I described the financial difficulties which war-time prices had created and the need of raising funds to secure the journal's life over the next few years. This week I want to make a brief progress report. Following the paper's reorganization a letter was written to our full-term subscribers asking them to become members of Nation Associates and appealing for contributions. Not all the letters have yet been mailed, but the response to those already sent has been so generous and so prompt that I feel certain even now that *The Nation's* immediate future is secure. And our subscribers have demonstrated their feeling of partnership in *The Nation* by something more than contributions. Hundreds of letters have brought messages of confidence and support that will be a continuing encouragement to the editors. This experience shows clearly that *The Nation* is recognized by a large proportion of its readers not only as an old and valued journal of opinion but as a necessary weapon in today's political fight.

To all our readers I want to say: *The Nation* will come through its financial difficulties. To those subscribers who have so generously contributed both encouragement and funds, I want to express the deep appreciation of *The Nation's* staff and to assure them that they will hear from me individually as soon as we are able to catch up with the deluge of correspondence our campaign has happily created. Upon those who have yet to fill out their membership blanks and send their checks, I urge prompt action, since *The Nation's* sustaining fund is still far from complete. As soon as we know the final results of the appeal, a full report will be published in this column.

FRED A. KIRCHWEY

Approaches to Russia

EVENTS of the past two weeks have put an end to the curious notion that it would be wise to sneak through the war without ever coming to grips with the peace; that it would somehow be healthy to dodge divisive issues—as though they would be less divisive if unmentioned—until the last shot is fired and chaos confronts us. In the sudden ferment of concern for the peace a resolution has been introduced in the United States Senate calling for effective collaboration with the other United Nations after the war; the British Prime Minister has devoted nearly the whole of a major address to the post-war problems of his country; a blueprint for an American peace-time economy drawn up by the National Resources Planning Board has been sent to Congress by the President; a proposal for a series of international conferences in the near future has been presented by Sumner Welles; and Foreign Minister Anthony Eden has arrived in this country to pave the way for political understandings among the major powers of the United Nations.

Now that the peace of the world is no longer the almost exclusive concern of Vice-President Wallace and Wendell Willkie, certain fundamental issues have emerged and may be dealt with in the open instead of being allowed to fester in the dark. Towering above all other questions and in a sense dictating their solution is the question of Anglo-American relations with the Soviet Union. The problem has many facets, and for the moment the issue is being presented to us as a choice between a system of "regional responsibilities" and the kind of collective security implied in the Atlantic Charter. Things are seldom what they seem, however, and a glance at the opposing forces will show that the terms are probably misleading.

Precipitating the question is the growing dispute over Russian boundary claims as set forth in the article by Vassili Soukhomline elsewhere in this issue. Putting aside for the moment the specific merits or fallacies of the Russian claims to the Baltic states and parts of Finland, Poland, and Rumania, let us look at the conflicting approaches to the problem. The London *Times*, spokesman for a large section of British opinion, official and unofficial, taking the position that "security in Eastern Europe is unattainable unless it is buttressed by the military power of Russia," calls for "the joint and continuous vigilance of Britain and Russia" on the Continent and concedes to Russia "the same right as her allies [enjoy] to judge for herself of the conditions which she deems necessary for the security of her frontiers." In short, say the critics of this view, Russia would dictate the political pattern of Eastern Europe, with England and the United States performing similar functions in

their respective spheres of influence. This position, whether or not it is an extreme interpretation of the *Times* editorial, has been repudiated by Mr. Eden. But there is no doubt that so far as any redrawing of the map of Eastern Europe is concerned, it is the position of the Soviet Union—and Eden is here primarily to promote a better understanding between the Soviets and the United States.

In general the *Times* editorial has had a sour reception in this country. Some of the opposition has come from legitimate champions of collective security who see in the *Times* thesis a revival of the balance-of-power doctrine, with Russia replacing France as England's ally on the Continent and any real international mechanism for maintaining peace already headed for the drainpipe. However, the most significant, meaning official, opposition, we believe, comes from those who would oppose to the regional approach the idea of a *cordon sanitaire* about the Soviet Union. This would be achieved by fostering anti-Soviet and anti-democratic groups in the Baltic countries and in Central Europe which with the coming of the peace would organize their states along reactionary social lines and would together form an anti-Russian bloc—all in the name of self-determination and the Atlantic Charter. As Blair Bolles points out in another article in these pages, this is the view which Mr. Eden encountered in the "Berle corner" of the State Department, and it is perfectly in keeping with the department's traditional attitude toward Russia. Sumner Welles, it is fair to say, is reliably reported to be in sharp dissent.

If "regional responsibility" and "collective security," then, have become blinds respectively for balance of power and *cordon sanitaire*, what hope is there for an equitable solution of Russia's boundary problem? We think that Mr. Soukhomline simplifies the question by merely advancing Russia's historical claim to the Baltic states. It is true that they were wrested by force from the Soviet Union after the First World War, but so was Alsace-Lorraine from Germany. The principle of right by previous conquest is hardly valid under the Atlantic Charter. The military case made out by Mr. Soukhomline rests on firmer ground, but that brings us to the heart of the question. If the world is to be organized on a basis of genuine collective security, Russia need have no great concern for bases at Reval, Riga, and the islands of Oesel and Dago. That "if" is the all-important word. It means that only those who are prepared to see this country go all out for international machinery, complete with armed force as well as economic weapons, can ask the Russians to forgo whatever strategic boundaries they can attain by force of arms. Russia's interests, as the *Times* points out, "will be best served if the lands between her frontiers and those of Germany are held by governments and peoples friendly to herself," and "that

is one condition on which Russia must and will insist." Whether we like it or not, Russia is going to be in a position to do some insisting in that part of the world. With or without collective security, the only chance these border states have to preserve their integrity is to forget their scheming little diplomats and come to terms with the one power that can offer them, if it will, a Good Neighbor relationship. As Walter Lippmann suggested more than a month ago, such an arrangement would be their salvation, while for Russia it would be "the wisdom of the strong."

Feed Europe's Children

THE time has come to do something for the hungry children of Europe. Everyone is hungry in Europe, but the peril of hunger to the children of occupied nations has reached monstrous proportions. Poland, where the need is undoubtedly greatest of all, is unfortunately beyond the reach of our aid. Greece, fortunately, is now obtaining a modicum of help. Belgium, Norway, and France are probably in greatest need at the moment. Belgium imported 70 per cent of its food in peace time. It has not only lost these imports but has been despoiled by the Germans of some of its home-grown food. According to reliable authorities, the food rations of Belgium are but a third of minimum health requirements; and even these rations are only theoretical since many families are unable to buy the amount allotted. Tuberculosis has consequently increased eightfold in that unhappy country. The condition of the children is appalling.

It will be remembered that Herbert Hoover proposed to feed occupied Europe as early as 1940. At that time those who believed in the necessity of an Allied victory opposed his proposals, almost unanimously. They quite understood the cruelty of the choice which the conditions of war forced upon us, but they also knew that occupied Europe could not be fed without giving a lion's share to the Nazis, thus robbing hard-pressed Britain of the weapon of the blockade. Since that time conditions have changed. Britain is no longer so hard pressed, and we have become a full partner in the conflict, thus obviating the peril to Anglo-American relations which the proposal involved at the earlier date. It is nevertheless inadvisable to support Mr. Hoover's current plans, for they still envisage a general feeding program which not only the shipping situation but the total strategic requirements of the war render dubious if not impossible. This is not the only case in which the necessities of war run counter to generous impulses.

But the situation is so desperate that a way must be found to offer such aid as will not contribute to a prolongation of the war. In this exigency certain church leaders of Britain and America, all of whom have con-

sistently supported the war from the beginning, have united in an appeal to their respective governments that limited quantities of dried milk and vitamins be shipped to the children of the occupied nations and to the nursing mothers. In the case of Belgium the proposal involves 500 tons of milk a month and 500 tons of vitamins a year. The distribution would be in the hands of the International Red Cross. There is reason to believe that sufficient ship tonnage can be made available for this enterprise, and the money is also at hand. What is required now is the consent of reluctant but not unsympathetic governments. The sympathy of high government authorities on both sides is prompted by both humanitarian and strategic motives. There is, however, still some reluctance, due to various factors, of which the chief seems to be nothing more than tactical inflexibility.

In this situation the public should take a hand and prod the government by expressing the general sentiment in favor of relief for the children. Since, in this case, what we can do is bound to be little, it is important that it be not too late.

Wages and Prices

FIGHTING on the inflation front flared up with unusual intensity this past week end, with the complete defeat of the anti-inflation program a very real prospect. As if by prearrangement by the enemy, attacks on the program have come simultaneously from three quarters. Seizing the opportunity when many members of the House were absent, the farm bloc pushed through the Pace bill for increasing farm prices by including farm labor in calculating "parity" prices. The Senate Finance Committee, meanwhile, approved a measure designed to rescind the President's executive order freezing salaries, after taxes, at \$25,000. And John L. Lewis pushed his demand for a \$2-a-day rise in the wages of bituminous miners to the point where federal intervention in the dispute seemed inescapable.

The plain fact of the matter is that inflation is already here. Prices are rising steadily at the rate of at least one-half of 1 per cent a month. Price Administrator Brown has frankly recognized this fact in several statements, and has said that his efforts will be confined to slowing this advance as much as possible and to preventing any one set of prices from getting wholly out of hand. Should the Pace bill be enacted into law, food prices—already far ahead of other prices—would skyrocket, and the demands for wage and salary revision would be so numerous, and so violent, that it would be impossible for any government agency to handle them. It would then become imperative for the War Labor Board to reverse its decision to stand by the Little Steel formula. Even now some adjustment to the rise in prices seems overdue.

John L. Lewis is not bluffing when he declares that unless some sort of agreement is reached, his miners will not "trespass" on mine property after April 1. Although his demand for a \$2-a-day increase is excessive, the failure of the Administration to stabilize living costs plays into his hands. Moreover, there is some merit in the United Mine Workers' demand that miners be paid from portal to portal, instead of merely for the time spent after arriving at the mine face, although today's hourly scale of mine wages presumably takes this system into account to some extent.

It would probably be fairly easy to work out a compromise with Lewis on the matter of the U. M. W. demand for a change in the basis of pay if it were not for the necessity of integrating the settlement into a permanent wage policy applicable to current wage demands. A method of adjusting the Little Steel formula must be found quickly. The revised prescription—which may come to be called the bituminous-coal formula—would have to be elastic enough to permit a fair increase in mine wages without opening the way for an immediate increase in all wage scales. The A. F. of L. members of the War Labor Board have asked a "realistic wage policy" which would involve adjusting the 15 per cent allowance for increased cost of living to a figure "based on the actual cost of living to the worker." The employer delegates object to this approach to the problem on the ground that weekly wages, not hourly wage rates, ought to be taken as the basis for comparison with cost-of-living figures; and in fact the worker's economic well-being is determined by his total income rather than his hourly rates. But as most of the increase in weekly wages is due to overtime work, labor firmly insists that the hourly rather than the weekly wage rate is the only fair standard of comparison. Some reconciliation between these two points of view is highly desirable in revising the formula.

Although the specific terms of the new wage formula will have to be worked out in negotiation, the principles on which it should be based seem fairly obvious. An effort should be made to revise the Wages and Hours Act to provide as much protection at today's prices as was provided by the minimum-wage scale in effect before the war. This would provide a "floor" for real wages. So that no section of the working population shall suffer unfairly at the expense of other sections of the population with greater political influence, provision might also be made for automatic increases in pay every time the cost-of-living index rises five points. But as a basis for this computation, equal weight might be given to changes in the weekly and the hourly wage rates. While the working out of a precise formula embodying these principles will be one of the most difficult tasks that the WLB has yet faced, we do not believe that it is beyond the demonstrated capabilities of Chairman William H. Davis and the other "public" members of the board.

The Battle of Martinique

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

THE story begins soon after the fall of France, when the new Vichy government established as High Commissioner of all French possessions in the Americas Admiral Georges Robert, a good solid reactionary and follower of the Marshal. The Admiral set up a dictatorial rule in Martinique and suppressed with ruthless efficiency all pro-Ally or De Gaullist agitation. Opponents were put into concentration camps on Martinique and Guadeloupe or shipped off to the prison colony in French Guiana. Refugees from Europe were interned.

The State Department's first agreement with Robert was made in 1940. Its details have never been published, but apparently it provided that in return for our guaranty that Vichy control over American French possessions would continue undisturbed, Admiral Robert was to immobilize the three French warships in the harbor of Fort de France, a considerable quantity of French gold, and a consignment of American planes which, when the armistice was signed, had just reached Martinique en route to France. Since our warships constantly patrol the waters around Martinique, and our planes the sky over it, this concession was perhaps less the result of good-will than necessity. Robert was hardly in a position to challenge the American Caribbean fleet.

Then in July, 1941, came the surrender of Indochina to the Japanese. This demonstration of Vichy's thralldom to the Axis provoked the State Department to the extreme step of opening new negotiations with Robert. Rumors that Nazi submarines were being fueled from the French islands were denied in Washington, and since our navy was on guard it is not likely that they were true. But it is easier to blockade the shores of an island than the air waves that flow from it. All the time Robert was holding conversations with our representatives, his radio station was pouring out anti-British, pro-Vichy propaganda; it was straight Axis stuff, and it reached all the French-speaking areas of this hemisphere. If we tried to stop this poisonous flood, we failed. And we also failed to win from the Commissioner General a single new concession. The warships and planes and gold remained immobilized, but the fleet of merchant ships which we hoped to get hold of remained immobilized too.

Then came the incident of St. Pierre and Miquelon. When those islands were taken out of Vichy control by the Fighting French, Mr. Hull angrily protested the coup. And it became clear that the basis of his opposition was to be found not only in our Vichy policy as a whole but in our deal with Robert. We had pledged ourselves to back his control of French possessions in the Western Hemisphere, and the Free French had forcibly turned

that pledge into the scrap of paper it deserved to be.

A new flurry of negotiation blew up in May last year, after Laval took power in France. Our government, in the words of the *New York Times*, "distrusted" Laval, and it expressed this bold attitude by opening new conversations with Robert, conducted by Admiral Hoover. We asked only such terms as could be accorded by Robert "with honor." But at the same time we apparently made it clear that we would deal only with Robert himself, not with Laval. Since all previous negotiations had also been with Robert, this proviso made sense only if it was to be observed by both sides. But Admiral Robert referred all our proposals to Laval and declined to give any answer until they were approved in Vichy. Our defiance was strictly a one-sided affair. And the agreement was obviously not approved in Vichy because negotiations were still going on five months later when our troops landed in North Africa and we finally broke off relations with Pétain's government.

We didn't break them off with Martinique, however. On the contrary, Mr. Hull told a press conference just after the American landings that negotiations "had reached a point where announcement of a comprehensive solution could be expected at an early date." This happy prospect was momentarily clouded by a proclamation issued by Robert appealing to all people in his domains to obey Marshal Pétain and attacking Darlan, who had just moved over to our side, for "exceeding his powers."

But no sour notes were allowed to break the harmonious accord with which the State Department and most of the press greeted the triumph of appeasement. While skeptics like ourselves were invited to eat their words, the State Department officially announced on November 21 that a satisfactory agreement had at last been reached in Martinique between Samuel Reber, the department's representative, and Admiral Robert, who had at last "detached himself wholly" from the Vichy government. (It was now admitted for the first time that hitherto the Admiral had "gone through the motions" of reporting negotiations and submitting proposals to Vichy.) The text of the "satisfactory agreement" wasn't published, but Mr. Hull announced happily that it marked the successful culmination of the negotiations initiated the previous May.

But even the most optimistic assertions couched in the most ponderous prose have a hollow sound when nothing ever happens to bear them out. Nothing happened in Martinique. Nothing. And the extent of the nothingness was treated as a diplomatic secret for another three months or so. Then, very casually, Pertinax mentioned in an article in the *New York Times* on February 19 that "at the eleventh hour in November Admiral Robert refused to append his signature to the treaty that Samuel Reber of the American State Department had been discussing with him for fully six months." Admiral

Robert, Pertinax pointed out, considered that the United States had invaded French North Africa, that Darlan was a traitor, and that he, Robert, was more than ever obligated to support his Marshal. Robert's obvious calculation, said Pertinax, was that no forcible steps would be taken against him by the United States.

But perhaps in the end they will be. Mr. Welles says that owing to Admiral Robert's uncooperative attitude no food has gone to Martinique since last November—when the State Department announced the definite conclusion of the "satisfactory agreement." Mr. Welles's statement, however, is denied by Representative Morrison of Louisiana, who insists that only the other day sailors on the French ship Guadeloupe went on strike rather than carry more foodstuffs to pro-Vichy Martinique. The food situation there is desperate. Natives who can escape are leaving for neighboring islands in small boats, and discontent is rising. So far the diplomatic situation is unchanged. "Conversations" are still going on—presumably at the same crisp pace as during the past nearly three years—and the State Department is still waiting for some "affirmative program" of cooperation with the United States in prosecuting the war. No threats have been made. But the heart has gone out of the affair.

And now, to complete its collapse, French Guiana has suddenly, and peaceably, broken away from Admiral Robert and announced its adhesion to Fighting France. After a first announcement that the colony had declared for Giraud, word came that a De Gaullist acting governor had been chosen, to be replaced by Maurice Bertaut, now chief administrator of Free French colonies in Africa, as soon as he arrives from the Cameroons. It is not expected that the United States, at this hour of crumbling faith, will try to dislodge the rebels against Robert. The story of St. Pierre and Miquelon will not be repeated. We may even hope that the remaining supporters of appeasement will finally surrender and allow decency and common sense to take charge.

Martinique and Guadeloupe guard the southern approaches to the Panama Canal. There are no more important islands in the whole Caribbean chain of defenses. They have remained long enough in the hands of our enemies. The time has come to call off the hypocritical pretense that we were slowly winning the cooperation of their Vichy ruler. We have won nothing we needed to bargain for. Robert has yielded nothing he hoped to keep. Pro-Allied political prisoners are still in jail; anti-Allied political propaganda still goes out over the Martinique radio; Robert still holds the merchant ships, the warships, the planes, and the gold. The endless negotiations have been a farce. The claims of success issued by the State Department have been a series of deceptions. The time has come to call the game off.

The Farm Bloc Goes to War

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 22

THE farm bloc is on its way to wrecking both Selective Service and price control. The Senate last week passed the Bankhead-Johnson bill to provide blanket deferment of farm workers. The House approved the Pace bill to include in parity prices all increases in farm labor costs since the base period 1909-14. The latter, if it is passed by the Senate, as is probable, will add another billion dollars to the nation's food bill. The former will certainly pass the House, and probably run into a Presidential veto. Unless the veto is sustained by Congress, the Bankhead-Johnson bill is likely to open the door to a series of special deferment measures that may have serious consequences for the conduct of the war. The farm problem is here again.

At the outset it is useful to correct a few misconceptions. The farmer, by and large, is not so badly off as he is said to be. Whatever the woes of the smaller farmer, for the man or corporation with capital agriculture has never been a more profitable business than it is today. Studies made by the OPA show that from 1939 to 1942 farm prices increased two and a half times as much as wage costs per unit of output and four times as much as total costs per unit of output. The big farmer and the middle farmer can well afford to give the hired man a raise. In agriculture as in industry there has been increased mechanization, and labor costs per unit have fallen. In 1942 the output per farm worker was 23 per cent greater than in 1939 and 78 per cent greater than in the base period 1909-14. The man with the hoe is receding into the past with Longfellow's smith.

The year just past was the best year in the history of American agriculture. Production was 13 per cent better than in 1941. Per capita farm income was 116 per cent above 1939 in terms of dollars and 72 per cent above in terms of purchasing power. In the same period the farmer's share of the consumer's dollar rose 27 per cent, and the rate of return on the farmer's investment went from 4.2 per cent in 1939 to the highest on record, 13.4 per cent, in 1942. Government bounty kept pace with the upward curve of war prosperity. Government payments to farmers in 1942 were \$697,000,000, or almost one-fifth more than in 1941.

The farmer has done much better in this war than in the last. In the last war rising prices for the things the farmer had to buy took back his increased income from the things he had to sell, and he was left to face the post-war deflation with a greatly expanded indebtedness. From 1914 to 1919 farm indebtedness rose 60

per cent; from 1939 to 1942 it rose 1 per cent. The farmer's cash income in 1942 was 7 per cent greater than in 1919, the best year of the last war period, and net income of farm operators was 46 per cent greater. These percentages are based on figures in dollars. When the dollars are translated into terms of purchasing power, one can see how greatly the farmer has benefited from the price control he is doing his best to destroy. In terms of purchasing power, cash income in 1942 was not 7 but 40 per cent over 1919, and net income was not 11 but 46 per cent greater. By contrast, the price increases in the last war were largely illusion. Between 1914 and 1919 the rise in net income per capita on the farm was 128 per cent in terms of dollars but only 13 per cent in terms of what the dollar would buy. The farm bloc seems intent on putting the dollar on the toboggan again.

These figures are intended to refute the Weeping Willies of the Farm Bureau Federation, the stuffed shirts of the Grange, and the puppets of the great dairy co-operatives. They are not intended to give sustenance to complacency. For behind the rising profit curves and the glowing averages are hidden wide areas of rural misery. Our growing army, military and industrial, has been reducing the quantity and quality of farm labor at a time when we must prepare to feed the world. The farm problem is far from being synthetic, but the real problem is only in part the one over which the farm bloc is exercised. The big farmer—the dairy business man, the planter, and the corporate grower-processor—with whose welfare the so-called farm bloc is primarily concerned, are out to do exactly what their counterparts in manufacturing and mining want to do—sell the idea that the way to get increased production is to allow increased prices. The farm bloc is more successful because a corporation looks more appealing in overalls than in a silk hat.

Unfortunately, in agriculture as in industry experience has demonstrated that we cannot rely on the price mechanism of the classic free market to mobilize facilities for a total effort in a total war. In the last war, for example, farm prices rose 111 per cent in 1914-19, but production increased only 6 per cent. It takes planning and direction to expand output on the farm, as it does in the mine and factory, and it takes social vision. Left to itself, big agriculture will gravitate naturally to the profitable rather than the useful crop. There is a boom in tobacco; returns to the tobacco farmer last year were almost twice the 1934-38 average, and expanded ciga-

rette production eats into supplies of sugar, glycerin, and diethylene glycol. Government warehouses are providing a rich market for short-staple cotton, of which we have a huge surplus. Last August the government owned 10,455,000 bales. Maybe we can sell it to Japan when the war is over.

Kilgore of West Virginia, in an able address on the floor of the Senate last Tuesday, indicated what a little planning could do for the farm problem. On the basis of our 1943 production goals, we will devote 1,024,000,000 man-hours on the farm to short-staple cotton and 308,000,000 man-hours to tobacco. By comparison we will give 228,000,000 man-hours to wheat and 1,300,000,000 to corn. Of total man-hours in agriculture, only 2.7 per cent will go to truck and garden crops; 1 per cent to sugar beets; 2.4 per cent to white potatoes; 1.5 per cent to soy beans; 3.4 per cent to peanuts. The production of munitions has cut into the production of fertilizer. Tobacco and cotton are using a third of our fertilizer. "I have frequently been told," Senator Kilgore said, "that we must grow short-staple cotton and plenty of it, in order to obtain the necessary vegetable oil from the cotton seed . . . it takes more acreage to produce oil from cotton than from any other crop which is oil producing." It takes one and one-third to one and one-half acres of cotton and 132 man-hours of work to produce 100 pounds of oil from cotton. It takes from five-tenths to six-tenths of an acre and $6\frac{1}{2}$ man-hours to get the same yield from soy beans. The farm labor shortage is in part a shortage in social planning and social intelligence.

There are three solutions to the farm problem. One is to stop raising high-labor-cost crops we don't need and switch to low-labor-cost crops we do need. This would cost the farm bloc money. The second is to provide the poor farmer, who now does little more than scratch the earth for subsistence, with the capital that would make it possible for him to produce for the market. This is the FSA's function, and the FSA is marked for the guillotine. The trouble with the FSA, as Lambertson of Kansas said very frankly on the floor of the House a year ago, is that it turns farm laborers—and potential farm laborers—into independent farmers. The third solution is to better the condition of farm labor. This also finds no favor with the farm bloc. The Farm Bureau-inspired Cannon resolution to recruit labor for the farm provides dourly that nothing shall be done under it "directly or indirectly to fix, regulate, or impose minimum wages or housing standards, to regulate hours of work, or to impose or enforce collective bargaining."

The mind of the big farmer and the mind of the brass hat work the same way, though their function and interest push them in different directions. Both would substitute compulsion for intelligent planning. The big farmer wants a compulsory deferment of all farm workers, whatever the cost to the war effort; the brass hat

wants compulsory service, at whatever cost in morale. Better utilization of labor and facilities is the real answer. But this answer requires the subordination of private interest and judgment to the necessities of the war.

"It seems to me," Pepper of Florida said to the Senate Wednesday in his lonely fight against the Bankhead-Johnson bill, "that the great difficulty with our whole war program is that too often we have approached it piecemeal." This is, indeed, the basic defect of our war effort, and it springs from the habits developed in an over-individualistic society. The farm-labor problem is only one aspect of the man-power problem, and the army chiefs have helped create it by grabbing for men in the spirit of a manufacturer grabbing for markets. Concentrating on their immediate problem, the heads of the army and navy have allowed the man-power program, as Maloney of Connecticut said, "to grow like Topsy on one side of a Chinese wall" while the production program grew up on the other. "Either," Senator Maloney urged, "we must merge them harmoniously into one program to keep the civilian economy working—and feeding and supplying our mammoth army—or the conflict between the production and the man-power programs will tear the economy apart and prevent us from supplying our army."

Lack of such an over-all program and war authority, with definite policies on occupational deferment, is a threat to the armed services, though they have been the chief opponents of such a program. Bankhead wants to defer all farmers; Downey all transportation workers; Kilday all fathers. Bankhead and Bushfield have a new bill which would go farther and furlough farmers now in the army so they can plant and harvest their crops. With wise planning, the large army the War Department wants is within our power; lack of planning is finding a reflection in defeatist thinking. Pepper and Kilgore sought unsuccessfully to head off the Bankhead-Johnson bill with an amended and simplified version of the Pepper-Kilgore-Tolan bill which would make over-all planning possible and give the war effort centralized direction. But though they won the support of such Republicans as Vandenberg, Austin, and Danaher, the Administration leaders gave them the cold shoulder, and there were but nine votes—the others were Murdock, O'Mahoney, Thomas of Utah, and Tunnell—for their substitute measure. Though planning of this kind is the only hope of fighting off these disastrous blanket deferment measures and supporting a great army, a curious cabal in which the military bureaucracy and Administration leaders joined hands with Reynolds and Wheeler was formed last month to fight the Pepper-Kilgore-Tolan measure. It took the bill from the Senate Labor and Education Committee and handed it over to the unfriendly Military Affairs Committee. Of what use to talk of post-war planning if we cannot bring ourselves even to plan the war?

What Eden Is After

BY BLAIR BOLLES

Washington, March 20

A RELIABLE report from the British embassy says that Anthony Eden is pleased with the way his talks in the United States are going. This is good news. Eden came here seeking, above all, a permanent basis for American-British friendship. From the British point of view, this requires that America should be willing to play a role in world politics when peace ends its role in the world war. Eden pleased means that Eden has found reason to hope that the permanent basis will in time be established.

It has been possible lately to apply to United States diplomacy the epithet Winston Churchill invented for Russia—"an enigma wrapped in a mystery." In working for the smooth development of Anglo-American relations Eden has been hampered by ignorance of this country's intentions: did it want continued close co-operation with Britain after the war? Words about post-war aims flowed from Secretary of State Hull, Under Secretary Welles, and Vice-President Wallace, but deeds did not follow words. The Administration preached global morality, but did it want global responsibility? Was President Roosevelt satisfied with enunciating the Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter, or did he view those great statements as the foundation for an active American internationalism? Eden hoped, it is reported, that by going to Washington he could lure American foreign policy from its dim shadows.

Washington's vagueness in foreign policy is the vagueness of indecision, and Eden in the 1930's learned that indecision was calamity's herald. The dictators knew what they wanted, but the democracies could not make up their minds about how to keep the dictators from getting what they wanted. International political action invariably was postponed until political action was too late. For five years Eden observed from the inside the results of indecision in foreign affairs. Now he believes in action taken in time. He believes the United States should make a decision for the coming days of peace.

It is known that Eden came with many items on his agenda. He has seen Secretary of War Stimson and Secretary of the Navy Knox on military affairs. The groundwork has been laid for concrete discussion later of American use of island bases under British control in the Pacific. The first steps have been taken on the long road toward an understanding about commercial air routes. American-Chinese relations, excellent as they already were, have been bettered by an improvement in

British-Chinese relations brought about by Eden's sincere assurance to T. V. Soong, the Chinese Foreign Minister, whose headquarters are in Washington, that Great Britain means to reopen the Burma road and free Chinese soil from the enemy. For the past twelve years Great Britain has been steadily falling in Chinese esteem. Now Eden has set about reversing this process.

In the White House Eden and President Roosevelt have talked about the questions on which American policy has been most enigmatic—Russia and France. The British Foreign Secretary wants a strong France in the post-war world so that England will have a useful friend in Western Europe. He has adopted a formal plan for cooperation with Russia. On these matters Great Britain and the United States diverge somewhat, though they are not definitely at odds. Within the Administration there are a dozen opinions about Russia, ranging from the advocacy of friendship by Harry Hopkins and Henry Wallace to the apprehension of the Office of Strategic Services and the Berle corner in the State Department. The only policy followed has been that of sending up trial balloons. Washington has been afraid to come to grips with the problem of Russia.

The Eden conversations about Russia have turned on the current difficulty of the Polish-Russian border. The British, out of gratitude to the Red Army, are said to be willing to let the Soviet Union have the Baltic states and eastern Poland, while the United States maintains that the future status of those regions is a problem to be decided on principle when the war is over. The praise President Roosevelt gave the Chinese in a press conference for their renunciation of territorial claims against Thailand was a mild warning to Russia on Poland and the Baltic. In the disagreement between the United States and Russia about what territory Russia should claim now, the Russophobes see reason for haughtiness toward Moscow. This is the summit of illogic. The only way the United States can uphold its views respecting Poland and the Baltic states is by establishing a system of lasting cooperation with Russia. An aloof America will not be heard in Moscow. The British regard Russia's territorial claims in Eastern Europe as reflections of its concern about security and defense. The question posed for Washington by Eden's presence is whether the United States will give Russia the better assurance of security that would come from a friendly understanding.

From the day General de Gaulle arrived in England, the British and American governments have had their

separate views about him and about France. Washington embraced Vichy and since 1940 has smiled on every variety of Frenchmen except the tough breed that followed De Gaulle. The British, though they found the General difficult, came to admire him and have treated him fairly. In Washington, however, for more than a year the De Gaulle representative was admitted to the State Department only after dark; quarters for the De Gaulle delegation were found by the British embassy; the niece of Ambassador Halifax obtained publicity for it.

By the time Eden decided to visit the United States this strange American attitude was hindering the orderly development of his hopes for the post-war world. Distaste for De Gaulle made it easy for Washington to welcome Admiral Darlan, Marcel Peyrouton, and General Noguès as American allies in the job of beating the Germans and freeing France. French fears and dissensions threatened all Eden's planning. The strong France Eden wants when peace comes is a distant prospect so long as Frenchmen outside their country quarrel. Washington and London disagreed even about why the French quarreled. London thought all honest Frenchmen were naturally protesting against the Allies' dealings with

dishonest Frenchmen. Washington insisted that the clamor was the work of a De Gaullist clique.

The British view, since it was the correct view, was gaining acceptance at the White House and State Department even before Eden's arrival. The Administration had secretly sent to North Africa an agent who was largely responsible for inducing General Giraud to relax the Vichy laws and thus prepare the way for a meeting between him and De Gaulle. Still mysterious, however, the Administration conceals the identity of this agent and refuses to admit that it was wrong in encouraging relations with the Vichy system in Africa and in raising Vichy men to power. The chastisement of the Richelieu sailors is further evidence of the Administration's determination to remain enigmatic in foreign policy; evidence, too, that while it may learn to dislike the heirs of Vichy it will only slowly, if ever, come to like De Gaulle.

The enigma of American policy toward France and Frenchmen is inherent in the enigmatic policy of "expediency." Here, again, London and Washington diverge. London learned after Munich that lives saved by expediency today are sacrificed a hundredfold tomorrow. Having apparently learned nothing from expediency in Africa, the Administration has been toying with the



THE PATIENT IS IMMUNE

idea of laying the groundwork for expediency in Italy and Central Europe. One of Eden's jobs over here has been to point out the dangers of such a course. Hungary is an excellent test-tube for expediency, and some officials active in foreign affairs have been tempted by it. Nicholas Horthy, the Regent of Hungary, is an accomplished despot who saved his skin by going to work for Hitler. The strongest man in Hungary, he looks attractive to naive officials who think that realism in international relations has its best expression in deals with such toadies. The channel from Horthy to Washington is open; the American Hungarian Federation, praised in Horthy's Hungary, has its place in a program to explain Horthy's Hungary to the outside world. When the federation held a meeting in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on January 31, the big moment was the reading of a letter of praise from A. A. Berle, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State.

Expediency really only mirrors the general indecisiveness that chains Washington. England is better able to make political decisions because it has Anthony Eden as Foreign Secretary. The Prime Minister of Great Britain and the President of the United States both devote almost all their attention to the conduct of the war. They can give small thought to political matters unrelated to today's campaigns. The British Foreign Secretary, however, has seized the initiative and evolved his own plan of political action for peace. He has reason to believe that he will become Prime Minister, and this belief gives him the courage to be independent. The Secretary of State in the President's Cabinet, on the other hand, must wait for a word from above before launching a policy, for Mr. Hull is a hesitant man. Under Secretary Welles is a man of action but too low in the official hierarchy to inaugurate major policy. The President makes his own contribution to America's mysterious diplomacy by including Myron Taylor among his regular advisers on post-war problems. What Myron Taylor says when he visits the Vatican as the President's special envoy has always been carefully withheld from the American public. Perhaps Anthony Eden in his many talks at the White House has been able to learn the facts about Taylor. At any rate, those talks must have forced Mr. Roosevelt to consider the need for definite post-war political thinking now. And he must have received another push in this direction from the public applause for the famous resolution of Senators Ball, Burton, Hill, and Hatch.

The British are not without fault in foreign relations. They invented the Spanish policy which the United States assiduously follows. They are stubborn on India, where the State Department, without saying so publicly, thinks they could take steps which would allay some of the political passions disturbing India. But they are headed in the right direction.

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

RUSSIAN SIGNATURES have been attached to a treaty of peace at Brest-Litovsk, and the Allies confront a situation which calls for the highest wisdom, caution, and resolution. Not that we need special insight to understand the German purpose. This is now as plain as day. The disappearance of Russia as a military power is to be followed by the crushing of the Revolution. The Revolution is to be encompassed on all sides by fortresses of reaction garrisoned by German influence. German militarism has flung a challenge to the moral sentiment of the world. . . . Russia must be saved for the community of free nations.—*March 7, 1918.*

IN REAFFIRMING Mooney's death sentence the Supreme Court of California evaded what looks to the outsider like its responsibility by basing itself on a question of jurisdiction. . . . With the nation aroused over what seemed palpable evidence of persecution in the original trial, with large sections of labor so bitter that Secretary Wilson's commission recommended some interference with the sentence as almost imperative, with opinion in Russia vehemently protesting, the court has spent its time looking for "errors in the record."—*March 7, 1918.*

UPTON SINCLAIR'S—A Monthly Magazine—For a Clean Peace and the Internation. (Advt.)—*March 7, 1918.*

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION [of Los Angeles] has unanimously condemned the debating of peace in the . . . schools. A group of seven high schools . . . on March 1 debated the subject: "Resolved, that the nations of the world should adopt the program of the League to Enforce Peace." This so incensed the members of the school board that they passed the resolution above mentioned and gave the Superintendent of Schools power to suppress peace discussion.—*March 14, 1918.*

GERMAN AIR RAIDERS attacked London and Paris during the week. In London eleven were killed and forty-six wounded on the night of March 7. . . . On the night of March 8 German aviators raided Paris in the greatest raid of the war there. . . . In this attack thirteen were killed and fifty hurt. The British bombed the Daimler motor works in Stuttgart and dropped bombs on Tourcoing.—*March 14, 1918.*

THE BOOK SENSATION of the Year: "Oscar Wilde, His Life and Confessions," by Frank Harris, with "Memories of Oscar Wilde," by Bernard Shaw. "An excellent biography, intimate, sympathetic, yet rigidly honest."—H. L. Mencken, in *Smart Set*. "A candid, revealing, and noble piece of literature. A book more important than anything Wilde ever did."—Floyd Dell, in the *Masses*. (Advt.)—*March 28, 1918.*

PRESIDENT WILSON has asked boys to enlist for farm work, while the Departments of Labor and of Agriculture are making every effort to remove the labor shortage that may endanger the spring crops and later harvest.—*March 28, 1918.*

Nazis Can Be Made Over

BY HIRAM MOTHERWELL

CAN the world reasonably expect the German people to become free and responsible before the present generation of Hitler-educated youth has become aged, or died off—many decades from now? Can the millions of young men and women who have been scientifically shaped to Nazism's mental and emotional requirements ever be de-educated? I believe they can be, and that they will be much more swiftly than one might fairly expect. Nor is my belief, or hope, based on any wishful misapprehension concerning the thoroughness of the indoctrination.

Hitler youth has been drilled to Nazism in brain, heart, and muscle—especially muscle. The basic technique of Nazi "education," capturing the child at the age of four or earlier, appears to have been to condition his primary physical reflexes to automatic obedience. At the command "Heil Hitler," his right hand shoots upward. Judgment and reflection are by-passed; the habit of muscular response actually fixes patterns of thought. The purpose of the mass athletic drills to which the young people are subjected is to build not only pliable bodies but pliable minds. Hitler education of youth has been imposed with the methodical thoroughness which the skilled animal trainer uses in teaching the "high school" horse or the circus seal.

But emotions are bound to bob up somewhere to disturb the mechanical process. So Nazi education has sought to seize one of the primary infantile loyalties and divert it away from the natural father toward the *Ersatz* father, Hitler. The basic emotional loyalty of the boy to his first hero is methodically directed away from the family to the tribal father, the symbol of the state. The girl, equally deprived of her father, is early offered a substitute in the image of a future handsome Nazi warrior with whom she shall lie on the hillside under the stars to produce new warriors for the Reich. She becomes, almost from babyhood, a mystic spouse of Hitler in the best medieval manner.

Where *Mütterchen* fits into this picture is not clear. In Hitler's symbolism it has apparently not been easy to find an *Ersatz* satisfaction for the mother-longing. It would seem that Nazi education has been obliged to dodge that challenge, with results terrible for Germany's victims and probably for all German youth.

German primary education, with its rigid order and physical punishments, has long been held chiefly responsible for the widespread German masochism, which expressed itself in the highest child-suicide rate on earth.

Hitler, while intensifying the rigidity, appears to have tried to release the resulting emotional tensions in an official sexual morality of "animal freedom" which makes emotion a minimum nuisance to the Nazi state. The soldier is encouraged to visit the brothel as regularly as the latrine, and for comparable reasons. There is less romance in such a "natural" life than on the stud farm, where at least some selectivity is observed. *Süsse Gretchen* and *holde Kätzchen*, romantic projections of the mother-image, exist no more in Germany—not if the Nazis can suppress them. Perhaps the psychiatrists will decide that the tortured peoples of conquered Europe have paid fearfully for Hitler's attempt to exclude "mother," except as a brood mare, from the official scheme of things.

The problem of disciplining the brain—or rather of providing Nazi outlets for the ambitions of the personal ego—does not seem to have presented the Nazi "educators" with similar perplexities. Between rigid walls marked *verboten* each Nazi youngster can march straight ahead toward a career that is open to his talents. Controlled by an almost muscular response to orders and undisturbed by the primary pressures of sexual emotion, his mind without question devotes its high technical aptitudes to the service of the Nazi state.

This Nazi-manufactured education may appear on first consideration to be proof against antidote. But I venture to suggest that just because it is so scientifically thorough it will on armistice day cease to control the German mind. All systems of automatic obedience dissolve when the expected commands cease to be transmitted in perfect detail. The trained seal flops helplessly when a stranger attempts to put it through its routine. German education of youth has been built upon Hitler's personal authority. When Hitler vanishes, therefore, the average Hitler-trained German will be a lost individual. Because he has been conditioned solely to automatic response he will not know what to think. Instead of a nation of young goosesteppers we shall probably see a nation of bewildered anarchists.

Hitler's success in regimenting the minds and emotions of the German people has of course not been uniform. Remember that he has had formal charge of the educating business for only ten years. For convenience we may divide his pupils arbitrarily into several categories: those who were four to ten years old when he came to power and are now fourteen to twenty; those who were ten to seventeen and are now twenty to

twenty-seven; those who were seventeen to twenty-five and are now twenty-seven to thirty-five; those who were twenty-five to fifty-five and were actively promoting their careers; and finally those over fifty-five who had acquired a "settled" attitude toward life. Let us do a little guessing as to the degree to which Hitler has succeeded in fixing the muscles and hearts and brains of each age-group in permanent patterns.

The littlest ones, those who in 1933 were four to ten, have doubtless achieved a fairly complete emotional transference from father dependence to Hitler dependence. We hear gruesome stories of kids denouncing their fathers and mothers to the Gestapo for "treachery" to the Führer. And their Hitler dependence probably has a fairly chronic infantile character, since they are not permitted to acquire the adult liberty of independent judgment. Hence, it is fair to conclude, when Hitler vanishes—when father, so to speak, walks out on them—they will blindly seek to return to their own fathers. But these they have betrayed emotionally—and in many cases politically and criminally. They will therefore almost certainly form a "lost generation" mentally and morally, burdened with psychopathic guilt.

The next age-group provides today precisely the front-line fighters, the cream of Hitler's army. These are the men whose adolescent emotions and erotic ambitions were diverted away from home with Käthchen toward romantic death on the battlefield. And exactly there they lie—hundreds of thousands of corpses before Stalingrad, Rostov, Vyazma, and Schlüsselsburg. This age-group, which is the one on which Hitler has most depended for thick-and-thin support, is also precisely the one which has been killed off at the highest rate by the war. It may continue to cherish its romantic aberrations in perverted forms after the war. But a full half, perhaps, of its members will be permanently missing, or helpless cripples, in the new Germany. What the women of this age-group—two for every man—will think of their Hitler-spouse and the ways in which they will express their contempt for his impotence are matters upon which the psychiatrists are doubtless now pondering.

The seventeens to twenty-fives had their emotional patterns fairly well fixed by the time Hitler took charge of them. They were already working in the grooves of the old Prussian-Weimar, aristocratic-industrial society. Hitler bullied and blackmailed them. Some went into concentration camps; some into Nazi service. But the subconscious behavior habits of most of them could not have been greatly affected by any adult education Hitler imposed. When the Nazi pressure vanishes, they will seek escape from the failure in which they have been imprisoned and attempt to rebuild their shattered egos.

Those who were twenty-five to fifty-five when Hitler began issuing orders were probably not emotionally indoctrinated by Nazism at all. They merely made the best

deal they could with life, and when they realize that this deal was disastrous for them they will hunt desperately for a new place in the world. Those who were over fifty-five were fixed in their habits, and the Führer never seriously bothered with them.

The conclusion would seem to be, then, that the original four-to-ten group will be emotionally helpless and anarchic when the war ends. The ten-to-seventeen group—potentially the most dangerous—will have been in large measure killed off and will be numerically the least influential of all. The seventeen-to-twenty-five group will be mainly preoccupied with the search for new jobs and opportunities. The twenty-five-to-fifty-five group will be disposed to grasp any means of survival offered. And the over-fifty-five group will be politically meaningless.

All these groups have depended, in their several ways, on "certainty" for their emotional foundation. The German craving for certainty is not entirely peculiar; our Puritan forefathers had it. But when certainty vanishes, Germans are emotionally lost. Since the entire Nazi system of education is built upon the certainty that Hitler is supremely wise and incarnates the satisfaction of all human desires, his departure from the syllogism will, I believe, bring about the de-education of Nazi Germany almost overnight. On armistice day and for months thereafter the effects of Hitler education will be moral and emotional chaos.

The practical political conclusions which can be drawn from this are fairly obvious. First, reeducation of German youth cannot be done by school teachers with textbooks in classrooms. Second, it cannot be done by punishment inflicted from outside, simply because such punishment would appear petty in comparison with the vengeance wreaked on the German people by the war itself and the slaughter which will certainly be perpetrated by the outraged victims of the Nazis. Third, it cannot be done by early encouragement of democratic processes of government. One of the sacred duties of democracy is to vote for whom you damn please. The Germans, if told that, simply would not know what you were talking about. They would ask, "But whom *should* we vote for?" Dr. Egon Ranshofer-Wertheimer, in his book "Victory Is Not Enough," has emphasized that the German appreciates orders, not negotiations. We must give commands to this bewildered, post-war Hitler youth, and especially to the middle-aged groups. Only with commands that lead to emotional satisfactions can we begin the reeducation of the suddenly de-educated.

But we must give those commands in the spirit of the new age, or else we must take the consequences. What the German wants, and has always wanted, is a useful place in an intelligible plan of life. He found a fanatical and perverted expression of this longing in Hitler's New Order for Europe. It is up to modern technology to offer

him a place in a completely different order, a place of lasting usefulness which will open a career to his superb talents. In other words, the way to reeducate Germans is to give them useful jobs. If we have not the will or the wit to do it, there is another agent of history that can. That is Soviet Russia.

Our problem, then, is not, can Hitler youth be de-educated? but how can it be swiftly reeducated to co-operation with the civilized twentieth-century world? If we do not do that job, or if Russia does not do it, it will not be done at all, and Germany will remain the political plague center of the world.

Canada's Rising Socialists

BY FRANK UNDERHILL

Toronto, March 15

IT WAS in reference to Canada that the "good-neighbor" phrase now so popular was first officially used. You can find it in Jay's Treaty of 1794. Between that time and our own day the two North American neighbors enjoyed a century of "peace with friction" before their good neighborliness became much more than a noble experiment. But today the relations of the two governments have become so intimate that the only real threat to a continued good understanding is the persistent assumption by the southern neighbor that friendship can be maintained without his taking the trouble to make himself acquainted with what his northern neighbor is doing and thinking. Since national policies are carried out by party politicians, Americans might benefit from a knowledge of what is happening in Canadian party politics.

The two North American democracies have been distinguished from other countries in the modern world, including all the other English-speaking countries, by their persistent adherence to the two-party system. In both Canada and the United States the two parties differ from each other very little in the appeals they make to the public or the policies they carry out; both collect votes from all the major interest groups in the community. The long-continued agrarian protests against the control of government by big business have never led to the emergence of a successful national agrarian party. Industrialization has not led, as in every other country in the world, to the rise of an effective labor party. Through their constant practice of compromise and adjustment the two old parties have managed to frustrate all new third parties by taking over enough of their policies to quiet any threatened storm. Age could not wither this peculiar North American two-party system, nor custom stale its infinite variety. Or so it seemed.

In the United States it still seems so. Today, in the 1940's, there is apparently less possibility than ever of a real progressive or liberal party, representing in its philosophy and in the groups which support it a clear challenge to the forces of the right. Progressives have to

get what they can from one or the other of the old parties; and the only thing that seems certain about the 1944 election is that the successful party will, as usual, collect from 50 to 60 per cent of the votes and the unsuccessful party from 40 to 50 per cent, with the other parties nowhere.

The Canadian party scene no longer presents this traditional political pattern. In fact, the classical two-party system has been disintegrating in Canada ever since the last war. Canada was in the last war from 1914 to 1918, and the strain upon its whole social system was much more severe than was the case in the United States. As one can see now, we never got back to a state of "normalcy" after it. Since 1918 no party in our federal general elections has won a majority of the votes cast, except, strangely enough, in the last election, in 1940, when Mr. King's Liberal Party got 55 per cent. The reason for this has been the appearance of new political groups whose attacks have prevented the two old parties from regaining the monopoly of politics which they enjoyed before 1914. In 1921 a rising of farmers in Ontario and the West, with the help of small labor groups in some of the Western cities, sent sixty-five "Progressive" members to the House of Commons, more than a quarter of the House. The Progressives could never quite make up their minds whether they were a new political party or not, and by the end of the twenties they were reduced to about a dozen members. For a moment it looked as if Canada were returning to the old two-party alignment of Liberals against Conservatives.

But the great depression of the 1930's led to other political upheavals. In 1932 the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation was launched by a group of Western farmers and labor men, led by the stubborn remnant of the Progressives, and it came out with a definitely socialist program. A little later, in Alberta, Mr. Aberhart swept into office with his gospel of Social Credit. The C. C. F. in the two elections of 1935 and 1940 was not able to elect more than 7 members in a House of 243, although its popular vote entitled it to a good many more; and Social Credit made little progress beyond

Alberta. But the present war has unsettled things still further. Conservatism had sunk by 1940 into a sectional group recruiting its supporters mainly in Ontario and New Brunswick; it was almost dead on the prairie, and Quebec never forgave it for the imposition of conscription in 1917. The Liberals remained the only national party, in the peculiar North American sense of a party which succeeds in collecting votes from all sections, classes, and religions in the country. But the Liberal government has offended both agriculture and labor in this war by its refusal to take them into a genuine partnership in the war effort, and it has failed to convince Quebec that under its leadership Canada is fighting the war as an independent nation rather than as a British colony; in consequence the long Liberal hold on the French Canadians, dating back to 1896, is breaking.

Gallup-poll figures show what has been happening in Canadian political opinion during recent months. In the next column the figures for 1940 show the percentage of votes cast for the different parties in the general election of that year. Later figures represent the samplings of the Gallup questioners. The New Democracy Party is Mr. Aberhart's Social Credit movement in its national incarnation. The Bloc Populaire Canadien is the most significant of the French Canadian groups which have emerged out of the confusion in Quebec.

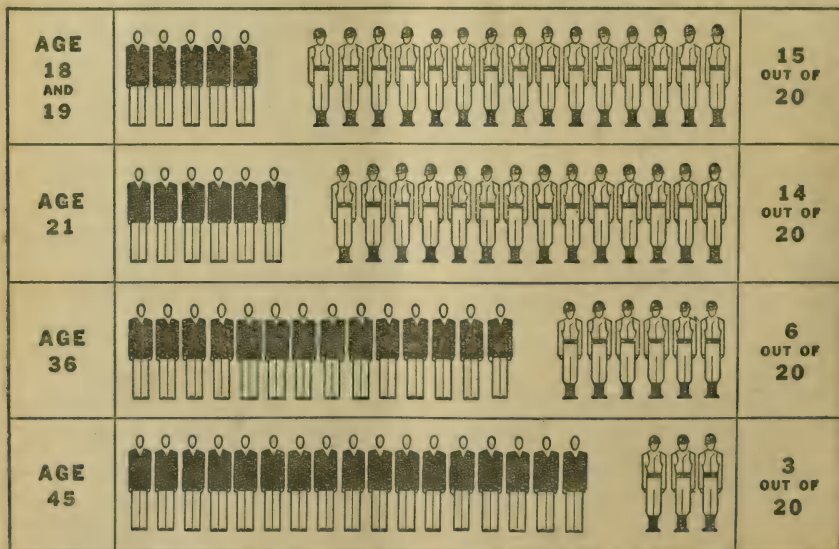
	1940	Jan. 1942	Sept. 1942	Dec. 1942	Feb. 10, 1943
Liberals	55	55	39	36	32
Conservatives	31	30	23	24	27
C. C. F.	8	10	21	23	23
New Democracy	3	—	6	7	7
Bloc Populaire	—	—	—	—	7
Others	3	5	11	10	4

For Quebec and Ontario, the two largest provinces, the Gallup percentages were as follows in the survey of February 10, 1943:

	Ontario	Quebec
Liberals	32	39
Conservatives	35	14
C. C. F.	27	8
New Democracy	3	8
Bloc Populaire	0	26
Others	3	5

The two most noteworthy facts revealed by these figures are the remarkable growth of the C. C. F. in Canada as a whole and the rise of the Bloc Populaire in Quebec. In December, 1942, the C. C. F. had more popular support in the West than either Liberals or Conservatives. Its great growth in Ontario dates from the resounding South York by-election in February, 1942, in which it defeated the Conservative leader, Arthur Meighen, and drove him into private life. It has won notable by-

WHO IS FIT FOR THE ARMY?



SOURCE: SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM

GRAPHIC BY PICK-3

elections in three Western provinces since then and has elected candidates in a good many municipal contests.

The Conservative Party, in a convulsive effort to escape death, resurrected Mr. Meighen as its leader in 1941, and thereby almost committed suicide. Last December it held another convention in Winnipeg and chose John Bracken, Prime Minister of Manitoba, as its leader; at the same time it drew up a new platform in favor of social security, collective bargaining, \$1.10 wheat, and other policies which good Tories have always held in abhorrence. Mr. Bracken also induced it to adopt a new name, and it is now the Progressive-Conservative Party! Some simple-minded souls think that this transformation is genuine. The Liberal government has also—in the Speech from the Throne in January—begun to talk about health insurance, and has announced a parliamentary committee to study social security in general along the lines of the Beveridge Report. The fact is that both the old parties have been alarmed by the growth of the C. C. F. and are getting ready for the next election with platforms which on social questions will be hard to distinguish from the tenets of the C. C. F.

Both Liberals and Conservatives are spending a great deal of time denouncing the "regimentation" which a C. C. F. regime would produce and proclaiming their faith in private enterprise. Obviously the Conservatives hope that by dressing themselves up in progressive garments they will be the party to profit from the inevitable unpopularity of a war government when the first post-war election comes. If Liberal strength in the country is declining at the rate shown by the Gallup figures, the temptation to spring an election before the rejuvenated Conservatives are properly organized and before the C. C. F. has grown any stronger will probably be too much for Mr. King to resist. Americans, watching the flexible British parliamentary system from afar, seem to imagine that elections are brought on when a critical situation calls for consultation of the people. In fact they are brought on when the leader of the government thinks that his party is most likely to profit from them.

An election which failed to give a majority to any party would create a situation in which Liberals and Conservatives would have a strong inducement to form a coalition government—to save Canada from the horrors of socialism. There is such a coalition in office at present in British Columbia, with the C. C. F. as the official opposition. Such a realignment in national politics would produce a new two-party system with some reality in the difference between the two parties. But there are too many variables in the Canadian situation for one to be sure of anything as yet, and there is the enigma of Quebec. And perhaps one should add that for Canada to go leftward at a time when conservative hopes are reviving in both Britain and the United States would be a development without precedent.

Vox Populi, Inc.

BY ROBERT BENDINER

YOU needn't worry any more about the men at the front having no war aims. They've been quiet about the subject up to now, but that's only because they naturally wanted to wait until their chosen spokesman considered the time ripe for revealing their collective heart's desire. Now their champion has come forward, and who should it be but the Nash-Kelvinator Corporation of Detroit, Michigan?

I had forgotten all about the army's mandate to Nash-Kelvinator, and so it was with some surprise that I read the seven-column ad in the *New York Times* a few weeks ago in which that great-hearted corporation spoke out in its name. It was a huge, stirring layout, featuring a square-jawed gunner, alert in his "bubble of glass" at the tip of a Flying Fortress, waiting for a Messerschmitt to swoop past out of an inky sky. The copy was headed "Until I Come Back . . ." and it was a message to the folks back home which the gunner—and all his fighting fellows—had presumably decided to send through the Nash-Kelvinator Corporation.

"They say America will be a lot different after this war," the gunner muses in fourteen-point bold. "Well, maybe so. But as for me, I know the score. . . . I know there's only one decent way to live in this world—the way my folks lived and the way I want to live." And here comes the real business end of the message: "When you find a thing that works as good as that, brother, be careful with that monkey-wrench."

Planners and professional good-doers, if ever you feel tempted to free anyone from want or fear, just remember that Nash-Kelvinator gunner out there over the Zuyder Zee. He's in an ugly mood. Listen: "And there's one little spot—well, if they do as much as change the smell of the corner drugstore—I will murder the guy. I want my girl back, just as she is, and that bungalow on Maple Avenue. . . . I want that old roll-top desk of mine at the electric company, with a chance to move upstairs or quit if I want to. I want to see that old school of mine, and our church, just as they are—because I want my kids to go there. That's my home town. Keep it for me the way I remember it, just the way I see it now—until I come back."

Can't you picture the scene? The men climb wearily out of the big plane. "Whew! it's good to be back after that one," says Navigator Joe Bojkiechowski, left tackle, Notre Dame '39.

"Damn right," says Forward Gunner Swanson. "Never seen such flak in all my life."

"Thought we were done for a couple of times this trip," chimes in Tail Gunner Jacobs.

"Geez," says Bojkiechowski, "hope we're not being

knifed at home while we're goin' through this hell."

"What do you mean 'knifed'?" asks Swanson.

"Well, I want to find my girl just as I left her when I get back to that bungalow on Maple Avenue," answers Bojkiechowski. "I want to be sure the New Deal ain't changed her none."

"Yeh, that's right," says Jacobs. "And I want to be sure those bureaucrats in Washington don't tell Consolidated Ashcan that they can't fire me if they want to. And that goes for the union, too."

"You bet," says Swanson. "My dad writes that they're talking about tearing down the shanty I was raised in to make room for some new government houses near Bridgeport. I don't mind as long as they just talk. But if they rip up that shack and put my mother in one of those new houses with all kinds of fancy gadgets, I'll go back there and murder 'em."

"Sure," says Jacobs, "here we are fightin' our guts out to keep things just the way they always were—no changes, no improvements—and these guys back home foolin' around with monkey-wrenches. We oughta do something. But who we got to talk for us?"

"I got it!" yells Bojkiechowski. "Nash-Kelvinator—that's the ticket for us!"

"Who's this Nash-Kelvinator, Joe? I never heard of him," says Jacobs.

"Him! It ain't a him, you sap. It's a great big humanitarian institution that makes iceboxes and fluid-drive cars. It's a big, generous corporation that speaks up for you and me against all those bureaucrats in Washington that are always trying to free us from want and stuff. What say we send a cable?"

And so Nash-Kelvinator became the voice of the A. E. F.

One month later it branched out and became the voice of the American people, too. I know because I spotted a companion seven-column ad in the *Times*. This one, captioned "When You Come Back to Me . . .," shows a stout-hearted lass frozen in a Mrs. Miniver chin-up attitude against the background of a bleak winter scene. She is probably Mrs. Bojkiechowski. Through the courtesy of Nash-Kelvinator she speaks for us all:

"When you come back to me," she whispers across the Atlantic, "you will find nothing changed. Those left at home promise that. . . . You've said, 'Don't let anyone tamper with a way of living that works so well.' Never fear, darling, that's the way we all want it."

"And now," I can almost hear her murmur, "And now, darling, a message from our sponsor." For in a modest benday strip superimposed over Mrs. Miniver-Bojkiechowski's left elbow and extending to the snow-covered tree on the left are the miniature figures of a shiny car and a handsome refrigerator, and beneath these the legend: "Nash-Kelvinator. In War, Builders of Pratt and Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Pro-

pellers. In Peace, Nash Automobiles, Kelvinator Refrigerators, and Appliances."

Ah, fluid drive! Electric refrigeration! That's the primitive way Bojkiechowski's folks had always lived, and their folks before them. No changes, no improvements—the very spirit of American advertising.

In the Wind

HOWARD Y. WILLIAMS, field director of the Union for Democratic Action, recently wrote an open letter to Eddie Rickenbacker deflating his arguments against labor and advising him to stick to the facts. The letter was read into the *Congressional Record* by Senators Coffee and Guffey, both New Dealers. Last week came Rickenbacker's answer: "Dear Mr. Williams: I more than appreciate the thoughts expressed in yours of February 23, as well as the inclosed [U. D. A.] Bulletin, and want you to know that such words of encouragement make me realize my efforts are not in vain."

AT THE NEW ENGLAND Inter-American Institute, held at Boston University recently, Mexico's only representative was Rudolfo Brito Foucher, a personal acquaintance of Hitler and Franco. As rector of the National University of Mexico Foucher conducted a purge of pro-Allied professors. He was invited to take part in the institute on the recommendation of the Pan-American Union, which said, according to Dr. Daniel Marsh, president of Boston University, that he was probably the most representative Latin American educator.

AFTER FIVE YEARS of lawsuits, the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen has won a victory over the Elgin, Joliet, and Eastern Railway. The question at issue, which finally reached the Illinois Supreme Court, was whether the railroad should obey an order of the State Commerce Commission requiring it to replace the pail-and-dipper drinking facilities in its cabooses with sanitary cups and coolers.

FESTUNG EUROPA: Since the appearance of anti-Nazi slogans on walls in the Belgian village of Meirelbeke, the villagers have been forced to mount guard near walls suitable for slogan-writing. . . . Some Belgian factories have stopped providing soup for their workers because they can't get anything with which to make it. . . . In Czecho-Slovakia the names of executed patriots are announced on billboards. . . . Two Norwegian women's magazines have been suspended because of a leading article in their New Year's issues extending the season's greetings to "all good Norwegians." . . . And this is a Nazi joke, from Berlin's *Illustrierte Zeitung*: A woman is dying and her husband asks if she has a last wish. "Yes," she whispers, "apple tart with cream." The husband replies sternly, "This isn't the time to eat, it's the time to die."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item. —EDITORS THE NATION.]

The Second Front

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

WHETHER the Nazi attack in the Kharkov area has a limited objective—to keep the Soviet air force from the oil fields of Rumania, for example, or to achieve a better strategic position, or to re-establish morale at home—or whether it marks the beginning of another great offensive, the indisputable fact is that the Germans have regained the initiative in the east, at least partially, and have thus reopened the issue of the second front.

That a second front in Europe was bound to become again a matter of controversy was easy to foresee. During the winter the discussion temporarily died down. This was not only because the Russians were advancing vigorously all along the line but also, and more particularly, because of the hopes aroused by the invasion of North Africa. For the second time in one year public opinion in the United Nations expected a great British-American offensive. The first time was in June, when a communiqué issued after several days of conversation in Washington between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill led people to believe that the second front was only a matter of weeks. The landing of the Americans in North Africa created even greater expectations—expectations which were dampened but not dispelled by the long stalemate in Tunisia. And the Casablanca conference, with its guarded but definite promises of aggressive action, revived hope in Europe as well as in this hemisphere.

With this background, no one can pretend surprise if in the weeks to come the clamor for a second front should take on new vehemence or if we should begin to hear new and more bitter complaints from the Russians. Let us suppose that for one reason or another the start of a British-American offensive is delayed until after the end of May and that the Russians are faced once more with the necessity of resisting the entire weight of the Nazi army. If that should happen we may be sure that the question of the second front will assume proportions which may well threaten the unity of the Allied nations. That's the moment for which the Nazi propaganda machine is waiting.

Just one thing might serve to reduce the danger of open discord and deprive Goebbels of an invaluable political weapon. If a Council of the United Nations could be established within the next few weeks empowered to plan over-all strategy on both the political and the military front—strategy based on a clear and straightforward democratic program—then even a delay in opening the offensive in the west would arouse less anger and suspicion. It is to be hoped that Mr. Eden in his conversations at Washington has succeeded in clearing the air. If he is able to establish even the beginning of genuine cooperation between Russia and the Western powers, he will have achieved a major diplomatic triumph. But the outlook is not very bright.

During the last three months anti-Russian feeling in the United States has been growing. This was evident in the editorials which appeared in some of the most powerful newspapers on the occasion of Stalin's recent Order to the Red Army. It was evident in the declaration of Ambassador Standley and in the reception that declaration had in the press and in Congress. In fact, this feeling has been germinating ever since the first great Russian victories at the beginning of the year.

Dr. Goebbels knew very well what he was doing when he revived the boggy of bolshevism in Europe. His numerous agents in the United States undoubtedly informed him that, not only in isolationist circles but even among many strong supporters of American intervention now and after the war, the prospect of a powerful,



"We're Coming, Joel!"

Courtesy the London Tribune

victorious Russia was looked upon with dread. It is this state of mind which has enabled the Nazis to win every important political battle of the last ten years. Throughout this period Hitler has always maneuvered to inject Russia as an element of division into every serious effort to build a strong anti-fascist world coalition.

The technique employed by the forces of reaction to frighten the left and paralyze its efforts to wage the war as a struggle against fascism has frequently been denounced in these columns. I would recall one article published nearly two years ago under the title *The Blackmail of the Right*. The reactionaries have only to point to a man and call him a "Bolshevik agent" to make him cower and draw back. They have even enjoyed the collaboration of certain Socialists and liberals who, in their hate of Stalinist Russia, are ready to brand as "fellow-travelers" people who put the winning of the war ahead of any other consideration. The same technique has been applied to the issue of the second front. It is all right, for example, for the *New York Times* to publish editorials advocating a second front—particularly if such editorials appear at a moment when it looks as if the Red Army might reach the German frontier before a British-American expeditionary force can land in Europe. But if someone from the left calls for a second front with equal eloquence and the same arguments, he is at once branded as a pawn in Moscow's game.

This political confusion is the direct result of the absence of an adequate instrument of United Nations policy and the lack of firm democratic conduct of the war. It bodes ill for the discussion of the second front which is certain to fill the press before the end of spring. People will again be divided. And again the reactionaries and their allies on the left will collaborate with Dr. Goebbels by dismissing the agitation for a western front as a new Stalinist maneuver. Should this happen, the United Nations will face their worst political crisis.

Perhaps my fears are unfounded; perhaps Montgomery's new offensive will prove to be the prelude to the general assault upon Hitler's European Fortress. Military preparations for an invasion of Europe obviously involve a degree of secrecy which makes prophecy risky. But political preparations, while they call for secrecy in their underground phases, cannot be altogether hidden. The minds of people must be prepared for action. Their courage must be awakened, and their confidence, badly battered by repeated disappointments, must be reestablished. And it is in this field that we note with regret a total lack of important gains—unless it is considered shrewd political strategy to treat the organizer of Spain's Blue Division as a trusted friend and to waste no opportunity to be disagreeable to the country which, since the summer of 1941, has carried the heaviest burden of the war.

Russia's Baltic Frontier

BY VASSILI SOUKHOMLINE

[Among the questions raised by the recent much-discussed editorial in the London Times was that of Russia's access to ice-free ports. The following article by a distinguished Russian émigré presents his country's historical position on this subject.]

I FREQUENTLY find the opinion expressed in the American press that the Baltic states which were formed in 1920-22 on territory previously belonging to the Russian Empire and were reoccupied by the U. S. S. R. in 1939-40 should be restored as independent states after our victory over Germany. The supporters of this opinion say that the strategic reasons which led the U. S. S. R. to seize this region will lose their weight after the disarmament of Germany and the creation of international machinery for maintaining a permanent peace in Europe.

It seems to me that there are many important points which they do not take into consideration.

1. Not only strategic but vital economic and political reasons urged Russia toward the shores of the Baltic. The struggle for the Baltic started as early as the tenth century and played a fundamental role in the growth of the Russian state. It was as important as Russia's fight for the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov, and represented a tendency of the country to reach its natural borders in the west. The town of Yuriev, now Dorpat or Tartu, second largest city of Estonia, was founded by the Russians in 1030. During the following centuries Russia fought several wars against the German Order of "Sword Bearers," against the "Teutonic Order," against Denmark, Sweden, and the Polish-Lithuanian monarchy, in order to gain control of the Baltic coast, which was finally conquered by Peter the Great in 1721.

From the economic standpoint the Baltic provinces were always very closely connected with the rest of Russia. Before the First World War 32 per cent of Russia's foreign trade went through their ports. More than 70 per cent of the flax exported, 80 per cent of the barley, 90 per cent of the butter and vegetable oils were sent abroad via the Baltic, and half the imports of rubber, cotton, and machinery came in that way. Reval, Riga, the islands of Oesel and Dago, Libau and Windau were important military and naval bases.

2. The creation of the three Baltic states—Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia—was the result of the Russian military defeat in 1914-18. There is no doubt that the Allies would never have thought of separating the Baltic provinces from Russia had not Russia been temporarily weakened by war and revolution. In 1920 the American government protested very justly against the dismemberment of Russia. In a note to the Italian ambassador, Avezzano, Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby, said:

This government would regard with satisfaction a declaration by the Allied and associated powers that the territorial integrity and true boundaries of Russia shall be respected. These boundaries should properly include the whole of the former Russian Empire, with the exception of Finland proper, ethnic Poland, and such territory as may by agreement form a part of the Armenian state.

After pointing out the part played by Russia in the war against Germany, Secretary Colby continued:

By this feeling of friendship and honorable obligation to the great nation whose brave and heroic self-sacrifice contributed so much to the successful termination of the war, the government of the United States was guided in its reply to the Lithuanian National Council on October 15, 1919, and in its persistent refusal to recognize the Baltic states as separate nations independent of Russia.

In July, 1922, after the European powers had recognized the Baltic states, the United States did so also. However, the official documents published on this issue show clearly that the American government did not abandon its belief that Russia's natural borders should be restored some day. Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes made the following statement in a note dated July 25, 1922, which the American commissioner in Riga handed to the Baltic governments:

The United States has consistently maintained that the disturbed conditions of Russian affairs may not be made the occasion for the alienation of Russian territory, and this principle is not deemed to be infringed by the recognition at *this time* of the governments of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, which have been set up and maintained by an indigenous population.

3. It was Germany that took the initiative in creating the Baltic states. As a matter of fact, Germany proclaimed the "independence" of Lithuania on February 16, 1918. In the year after the Armistice, until November, 1919, the Allies used the German occupational forces in the Baltic provinces to prevent the extension of the Soviet regime to these regions, just as in the following year it was Anglo-French policy to support all anti-Soviet elements in Russian territory. The "independent" governments of Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania were first set up with the help of German troops; later they were supported by the British navy, by Swedish and Finnish volunteers, and by Allied arms and credit.

In the beginning the Baltic states depended on British financial and economic assistance. Later they fell under the influence of Germany. Lithuania installed a fascist regime in 1926 and Latvia in 1934. Estonia kept up the appearance of a parliamentary regime, but two reforms of the constitution—in 1933 and 1937—enabled pro-fascist elements to control the country. The fascist governments of the Baltic states, together with Colonel Beck's government in Poland, prevented an agreement

between the U. S. S. R., England, and France in 1939.

4. No one can foretell what kind of international machinery for the maintenance of peace will be created after this war. It is certain, however, that the United States will not relinquish its bases in the Pacific or in the Atlantic. Nor will Great Britain sacrifice Gibraltar, Malta, and Suez. Similarly, Russia will naturally insist on keeping the military, naval, and aerial bases it needs to defend its frontiers; it must be able to resist aggressors, opening a new conflict, until the armies of other members of the future international body can intervene.

The Atlantic Charter cannot be used as a pretext for reversing the millennial development of an Allied state which has until now borne the brunt of the fight against Germany, or for violating its vital interests as demonstrated by its history. The Atlantic Charter cannot bar access to the sea to a country which covers one-sixth of the globe.

The return of the Baltic states to the Soviet Union will in no way affect the national culture of their inhabitants. During the czarist regime neither the Estonians, the Latvians, nor the Lithuanians ever demanded an independent national state. Not a single political party included such a request in its program. They merely asked for national autonomy. The Soviet Union is a federation in which the language and culture of the three Baltic peoples are recognized and respected just as are the language and national culture of the Ukrainians, White Russians, Georgians, Armenians, and Tartars.

It is comprehensible that some persons in the Baltic regions are against their return to Russia. Industrialists, bankers, shopkeepers, and politicians dependent on the capitalist regime are afraid to become citizens of a country where an anti-capitalist system prevails. Russian capitalists felt the same way in 1917. The writer of this article, like many other Russian émigrés, was prevented from continuing his literary and political activities in his own country. That fact, however, does not alter his firm belief that the new Russia has the same right to guard its security and assure the development of its own way of life as had the old Russia.

Those Lithuanian, Latvian, and Estonian groups who have lost their positions and their social standing cannot complain that they are victims of *national* discrimination. As a matter of fact they are victims of a *social* upheaval. The new Soviet republics are administered not by Russian governors but by their own countrymen, among whom we find Communists, Socialists, and representatives of a democratic intelligentsia. The fascists are out, but otherwise the local administration has hardly changed. The Soviets have even left Estonian, Latvian, and Lithuanian national military units under their own officers. After the Germans attacked, these units were incorporated with the Red Army.

Whatever its political and social system, Russia's permanent and vital interests and the security of its population of 200,000,000 cannot be sacrificed for the sake of a small number of Baltic politicians and capitalists who suppressed democracy in their own countries long before the Russian occupation and who willingly accepted the political and economic dominance of German fascism. It is astonishing that some people in America describe the former Baltic dictatorships as "democracies." Any good reference book could disillusion them. The "Statesman's Year-Book" for 1939, for instance, notes of Lithuania: "The democratic system collapsed in Lithuania in December, 1926. Since then a nationalist dictatorship has been established." And of Latvia: "Since May, 1934, an authoritarian government on a corporative basis has been established. . . . The parliament, *Saeima*, was disbanded."

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

A GERMAN song seems destined to become popular even with the enemy in this war. Word comes from Africa that the British and American soldiers have taken a fancy to the tune, which they have heard sung by German prisoners. Supplied with English words, it is fast becoming a hit in General Eisenhower's army. From there it will presumably find its way to us. It will be recognized by the refrain, which in German runs as follows:

Es geht alles vorüber, es geht alles vorbei.

Es geht alles vorüber, es geht alles vorbei!

(Everything passes, everything comes to an end!)

In Germany this refrain is sung with all kinds of satirical variations. A number of these are reported by a Swede recently returned from Germany who contributes an article to the Stockholm *Veckojournalen* of March 6. Some of the most popular refer to rationing troubles. For example:

Es geht alles vorüber, es geht alles vorbei.

In Abschnitt November gibt's wieder ein Ei!

(Everything passes, everything comes to an end.

The ration book for November gives us an egg again!)

or

Den Schnapps vom Dezember bekommt man im Mai!

(December's brandy will be delivered in May!)

But the favorite version and the one most often heard is this:

Es geht alles vorüber, es geht alles vorbei.

Zuerst geht der Hitler, dann geht der Partei!

(First Hitler will go, then the party!)

According to our Swedish informant, the Berliners are especially fond of it in this form. And he is an observer

who had long lived in Germany, who left only a short time ago, and who is obviously competent to judge. Only once in several months do we get such a glimpse into the closed Reich.

As everyone knows who has lived in Germany, the Berliners have always been a race by themselves—smarter, more skeptical, more caustic than their provincial countrymen. They are as little typical of the average German as the New Yorker is of the average American or the Parisian of the average Frenchman. Nevertheless, it is interesting to hear that "despite the Gestapo, Berliners talk quite frankly in the streets, discuss the situation very critically, and perhaps too opportunely make a distinction between themselves and the Nazis." It is still more interesting to learn that "the Berliner hardly dreads any kind of peace any longer."

It was always the opinion of the writer of this column that the Germans would never be convinced by promises that mild peace terms were obtainable, but that some day they would become nihilistically apathetic to the difference between a mild and a severe peace. Our Swedish reporter is the first to observe that this stage has been reached, if only in Berlin.

However, he asserts that other Germans too are already far advanced in skepticism and cynicism. He considers the heavy injections of propaganda with which the German people have been braced since Stalingrad and "total mobilization" wholly ineffectual. "German public opinion is marked by a sarcastic quality which prevents heroics." And while the German people of course do not want to see the Russians overrun the country, Goebbels's attempt to cast Germany in the role of Leonidas protecting all mankind by holding back the Russians at a new Thermopylae is, he believes, a complete flop. "That Germany under Nazi rule should be fighting in Russia to save Europe and England seems to the Berliner, and to the average German as well, despite the tragic circumstances, almost ridiculous."

"How is the *Stimmung*?" was the heading of an editorial in the *Neues Wiener Tageblatt* on February 21. The paper answered its own question with remarks which require no comment.

It is quite natural [it said] that in the course of a long and severe war the *Stimmung* should be sometimes better, sometimes worse. One can draw no conclusion at all, if not a false one, from the fact that at some particular moment the *Stimmung* is bad. Undoubtedly people today are in a serious mood, but their spirit is unbroken. If some people do not realize this, it is because anxiety and discontent make themselves heard and seen more plainly than everyday heroism. Not everybody is a soldier, and it is not surprising if a generation that has known little but misery occasionally grows tired of it and longs for rest and better times. Soldiers of the First World War will explain to you why this fourth

year of war cannot be compared to 1918. . . . Do not seek an escape in complaints. They assuage the heart's distress no better than the rumors with which some people try to drug themselves. Do not complain, for that is a thoughtless and a dangerous thing to do. Let the father, husband, or son at the front remain in ignorance of the troubles oppressing you. The soldier should not have to worry about our *Stimmung*.

File and Remember

The "Daily News" Scores

ON SUNDAY, March 14 the New York *Daily News* published an editorial which ran in part as follows:

Russia's current attitude is that this is not only a horizontal war across land but also a vertical war of economic classes, with Russia championing the poor peasants and workers. Those people in the former Baltic states, Poland, and Finland, according to the Communists, could be happier under the Red Government at Moscow than under their old landlords and industrialists. This is the present Russian alibi for saying ever more loudly that it intends to get back after this war all the territories which czarist Russia had before the previous war, except for a sliver of Poland. A small Polish state after this war appears to be agreeable to Stalin, for reasons best known to himself; and he is now telling the Poles that they can be compensated for their sacrifices of territory in the east by being given East Prussia and additional parts of Germany. If that would not sow the seeds of another war, we don't know what would.

Soviet Russia, too, along with its mouthpieces in the Communist Party organizations in other countries, is still trying to pump life and permanence into the legend that it was gigantic, aggressive, and cruel Finland which attacked poor little peaceful Russia in December, 1939. This is an evident attempt to lay a foundation for reabsorption of all Finland into Soviet Russia after this war, and too bad about the Atlantic Charter's insistence on self-determination for small nations and the world-known fact that Finland does not want to return to Russia.

At 9:15 on Monday morning, March 15, the Berlin radio was utilizing the editorial quoted above for propaganda purposes:

The deep mistrust which a large portion of the American population nurtures with regard to the military intentions of the Soviets is expressed in a *Daily News* article. Moscow's claim that the Finns had attacked the U. S. S. R. in 1939 is denounced as a silly legend by this widely read New York paper and as an attempt to prepare in a propagandistic war the incorporation of the whole of Finland into the Soviet Union. —CBS short wave.,

Little Sir Echo

Westbrook Pegler said in his column *Fair Enough* in the *World-Telegram* of Friday, March 12:

It is argued that even though the Communists in this country are evil conspirators against our government, as Francis Biddle, the Attorney General, admitted they were last spring, they have no connection with Stalin. But the truth is that they are Stalin's agents and the further truth is that the American people are no more disposed to take such meddling from him than similar treachery from Hitler. The idea behind our policy as to Communists among us is that if we don't let them do their stuff in this country and treat them nice, Stalin will not be friendly with us when the war is over. Why do we feel that we have to do all the plotting?

And from a Berlin short-wave broadcast comes this:

Mr. Wallace's speech was intended to allay the fears and suspicions of Soviet Russia held by the run of Americans. And well may the British and American people harbor these fears and suspicions. There is in every democracy a red painted Trojan horse with its belly full of avowed Communists, only waiting for the signal to leap out of the horse's vitals and to open the gates to the Bolshevik hordes waiting without.—(CBS).

Such Vulgarity!

The chief feature of the statements made by Mr. Standley, the American ambassador to Moscow, is the tone in which they were uttered. It is quite understandable that the Americans, whose God is publicity, should be disappointed that the help they are giving, or think they are giving, to Russia is not sufficiently appreciated. But it is rather more difficult, at first glance, to see why this representative should so bitterly reproach the government to which he is accredited. His statement borders on vulgarity. Not that such a tone should surprise anyone, for it is the usual tone adopted by American statesmen.—Rome broadcast to England (CBS).

When Vice-President Wallace, the gentleman farmer, was on his father's farm, the manager, we are told, put him to work whitewashing the urine houses and pigsties. It was a job to which he was well suited, and he made life miserable for chicken lice and other barnyard vermin. So adept, in fact, did he become in whitewashing that he never quite lost the habit. And, in later life, wherever he went, he carried about with him a pail of whitewash and a big brush, ready and willing to apply the purifying lime to vermin-ridden pigsties at home and abroad. On Monday he found a job entirely to his liking when he single-handed attempted the gigantic task of applying a coat of whitewashing to the Soviet pig-sty. . . . In his speech he avoided all reference to communism, being content to apply to this ideological and economic system the more tender and less hateful name of Marxism. But a skunk by any other name smells just as putrid. . . . —FRED W. KALTENBACH over the Berlin radio (CBS).

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Mr. Mencken and the Good Old Days

HEATHEN DAYS, 1890-1936. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

MR. MENCKEN is certainly one of the most accomplished and most delightful writers our country has ever produced. This third instalment of his own remembrance of things past is a sheer joy to read if only for the pleasure one gets from observing how successfully he has created an instrument for communicating the flavor of his particular—and peculiar—zest for life. Time has served only to perfect a style which was always robust and exuberant, but which has grown with the years better balanced and better integrated until it has achieved now an almost classical perfection without losing its individuality.

Even the youngest generation of readers, which meets him for the first time in the present volume, should have no difficulty in understanding why Mr. Mencken was one of the principal literary heroes of the teens and twenties of this century. It may, however, quite understandably wonder how on earth he was ever classified among the liberals, and for the benefit of this youngest generation the phenomenon may be explained. Mr. Mencken has not gone reactionary in his later years. He had always precisely the same contempt for the beautiful and the good that he revels in now. So far as his politics are concerned, it would be a misuse of the term to call him a tory, for toryism implies a formalized theory concerning the state and the best means of promoting its welfare. Mr. Mencken's political philosophy is, on the other hand, simply that of the ward heeler and is based securely on the ward heeler's premise that people are divided, not into the good and the bad, but only into the wise and the foolish and the hypocritical and the frank. Mr. Mencken was once counted a liberal merely because anti-puritanism and the revolt against the village played a larger part in the liberalism of the teens and twenties than political or economic theories did. If to him Mr. Roosevelt is now merely "a radio crooner," he thought no more highly of Woodrow Wilson. He doubts whether "in entertainment value" the latter is to be put higher or lower than Huey Long, and from his standpoint, that of the detached spectator, entertainment value is all that counts. "I like politicians much better than I like professors. They sweat more freely and are more amusing." The really good old days were those when political quackery was more flamboyant than now, though of course it was no more thoroughgoing.

The Governors, in fact, were for long my favorites, for they constituted a class of extraordinarily protean rascals, and I remember a year when, of the forty-eight then in office, four were under indictment by grand juries, and one was actually in jail. Of the rest, seven were active Ku Kluxers, three were unreformed labor leaders, two were dipsonians, five were bogus war heroes, and another was an astrologer.

Mr. Mencken's general estimate of human nature approximates pretty closely that of Jonathan Swift, and, indeed, Yahoo is one of his favorite terms for describing that majority of the population which he has most assiduously contemplated. The odd fact is, however, that "savage indignation" is something which has never troubled him and that whereas Swift is popularly supposed to have gone mad with disgust, Mr. Mencken is approaching old age still full of eagerness and zest while remaining completely free of the only fear which would really trouble him, the fear that the supply of fools and scoundrels might give out. Most people enjoy having their opinions and prejudices confirmed, and Mr. Mencken, being like most people in this respect, has for many years assiduously sought to be present wherever large bodies of people were being conspicuously grotesque. Hence, of course, his especial delight in the national conventions of the great political parties and the eagerness with which he cherishes his memories of such unexpected shows as that put on in Dayton, Tennessee, at the time of the anti-evolution trial. Even before his eminence made it easy for him to win choice assignments, he knew how to get fun out of the hangings he covered in Baltimore and "enjoyed especially the terminal part, for my lifelong interest in theology was already well developed, and it gave me a great kick to hobnob and palaver with the divines who comforted the doomed." There is at least poetic truth in the explanation he gives of his presence in the Holy Land before proceeding, in one sketch, to make some comments on the atmosphere prevalent in that region. Mr. Mencken, it seems, had intended to look over the remains of Gomorrah, and it was only after discovering that these remains could not with any certainty be identified that he decided to take a look at the Holy Sepulcher instead. No one can doubt that it was for him a very poor second choice.

Even those with no great faith in utopian schemes and no unqualified admiration for human nature may find Mr. Mencken's unabashed delight in depravity sometimes shocking. But what a writer he must be to hold the delighted attention of the reader through a series of sketches which begins with a loving portrait of an amateur rat killer and devotes most of its pages to unmitigated swine of one species or another. By way of illustration of the author as writer nothing will serve better than a few sentences from the account of the rat killer just mentioned. He was much, much admired by his youthful contemporaries and therefore:

The reader of today, soaked in the Freudian sewage for so many years, will assume at once, I suppose, that Hoggie must have been a Lothario, and his headquarters a seraglio. Nothing could have been further from the truth. He was actually almost a Trappist in his glandular life, and his hormones never gave him any visible trouble until much later on, as I shall show in due course. . . .

The male infantry of today, debauched by Progressive Education and the sex-hygiene quackery, are said to be adepts at the arts of love before they are more than half house-broken, but that was certainly not true in my time. . . . What made Hoggie a personage was nothing in

that line; it was mainly, and perhaps only, his successful and notorious resistance to the doctrine that cleanliness is next to godliness. . . .

Hoggie, disdaining firearms, did his fighting with clubs, and had an arsenal of them ready to hand—little ones for light jobs, and thick warty shillalals for really earnest work. When he came down upon a skull something gave way, and it was never Hoggie or his weapon.

In his early days as a writer Mr. Mencken's favorite trick was to achieve the grotesque by juxtaposing words drawn from two widely different vocabularies or by assuming as parallel or equivalent two personages or two events which the admirers of one would regard as inhabiting a universe wholly outside the universe of the other. He still uses the same trick—for example, when he is describing the alleged tendency of political spellbinders to convert themselves and remarks: "Let us not forget that Lydia Pinkham, on her death bed, chased out her doctors and sent for a carboy of her Vegetable Compound, and that Karl Marx (though not Engels) converted himself to socialism in his declining years." But this isn't really a trick any more for the simple reason that it is now used with too masterly an assurance and effectiveness to deserve any such deprecatory designation. Even the incongruous elements of his vocabulary, though they also retain their effectiveness, have been made to seem congruous as parts of a style which has achieved its own harmony. Consider, for example, the phrase "a Trappist in his glandular life." Mysticism and materialism are juxtaposed; but whereas a bad writer would overemphasize the grotesqueness of the juxtaposition, Mr. Mencken, by choosing "glandular," a word of great dignity in its own universe, achieves his grotesque effect without seeming to be guilty of any violation of stylistic propriety. Like his book as a whole, this may not be pretty. But it is certainly art.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Man and History

HUMAN NATURE AND DESTINY: A CHRISTIAN INTERPRETATION. II. HUMAN DESTINY. Gifford Lectures. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

IT IS curious to think that we are going to make peace treaties, make history for the centuries, without having asked ourselves seriously what history is or where it is going. The fact is, we are sustained, in the democracies, by some implicit belief concerning the direction and the ultimate ends of human evolution. We have almost all of us a vague idea of progress, of the amelioration of the human lot, because we still float in an atmosphere of vague Christianity. But the approaching tasks will be precise, the decisions to be taken terribly precise. We may have to choose, for example, between sacrificing individual liberties for the sake of raising the average standard of living and sacrificing social and international justice for the sake of a balance of power, Machiavellian, but favorable to certain cultural developments. We may have to choose between a system which places confidence in man and a system which has faith only in the police. Or we may have to invent, that is to say, combine old elements in a manner yet unknown. For to invent is to reorientate.

But what direction do we wish to give to the history of the world? What can we expect of man? Those who will be responsible for the treaties of tomorrow, have they even asked themselves the question?

The Nazis have answered clearly. They deny every transcendent value and accept the right of the strongest. History is war in perpetuity. A naturalistic, and pessimistic, conception. The Communists also know what they expect of history and what its direction is; hardly less naturalistic but more optimistic than the Nazis, they assume that evil will be eliminated along with the system of classes. History will end in perpetual peace and abundance.

As for the others—well, we live by a mixed heritage of Catholic, Protestant, and Renaissance notions, of which we appear often to have forgotten the origins and ultimate ends. But in order to know the direction of history it is necessary to know or decide where man comes from and where he is going. And if we ignore the direction of history, we risk going in circles, like those who "advance" in a fog, or undermining what we believe we are saving.

Reinhold Niebuhr's book would render a great service if it did no more than describe and classify the diverse conceptions of history formulated by Western humanity. But this book does much more. It defends with extraordinary probity and consistency the Biblical-Christian view of man and history.

Mr. Niebuhr seems to me to be one of the rare coherent Protestants of our time. His whole book is based on the serious consideration of a single idea, but of an idea that is fundamental: man is a being involved in finite nature but at the same time possessing the liberty to transcend his nature and to understand himself from a point outside nature. And all his conclusions about history stem from that.

If man were only nature, he would not have either any liberty or any history. If he were only spirit, he would be right to take refuge in a mystical and passive waiting for another world. Niebuhr shows how all the theories, ancient or modern, about the direction of history and of our actions fail through insufficient consideration of one of the terms of the human paradox. Too optimistic or too pessimistic. Only the Biblical doctrine maintains the balance because it is rooted in the very essence of the paradox, which culminates in the divine-human personality of Christ and is resolved only by sacrifice. History does not move toward an earthly paradise. "The Anti-Christ stands at the end of history to indicate that history cumulates, rather than solves, the essential problems of human existence." (We shall see that tomorrow, when all our old problems present themselves anew, on a global scale.) The solution and the direction of history are therefore beyond history. We can only "believe" that this solution is already realized and that this direction is already revealed in the Incarnation, the Sacrifice, and the Resurrection. But also, since we believe it, we are constrained to act in this world.

All this, condensed in the few sentences of a review, must appear esoteric to a reader who is not a theologian. But Niebuhr's book is simple and clear. It is impossible to imagine anyone less sectarian and yet so vigorous in his convictions. His plea for tolerance strikes a note that is very rare today. He illustrates that magnificent phrase of Calvin's:

"When we denominate the virtue of the saints perfect, to this perfection belongs the acknowledgment of imperfection both in truth and in humility." Mr. Niebuhr's frank criticism of Protestantism opens up horizons. He has seen that the weakness of the Reformation lies in its having neglected to establish living and solid links between its theological doctrine and its culture or politics. This book in part fills in this lacuna: it sets forth a theory of history from the Protestant point of view and the theoretical bases of a Protestant politics. And above all, Niebuhr never forgets his theology when he speaks of politics. Thus he accepts the belief in the resurrection of the flesh and rejects the Greek belief in the immortality of the soul, as well as the naturalistic belief in the definitive mortality of the individual—and for exactly the same reasons he accepts political activity and rejects escapist mysticism, as well as totalitarian cynicism. This single example will give an idea of the integration of his thought.

I hope that the negotiators of the peace of tomorrow will take time to read this book before signing, whether out of opportunism or idealism. Just as one reads along the highways of Pennsylvania, "Lose a minute, save a life!" so I should like to say to the drivers of the peace, "Lose a day of reading, save a century and a million lives."

DENIS DE ROUGEOMONT

Flight from Self-Made Terror

FLIGHT FROM TERROR. By Otto Strasser and Michael Stern. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$3.

IT HAS long been a riddle why so few splits have occurred between National Socialist leaders. However, memoirs of anti-Hitler Nazis seem to furnish an explanation—namely, that men capable of a real change of mind had no chance of gaining a high position in the party in the first place. This indispensable real change of mind is shockingly absent in the newest autobiographical outgiving of one of Hitler's former top men, Otto Strasser. Otto Strasser is sometimes mentioned as a possible candidate for an important role in the post-war set-up. But a man's desire to kill Hitler because of Hitler's desire to kill him does not make him acceptable. And if there are those who think that Strasser's *past* can be overlooked, his *present* state of mind should spell the end to whatever political ambitions he may have for the post-Hitler world.

Until 1930 Strasser was one of the very highest Hitler Nazis. He claims to have saved the party by ingenious tricks in 1924, when it was outlawed and at its lowest ebb. He claims to have knocked open, together with his brother Gregor, the heart of Germany, Prussia, to Hitler's provincial movement. He says that he hired Goebbels for the party, because Goebbels "had an uncanny ability to say exactly the things I wanted to hear" and showed a "total absence of any belief." First of all, Otto Strasser, as Nazi press czar and publisher, for many years poisoned Germany day after day by means of his flood of Nazi dailies, magazines, pamphlets, and publications. In 1930 he broke with Hitler and organized dissenting Nazis in his "Black Front" movement. His books must therefore be considered as political documents.

The first thing that strikes the reader is the complete absence of any expression of sorrow over the cataclysmic

results of his own previous work. On the contrary, the book is permeated by an arrogant assumption that he and his kind are exempt from the laws which bind philistines. This, however, is the essence of the Nazi doctrine of the "élite."

In the opening chapter of this book, for example, he describes himself lying in a German military hospital (just like Hitler), when on November 7, 1918, "the Communists won." Little does it matter to him that there were no Communists in Germany at that time. With many details and undisguised gusto he tells how, despite his wounded leg, he slipped out of bed, participated for about two days in a quickly improvised white terror ("there was fascination for me in this grim justice"), and slipped back into the hospital bed. The story, as told, is palpably untrue. But this adds to its significance because it shows even more clearly how Strasser's mind works. He does not doubt that the reading public will swallow his concoction and that he will endear himself to the Allies by his "approach"—which by necessity must lead to neo-Nazism after the war.

He gives ugly names to some Nazi leaders—not feeling that he owes an explanation for having collaborated with them closely for many years although he knew how bad they were. On the other hand, he still admires many of them; when he mentions Ludendorff, one of the main culprits, he grows ecstatic; Gregor Strasser, Hitler's fanatically devoted helper and Heinrich Himmler's inseparable friend, was an "idealistic, patriotic Socialist" and is elevated here almost to the role of a saint; Rudolf Hess is a "jewel." Sometimes he reveals his views by a single word, as when he speaks of a man's "technical American citizenship." He still appears to believe what he discovered in 1920, that "only to the Nazi Party could a person with progressive or socialistic thoughts turn now." What can heal such a mentality?

The book is crowded with false statements; if the tendencies which lie behind it were not so grim, it could pass as a parody of the "I Saw It Happen" type. Some of the false statements are old Nazi stereotypes; some read like bad jokes. The tone of the report ranges from such sentences as "The feel of the butt of the revolver in my hand was strong and sustaining" to "Edith's struggling body—her beautiful siren's body—hampered his movements." Strasser seriously maintains that Adolf Hitler was a democrat until late in 1925, when he became a dictator. Why did he become a dictator? Because of Jewish influence: the party, we are told, had just decided on a more socialistic course. This so angered Kirdorf, part-Jew and multi-millionaire, that he gave Hitler money to build up the S. A. against these socialistic plans. Strasser knows, of course, that the S. A. was founded in 1920-21 and not, as he now maintains, after October, 1925, as a result of the intervention of a part-Jew multi-millionaire who "sold his people into bondage." We are also informed that at some time after October, 1925, Reich President Ebert, instigated by Kirdorf, allowed Hitler to mix again in German politics. The author is not in the least disturbed by the fact that Ebert died in February, 1925. Similarly, we are told that Strasser's fight against Goebbels's paper, the *Angriff*, took place early in 1925—although the *Angriff* was not even founded before July 4, 1927! One of the most amazing victories over time is this: after reviving the fable that the German inflation of

1934 was caused by the "fulfilment" of the peace treaty, he says, "Late in 1923 . . . the people cried for a change in government. . . . We all knew a bloody explosion was coming." And, indeed, this foreboding of late 1923 did not deceive Strasser: "We had our answer early in March, 1920." Time destroys the speculations of man, says Cicero—but not of Otto Strasser.

The insult this book offers to the American public becomes the greater when we consider that it is but an enlarged and revised version of Strasser's book "Hitler and I," published in New York in 1940. (Neither the contents nor the jacket of "Flight from Terror" gives the slightest hint of this fact.) A comparison of the two autobiographies does reveal differences, however. Take, for example, the scene—it appears in both books—in which Strasser is caught by the Gestapo in a Bavarian mountain hut. According to "Flight from Terror," "So hot was the May sun at midday that we wore sport shirts and athletic shorts." According to "Hitler and I," "So warm was the April sun that we wore nothing but bathing slips." In the first version, when the Gestapo caught the men in the warm April sun, "my three companions leaned over the table and concealed the documents spread on it with their naked bodies." In the new version, when the same Gestapo agents caught them in the hot May sun, the naked bodies have disappeared. Instead, Strasser "waved a hand toward the lunch baskets which, fortunately, were still closed. Inside those baskets were lists of my followers." In the warm April sun there were also two women who must have evaporated in the hot May sun, because there is no trace of them in the 1943 version.

But this is not just another silly book. It is a disquieting symptom. After the most terrible of all wars, will died-in-the-wood fascists be allowed to establish their own neo-fascism as a reward for their successful flight from self-made terror?

HANS ERNEST FRIED

Strawinsky as Critic

POETIQUE MUSICALE SOUS FORME DE SIX LECONS.
By Igor Strawinsky. Harvard University Press. \$2.

THE remarks of creators on their own art belong to the class of sacred writings. They should be preserved, pondered—and interpreted, for they are seldom trustworthy in the literal sense. Something can always be learned from them, though that something is rarely the thing said; most often it is the intention behind the effort that we value, the revelation of a temperament that we knew first from the work of art and of which we get a binocular view when the artist deigns to harangue us.

This necessary task of criticizing the critic is of course difficult, and seems, moreover, to imply a certain impudence. Who am I to reprove Tolstoy's "What is art?" when I could neither conceive nor execute "War and Peace"? Does he not know more about his business than I? Yes, but only in the sense that he knows it from the beginning, nothing more. Valid criticism is not simply the report of the bystander on what he sees; it is a difficult feat requiring practice no less than natural gifts and a knowledge of the appropriate means of expression. Success in another art is no guaranty of success in this, and from the very division of their time and

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energy—let alone the cast of their minds—artists have proved, with some exceptions, brilliant improvisors rather than philosophic critics.

Mr. Strawinsky is no exception. His book has some of the merits and all of the defects of amateur criticism. The merits are those of an intelligent witness to the act of creation. To be sure, he says that it is impossible to explain fully what goes on when one makes a piece of music: at the core is an irrational something. But this in itself is worth having said anew. The special way in which Mr. Strawinsky views invention, inspiration, technique, and execution is also worth possessing in printed form. For the Varieties of Artistic Experience which someone will some day compose, this testimony is invaluable. Moreover these six lectures are studded with excellent critical formulations. I cite a few:

Ignorance and ill-will stem from the same root, and the latter benefits in secret from the advantages it derives from the former. . . . Experience has shown me that any historical datum . . . can certainly be used as a stimulus to excite the creative faculty, but never as an idea that can clear up a problem. The artist can build solidly only on the immediate, for everything that has fallen out of usage can no longer serve us directly. . . . Nothing compels us constantly to seek our satisfaction in repose. . . . The valuing of a value is itself subject to valuation . . . in this regard nothing is absolute save the relative.

These remarks are found, for the most part, in contexts of which the purpose is to reestablish some well-known artistic requisite or principle—the need for honest and intelligent criticism, the distinction between imagination and fancy, the dangers of snobbery, sensationalism, and egotism, the special character of music as a time art and its dependence on faithful execution from a text that can never be fully explicit. All these things Mr. Strawinsky expounded to his Harvard listeners most carefully and earnestly. And so far there was little need of interpretation.

But Mr. Strawinsky attempted something more than a refurbishing of good old truths with a few strokes of his own. He attempted the spiritual reformation of his hearers, and to do it he tried to give form to a characteristic modern attitude. It is this attempt that makes much of what he says ambiguous, even contradictory; just as it is what makes his book an important symptom of the creative mind in the twentieth century. The spiritual reformation was to make his hearers approach music "objectively . . . dogmatically . . . under the austere sign of order and discipline." And the characteristic attitude was the predictable one of repudiating the nineteenth century, musically, and the last five hundred years, intellectually and socially.

In short, Mr. Strawinsky attacks modernism in all its meanings and would even have the church condemn it if a way could be found. His citations, his examples, his irony proceed from that sense of homelessness, that fear of being taken in, that shallowness in ascribing motives, that scorn in depicting other intellectual movements than those he has trimmed up in his own mind, which are the stigmata of the neo-classicist everywhere. His is the familiar search for a golden age—in his words, a "blessed epoch"—a search guaranteed from failure by an irremediable lack of historical sense. Greece, the Middle Ages, order, discipline, calm sub-

mission to fundamental laws—these are the words (they never become concrete ideas) that carry the burden and beg every question.

They also conceal the contradictions. For example, the Middle Ages are praised for having considered artists as simple artisans, but elsewhere we are told that nothing can be more important and elevated than art and the discussion of its principles. Again, the composer attacks what is loosely called the literary element in music, the element to which, of course, the Middle Ages and Greece devoted exclusive attention. In the same vein, the idea of revolution in art is banned because it means chaos, but originality and innovation are upheld as necessary. And so around each key word a game of tether-ball goes on, with the artist who speaks always on the winning side. *His* fancy, *his* interpretation, *his* fundamental laws, *his* irrational, *his* wayward development must have free play, while those of his colleagues, rivals, and predecessors are confined under the "austere sign of order and discipline." This egotism is unconscious, but it can be measured by the stature of those singled out from the past for especial praise—Gounod, Tchaikovsky, Bizet, Chabrier, Delibes, Bellini, and the earliest Verdi.

I am far from saying that in jerrybuilding this edifice to house his insights Mr. Strawinsky does not give cause for real meditation. I even agree with many of his judgments—on Wagner and Schoenberg, on harmony and melody, on critics and conductors. But almost every phrase he uses must be reworded to purge it of unfairness or inconsequence. In the most abstract language he makes constant appeal to the worst instincts of the groundlings—scorn, derision, superiority. He distils poison with modesty and self-righteousness with candor. He cannot help it, for critically speaking he is an unprincipled amateur. It is as if I tried to make a symphony out of the scraps of melody that occasionally occur to me. Mr. Strawinsky could point to the holes in the texture and the unworthy dodges my innocence would devise to get over the problems. There might be interesting moments, but no sustaining idea or linking of parts. Similarly with Mr. Strawinsky's "Poétique Musicale," of which even the division into subheads is an amiable fraud. Compare, as a standard of criticism on the same subject, Suzanne Langer's "Philosophy in a New Key" or Roger Sessions's "The Intent of the Musician." And, having compared, remember Mr. Strawinsky's lectures with gratitude as a unique affidavit.

JACQUES BARZUN

The Great Theme

AMONG contemporary novels Joseph Freeman's "Never Call Retreat" (Farrar and Rinehart, \$3) must claim a special place for itself. It is serious, scholarly, and ambitious. Its theme is one of the greatest available to the modern novelist—the relation of the individual to the forces of history. If, then, it is twice as long as it should be and if, as fiction, it suffers severely from its heavy burden of erudition, these faults may be seen as the faults of excess and forgiven in the light of the enormous task Mr. Freeman set himself. Less easy to forgive, of course, are the woodenness of Mr. Freeman's central character, Professor Schuman, and

the naïveté of his women characters. For all his learning, this bloodless professor of history is scarcely the companion I would choose for a long journey through contemporary civilization, and for all their virtue—or because of it—the women in the professor's life are pretty unbelievable. (Still, Mr. Freeman's hero is so dull that any sexual achievement is a generous gratuity from his author!) But what really troubles me about this novel is not its length, its frequent tedium, or the emotional non-dimensionality of many of its characters so much as its fundamental evasion of moral-intellectual responsibility. This evasion is typified in the device on which the novel is constructed.

As the book opens, Paul Schuman, the Viennese historian whose years correspond to the tragic years of this century, is a refugee in America. He suffers from recurrent visions and a failure of will, and he has come to consult a psychoanalyst. The interview with the doctor occupies only ten pages of Mr. Freeman's 750-page novel; the rest of the book is the record of Schuman's "thousand and one Freudian hours," although stripped of "everything that pertains to the somatic data and symptoms of the disorder" and keeping "only the human and social circumstances which explain how Schuman came to see what he saw." Yet what the patient is saying psychoanalytically is presented in conventional novel form. The narrative is divided into the usual sections and chapters; there are even epigraphs at the beginning of each chapter. Schuman's recollections, far from being freely associated, are as ordered and polished as his author can make them, and except for the interjection of an occasional "I hesitate to describe it, Doctor," or "Are you still there, Doctor?" to remind us that the narrator is undergoing medical treatment, Mr. Freeman's patient might be at home writing his intellectual biography on his own typewriter. Why, then, we must ask, the psychoanalytical device in the first place?

Well, one obvious and artistically valid explanation is that modern history can in no better way be summed up than in the man sick with visions and paralyzed in will. Just as Schuman struggles, now, for his personal sanity, he has been part of a world struggling for political and social sanity. Also it adds a slight but neat artistic and moral-political filip to Mr. Freeman's indictment of Nazism that his hero is rescued from despair by Freud, one of the people whom Nazism is particularly eager to destroy. Yet the fact that Mr. Freeman's protagonist and *raisonneur* is confessedly ill makes it very difficult for the reader to assess the validity of his opinions. It could work out, that is, that we would forget Professor Schuman's condition so long as Mr. Freeman, speaking through him, thinks and says what we wish him to, but that the moment he fails to record modern history as we ourselves would record it, we would be disarmed by the knowledge that it is not Mr. Freeman himself but an admittedly sick man who is in error.

Actually, of course, we go through no such process: we quite forget that Schuman is being psychoanalyzed. I purposely exaggerate the part this device plays in the narrative because, as I say, it typifies Mr. Freeman's refusal, all along the line, to commit himself on his opinion. "Never Call Retreat" is concerned with highly controversial issues, especially issues in left-wing politics, but we can never be sure, for example, whether it is Mr. Freeman's failure or Professor

Schuman's failure that the true relation between the Austrian Communists and Social Democrats is so carefully glossed over, or whether or not Mr. Freeman agrees with the wife and friends of Schuman who so unquestioningly indorse the role of the Communist Party in Spain. Schuman's liberalism protects him from having to take positions in action, but this liberalism is also shown to be a weakness. This looks to me like one of those situations in which an author both has his cake and eats it. It seems fair to assume that if Mr. Freeman's central character hears but one side of a story it is because that is the side Mr. Freeman wants his reader to read.

And unhappily, since the only approach to either history or drama is without this kind of evasion or reservation, the drama of "Never Call Retreat" suffers quite as much as its history from Mr. Freeman's reluctance to commit himself. For instance, the best section of the novel is that which deals with Schuman's years in a German concentration camp; indeed, it is a virtuoso feat to have drawn such a convincing picture of prison life without first-hand experience. And in this section Mr. Freeman develops and almost brings to a climax a story which is as fine and subtle and truly significant a study in the relation of men and principles as anything I know in modern fiction. It is the story of what happens to two comrades, a poet and a man of action, when they come together in the high-tension world of a prison underground. If Mr. Freeman had written his whole book on the level of courage and insight with which this story, so far as it goes, is conceived, he would have written a great

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book; but the point is that even this story itself is not carried out to its full and proper destiny, because that would be for Mr. Freeman to admit that revolutionary power can breed the same injustices and corruption as any other power. Instead, he has his two characters die before their conflict comes to its conclusion. Having stated the problem, he shirks its resolution. It is the sad failure, not alone of a single episode in a novel, but of a whole novel.

I am sorry not to be able to write at any length about two other books of the week which I very much enjoyed—Vardis Fisher's "Darkness and the Deep" (Vanguard, \$2.50) and Marcel Haedrich's "Barrack 3, Room 12" (Reynal and Hitchcock, \$2.50). More fictionalized anthropology than novel, Mr. Fisher's story of our ancestors in the days when they were just learning to build shelters and hit each other with clubs is a serious and informative book which is at the same time as entertaining as an afternoon at the monkey-house. Marcel Haedrich is the pseudonym of a French officer captured by the Germans. The gentle journal of his imprisonment is one of the quietly touching documents of this war.

DIANA TRILLING

Douhet on Air Power

THE COMMAND OF THE AIR. By Giulio Douhet. Translated by Dino Ferrari. Coward-McCann. \$4.

THE FIGHT FOR AIR POWER. By William Bradford Huie. L. B. Fischer. \$2.50.

A VERY distinct service has been rendered American students of war by the publication of the complete American translation of Douhet's volumes on air power. No single work has exerted a greater influence on the theory of war in the air than have the writings of this Italian general who, long before the First World War and at a time when airplanes were largely experimental, plotted future trends with extreme accuracy. It is a fair criticism of the backwardness of our military thinking that this classic in the literature of air power has taken so long to appear in English.

Long before "Billy" Mitchell in the United States was referring to the "brass heads" of his opponents, the more tactical Italian had developed a doctrine of air power which held it to be the primary factor in war. The army and navy, Douhet pointed out, cannot ward off air attack. There is no real defensive against air war. The only safe course for an inferior air force to follow is to avoid an engagement with a superior enemy. Nor does even this course offer much hope, since the stronger force will use its margin to bomb extensively the industrial heart of the enemy.

Douhet's interpretation of the First World War is remarkably keen, and he clearly foresaw the future development of offensive tactics and weapons to overcome the machine-gun and intrenchments. But he did not quite foresee the Blitzkrieg, for he views the airplane alone, not the airplane as part of a combat team, as the weapon to break the type of stalemate which existed in 1916.

A large part of the book depicts an imaginary war between Germany on one side and France and Belgium on the other. The decision is obtained when an independent German air force completely destroys opposing auxiliary air

forces in a two-day struggle and thereafter operates without opposition, destroying enemy cities and industry at will.

Critics can point to errors in this study. The author has not always grasped the trend of future developments. While he correctly emphasizes bombing as a function of airplanes, he greatly overrates its effectiveness. He states, for example, that future air wars will be so quickly won or lost that ability to replace planes will be an unimportant factor. Cities and industries are not so quickly or easily obliterated as he assumes, and bombing in the present war has not destroyed civilian morale. In concluding that there is no defense against air attack, he fails to foresee the deadly interceptor plane.

But these are hardly major objections to a book written in part more than two decades ago. On the whole Douhet was remarkably prophetic. Many of his observations are filled with such pungent wisdom that one can only wish they had been more generally accepted. He suggests, for example, that the principles of war should be taught in universities. Again, "Woe to him who tries to fight the war of the future with the weapons and system of 1917."

"The Fight for Air Power" by William B. Huie, though written in a light and readable vein which may bring popularity, has much less to recommend it. Most of the book is devoted to the past troubles of the Army Air Corps. With the aid of informants whom he quotes but neglects to name, Mr. Huie builds a case of neglect of air power against the President, the army, the navy, Congress, and others.

It is not exactly news that the relations between air, land, and sea branches of American defense have not always been happy ones, and many of the charges which the author brings against the older services are justified. But his account is unfortunately so biased and unfair that it discredits some really excellent thinking on the subject of air power. While dwelling on the iniquities of army and navy he fails to mention the overweening conceit in the air force, the failure of air officers to attend maneuvers or staff school or to look at air power as both an independent and a cooperative weapon. He soft-pedals air blunders in the Philippines and without bothering to consult the available evidence, which indicates a different conclusion, decides that the Flying Fortress was the real architect of victory at Midway. Quite correctly he urges unified command, but he doesn't want it if it means that the navy will get control of any land-based planes. The author is well informed regarding the important function of air power as a long-range striking weapon, and his comments on the Flying Fortress are worth careful reading. But nowhere does he reveal the slightest sign of understanding the importance of command of the sea, the cooperative role of air power, or the use of land armies.

Several chapters toward the end of the book are devoted to a strategy for winning the war. And here Mr. Huie is an undiluted optimist. He is certain we can destroy the German air force and productive facilities from the air and urges a defensive on land until that is accomplished. In the Pacific he pronounces an island-hopping offensive certain to fail and believes we should depend on air bases in Siberia and China for direct attack upon Japan. The diplomatic problems standing in the way of the first course and the enormous transport difficulties of the other do not worry him.

DONALD W. MITCHELL

March 27, 1943

IN BRIEF

DRAMA

MR. RUTLEDGE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. A Biography by Richard Barry. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$3.75.

It will be news to most readers that the author of the Constitution of the United States was John Rutledge, the able South Carolina lawyer, statesman, and strategist who did so much to win the Revolution in the South. But that is the conclusion of this absorbingly well-written, urbane, but (one is sorry that "but" is the appropriate word) extremely scholarly biography. And it was also the conclusion of De Toqueville, who approached the question as an un-informed and impartial outsider and formed his opinion on evidence almost reluctantly supplied. Mr. Barry has not only drawn on almost every known contemporary document, but has unearthed 127 previously unknown documents in Rutledge's handwriting, including the final draft of the Constitution. This is rich social as well as political and personal history.

Fiji: Little India of the Pacific. By John Wesley Coulter. University of Chicago Press. \$2.

This is a book of somewhat specialized interest; but almost any of us may need to take a specialized interest in almost any part of the world nowadays, and for a person who wants to know about Fiji this is a handy survey, from first-hand acquaintance, of the people, geography, and political and economic conditions of a very centrally located spot on our route to the Southwest Pacific. Fully provided with graphs, tables, maps, and charts. A word must be said for the highly decorative but serviceable printed linen binding.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT. By Lloyd B. Holsapple. Sheed and Ward. \$3.

The reign of Constantine was epoch-making. He adopted the Christian religion, became the first sole Roman Emperor in a very long time, and moved the capital of the world to the city on the Bosphorus that bears his name. It is the thesis of this scholarly biography, written from the Roman Catholic point of view, that Constantine's effect on history can be accounted for only by his original genius. It is definitely a book for Catholics. Others may find it slightly elliptical.

Killing Germans

AT THE beginning of this theatrical season I made the flip prediction that war was going to be good for business but bad for art. I rather wish now I had spoken with greater solemnity and could therefore claim more credit as a prophet, for the prediction has turned out even better than I hoped. Indeed, I am about ready to ask the compositor for *The Nation* to keep in type a standard lead for my notices of the new plays. It would read something like this: "When 'The Whatyoumaycallit' opened last week the notices were mixed—which means that some were even worse than the others. A few days later, however, audiences seemed to be having a very good time and remained to applaud after the curtain fell."

This week the title to be inserted in the appropriate place is that of a concoction called "Men in Shadow" which the eminent Max Gordon has indulged himself in at the Morosco Theater. With a frankness which is also understatement the program calls it a "melodrama," and it credits authorship to one Mary Hayley Bell, though I fancy Roy Hargrove, who both directs the piece and acts the leading role, has had a good deal to do with it. If the author really is a woman, then here is one more bit of evidence to cite in support of the contention that the female of the species can be pretty ferocious when she puts her mind to it. "Men in Shadow" is the first play I ever saw in which the big scene showed one man breaking another man's spine *with sound effects*. The spine in question is, I am glad to report, one made in Germany, and the sound effect—a kind of dry crackle—is probably quite authentic. Even so, I hope my patriotism will not be suspected when I confess that I found this proceeding a bit unpleasant.

The scene of the action is one of the standbys of melodrama, namely, "the old mill." It is occupied by a small group of American behind-the-lines saboteurs whose activities are very vaguely presented but seem to include signaling to airplanes. How the saboteurs got there is not quite clear; neither, to me at least, is it quite clear what they are going to do in the loft to which they have retired just before the final curtain goes down. But none of these things is very important because the play is concerned with only one subject,

which is, quite simply, killing Germans.

In a broad general sense that is and ought to be the subject of all war plays. But when this subject is interpreted as literally as the present author has interpreted it, the action is likely to become a bit monotonous. Moreover, nothing that follows can quite come up to the spine-breaking with sound effects. You can, of course, pick out a nice fat German to stab in the back, and you can make the blood on the dagger very red and very visible. But real blood is old stuff in melodrama and doubtless was already old stuff on the occasion when I first observed it—namely, at the end of "Fra Diavolo" when the romantic bandit rolled down the rocky incline to the footlights and revealed the once spotless ruffles of his shirt front now all incriminated. The only real variety which "Men in Shadow" affords is when Americans rather than Germans are suffering physical pain. Just after the first curtain goes up, the air is rent for five or ten minutes by the screams of an injured airman whose two broken legs are being set by an amateur. Just before the last curtain goes down, it is being rent again by the screams of the same man as he is being hoisted into the loft by his companions. Even Gloucester in "King Lear" gets his eyes gouged out only once.

It is the business of our soldiers to kill Germans. Undoubtedly some of these same Germans must be killed in decidedly unpleasant ways, and when it is necessary I hope our soldiers will not be too squeamish. But I seriously doubt that those of us who are staying safely at home ought to be encouraged to take delight in the spectacle of physical suffering or that sadists should be given convenient opportunities to convince themselves that their perversion is really ardent patriotism. The fact remains, however, that when I saw "Men in Shadow" it seemed to be going over big.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ART

ART OF THIS CENTURY. 30 West Fifty-seventh Street, until April 10. Fifteen early and fifteen late paintings by Braque, Chagall, Dali, Chirico, Duchamp, Ernst, Gris, Kandinsky, Klee, Leger, Masson, Miro, Mondrian, Picasso, and Tanguy raise the always unanswerable question why the earlier paintings should be so much better than the later ones. Braque, Gris, Picasso,

and Marcel Duchamp each show magnificent pictures painted between 1911 and 1914; Dali a charming aerial pink landscape, "The Spectral Cow," in pleasant contrast to his later earthworm style. The exceptions to this rule are Miro and Max Ernst. Miro gets more fresh and original with every picture, and Ernst has painted a wonderful subterranean landscape with gay windows opening on a brighter world. Neither of the Klee's comes up to "The Magic Garden," which, although not in this exhibition, can be seen in another room of the gallery.

WAR AND THE ARTIST. At the Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 East Fifty-seventh Street, until April 3.

This just fails to be interesting—Chagall, Ernst, Masson, Matta, Miro, Picasso, Rouault, Siqueiros, Tamayo. Chagall has a charming picture "Between Darkness and Light," and Ernst an amusing one called "What Is Going on in Africa," with a lot of animals snarling and bellowing. There are two very good Miro's, some of Picasso's "Dreams and Lies of Franco," rather dull Rouault drawings, and a pretty Matta in Schiaparelli colors.

MUSIC

MY REPORT on the fall ballet season was delayed by pressure of other matters until it seemed best for me to wait and give it before the Ballet Theater's spring season.

"Aleko" had sets and costumes by Chagall which were so startlingly beautiful in color and imagination as to be open to the criticism that they claimed too much attention for themselves; it had Tchaikovsky's *A minor Trio*, which turned out to be a superb ballet score as Massine used it; this use, even with its occasional weaknesses, added up to one of Massine's finest achievements; and it created roles for Markova and Laing in which they gave extraordinary performances. Massine did not, this time, construct choreographic movements to correspond with the movements of the Trio; his scenario used for the material of its four scenes the changes in character of the music, but cut across the break between the two movements and the structural divisions within the movements; and when I praise his use of the music I have in mind first of all this subtle structural integration of music and scenario. And

in addition there was the feeling for the quality of the music that he showed in the choreography. In Skibine's twisting entrance as the curtain rose one saw the freshly imagined style which Massine had created for the principals—a style which was a perfect medium for Laing's smoldering emotional force, and in which Markova astonished one with unsuspected emotional powers as a character dancer. Massine also devised a series of charming divertissements for the second and third scenes, using some of the variations of the second movement of the Trio; where his imagination showed weakness was in the invention for large groups in the first and last scenes.

Of the other new works Dolin's "Romantic Age" was a trifle which required Markova to give first an amusing demonstration of an inability to dance and then an enchanting demonstration of her exquisite and unique art; and the more pretentious "Don Domingo" had good costumes and sets by Julio Castellanos, atrocious music by Revueltas, and choreography by Massine that descended from mere dullness to the badness of a Mayan goddess and warrior pas de deux straight out of an Earl Carroll "Vanities." The Ballet Theater's revival of "Billy the Kid" without Loring's participation or supervision revealed disturbing changes of the sort that begin to take place in a ballet when the choreographer is no longer on hand to watch over it; and Ian Gibson was less effective than Loring in the title role, lacking for one thing the stocky physique that had helped Loring to create the effect of a little tough guy; but even with these faults the work came out a masterpiece. In the same way Nijinsky's "Afternoon of a Faun" retains its originality and power even with the changes it has undergone in thirty years, and did so even with the new features of Laing's poor performance. "Petrouchka" was said to have been restaged by Fokine; but there was no evidence of restored order in the aimless milling about of the crowd; and there was of course the usual chaos in the performance of the music. Of the principals Lazovsky, the company's best male dancer, who got almost nothing of importance to do, was outstanding in the title role (Jerome Robbins proved a less effective substitute in a performance in which Lazovsky was the First Groom); and Baronova did her best work as the Ballerina—which is to say that this was the only role which she could not reduce to an exhibition of

meaningless virtuosity and unendurable comic pertness. The revival of "Coppelia" was one of the occasions for such an exhibition.

The revival of Tudor's "Dark Elegies" I missed; but I attended a performance of "Lilac Garden" and several of "Pillar of Fire" which altered my impressions and estimates of these works. It was "Lilac Garden" that now seemed diffuse and repetitious; in "Pillar of Fire," on the other hand, I began to perceive what new states of mind in Hagar were reflected by the second scene that had previously seemed to be mere repetition of earlier material—the self-loathing which causes her to turn away from the man she loves, and which is dispelled only when finally he kneels before her. But though I found coherence in the part of Hagar I found none in the part of the man: Tudor provides nothing to account for his acting as he does in the first scene and then acting as he does in the second. Shortly afterward a remark by a connoisseur of ballet and an admirer of Tudor provided me with a clue to the enormous popular success of "Pillar of Fire." I had asked him what he thought of Balanchine; and he answered: "Balanchine isn't getting anywhere with his use of the medium; Tudor is getting somewhere." It occurred to me that many people who were bored by "Les Sylphides" or a Balanchine ballet to a Bach or Mozart concerto, which used the medium of ballet as Bach or Mozart used the medium of music, would be impressed by the works of Tudor, in which the ballet medium was used to convey explicit meaning in the way that music is used in program-music.

For the rest there were Markova's great performances in "Giselle," "Les Sylphides," and "Pas de Quatre."

As for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, two of its new productions—Nijinsky's "Snow Maiden" and "Chopin Concerto"—were poor stuff, with only this redeeming feature—that they employed the exquisite fluent grace of Danilova. But "Rodeo" had a good score by Copland (a sort of pint-size "Billy the Kid"), good sets by Oliver Smith and costumes by Kermit Love, and choreography that was a delightful embodiment of Agnes de Mille's sharp perception and wit; and it provided good artistic use for Franklin's whirling agility. These new works were done with precision and finish; but the older ones were exhibited in various degrees of delapidation.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Shakespeare and Dyer

Dear Sirs: I would like to register a slight protest against the complete inadequacy of the review of Alden Brooks's new book, "Will Shakspeare and the Dyer's Hand," by Theodore Spencer in your issue of February 27.

I have not only read the book, and indeed reviewed it recently, but I have read and enjoyed Mr. Spencer's own very fine work "Shakespeare and the Nature of Man." In addition I read, in 1937, Mr. Brooks's earlier work on the authorship of the plays, "Will Shakspeare, Factotum and Agent." I can claim, therefore, a slight acquaintance with the subject, although I am not a Shakespeare expert.

It seems to me that Mr. Spencer has not done the book justice. Most of his review is taken up with trying to be funny in a ponderous fashion. Whether publishers are faced with a paper shortage, for instance, has nothing to do with the problem who was the real author of the plays? Mr. Spencer has adopted the traditional attitude of the Stratfordian conventionalists. They invariably look the other way and make academical jokes about Bacon. Having scored so heavily in the past over Mrs. Gallup and the cipher fanatics, they conclude that there is nothing more to be said on the subject. In this they are out-ostriching the ostrich in burying their heads in the sand, while the general public has long ago reached the conclusion that the Stratford butcher boy certainly did not write most of the plays. They may not be clear as to who did, but to brush off anyone who has taken the trouble to write a book like "Will Shakspeare and the Dyer's Hand" as nonsensical seems to me to be the act of one whose mind is closed to the sort of evidence that would be accepted in any common court as substantial.

At the time I read Alden Brooks's earlier work, I was much struck with the idea that the man whose name is on the plays was probably merely the producer. I recall seeing a silent film based on Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame." The name of Hugo was printed very small at the bottom of the advertising, while the producer's name was two inches high at the top. I am sure the Man of Stratford, if alive today, would be in Hollywood. In any case it

is more credible that the poetry was written by a courtier than by a countryman from Warwickshire. I must repeat, you have unfortunately done less than justice to a valuable work. It would have been better to have had the review done by a lawyer than by a college man.

WILLIAM MC FEE

Brookfield, Conn., February 28

For What Object?

Dear Sirs: It would have been easily possible, however tedious, to have taken Mr. Brooks's argument point by point and shown that his case for Dyer as the author of Shakespeare's plays is, in the light of the facts, an ingenious and painstaking implausibility. For example: Dyer died in 1607; if he wrote the plays that appeared after that date, he must have written them earlier, and Mr. Brooks tries to show that he did. But in trying to do so, Mr. Brooks is forced to ignore every evidence of style, of poetic development, of dramatic technique, of change in poetic vision—all the things that any real student of literature first thinks of.

In itself this is enough to suggest why a work like that of Mr. Brooks is not worth taking seriously. Mr. Brooks has read widely in Elizabethan literature, and has worked very hard for twenty years—but for what object? Not to increase our understanding of poetry, not to increase our understanding of a wise man's expanding view of human experience, not to increase our understanding of the craftsmanship of a great art, but merely to satisfy a fundamentally trivial curiosity. A curiosity which apparently starts from the unrealistic and scarcely democratic belief that a man whose father had once been a butcher was unable to write great poetry.

The trouble with Mr. Brooks's volume is that it is hopelessly beside the point. That is why, however, ponderously, I tried to laugh it off. For with Shakespeare the important thing to do is not to worry about who wrote the plays but to read them—and read them again.

THEODORE SPENCER

Cambridge, Mass., March 4

P. S.—The suggestion in Mr. McFee's last sentence has interesting possibilities. When the next book on international law is published, why not have it reviewed by a dentist?

"Nature" or "Civilization"?

Dear Sirs: My article *Fascism Without Mussolini*, in *The Nation* of January 30, prompted a letter which embodied opinions widely spread in this country and therefore worthy of discussion:

Your article in *The Nation* on fascism Without Mussolini raises a question which has been much in my mind about the political future of Italy—and of France also, for that matter. Perhaps you should write another article telling *how* the "Italian Democratic Republic" can be constituted after the war, since no such answer to Mazzini's prayers was vouchsafed *before* Mussolini. Certain it is that parliamentary government had broken down before the Duce appeared (I was there during the World War and the Armistice and saw much of this process); and indeed the Italian government, so long as it was strong, was always a veiled dictatorship, whether Cavour or Crispi or Giolitti happened to be at the helm. It's a very old story as the history of Rome would attest. It almost seems as if parliamentarism—which is the essence of the "Democratic Republic," as the English-speaking peoples understand it—were alien to the Latin nature; for neither France, nor Italy, nor Spain, nor Portugal, nor the Central and South American countries really succeeded in establishing it on a firm foundation. Whether the Slavs have that particular type of political genius remains to be seen: the Czechs alone so far seem to give an affirmative answer. The Scandinavians, yes; the Germans, hardly. The people who have bitterly assailed recent action in North Africa by our representatives seem unconscious of that problem. I should like to see *your* answer to it.—J. S. N.

When one writes, "The Italian government, so long as it was strong, has always been a veiled dictatorship, whether Cavour or Crispi or Giolitti happened to be at the helm," one should define the meaning of the word "dictatorship." If one means that in Italy the Prime Minister shaped the country's policies, the statement is correct. But in this sense Roosevelt's America also is a "dictatorship." Bernard Shaw's basic argument in favor of Hitler and Mussolini was always that Great Britain no less than Italy and Germany was a "dictatorship." In fact, in Great Britain the Prime Minister, when backed by a solid parliamentary majority, controls domestic and foreign policies.

However, when one puts together in the same dictatorial box Cavour and Mussolini, Roosevelt and Hitler, Churchill and Stalin, one must distinguish again between a "dictatorship

number one" in which anyone criticizing and opposing the men in power is dispatched to jail or to the next world, and a "dictatorship number two" in which the right to criticize and oppose the men in power is granted to the citizens.

"Dictatorship number two" in former times was termed a "free regime." I, being seventy years old, intend to stick to traditional terminology and go on terming it a "free regime." Piedmont was a "free" regime from 1848 to 1860. Italy was a "free" regime from 1860 to 1922. I was an opponent of Giolitti from 1902 to 1914 and a critic of the Italian government during the First World War. Nobody dispatched me to jail or to the next world. Nobody ever thought of dismissing me from my teaching positions at the universities of Messina, Pisa, and Florence. But in 1925 I had to leave Italy.

A "free" regime permits habeas corpus, freedom of the press, of association, of assembly, trade-union freedom, religious freedom, freedom of teaching, elective local government, parliamentary institutions, etc. These institutions did exist in Italy. They do not exist now. They make the difference between a "free" and a "dictatorial" regime.

Parliament, one of the institutions of a "free" regime, was working rather poorly in Italy. But what were parliamentary institutions in England before the Act of 1832? England had to go through a process of trial and error during the whole of the nineteenth century—must we recall the Chartist movement of 1848?—before it settled down to a form of government we admire. To be sure, we do not forget that British national elections in 1924, 1931, and 1935 were won by the Conservative Party through three swindles—the Zinovieff letter in 1924, the put-up scare about the Post Office savings in 1931, and the fraudulent promise to stand by the League of Nations in the Italo-Ethiopian dispute in 1935. Such swindles, however, are part and parcel of that process of trial and error through which mankind has to pass in its endeavor to grow less imperfect.

Is political freedom a particular privilege bestowed by the Almighty God upon the Britons and those in America who claim to have British blood in their veins even if it is Irish or German, and even if not all immigrants originating in England belonged to precisely the same moral breed as the Pilgrim Fathers?

There is a brutal German Nazi doctrine of the Nordic race, and there is

another doctrine of race soaked with suave Anglo-Saxon cant: "You are unworthy of reaching our heights; we are endowed with a parliamentary nature, a parliamentary genius; you have to be content with dictatorships." The notions of "nature," "genius," "instinct" spring from the assumption of something primitive, permanent, and unchangeable—"race."

Switzerland does not consist of born-on-the-lap-of-Jove Anglo-Saxons, but of Germans, French, Italians, and Latins. Yet all these Swiss may teach the "chosen" Anglo-Saxon peoples many lessons in democracy. Switzerland has as yet produced no Neville Chamberlain, nor John Simon, nor Samuel Hoare, and no Ku Klux Klan, Huey Long, or Mayor Hague. Of course the Swiss also had to learn through trial and error. As late as 1847 they were living under oligarchic regimes no less than those Czechs and Scandinavians who seem, like the Anglo-Saxons, to be endowed with an innate "genius" for democracy.

Let us, therefore, put aside "natures" and "geniuses" and "instincts," and let us speak of "civilizations" and state that Anglo-Saxon civilization should be credited in the political field with accomplishments which all other peoples must admire and envy. And since civilization spreads from one people to another through imitation, there is no absurdity in the fact that Latin peoples strive toward the political institutions of the Anglo-Saxons in the same way as the latter, in former times, had much to learn from the Latins.

When one asks "how the Italian Democratic Republic can be constituted after the war," one should ask oneself whether one can forecast who will be the President of the United States and what England will be in 1945. Why do the Italians alone have to deliver the blueprint of what their free post-war regime should be, nay, list their future leaders, one by one, if they do not want to be handed over to some Fascist quisling? Nobody asks Mussolini what the Fascist regime will be when this war is over, if it does not crumble. Why is it that only the anti-Fascists are asked to act as prophets and to put themselves in the places of forty-five million Italians who are now voiceless? This war is upsetting social, moral, and intellectual conditions so deeply everywhere that nobody, unless he is a fool, can foresee what features any political regime will assume tomorrow when the present earthquake is over.

I cannot foresee for Italy any alternative but hell, that is, dictatorship, on the one hand, or purgatory, that is a more or less imperfect parliamentary regime, on the other. I leave paradise, that is, the flawless parliamentary regime, to the Anglo-Saxons.

Anyhow, what the Italians will do is the business of the Italians and not of the Anglo-Saxons. It is high time that Anglo-Saxon self-complacency stopped speculating on what the Italians will do, stopped teaching them what they should do, and concentrated on what Britain and America ought to do if they intend to remain true to those Christian and democratic principles of which they claim to be the custodians.

America and Britain have to win this war, disarm Germany and Italy, not rearm the other countries of Europe, and stop there. It is not their business to tell the European peoples what they must or must not do. Europeans are not savages. Let them do what they can according to their lights.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

Cambridge, Mass., March 2

Ehrlich and Alter

Dear Sirs: *The Nation*, in its issue of March 13, places protestants against the Ehrlich and Alter executions by the Soviet authorities in the unsavory position of seeking to initiate an anti-Soviet campaign and of thus playing "directly into the hands of Goebbels."

This is, indeed, a strange editorial conclusion to arrive at when one considers that everything known about these two men indicates that their lives were dedicated to the fight against all that Goebbels and Hitler stand for; that nothing, absolutely nothing, is known of the crimes they are alleged to have committed, and that "liquidation" of political opponents is as "regular" under the Stalin regime as are elections in our own country.

You place the responsibility for the Ehrlich-Alter execution with the Soviet government and then caution your readers that "people in this country have a responsibility too." Quite so. But why not tell your readers what that responsibility is? Is it to remain silent in the face of any act committed by an ally simply because we fight the same enemy?

It is true, of course, that the Soviets never promised to abide by the "four freedoms" of democracy prior to becoming our ally in fighting Hitler. But it is, I take it, equally true that we, on our side, never undertook to put these

democratic prerogatives in mothballs when Stalin entered the war on our side.

Do you advise silence in the face of political assassination because you fear that the bond which today holds together the peoples of the United Nations is so thin that it cannot stand the strain of democratic vigilance?

A lot of people in America will not agree to such a moratorium. Stalin and America are fighting the same enemy; Stalin, to keep the record straight, has never said that he is fighting for democracy, but we did and we are. No one suggests that we break partnership with Stalin because he ordered the execution of two more trade-union leaders. Gene Cox, Howard Smith, and Clare Hoffman probably would reject such an idea as vehemently as Earl Browder and Bob Minor. But there are thousands in America who see in the assassination of Henryk Ehrlich and Victor Alter another example of what they bitterly protested against when they saw it committed by Hitler. They cannot believe that it is right just because Stalin has done it this time. They believe that it is their unbartered democratic right to protest against it. I am one of them.

MAX D. DANISH

New York, March 15

[*The Nation* did not suggest that Americans should "remain silent" about the execution of Ehrlich and Alter. It condemned the execution but urged the necessity of restraint and a sense of proportion on the part of persons who, like Mr. Danish, recognize the need of closer relations between Soviet Russia and the other Allied nations.]

It All Depends

Dear Sirs: You printed a few weeks ago a letter from F. Eugene Dubuisson in which he said that while he does not agree with Congressman Rankin on some subjects he and other Southerners will continue to send to Congress men like Rankin who "are willing to stand against the Northern majority that would condemn the South to mongrelization."

After long observation and quite some reading the opinion has been forced upon me that the white man has not the slightest objection to mongrelization *per se*: what he does object to is legal honorable mongrelization. As long as the disgrace of mongrelization rests solely on the dark-skinned woman and her and his child he cares nothing about mongrelization.

I live within twenty miles of an Indian school. Years ago a cousin, after driving past the place, remarked, "I drove by the Indian school. There were between two and three hundred children playing on the grounds and not one was a full-blooded Indian."

Within the last decade there died not far from my home a mulatto woman born in the 1830's. Her uncle, also a mulatto, died years ago; evidently the Southern planters of over a hundred years ago had not the slightest objection to mongrelization. And just as evidently it was not forced on them by "Northern idiots."

ELIZA COOK, M. D.

Gardnerville, Nev., March 1

Forgive Whose Taxes?

Dear Sirs: The so-called Ruml plan for "forgiving" 1942 taxes and putting our distraught tax system on a pay-as-you-go basis wears such an innocent expression, promises such sweet relief, and is backed by such an impressive array of financiers that it merits close scrutiny. In this troubled, complex world we should overlook no opportunities to simplify our national problems and ease our heavy burdens.

The method I propose for testing this plan has often brought us hopefuls to grief in the past by exposing plans which we were sure bore our economic salvation. It is to apply the thesis to a concrete case, work it out, and microcosmically reveal the substance of the entire plan. After all, the Ruml plan is no doubt impervious to any but frivolous criticism, for who can deny that if the government continues to get its tax money every year it simply can't suffer a year's loss of taxes?

Mr. Collins, president of Amalgamated Aircraft Corporation, computes his taxes for 1942, 1943, and 1944 on the basis of the existing tax system, assuming that the war will end in 1944 (to illustrate a point), thereby cutting his business in half and bringing a proportionate reduction in his tax load. Here's what he finds:

1942 income—\$100,000; on March 15, 1943, he pays \$75,000.

1943 income—\$100,000; on March 15, 1944, he pays \$75,000.

1944 income—\$50,000; on March 15, 1945, he pays \$15,000.

Total taxes—\$165,000.

Mr. Collins then estimates the income taxes his next three payments will call for under the Ruml plan—whether paid annually or in instalments makes no difference:

1942 income—\$100,000; forgiven.

1943 income—\$100,000; on March 15, 1943, he pays \$75,000.

1944 income—\$50,000; on March 15, 1944, he pays \$15,000.

1945 income—\$50,000; on March 15, 1945, he pays \$15,000.

Total taxes—\$105,000.

The dawn comes up like thunder!

REO M. CHRISTENSON

Fort Rosecrans, Cal., March 15

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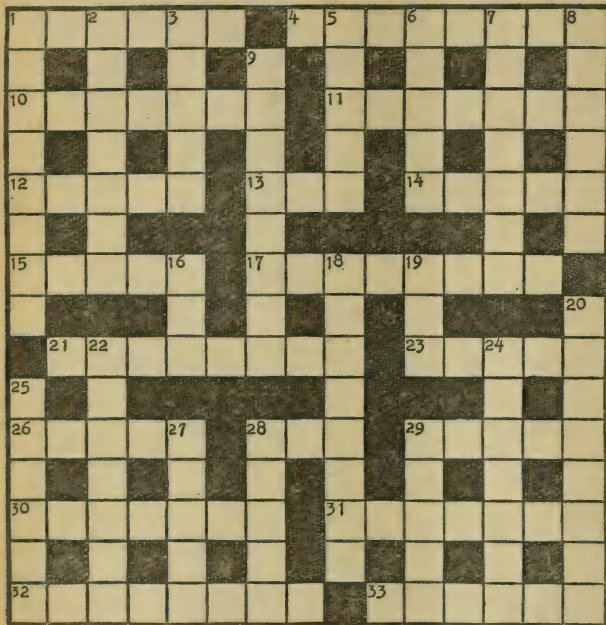
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 6

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 An unpleasant fellow, particularly when he comes out of his shell (two words, 3 and 3)
- 4 U. S. state with ■ floor covering in the center
- 10 Some err before they are reformed, and this is what they feel about it
- 11 A bad man is bad in vain
- 12 Saw without teeth
- 13 This in a king is murder
- 14 Epithet for the solver who starts, perhaps, at breakfast time and finishes at midnight
- 15 Organs the vote-getter can generally count on
- 17 Your itinerant European rug seller of pre-war days was probably one
- 21 Cleveland preceded and succeeded him
- 23 Upsetting the table naturally produces a sheepish remark
- 26 Mother of an expensive daughter
- 28 Half a loaf is better than no bread, but this is three-quarters of one
- 29 Often associated with vice
- 30 A facial contortion
- 31 Part of a circle cut off from the rest
- 32 Accounts, or songs, may be
- 33 The poet Burns enjoyed us to scan our brother man thus

DOWN

- 1 Do these money-saving offers exclude profits, as they say?
- 2 Behaves like me among the clergy
- 3 The Grand Canyon is evidently the place for ■ grand feed
- 5 Kind of crossing we should like the

steamship company to adopt from the railroad

- 6 Though isolated, this bit of land is apparently occupied
- 7 Hardly the type of musical instrument for a band-wagon
- 8 Though he keeps a watch he may not be able to tell you the time
- 9 Big bills don't worry them
- 16 "I am - - - Oracle, And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!" (Merchant of Venice)
- 18 Fine mast is obvious when broken up
- 19 A point for writers
- 20 Secretive, as a shy Lett might be
- 22 Here we see you in action at the card table
- 24 Oscar Wilde wrote of the importance of being this
- 25 An ogre makes an ass of himself
- 27 Buck up!
- 28 If you want stout, give ■■ order for it first
- 29 Of doubtful origin and distinctly shaky toward the end

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 5

ACROSS—1 STARTER; 5 WHIPPET; 9 ESSENCE; 10 SOLDIER; 11 TIGER; 12 EVE; 13 TITLE; 14 RAINMENT; 16 NATURES; 18 CHERUBS; 21 ASPIRIN; 24 SMELT; 26 UNA; 27 RATED; 28 ITALIAN; 29 ORLEANS; 30 NIBBLED; 31 EARNERS.

DOWN—1 SPELTER; 2 ASSEGAI; 3 TUNER; 4 RE-ELECT; 6 WESTERN; 8 INLET; 7 PAINTER; 8 TURENS; 15 BCU; 17 TIP; 18 CUSHION; 19 EVE-LAMB; 20 SPURNED; 21 ALAMODE; 22 RETRACE; 23 NUDISTS; 25 TWILL; 27 RULER.

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(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS

- | | |
|------------------------|-----|
| Much Ado About Food | 472 |
| The Press on Churchill | 473 |
| The Case of Mark Starr | 474 |
| The Language of Piracy | 474 |

ARTICLES

- | | |
|---|-----|
| The Shipshaw Scandal <i>by I. F. Stone</i> | 475 |
| Why They Follow John L. Lewis?
<i>by Selden C. Menefee</i> | 477 |
| Steel Wins Wars <i>by Fritz Sternberg</i> | 479 |
| The Coming Offensive in the Pacific
<i>by Donald W. Mitchell</i> | 482 |
| 10 Years Ago in <i>The Nation</i> | 483 |
| Will Hays's New Rival <i>by John McDonald</i> | 484 |
| In the Wind | 486 |

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

- | | |
|--|-----|
| The Spread of Sinarquismo <i>by Félix Díaz Escobar</i> | 487 |
| Spanish Soldiers of France <i>by A. D. Printer</i> | 488 |
| Behind the Enemy Line <i>by Argut</i> | 490 |
| File and Remember | 491 |

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- | | |
|---|-----|
| The Adventures of Monkey <i>by H. P. Lazarus</i> | 492 |
| Russia, Reform, and Revolution <i>by Ralph Bates</i> | 492 |
| "This Grace Is Dignity" <i>by Rolfe Humphries</i> | 493 |
| Pieces of Empire <i>by Marcus Duffield</i> | 494 |
| Miss Lucy Ludwell <i>by Grace Adams</i> | 496 |
| The Negro and "His Place" <i>by E. Franklin Frazier</i> | 496 |
| Cross-Purposes <i>by Frank Jones</i> | 497 |
| In Brief | 499 |
| Art <i>by Jean Connolly</i> | 499 |
| Records <i>by B. H. Haggin</i> | 500 |

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 7 *by Jack Barrett*

469

The Shape of Things

ONCE MORE MONTGOMERY'S VETERAN ARMY has outfought and outsmarted Rommel's *Afrika Korps*, and the desert fox is now running to earth with the Allies in hot pursuit. It remains to be seen whether the German commander can extricate any sizable portion of his forces through the southern Tunisian bottleneck to combine with the army of General von Arnim in a last-stand defense of the Bizerte-Tunis triangle. His retreat is menaced at half a dozen points by the Allied armies pressing eastward and is exposed to concentrated attack from the air. Winston Churchill, however, has warned that bitter fighting is still to be expected. The Bizerte-Tunis area has been elaborately fortified in the past five months and might prove capable of standing a prolonged siege. However, as the armies of Generals Montgomery, Patton, and Anderson link up and close in on the enemy, there is good reason to hope that the Axis will soon lose its last toe-hold in Africa. Nor are Rommel's chances of a successful Dunkirk very bright. Allied air and naval supremacy is likely to preclude the escape of more than a small percentage of his forces across the hundred-mile channel which separates them from Sicily. For nearly five months the United Nations have been waiting impatiently for this day. It has been delayed by acute logistic troubles, by appalling weather, and by the difficulty of welding the armies of three diverse nations into one effective fighting machine. However, the unified command instituted at Casablanca has mastered its problems and proved its worth in action by carrying out a complicated strategical combination with clockwork accuracy.

★

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IN RUSSIA A TEMPORARY STALEMATE HAS been reached, with both sides stalled by mud and spring floods. The German counter-offensive in the south has been checked at the Donets line; the Russian drive in the center has so far been unable to penetrate the outer defenses of Smolensk. Not surprisingly, the second-front question is coming again to the fore, with Moscow hinting plainly that it would prefer military support now to lectures on post-war policies. The German rally which led to the renewed loss of Kharkov appears to have been made possible by the transfer of reserves from the west,

and the Russians may well feel that they were robbed of the fruits of their winter offensive by the failure of their allies to give them support when they most needed it. However, if a western front can be opened up within the next two months, it can still prevent the concentration of German forces for a summer offensive and give the Red Army the chance to break through that it is hoping for. Of course, in any debate on the second front Anglo-American authorities are at a disadvantage, since the only effective reply they can make until the zero hour is past is to name a date. And obviously only Hitler would be pleased at that. Russian critics have suggested that the Anglo-American commanders value preparation above time and are over-insistent on having the last button sewed on the last uniform before they will move. But it may be that Moscow fails to appreciate the magnitude of the shipping problem just as it has been less than generous in recognizing the contribution of the bombing offensive against Germany. That is an essential preliminary to any Continental invasion as well as an effective method of reducing the supplies Germany can ship to the eastern front.

✱

HOPES FOR FRENCH UNITY HAVE RISEN WITH the arrival of General Catroux in Algiers for discussions with General Giraud preparatory to a visit by General de Gaulle. Giraud is said to have come to recognize that De Gaulle commands the support of most Frenchmen inside France, who see in him the symbol of uncompromising resistance to the Nazis. This gives the Fighting French leader a moral authority to which Giraud can only oppose the steady support he has received from the United States government. Both generals are fervently anti-Nazi, but while De Gaulle's experiences in the war have moderated his original conservatism and brought him round to the democratic point of view, Giraud retains his authoritarian distrust of the Republic. Moreover, whatever his military qualities, he seems something of a political innocent who fails to understand the implications of advice given him by political advisers. Consequently, so long as he is surrounded by such men as Peyrouton, Noguès, and Boisson, the fusion of his forces with those of the Fighting French is likely to remain incomplete. There is some reason to hope, however, that Noguès and Boisson are slated for early removal, and certainly nothing could do more to aid the unity negotiations except the dismissal of Peyrouton. But this, probably, is more than we can hope for. It would mean too open an acknowledgment of the State Department's errors.

✱

VICE-PRESIDENT WALLACE'S TOUR THROUGH Latin America has proved a great success so far. Its political significance exceeds that of the conventional diplomatic visit, and particularly in Chile the reception

accorded him amounted to a genuine plebiscite in support of a policy of cooperation between the two countries. One has the feeling that, for the first time, the men and women of Latin America, not merely the governments and chancelleries, are striving toward a genuine good-neighbor policy. The fact is extremely important in itself, and the service rendered by Vice-President Wallace is inestimable. But our officials in Washington, our press, and our radio commentators must not overlook the fact that the 100,000 Chileans who welcomed the Vice-President in the Stadium of Santiago cheered in him the defender of the "Century of the Common Man," the advocate of a real people's peace. He was enthusiastically greeted in Chile for the very attitude which causes our reactionaries to attack him at home. A visit by Hoover, for instance, would have met with a quite opposite reception at this time. Incidentally, Mr. Wallace's visit underlines the splendid accomplishments of various Chilean groups. The Chilean edition of the magazine *Free World* (*Mundo Libre*) was launched with a first number devoted principally to the Vice-President. The Association of Spanish Republicans, very strong in Chile, also contributed to the magnificent demonstration in the Stadium.

✱

IT IS RATHER IRONIC THAT CONGRESS, THE flower of the democratic system, is the one court in the land in which a citizen may be prosecuted, injured in his professional career, and even driven from public life without so much as a hearing. This technique was worked so brazenly and with such success by the Dies committee that it has now been adopted by a number of Congressmen for regular use on the floor of the House. Representative Lambertson, the honorable gentleman from Kansas, suggested a few weeks ago that the President's sons had been sneaked out of the fighting zones as soon as their pictures had been snapped. Representative Costello, the honorable gentleman from California, has on no evidence whatever branded the Office of War Information a haven for slackers. And Representative Flannagan of Virginia, likewise an honorable gentleman by virtue of his election, has pinned the label of draft-dodger on an extremely able government official named David Ginsburg. As general counsel of the Office of Price Administration, Mr. Ginsburg won the public thanks of the Senate for his services, and Leon Henderson, his superior, naturally requested draft deferment for him on the ground that he was essential. When Senator Brown succeeded Henderson, Ginsburg, having completed a phase of his work, asked his new superior for a release so that he might enter the army. Brown granted the release, and a high officer in the War Department who wanted to utilize Ginsburg's services urged him to apply for a commission. He did, and the Flannagan slander, seasoned with a dose of anti-Semi-

tism, followed. Other public servants have suffered similarly. As a result resignations are piling up among those who are unwilling to subject themselves to the vindictiveness of men who may slander without fear of punishment.

*

THE REPEAL OF THE \$25,000 SALARY LIMIT by an overwhelming Congressional vote was a serious personal defeat for President Roosevelt and a setback in the vital anti-inflation campaign. But it can hardly be denied that Congress was within its rights in rescinding an order that clearly violated the intent of the legislative body. *The Nation* has questioned on several occasions the wisdom of limiting earned income without at the same time placing a ceiling on unearned income of all kinds. But the case for placing a top limit on incomes during war time is unassailable on economic and psychological grounds. Without such a ceiling the government has inadequate justification for asking John L. Lewis's miners or the farm bloc to back down on their demands in order to prevent inflation. For money that is squandered by the wealthy on luxuries will have a no less inflationary effect than money spent by miners or farmers on food, clothing, or shelter. It is clear, however, that the ceiling on incomes should be imposed not by the President but by Congress. If Congress refuses to act, the President would be well within his rights to carry the fight to the American people. Once the people are made aware of the issue, Congress can be forced into action.

*

A COMPLETE ANSWER TO RICKENBACKER'S efforts to link absenteeism to union activities has been provided in a series of recent industrial studies of the problem fully reported by the *Wall Street Journal* though neglected by the press in general. No less than 95 per cent of all absences in West Coast airplane factories was found to be due to illness and transportation difficulties, according to a survey just completed by the Aircraft War Production Council. Illness of the workers themselves accounted for 75 per cent of the absenteeism among men and 70 per cent of that among women. Illness or death in the family was responsible for an additional 8½ per cent of male and 12½ per cent of female absenteeism. Transportation breakdowns and failures of car-sharing plans accounted for another 12½ per cent. Another study, conducted by the Consolidated Edison Company of New York, revealed that the common cold and other respiratory diseases were the cause of one-half of its worker absences. Some twenty different causes of absenteeism were listed in a survey made by an industrial group in Los Angeles, among which one of the least important was drunkenness. Accidents were a major factor. Household responsibilities and the necessity for having time to shop rank as fairly important causes of

absence among women workers. This difficulty has been met in some places by short shifts, plant nurseries, and plant shopping services, but most industries have been slow in adopting even such obvious remedial measures.

*

THE DANISH ELECTORS WHO WENT TO THE polls last week had no illusions about their ability to change the present state of affairs. They knew that, however they voted, the German occupation would continue and the coalition Danish government under the opportunistic Premier Scavenius would pursue its policy of cold cooperation with the Nazis. Nevertheless, far more of them cast their ballots than at the last election, and although the Nazis claim the results as indorsement of the government and its policy, there is good reason to interpret them as a demonstration of belief in democracy. All the big parties gained, with the greatest percentage increase scored by the Conservatives, whose exiled leader, Christmas Müller, now heads the Free Danish movement in London. The Social Democrats also improved their position impressively. Scavenius's own party—the Radicals—showed a comparatively slight increase in votes and lost one of their thirteen seats in the Folketing, while the small Farmers' Party, which had been suspected of Nazi sympathies, was almost wiped out, losing both its seats. Out of over 2,000,000 votes polled, only 43,277 were cast for the acknowledged Danish Nazi Party. This represented an apparent gain of some 12,000, but it was made possible by orders switching the votes of the German minority in Schleswig, which had voted 15,000 strong for their own Nazi candidate in 1939. Altogether the election affords further evidence of the refusal of the Danes to kowtow to their conquerors. Their resistance may be passive—apart from considerable sabotage activities—but it is unshakable.

*

DENMARK IN FACT HAS EARNED THE RIGHT to resent a recent comparison with Hungary for which John F. Montgomery, former American Minister in Budapest, was responsible. Mr. Montgomery, who has given support to the American activities of the notorious Tibor Eckhardt, declared in a letter to a Hungarian Committee in Youngstown, Ohio: "Although Hungary is technically our adversary, she is a slave of the Axis just as Denmark is, a fact which few people understand. The truth is I find very little understanding and appreciation of Hungary's position." We think Mr. Montgomery is poorly informed about both Denmark and Hungary. He apparently is unaware that the government to which he was once accredited was fascist before Hitler. However much Regent Horthy and his feudal friends may personally dislike the dictation of Nazi upstarts, they accept it as a lesser evil than the loss of their own power,

whether it means sending Hungarian armies to die in Russia, starving their own people to feed Germany, or introducing the Nürnberg laws. It should be our task to bring justice to the Hungarian peasants and workers after the war, but if we are to do that there can be no forgiveness for those who sold their souls and are now hoping to escape fulfilment of the bargain.

Much Ado About Food

IF WE are to judge by the newspaper space and the radio time allotted to it, the food problem dominated all others in the thinking of the American people this past week. Some radio commentators went so far as to use the word "famine" in their discussion of the aggravated food scarcity. Doubtless the newspapers of Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo have delighted in reproducing for their readers—for whom empty store shelves are a normal thing—the more extreme stories about the "hunger riots" in Washington and New York. As a result of this deluge of publicity, the average American is probably pretty well convinced that if a food crisis is not already upon us it is not far distant. The fact that the beginning of meat and butter rationing virtually coincided with the appointment of Chester C. Davis as Food Administrator and Congressional consideration of the Pace bill to raise food prices and the Bankhead bill to defer all farm workers has made it appear as if this crisis were moving rapidly toward some kind of terrifying climax which threatens the entire war effort.

How much of this publicity build-up is political and how much merely reflects a natural journalistic tendency to exploit a subject of great interest to everyone, we do not know. But we have noticed that the press has given comparatively little space to a sober analysis of the basic facts, which if adequately presented would have done much to allay any hysteria that may have developed. For the facts would have shown that despite a few bad spots the basic food situation of the country at the present time is excellent.

The absence of the usual quantity of meat in the butchers' show cases, for example, appears not to be due so much to lend-lease requirements as to the simple fact that farmers are not slaughtering their hogs and cattle in the usual amount but are keeping them on the farms for breeding purposes. On January 1 there were 73,660,000 hogs on the country's farms, an increase of 13,283,000 in a year—the largest increase in history. It is predicted that Iowa's 1943 pig crop will be 37 per cent above last year's record yield. Similarly, there were 5 per cent more cattle on our farms on January 1 than on the same date a year ago. Egg production in January and February was nearly 16 per cent above that of the corresponding months a year ago, while the rearing of

both chickens and turkeys for food purposes is expected to reach a new record. Moreover, official March estimates show that farmers are expecting a very sharp increase in the acreage devoted to the chief meat substitutes—soy beans, peas, and peanuts. Now that rationing has been established, no difficulty should be encountered in distributing these basic protein foods equitably among the population.

Although food prospects are encouraging, real problems are constantly arising in adjusting agriculture to our war economy. It is these problems, rather than any immediate crisis, that the new Food Administrator will have to tackle. Chief among these is the matter of farm prices. Although the prices of the things the farmer sells have risen far more than those of the things he buys, the farm bloc in Congress is committed to a still higher level. The Pace bill for including farm-labor costs in computing "parity" has been temporarily sidetracked in the Senate, but will undoubtedly reappear. Holding the present price level is primarily a political problem, and the ultimate responsibility for this task falls upon Congress rather than the Administration. But though the present food price level is as high as it should be, the prices of many farm crops are seriously out of line with war-time requirements. Most grain prices, for example, are far too high, while the prices of protein-producing crops such as peas, soy beans, and peanuts are too low to bring maximum production. One of Mr. Davis's first responsibilities will be to grapple with this problem.

Hardly less acute is the farm man-power situation. While the shortage of farm labor is not as severe as the farm bloc would like us to believe, it is serious enough to hamper production if it is not remedied. A "land army" of high-school youths, women, and city workers would go a long way toward meeting the situation, but immediate steps need to be taken to organize such an army if it is to be ready to save this year's crops. Action is reported to be already under way to assure an adequate amount of farm machinery and fertilizer to meet the increased goals of war production.

While there is nothing in the food situation that should cause alarm, neither is there reason for complacency. Our food needs are bound to increase rather than diminish as the war progresses. The army is still expanding. Lend-lease requirements will continue to rise. Stockpiles will have to be built up for use in the post-war period. If these demands are to be met, careful planning is required. American agriculture will have to be reorganized to produce the maximum nutritional values with a minimum of man-power. Our diets will also have to be reorganized in line with the necessary changes in farm production. By tackling this latter task soberly and intelligently, without trace of hysteria, the average citizen may make a substantial contribution to the winning of the war.

The Press on Churchill

SO FAR as the American public is concerned, Mr. Churchill's speech of March 21 has had several good results. The sultry weather that overhung our thinking about post-war world organization has begun to break up, and most observers already report a fresh breeze of progressive realism. But it must be said that on the whole reaction to the speech was expressed in purely general terms. The idea of regional councils, for instance, proved to be too concrete and too new for immediate acceptance.

One thing is quite remarkable, and that is that the speech cut across all party lines upon this issue of regional councils. So sound an advocate of collective security as the Cincinnati *Inquirer* was extremely suspicious of the whole idea on the ground that it smacked too strongly of the old balance-of-power policy. The same point of view was taken by the Raleigh *News and Observer* and to some extent by the Washington *Post*. In isolationist Boston the *Christian Science Monitor*, while accepting the councils, did so on the assumption they were to be incorporated into a larger world organization. Again and again this question of the balance of power cropped up. Commentators who were by no means sure that they wished America to collaborate in Europe nevertheless objected to any attempt by Britain to reconstitute the ill-famed balance. In a certain sense this attitude was a consequence of a natural resentment at the thought that Britain might be attempting to play off the United States and the Soviet Union against each other. But that was not the meaning of Mr. Churchill's speech.

Very few of the nation's newspapers have discussed frankly our relations with the Soviets, though an exception must be made of the New York press. The metropolitan journals, recognizing that Mr. Eden's visit was chiefly concerned with the problem of Russian relations, dealt quite boldly with the question. The London *Times* article proposing an Anglo-Russian bloc had prejudiced Mr. Eden's mission, for no State Department likes to be presented with a *fait accompli*, not even when it is a case of one of our friends coming to an agreement with another. Mr. Eden's statement that the London *Times* was not an official spokesman needed strong support, support which necessarily had to take the form of a reasoned argument covering the whole ground. Mr. Churchill was successful in this, his main intention.

While the exclusive bloc has been disavowed and there seems little suspicion remaining in this country, the reality of the British rapprochement with the Soviets is doubted by no one. Its necessity, indeed, has been everywhere acknowledged. It is now clearly realized that American refusal to deal adequately with the Soviets will

not cause Britain to reverse its attitude. In a curious way, American realization of this is all the clearer because Mr. Churchill also assured the American conservatives that the Anglo-Soviet treaty—which, by the way, President Roosevelt originally proposed—does not mean that Britain will become Communist. In sum, and to say it in American terms, Mr. Churchill has rounded out Vice-President Wallace's utterances and looked right over the heads of the little men in the Berle corner of the State Department. That this represents an immense gain for the United States cannot be doubted, for if we are to have any illusions concerning the Anglo-Russian rapprochement we may be tempted to waste our time in trying to set up reactionary governments designed to hold the Soviets in check.

There has been little open talk of the *cordon sanitaire*. That the British leader unmistakably rejected the futile policy has doubtless something to do with this, for no cordon, however strong, could be maintained without British support. But this cannot be the sole explanation. The truth is that the idea no longer seems attractive to thoughtful conservatives. But, it will be remarked, no one ever does talk openly of a cordon; what one does mention is the independence of small frontier states. And this question was repeatedly raised, particularly by the New York *Times*, which used the following words: "The cordial and concerted agreement among Britain, the United States, and Russia on which the whole scheme rests must still be established. If Russia were to accept the stipulations regarding the small nations in conformity with the Atlantic Charter, America's cooperation would be much more assured than it is now." In other words, the recognition of the old *cordon sanitaire* states is to be a condition of American cooperation.

In sharp contrast, both the *Herald Tribune* leading editorial and Mr. Lippmann in his column gave clear support to what is now held to be the British opinion, that it would be best to yield to the Russian demands concerning the Baltic states, Poland, and Rumania. In any case, Mr. Churchill's words—"it will not be given to any one nation to achieve the full satisfaction of its individual wishes"—seem to leave the door open to compromise. And that Mr. Churchill was making a fair offer to the United States was called in doubt only by such elements as Representative Woodruff and the *Daily News*, which rejected collective security in favor of outright militarization of this country upon a conscription basis.

Throughout the country, then, though there was little attempt to formulate proposals in regard to the U. S. S. R. there was universal recognition of the necessity of coming to an agreement with it. This must be taken as by far the most important consequence of Mr. Churchill's speech. It is clear proof that the American people are ready to accept a progressive solution of the essential problem of collective security.

The Mark Starr Case

NEW YORKERS have been wont to note with superior smiles the antics of educational authorities in what they regard as the less enlightened parts of the country. Now it is their turn to blush for New York City's Board of Education, which has refused to appoint an outstanding candidate to the new post of adult-education director, apparently on the ground that he has long been associated with labor unions. Mark Starr was recommended for this position by the Board of Superintendents and the Board of Examiners, who after exhaustive tests found him to be the only fully qualified applicant out of a list of nearly one hundred. It is not surprising that they should have done so. Mr. Starr began life as a pit boy and by his own efforts won himself a scholarship at the London Labor College. For more than twenty years he has devoted himself to the problems of adult education, and for the last eight he has been educational director of the International Ladies' Garment Workers, a trade union which has done a unique job in making education an integral part of its activities.

In explaining why he voted against Mr. Starr, Ellsworth B. Buck, president of the board, said: "I would oppose the appointment as director of adult education of any man who had a long record as a labor antagonist. By the same token I oppose the appointment of a man who has a long record as a labor protagonist." Following the logic of this argument, the board should head its next advertisement of the position: "None but socially philosophic hermaphrodites need apply."

More seriously, the idea that labor sympathies should be a bar to an appointment of such vital interest to labor is one that must be challenged sharply. New York is a union city, and probably a majority of the students in adult-education classes are either union members or the children of union members. Why should they be deprived of the direction of someone who supports their aims and champions their rights? This does not mean that an adult-education program should be a course in indoctrination. On the contrary, as every experienced teacher in this field knows, the only successful way to educate adults in such fields as the social sciences is to present them with both sides of a question and give them an opportunity to reason it out for themselves. And this, we can state with assurance, is the educational method preached and practiced by Mark Starr.

Trade-union leaders are joining with outstanding educators in protesting against the action of the Board of Education. We hope they keep it up, but we hope too that this smack in the eye will stimulate them into taking a more constant interest in the educational problems of New York. Hitherto they have not exerted the influence

on this department to which their strength entitles them and have left an open field to reactionary forces which have not failed to exploit their opportunities. We suspect that the pressure groups whose undercover activities are continually impeding educational progress in New York City—and in other large cities—are largely responsible for Mr. Starr's rejection. If labor does not wake up and play its proper part in exposing and routing these forces, New York City may come to be classed with Talmadge's Georgia.

The Language of Piracy

BENJAMIN F. FAIRLESS, president of the United States Steel Corporation, chose an interesting metaphor when he promised the Truman committee that persons responsible for passing defective steel plate at the Carnegie-Illinois steel works would "walk the plank" regardless of who they were. The language of piracy is peculiarly appropriate to such extraordinary behavior. We hope that Attorney General Biddle will respond to the appeal of Senator Truman and not merely rely upon the pledges now made by the corporation's own officials, but investigate the circumstances and criminally prosecute those responsible.

If the faking of tests and the passing of defective steel was, indeed, the work of underlings, the United States Steel Corporation is badly in need of reorganization. The testimony makes one wonder just how far up in the company's hierarchy this cheating of the government was authorized, suggested, or condoned. The indignation expressed and the punishment threatened by top officials must be read in the light of Senator Truman's statement that J. Lester Perry, president of Carnegie-Illinois, United States Steel's principal operating subsidiary, did not give investigators "very strong cooperation." According to the Senator, his investigators were hampered by the attitude of the company. It does not sound as if there was any great anxiety to root out this kind of cheating by subordinate employees, if that is all it was.

From the record so far unrolled, it is hard to avoid the inference that more is yet to be known of the whole affair. George E. Dye, supervisor of inspection, said he had been aware since last July that the mill "was shipping badly laminated and piped plates to the United States navy and United States maritime shipyards" and supplying defective steel for lend-lease. He said that he brought this to the attention of his supervisors and that his inspectors were assigned clerical duties that prevented them from doing an effective job. Newspaper reports say responsibility was traced no higher than William F. McGarrity, chief metallurgist of the Carnegie-Illinois Edgar Thompson Works. Dye testi-

fied, however, that when he referred this matter to McGarrity last November, he was "instructed to reject all the bad plates." Two days later, according to Dye, he was told that McGarrity had "'got his ears beat back' when he brought the subject up in an operating meeting and I was instructed to go easy on rejections." This is denied by McGarrity, but it would seem to merit further inquiry. What higher officials sit in at these operating meetings? Is it possible that such practices can go on month after month, during a war, without some instructions from officials high in the councils of the company?

Perry might have been more candid on the stand. First he declared that the breaking in two of the tanker Schenectady during its trial run on the West Coast on January 16 was not due to the failure of steel. Perry gave as his authority the report of the American Bureau of Shipping. But when Senator Brewster proved from the same report that inferior plates "more like cast-iron than steel" did play a part, Perry gave a curious

answer. He said that "in any event the plate at the point where the break began was not a product of the Irvin works." It took questioning by Senator Ferguson to bring out the fact that though this steel may not have come from the Irvin works, it did come from another plant of Perry's company, the Homestead Works. This sort of thing does not increase one's esteem for Perry.

That steel-company officials, subordinate or important, should indulge in cheating of this kind is both sickening and infuriating. The lives of our own fighting men and those of our allies were and, for all we know, still are endangered by ships made from defective steel. We hope that the power and prestige of the Steel Corporation will not save it from a thorough investigation by the Justice Department and that those responsible will be convicted and as severely punished as they deserve. And we hope that investigation and prosecution will not stop short with the first subordinate who is willing to "take the rap" for this shameful episode.

The Shipshaw Scandal

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 28

CURIOUSLY enough, none of the Congressmen who were so scornful of TVAs on the Danube have said anything about Shipshaw on the Saguenay. To establish public-power projects in foreign countries is philanthropic folly but to endow a dam in Canada for the aluminum trust is statesmanship. So at least I read the minds of these Congressmen and of some sectors of the conservative press. Mind-reading is necessary, because they have decided to keep as quiet as possible about the affair. From their point of view, there has already been too much talking by well-meaning but unsophisticated friends. For the whole deplorable revelation, it seems, is due neither to *PM* nor to the Washington Merry-Go-Round but to the *New York Times*, which in all innocence and with no intent whatsoever to muck-rake let slip a hint of the facts. "If only they hadn't printed that story," said a power-trust stooge in a Washington hotel lobby, after a day of arduous labor at the WPB. "That story" is the dispatch from Ottawa published by the *New York Times* last January 31, "New Power Plant Gives Quebec Lead." The tip-off (the ivory-towered editors of the *New York Times* have grown unused to the wicked ways of crusading journalism) was the sentence which said, with childlike delight and ingenuousness, "Not the least amazing thing about it [the Shipshaw power development on the Saguenay

River in Quebec] is that it is already paid for. . . ."

On investigation it turned out that this \$65,900,000 project, which will not be completed until November, was more than paid for months ago. Inquiry, subterranean inquiry (for Jesse Jones does not make a fetish of candor), in Washington by Drew Pearson and this correspondent disclosed that Jesse Jones had given the Aluminum Company of Canada an advance of \$68,500,000 interest free under contracts signed in the spring of last year. This was enough to pay the entire cost of the project, plus a *pourboire* of \$2,600,000. The day after this was published in the Merry-Go-Round and *PM*, C. D. Howe, Canadian Minister of Munitions and Supply, rose in the House of Commons at Ottawa to explain—and there were further disclosures. Howe picked up a copy of the *Ottawa Evening Citizen* which carried a summary of the American stories headed "Canadian Plant Is Financed by American Funds." "As a matter of fact," Howe explained disingenuously, "this is wholly inaccurate. The Shipshaw development was built with the corporate funds of the Aluminum Corporation of Canada." Later, under prodding from nasty members of the opposition, Howe was a little more explicit, though almost as bland. "An advance payment was asked for the metal," Howe said of the aluminum to be produced with the power to be generated at Shipshaw, "and the money received was not capital; it was revenue—in other

words, the sale of a product and the payment for it." That the entire cost of the project was paid off in advance, an interest-free advance payment against aluminum to be delivered by the end of 1945, is presumably a mere detail. Many a manufacturer would like to do business with the government on such a basis. This, to adapt the terminology used by critics of railroad labor, is, indeed, featherbed financing.

Howe's explanation revealed that the British had also made an advance payment "of the order of \$10,000,000 to \$12,000,000" and Australia of "I think \$3,000,000 or \$4,000,000"—he was oddly vague. He also disclosed that the Aluminum Company of Canada had the aid of the government of Canada in obtaining these not unfavorable terms. The plant might have been built with the proceeds of a loan at interest from the three governments, but of this conventional method Howe disapproved. "I took objection," Howe declared, "to other governments lending money to the company to meet the capital outlay subject to repayment after the war. We have tried to avoid burdens of that kind. What was finally evolved and accepted by the purchasers was that the Aluminum Company would sell at the current market price a block of aluminum to the three companies totaling the figure I have just given." Howe had not given it, but the advances obviously total \$81,500,000 to \$84,500,000. The Aluminum Company itself seemed to consider these arrangements somewhat better than the "common practice" they were termed by Howe. For the Ottawa *Hansard* reports this amusing tidbit during the debate:

Mr. Coldwell: If I may ask a question, is it not fair to say that by advance payment on future purchases of aluminum the United States is assisting in paying for this plant, as are also other governments?

Mr. Howe: No. I am coming to that now.

Mr. Coldwell: I have their prospectus before me, and they make that statement.

Mr. Howe: Do not mix up two things.

Howe did not specify what he meant by "two things." Perhaps one of them was what one may properly boast of to one's shareholders; the other, how one should discreetly explain it to the public.

This is more than another case of financial favoritism to the Aluminum Company. That is an old story at the RFC. This is part of what will be seen more clearly in later years as a gigantic plan to enable the aluminum trust to dominate the power and aluminum business in North America. It demands investigation, and it is good to see that Senator Truman, to whom we owe earlier aluminum revelations, has addressed an inquiry on it to Jesse Jones and that Congressman Coffee of Washington has introduced a resolution in the House calling for a joint Congressional investigation. Unless there is pres-

sure upon Congress, the Coffee resolution will be buried, and the Truman committee may let the sheer volume of its activities distract it from the Shipshaw scandal. The Northwest, the Southeast, and New York State are the areas from which that pressure should come, for enough is known to show that public-power developments in the Columbia River basin, in the Tennessee Valley, and in the St. Lawrence area were sidetracked to make way for Shipshaw. More important than the financial terms granted the Aluminum Company by Jones is the fact that Shipshaw was given preferential treatment on priorities at the WPB while major additions to capacity at Grand Coulee and TVA and a badly needed transmission line between New York City and the St. Lawrence were stalled and finally shelved.

Had these American projects been private and the Shipshaw project public, there would long ago have been an outcry from the press. For Shipshaw has been built in the Canadian wilds under the most difficult of circumstances while much more accessible sources of power here have been ignored. I quote again from the tell-tale New York *Times* account of Shipshaw: "For many months it has been a 'hush-hush' war mystery not to be written about. . . . But strange tales circulated in Quebec province about how the work was being carried on in temperatures 30° below zero, of the blasting of 18,000 cubic yards of solid rock, of the big dam at Lake Manouan, 170 air-line miles up in the wilderness, where there is no railroad and no road, so that everything, men, horses, and thousands of tons of equipment, including 'bulldozers,' trucks, and steam shovels, had to be flown in."

Compare these conditions with Grand Coulee, where a dam and a powerhouse wait for three generators long ago authorized by Congress, generators which would add close to 350,000 kilowatts of capacity to the Bonneville area. Compare these conditions with TVA, where Congress has authorized downstream generating units with some 600,000 extra kilowatts of capacity. Why were these and smaller public-power projects in California's Central Valley denied priorities on generators and turbines while equipment was rushed to Shipshaw? Why was copper sent to Shipshaw, though it was denied, despite the President's instructions and the War Department's approval, to the Massena-New York transmission line which is all we need to tap the 500,000 kilowatts of capacity now idle in the New York City area? How the New Dealers would be trounced for their impracticality and for sacrificing the war effort to public power if the situation were the reverse of what it is!

The answer is that the RFC and the WPB are both dominated by enemies of public power and friends of the aluminum trust. The foremost of these is Jesse Jones. They want no more expansion at Grand Coulee or elsewhere in the Northwest because it would be public

power and because Congress provided in the Bonneville Act that this power should not become the basis of any industrial monopolies, as in aluminum. They want only so much expansion in TVA as is necessary for the convenience of the Aluminum Company and other big metal and chemical concerns. They would rather leave 500,000 kilowatts—the base for the production of 500,000,000 pounds of aluminum a year—idle in New York City than build a transmission line which might ultimately bring cheap St. Lawrence power back to the metropolis. They have laid their plans well. Promises by Jones to set up more producers of aluminum have been forgotten. With the exception of one small project for Olin Corporation, all the government-owned plants are under Alcoa operation. All were designed by Alcoa, and use an older and less efficient method of separating the aluminum from the alumina. This will provide an argument for scrapping them after the war because they will be unable to compete with more efficient and lower-cost aluminum-trust plants here and in Canada. Several of the biggest, like that in Queens, New York, have been located in high-cost power areas, and this will furnish another argument for selling them to the junk man. Finally, the Aluminum Company of Canada, with its cost-free power and aluminum plants on the Saguenay in

Quebec, will be in a position to sell the light metal more cheaply in this country than any government or private plant.

The Shipshaw project, financed cost free out of public funds, will provide a new argument in the fight the aluminum trust has waged for two generations to stifle, if it could not dominate, the development of the St. Lawrence. Shipshaw, says that *New York Times* story, "will give far more power than Canada would have obtained from the St. Lawrence waterways scheme." The objection to Shipshaw arises from no nationalistic animus against a development in Canada but from objections to a private deal which will enable the aluminum and power trusts to undercut public power and the industries dependent upon it on both sides of the border, in Ontario as in the Northwest, the Tennessee Valley, and New York. In the last war we built Muscle Shoals and then fought two decades over its control. The public finally won. The aluminum and power trusts, thanks to Jesse Jones and the WPB, have been able to pursue a wiser policy this time. They have arranged for us to build them a new and greater Muscle Shoals, a project as great as Boulder Dam, in the Canadian wilds. And this time they arranged in advance that though we foot the bill, the property shall be theirs.

Why They Follow John L. Lewis

BY SELDEN C. MENEFFEE

Hazard, Ky., March 23

IF A collapse in the present negotiations between John L. Lewis's United Mine Workers and the operators of the Appalachian coal fields should be followed by a strike call, the miners would back their national leadership practically 100 per cent. Some of them would stay away from work only because "there is nothing else we can do," but all would stay away, and the mines would be closed. I reached this conclusion after talking last week with about a hundred miners in Logan County, West Virginia, and Perry County, Kentucky, two of the largest coal-producing areas.

If the miners strike, however, it will be with genuine reluctance. The great majority of them realize that a halt in production now would interfere seriously with the war effort. "The way I see it, coal is at the bottom of the whole war," one man told me. "It takes coal to melt the iron ore, and it takes iron and steel to make guns and tanks." The miners do not want to interrupt this process. Nearly all of them are buying war bonds on the pay-roll allotment plan; and house after company house displays one, two, or even three blue or silver stars in the window.

A Kentucky miner assured me, with deep emotion, "I don't want to do a thing that will hurt our government. I got a boy in the army, and I'd hate to see the coal stop coming from the mines even for one day, for fear it might hurt him." Yet this man, like the others, expressed his firm intention of supporting the union's stand even if it means a strike.

A general coal strike at this stage of the war would do more than hamper war production. It would touch off an anti-union campaign unequalled in labor history. The press has already sharpened its sword. Fred W. Perkins, for example, a Scripps-Howard writer covering the negotiations, has repeatedly referred to the pending strike as one which "would delay victory and might even lose the war." A mine shutdown is all that would be needed to induce the present Congress to pass strong anti-strike and anti-labor legislation. Several Representatives have already made this clear in public statements.

In the event of a strike, the inevitable hysteria can be minimized and the miners saved from unreasoning attacks which would leave them bewildered and embittered only if the situation in the coal fields is clearly under-

stood. The willingness of the miners to follow their union leaders is traceable to three things. First, they have profound faith in the rightness of union policy, a faith which was reinforced by their hard-won victory in the 1941 strike. The union has raised basic wages in the mines to \$7 a day and has proved the miners' only real protection against the operators. The miners' loyalty, by and large, is to the union itself and the local leaders rather than to the national officers. But Lewis has a strong personal following, especially in the recently organized Southern fields, which benefited by abolition of the North-South wage differential two years ago.

Second, the miners all feel that rapidly rising prices make the present wage scale unfair. "We've got to live and feed our kids," they say. They don't complain about deductions for war bonds, but they see the Victory tax and the projected 20 per cent withholding feature of the new income-tax law as cuts in pay. They are anxious to earn enough to offset these inroads on their cash income.

Third, most of the miners believe, optimistically, that the need for coal is so great that their demands will be met, or some reasonable compromise made, in order to keep the mines in operation. Many of them predict that the negotiations will continue right up to the deadline, when a settlement will be reached. If they do shut down the mines, the men will think of themselves as just "sitting at home waiting for a contract to be signed" rather than as actively striking. They believe such a strike would last only a few days. They fervently hope so, for most of them remember the three-months strike in 1941, when suffering was acute despite union aid and the dollar-a-day food credits allowed by some company stores.

I went into the coal fields with two preconceptions: that Lewis's demands for a \$9 basic wage and an \$8 absolute minimum, if fully realized, would destroy the present wage- and price-control system that is our main protection against inflation; and that a basic wage of \$7 a day was pretty fair pay anyway, even in this period of rising prices. Of the validity of the first I am still convinced. But such concepts as the Little Steel formula and the "spiral of inflation" mean nothing to nine-tenths of the miners. For them, the battle is as always strictly between them and the operators, with the danger of hurting war production only an unfortunate complicating factor.

On the adequacy of the prevailing \$7 wage I changed my opinion after witnessing the widespread poverty that still exists in the mining camps. "We could buy more with \$5.60 two years ago than we can with \$7 today," miner after miner declared. Reports that the men squander their money are wholly unfounded. I saw crowds of people in the stores of Logan on a Saturday night, but most of them were buying the necessities of life. The

liquor stores were not nearly so busy as those of Mobile, Seattle, and other centers of new war industry.

The continued poverty of the miners is due in part to the numerous and sizable deductions made from their pay by the operators. After war-bond allotments and Social Security and Victory taxes are taken out, there are deductions for rent, light, water, and coal, and then for health, hospital, and burial benefits. The men are even required to pay rental for the lamps they use in the mines and the cost of the explosives they need to get out the coal. I saw several pay slips on which gross figures of \$80 to \$90 for two weeks' work had been trimmed down a third to a half by these charges. "They got back that last pay raise long ago in bigger cuts and higher prices at the commissary," one miner told me. The workers are not forced to take "scrip" usable only in the company stores, but most of them are obliged to buy a large part of their supplies from the company because it is so hard to get into town. Complaints of overcharging and violations of ceiling prices in the company stores are widespread.

Another cause for dissatisfaction among the miners is the lack of overtime pay. "The operators got their raise of 14 cents a ton to cover time and a half for Saturday work, but they haven't passed it on to us," a West Virginia miner complained; "they only started overtime work a few weeks ago to make a showing at the negotiations." A local union official in Kentucky said to me, "The operators somehow manage to shut down one day during every week to avoid working us over thirty-five hours, so they can pay us straight time on Saturdays. Usually they plead a lack of cars; but last week they used as an excuse the funeral of a colored man who hadn't even worked in the mine for the last four years. All Saturday work should be at time-and-a-half rate." If the miners were allowed to work six straight days a week there would be much better feeling toward the companies. This would seem a not unreasonable desire on their part, especially if the danger of a coal shortage is as great as the newspapers assert.

Finally, a major factor in the existing bad relations between miners and operators is the terrible squalor of most of the camps. Unpainted shanties, with muddy yards on muddy streets and practically no sanitary facilities, clutter up the bottom land along every river and creek in the mining districts. The comfortable homes of supervisory employees are usually set apart on higher land—"Snobs' Knob," the miners term it in one camp near Holden—and provide a glaring contrast. Miners' houses barely large enough for one family, are divided to hold two; the coal-streaked faces of unkempt children peer through every window and around every door when a stranger approaches.

I visited one house at Allais, Kentucky, in which the holes in the rough board floor and around the doors were

big enough for a man to put his hand through. The miner's wife told me that on windy days it was impossible to keep the house warm, even with coal fires in both the fireplace and the kitchen stove. She was doing the family wash when I called, heating the water over a coal fire in the muddy yard. This tiny house, sheltering a family of seven, was rented for about \$30 a month, including light, water, and coal. That may not seem high to a city dweller, but considering the condition of the house and the lower rent formerly charged for it, the miner finds it exorbitant. In some camps the miners are charged a set rate for coal each month, regardless of whether they need or get it (the price of coal here is only about \$3.50 a ton). Little grievances such as these are often the ones that rankle the most.

Conditions are not uniformly bad. I found fairly well-kept camps at Seco and in the Jenkins district of eastern Kentucky. One camp at Holden, West Virginia, has a

swimming pool which is open to those miners and their families who can pass a health test. In Harlan County, long an anti-union stronghold with its captive mines, I am told that showers have been installed at some mine exits. The miners appreciate any benefits provided by the operators, but they still look to their union for guidance and support.

Some union leaders claim that there is enough coal above ground to last for several weeks or months; and the U. M. W. has provided for the continued operation of mines outside the Appalachian area. These, however, produce only 28 per cent of the nation's coal. As long as the issue is between the operators and their employees, the union will keep its following intact. But if the federal government finds it necessary to take over the mines to keep the war industries going, all the indications are that the men will gladly go back to work pending a final settlement. They put Uncle Sam above John L. Lewis.

Steel Wins Wars

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

STEEL remains the most important single item in the modern war test," writes the London *Economist*. This statement has been amply confirmed by the events of two world wars.

German patriots have always boasted that in the first war Germany was enabled to hold out against its enemies for four years by the genius of its military leaders and the heroism of its soldiers. In reality, military superiority throughout the war went hand in hand with superiority in the production of iron and steel. Frederick the Great's observation that God was invariably on the side of the big battalions can be modernized into God is on the side of the country with the biggest production of iron and steel.

Germany began the First World War, as the second, with a Blitzkrieg. This had direct and important military results. Ferdinand Friedensburg, one of the best-known German experts, wrote in "Coal and Iron in the World War" (Berlin, 1934):

The rapid German offensives in the west and in the east resulted in the capture of the strategically unfavorably situated coal and iron districts of southwestern Poland, Belgium, and northern France. In this way a quarter of the Russian production of coal and a twelfth of the Russian production of pig-iron fell into German hands. The whole of Belgium's coal and iron production, half of France's production of coal, and no less than two-thirds of her production of pig-iron and steel also came into Germany's possession.

As a result, Germany's heavy industry and steel production expanded out of all proportion to that of the Entente. In August, 1914, the yearly steel production of the Central Powers was estimated at 21,000,000 tons and that of the Allies at 19,000,000 tons. But after the conquests of the first six weeks German steel production leaped to 24,000,000 tons—though not all the steel capacity of occupied France and Belgium could be used—while the production of the Allies was reduced to 13,000,000 tons. By this first lightning victory the Kaiser's armies gained a superiority in the supply of steel which was overcome only by the entry of the United States into the war.

In the First World War the greater part of the German army was always concentrated on the western front. Not more than a third of the effective divisions and at times only a fifth were sent against Russia. These troops, despite their numerical weakness, were able to win overwhelming victories because a highly industrialized Germany faced a predominantly agricultural Russia. To Russia's production of steel, which at that time was 4,436,000 tons, Germany opposed a production almost four times as great.

In spite of its initial successes in the west, in spite of the weakness of Russia at the time, the Kaiser lost the war when the industrial capacity and later the growing military strength of the United States were thrown into the balance. In 1917 the steel production of the Central Powers totaled only 16,000,000 tons, but the Allies, in-

cluding the United States, were producing 58,000,000 tons. That was the decisive factor.

In the years immediately preceding the Second World War, Nazi Germany, as we know, organized its industry for war and enlarged its steel capacity every year. In the year which saw Munich, the annexation of Austria and the Sudetenland, the construction of the western fortifications, and a trial mobilization in Germany, the production of iron and steel in Germany was of course greatly stepped up. On the other hand, in the same year, at a time when the issue of peace or war was in the balance, the Western powers allowed their production of iron and steel to fall. In Great Britain and France it was only four-fifths as large as in 1937. Production for armament in these countries represented but a small part of their economic activity, whereas peace production played a decidedly minor role in National Socialist Germany.

On the heels of the economic recession which began in the United States in the autumn of 1937, industrial activity throughout the world was slowed up. The recession was so great that, despite the increase in armament, steel production in England fell from 8,629,000 tons in 1937 to 6,872,000 in 1938; in France from 7,914,000 tons in 1937 to 6,027,000 in 1938. The output of Germany's steel industry, however, steadily forged ahead until it far outstripped that of Great Britain and France combined.

With steel production in the last year of peace almost four times that of France, Germany started the Second World War; after its short campaign in Poland it went on to lightning victories in the west, and seemed to have conquered the world.

In the last year of peace and in the first phases of the war our attention was concentrated on the strength of Germany's military machine and war industry. We failed to consider the tremendous change that had taken place in the industrial structure of Soviet Russia in the period between the two wars, especially since the inauguration of the Five-Year plans. As the country had developed industrially, its steel production had increased accordingly. German experts called attention to this development very early, and we now know that it became a decisive factor in world history. Friedensburg wrote:

Despite the tremendous material and psychological effects of coal and iron on the origin, course, and end of the World War, the changes in the distribution of coal and iron factors have been comparatively small. In this respect a new war would find the situation much the same as it was at the beginning of the last. . . . Of all the great powers Russia is the only one which could face a new war considerably stronger with regard to coal and iron supplies than she was in 1914. Under the stress of economic circumstances Russia has learned to get on without foreign supplies, and she has tremendously strengthened her own productive apparatus. In this re-

spect she has profited from the important lesson learned by many countries during the last war, namely, that in the event of war a country can reckon with certainty only on those mining and industrial districts which are situated well inside its boundaries.

In 1938, the last year before war broke out, German steel production was 22,991,000 tons and Russian 18,156,000 tons. That means that Russia had become the second strongest country in Europe; in steel and in heavy industry generally, Russia probably produced four-fifths as much as Germany.

The strategy of this war has been different from that of the first in that Germany has had to fight on only one front. When the German army attacked Russia in 1941, America was still at peace and England's air raids over Germany were few and small. Though German armies of occupation were stationed all over Europe, we may assume that about four-fifths of the German army fought against Russia in 1941 and 1942. In the First World War Russian steel production was one-fourth that of Germany, and one-fourth of the German army fought against czarist Russia; at the beginning of this war Russian steel production was four-fifths that of Germany, and four-fifths of the German army fought against the Soviet Union. In other words, Germany's steel production, as compared with that of the enemy, was the key to the distribution of the German army.

I don't mean to say that steel production, the development of heavy industry and aircraft manufacture in the Soviet Union, explains everything. Without the tremendous courage of the Russian soldiers, without the almost incredible capacity of the Russian people to withstand suffering, without the consciousness of the masses that this is their war, the successes of the Red Army would not have been possible. But one of the decisive factors in today's war has been Russia's industrial development, of which its steel production is typical. Though Germany has concentrated 80 per cent of its troops on the eastern front, it has achieved only small and indecisive success, and that at the cost of much of its reserves of men and matériel.

Germany is on the way to defeat, but the Allies have still a long way to go before Germany's military strength is broken. In this war as in the last the military and industrial might of the United States tips the scale. The future stages of the war will show the role of steel production more clearly than those of the past have done. I have said that England's steel production was less in 1938 than in 1937. Since 1939, however, England and the empire have been producing to the limit of their capacity, which is now from 17,000,000 to 18,000,000 tons annually. On the other hand, Russian steel production has been greatly reduced by the German invasion. However, though the Soviet government gives out no figures, we know that it is pushing industrial develop-

ment in the Urals and in Asia. In its December, 1942, issue the London *Economist* said:

The latest reports from the "industrial front" show that the process of expansion in Russia's eastern war industries has not halted. The most recent achievement is the opening of a new giant blast furnace at Magnitogorsk. The furnace has been described as the largest in Europe, "only slightly below the capacity of the largest blast furnaces in the United States." Its annual capacity is said to exceed half a million tons of cast-iron. Its construction took only five months, and the furnace was put into operation on December 5. Another new furnace of similar size is to be opened in the Urals within the next few weeks. The Deputy Commissar for the Iron and Steel Industries has summed up the position:

"The Soviet iron and steel industry now produces every type of steel required by the war industries and is fully meeting demands. This is one of the main results of our work in 1942. All the works, including those in the Urals, which before the war produced the so-called trade metal have now been completely reorganized for the production of high-quality war metal used in making tanks, planes, and shells."

Despite these developments in Asiatic Russia it ap-

pears that Russian steel production today is hardly any greater than at the beginning of the war. The combined production of Russia and England is somewhat less than that at the disposal of Nazi Germany, which includes the capacity of all Continental Europe, reduced as that is. Germany's production, however, is only a fraction of that of America.

When the war broke out in Europe in 1939, American steel-ingot production was 52,800,000 net tons. It was at that time already greater than that of Germany, plus all the conquered countries, plus Italy, plus Japan. In 1941 it had risen to 82,930,000 tons; in 1942 it advanced to 86,000,000, and by the end of last year it was running at the annual rate of 89,000,000 tons. The latest War Production Board estimates of capacity at the end of 1942 are as high as 93,000,000 tons.

British and Russian production have been enough to keep Hitler's army cooped up in Europe. It is at least doubtful whether it is enough for complete victory. American production, however, is now almost double that of all the Axis countries combined. This gives the anti-Axis powers such superiority that a general offensive with victory on the battlefield can be only a matter of time.



STILL ON AND ON AND ON.

The Coming Offensive in the Pacific

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

IN THE second phase of the Pacific war, which now appears to have ended, the Japanese made numerous attempts to eliminate the United Nations bases nearest to their newly conquered empire and to cut the transport lines to Australia, but the Allied defense was generally successful. The third and final phase of hostilities, a successful United Nations offensive in Japan's own waters, has yet to start, but reports from MacArthur indicate that the enemy, having failed to dislodge our forces, is strengthening his bases in the East Indies in expectation of counter-blows. Our main interest now centers in how soon we shall be able to take the offensive and how well we have learned what our experience in the war should have taught us.

The outstanding lesson of the Pacific war has been the interdependence of air, sea, and land power. In the beginning we frequently paid only lip-service to this principle, but we have applied it with increasing effectiveness as the war has progressed. Ideally, all three forces should operate under one command; separate commands of any sort in the area of hostilities should be avoided. Closer support of the marines on Guadalcanal by MacArthur's soldiers and more help from the navy in the campaign in New Guinea would have eased some of the difficulties in both areas.

The air force has brilliantly taken over certain duties formerly identified with army or navy, but it has achieved its greatest triumphs not as a separate agent but in combination with land and sea forces. The plane carrier, for example, has become the capital ship of today, though it has not outmoded the battleship, which has steadily gained in power to deal with air attack. The Flying Fortresses so dear to the heart of the Air Corps have passed the acid test of war, but for work against ship targets their high-altitude bombing has been much less effective than dive bombers and torpedo planes.

A year and a half of war has uncovered weaknesses and strengths in all the services with a completeness impossible in days of peace. The early fighting following Pearl Harbor demonstrated that American military and naval leadership left much to be desired. Shifts in command, not all of which were made public, eliminated much dead wood, and our officer corps has in recent months compiled a fine record. The mid-November naval battle in the Solomons and the Air Corps's victory in the Bismarck Sea were both practically "perfect" victories and are certain to become classics.

On some fronts, however, there has been evident a

lack of imagination in the services. In Tunisia as at Pearl Harbor and in the Philippines and the Solomons, our sea, air, and land leaders have shown that they do not learn from example but only through experience. Virtually every defeat we have sustained has been due to a failure to prepare adequately against enemy tactics whose character had already been shown. Thus the Philippine air force was largely destroyed on the ground; four 10,000-ton cruisers were lost because it was believed an approaching inferior Japanese force would not attack; and the rout of our men by Rommel in February was largely the result of poor intelligence work and antiquated tactics. Fortunately this fault has been more than counterbalanced in the Pacific by the lack of originality and the blind aggressiveness of the Japanese, which have kept them attacking regardless of losses.

New capacities as well as old weaknesses have been uncovered by the war. All through our modern naval history we have been hampered by slow repair and construction of ships. On the basis of this bad record the sinking of five battleships at Pearl Harbor and the severe damaging of others would have been judged almost fatal. Yet these losses were repaired with a speed little short of miraculous. Meanwhile the navy, making a virtue of necessity, substituted carrier-cruiser striking groups for its crippled heavyweights, and these won repeatedly, even when outnumbered.

The last few months have shown further that Americans are outdistancing the enemy in the technical improvement of weapons. This has been most marked in the air, where lopsided figures of losses have long been the rule. In the Bismarck Sea battle 136 American planes destroyed not only more than two-thirds of the 150 Japanese planes encountered, but 10 warships and 12 transports carrying 15,000 men.

New warships and old ones rearmed carry far more potent defensive weapons against Japanese planes than they had three years ago. The advantage of enemy planes over our surface craft has been heavily cut, while our own air forces have a greater margin of superiority over Japanese air and sea forces than ever before. This lead in technical development will undoubtedly be lengthened as the war continues. Our submarines were expected to do well in the Pacific because they could be based close to enemy trade lanes, but it was not foreseen that they would be able to sink a ship every other day or that the highly rated Japanese submarines would claim so few victims.

Of vital interest is the question how effective our war of attrition has actually been. Enemy losses of manpower can at once be written off as of very little practical importance. Amphibious war does not require large mass armies of the European type, and Japan could lose ten times the troops we have wiped out without being crippled. The big overseas empire which Japan has acquired needs a huge merchant fleet for both economic and military purposes. Secretary Knox is authority for the statement that 28 per cent of the 6,400,000 tons of shipping with which Japan entered the war has been sunk but that new construction and the capture of Allied ships has reduced the net loss to about 14 per cent. Such losses, unless maintained and increased over a long period of time, cannot break down the inter-island communication lines.

But planes and warships are things that the Japanese can ill afford to lose. The ability of our machines and men consistently to outfight and outbomb the enemy has maintained a rate of attrition not far short of the 600 planes a month that it is estimated Japan produces and almost certainly ahead of the number of high-grade pilots which Japan has turned out. The extremely heavy sinkings of cruisers and carriers have greatly cut down the Japanese navy's offensive capacity. And in both planes and warships the proportion of American output going to the Pacific can hold and increase this superiority.

These cumulative losses help to explain the present lull in hostilities. Japanese offensive strength has been so greatly lessened that common prudence suggests a defensive course and the retention of some power in reserve. Our recent air and sea raids on enemy outposts provide a certain insurance against any efforts by the enemy to resume the offensive. They may also serve another purpose, for the dispersal of Japanese forces over a wide area clearly invites attack.

Outspoken Admiral Halsey has said that he believes we have sufficient offensive strength to justify a prophecy of early victory. This blunt forecast of early success is interesting since our entire war strategy seems to rule out any immediate direct attack. But it is no secret that the United States is building scores of plane carriers of several types and that deliveries have already started. We will shortly have several times as many carriers as on the day of Pearl Harbor. While not all are of the best possible type as to speed and carrying capacity, a fleet of, say, thirty carriers with an average of forty planes each would constitute a floating air force capable of achieving overwhelming air superiority almost anywhere. Heavy and persistent attacks on the Japanese mainland itself would lie well within possibility.

Whether such attacks will be undertaken in the near future no one knows. But before the end of 1943 we shall have this strong carrier force available. If well used, it may easily become the surprise weapon of 1943.

10 Years Ago in "The Nation"

CAPTAIN Hermann Wilhelm Göring, minister of the new Hitler dictatorship, expresses his passionate indignation at the "dirty lies" charging persecution in Germany. "Throughout all Germany there has not been a single person from whom even one fingernail was chopped off," he shouts. But almost in the same breath he declares: "There have been a few cases where Jews and others have been dragged from their homes and beaten. . . . Some storm troopers have terribly beaten up this one or that one. . . . It is humanly understandable if they took justice in their own hands. . . . You know how bitterly anti-Semitic some of our people are."—April 3, 1933.

OLDEST AND LARGEST nudist organization in America offers membership to intellectual men and women of clean character, believing in the modern doctrine of sun and air bathing. (Advt.)—April 5, 1933.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S bill for the regulation of security sales, to be sure, locks the barn door after the horse has been stolen. . . . But may it not be that some loot is still recoverable? Was Charlie Mitchell the only financier who wrote off a half-million-dollar income tax by a sale to a relative? Isn't that an unwarranted aspersion on the ingenuity of a whole generation of financial giants?—April 12, 1933.

WILL AUSTRIA, this pale and shrunken state caught in the nutcracker of Fascist Italy and Hitler Germany, be the next to succumb to the enormous pressure of reaction in Central Europe? . . . Menacing Dollfuss, who is himself on the right, are two camps even farther to the right. If the Heimwehr, his semi-allies, don't gobble him, the Nazis will. —April 12, 1933.

AFTER a two-year struggle . . . the principle of direct federal unemployment relief has at last been accepted. President Roosevelt's program bristles with bad points as well as good ones, but it at least recognizes and accepts the responsibility of the federal government for its jobless citizens—which means, in fact, that it accepts the principle of the direct dole which *The Nation* has so long advocated.—April 5, 1933.

THE SCOTTSBORO BOYS still have a chance for liberty, but it may be a matter of years—and years pass slowly in the cells that the South reserves for its Negro "citizens." Meanwhile, we urge our readers to contribute as generously as they can to the Scottsboro defense fund.—April 19, 1933.

WHILE THE ATTENTION of the Western world has been engaged elsewhere, the Japanese have not been idle. . . . The Japanese seem determined to swallow China piecemeal, and they refuse to reckon the cost. They are apparently prepared . . . to risk international intervention and a possible world-war to gain their end.—April 26, 1933.

Will Hays's New Rival

BY JOHN McDONALD

WE HAVE to a large extent protected our books, magazines, and newspapers with the laws and customs of freedom, but we have allowed the movies, product of our own generation, to languish without privilege, like the second son under primogeniture. Several years ago the movies were taken over by an economic monopoly and a private censorship, guided into an extreme commercialism, and given the character of an "amusement industry," along with Ferris wheels and roller coasters. We make a distinction between such industries and, for example, the publishing business; and it appears that by accepting the industry's estimate of its purpose we have been maneuvered into degrading an entire form of communication. Now the movies are under pressure to submit to a kind of government supervision which may complete their conversion into a propaganda instrument for the manipulation of our culture.

The Office of War Information wants to do what we have always allowed other agencies to do—to look films over before the public sees them. Almost all movies have in the past been reviewed and altered by the Production Code Administration of the Hays Office.* The OWI proposes to subject them to a second review. When Lowell Mellett, chief of the OWI Bureau of Motion Pictures, went to Hollywood a short time ago to make final arrangements, he said that all major studios had agreed to this review. When he returned, neither he nor the industry would make any comment, but it appeared that no general agreement had been reached, and that the issue had opened a major controversy concerning the relation of films to the government.

The purpose of the proposed OWI review, according to reports in the trade press, is to provide a "standard procedure" for transmitting "voluntary propaganda requirements" to motion-picture producers. These requirements have been reduced to a kind of flexible and developing OWI code. The reasons given for review are technical. It is difficult for the OWI to secure the application of its code without seeing film scripts in advance of production; for obvious financial reasons producers are often unwilling to make changes after production is completed. Some producers, notably those under Para-

mount, are said to ignore the OWI; contacts made by others, except Warner Brothers, are intermittent. On the whole the relationship is casual.

When the proposal for review was first made last December, the trade press, on behalf of producers and the Hays Office, raised the cry of censorship. Mr. Mellett replied that there is no censorship in this type of review for the reason that it lacks sanctions for enforcement. If sanctions were merely a question of police power, his proposal probably would have met no resistance. Mr. Mellett has joined in the President's statement "I want no censorship of the motion picture," and his sincerity is not to be doubted. But he appears to have overlooked the power of his office, a power that carries sanctions in the moral suasion of a government conducting war and in the diffused controls of a high executive in coordinated government.

Formalized government review shifts the burden of dissent to the producer. Under ordinary circumstances Mr. Mellett would have to take the step of disapproving all or part of a completed film. Under the reviewing procedure the blue pencil goes on the script, and the producer must take the step of disregarding a specific recommendation of the government. A producer inclined to dissent may fear that such action will appear as an unpatriotic defiance of the government.

Review unlooses a second sanction, implicit in coordinated government. Like other industries, the movie industry has to justify itself to get its rations; and nothing frightens producers now more than the problems of man-power and materials. Can a producer, then, ignore the Film Chief's relation to officials in the War Man-power Commission, the War Production Board, and other agencies important to the physical life of the industry? The connection between ideas and materials is illustrated in the review of all fact films by the War Production Board. No civilian fact films, except domestic newsreels, can be made today without WPB approval. Mr. Mellett is adviser to the WPB on the selection of fact films for which materials will be allowed. It is beside the point that Mr. Mellett would never use his influence against a particular producer. The point is that his office gives him wide collateral powers, creating a psychological hazard that interferes with the producer's freedom of choice.

The expansion of government, the new powers and controls it exercises in administering the whole economy

* A number of state and local censorship boards are engaged in reviewing films. In certain areas they form a serious obstacle to a free screen, supplanting the normal procedure of formal complaint and trial by jury for violations of laws of decency. They have been cited as the excuse for the Hays Office censorship to end other censorships. This article is concerned only with censorship at the source, that is, censorship governing production and national release.

for war, creates an entirely new set of real and implied pressures on the instruments of communication. The channeling of these pressures through review injures the sense of freedom, a feeling that contains the quintessence of what we celebrate as American.

In any other medium a proposal of this kind would surely be widely opposed; in the movies it is widely accepted as natural. The press is an independent public factor in the making of war and peace; and the OWI would not think of reviewing its copy before publication. The film critic of the *New York Times* has indorsed review of the movies, but he would probably join his editor in protest against review of the press. Yet one must either hold review to be in principle as valid for one as for the other, or retire to the untenable position of approving a double standard for words and pictures.

Since there are no serious advocates of review of the press, except in the Post Office, one may assume that the double standard is at the center of the movie difficulty and ask the upholders of review of the movies to explain themselves. To this writer the double standard appears a fault of the industry itself and of an acquiescent public.

Industry spokesmen say: We teach nothing, we are only shown. The rigor of the Production Code is the industry's own denial of that policy. Has not the code taught, for example, that sin is always punished? And has not the Hays Office closed the channels of distribution to pictures that failed to exemplify that teaching? Actually the policy of unqualified entertainment is a box-office come-on and a good way to sell merchandise. According to a Hollywood gag, the film industry is in the canning business. No one doubts that the movies are and should be first of all entertaining. But not many doubt that the movies teach all kinds of things from dogmatic theology to Veronica Lake hair-dos, not to speak of alleged facts. In asserting itself as a purely commercial enterprise, the moving-picture industry has abdicated the preferential position to which it is entitled as a form of communication and an independent cultural force.

The movies have a stronger base for independence than any other medium. Unlike the press and radio, they sell only to their audience, without benefit of advertisers or sponsors. Yet the press is regarded as a public institution, while monopoly has contributed to the view that the movies are a private enterprise. The film industry is in fact not so free as the press. The press has its hierarchies, rests upon large investments, advertising, radio controls, and exclusive wire franchises, but it is multiple. There are thousands of newspapers in the country. There are only a handful of big movie corporations and their associates.

Moreover, most of the best (first-run) theater outlets are controlled by these few producing and distributing

companies. Independent producers without distributor tie-ups get practically no financing and rarely a big-time release. The producer-distributor arrangement is convenient for banks in that it guarantees a return on loan and investment regardless of the quality of a particular film. Like all theatrical productions, motion pictures are a gamble. With producers owning their own market, a good part of the speculative losses on bad films is shifted to the public through forced distribution.

The industry's economic structure requires anticipated box-office grosses of untold millions of dollars on single films. To meet this requirement film standards are reduced to the least common denominator; and most films set before adult Americans now have been censored according to standards set for children on the one hand and the foreign markets on the other. Almost all films are produced with an eye to export. During recent years the pressure of the export market has increased as most of the neutral and United Nations world has become increasingly dependent upon the United States for its motion pictures. In war time this brings the official export censorship into play on films made primarily for the home market. And it gives the State Department an invitation to plant its policies in Hollywood, compromising our own neighborhood entertainment by the necessity of entertaining, among others, distant non-Axis fascist neighborhoods. *Film Daily* reported recently that State Department officials "have passed along some rather definite instructions on foreign affairs to Hollywood. The whole story of State Department's involvement with the making of 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' makes it quite obvious that the department simply doesn't believe in freedom of the screen when it comes to diplomatic questions. Warner Brothers, Paramount, and Twentieth Century-Fox have dropped projected films dealing with the North African situation on hints from the State Department." It is impossible to say how far this kind of thing has gone. Paramount is said to have resisted interference with Hemingway's film; but producers won't talk. If the State Department allowed free trade in cultural intercourse between the United Nations, this kind of trouble would be minimized; and if the movie corporations were less intent on reaching every kind of foreign market, there would be less ground for political interference in the field of film ideas. Mr. Mellett's proposal to review promises only to standardize such interference.

Whenever self-regulation is proposed, the industry offers the Hays Office, focal point of its monopoly, officially known as the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. All eight of the major movie companies and three minor ones belong to it, and its jurisdiction covers production, distribution, and exhibition. Its censoring tool, the Production Code, represents with slight indirection the desires of censorial pressure

groups, of which the Legion of Decency is the first. Through the Hays Office, a few producer-distributors and their professional censors are able to rule our whole motion-picture art. One man, Will Hays, has the power to grant or not to grant to anyone owning a motion picture the seal which the producer-distributors have agreed upon as the condition of distribution. It looks like an open-and-shut case of restraint of trade. But no independent producer seems to want to take the risk of finding out in the courts.

Hays Office censorship has been defended as a private affair of the industry, like a story conference in a studio. Yet who would not oppose the growth of a similar organization in the press? Just suppose that the national magazine-distributing organizations and the principal newsstands were controlled by a few big magazines and that they adopted the Hays code. Suppose the smaller magazines were unable to get on the principal newsstands unless they conformed to a code of Catholic morals and unless the big magazines found a spot for them that would not disturb their own marketing schedules. Obviously, the press could not tolerate this kind of self-regulation without abdicating its freedom. Why should it be tolerated in the movies?

The issue of self-regulation versus government review is further complicated by the fact that the OWI, despite limitations inherent in any, especially in an official, code maker, is much more enlightened and more moved by good-will toward men than the Hays Office. To take one example: The Hays Office has managed to ignore Negro pressure, preferring apparently the Southern white market to the Northern Negro market on a straight box-office basis. The OWI, whether influenced by man-power needs in war time or a conscious liberalism, brought about a better attitude toward Negroes, overturning the unwritten code according to which Negroes were always either funny or menial. That is a point scored for the OWI, but it would be a mistake to chalk it up for censorship.

The way to solve the problem of government review is simply to abandon it in favor of a self-regulation similar to that which governs the press—self-regulation by individual producers. The OWI can continue its normal activity in issuing war information. In order to safeguard military information, military subjects can be reviewed jointly by the OWI and the services. If the OWI thinks more control is necessary, it is torturing the notion of "war information."

The road back to a democratic screen is a longer one, involving the dissolution of the vertical monopoly over production, distribution, and exhibition, the elimination of the censorial Production Code Administration of the Hays Office, the toning down of rampant commercialism, and recognition of the fact that the movies are a cultural institution as well as an amusement enterprise.

In the Wind

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE of the United States announces its war aims: "Everything must be conditioned upon a decisive military victory . . . the unrelenting pursuit of which should not suffer the loss of one vessel, one plane, one tank, or one bullet due to our yen for 'looking ahead.'"

EDWARD A. KOCH, one of the men under indictment for conspiracy to undermine the morale of the armed forces, is still publishing the *Guildsman*. In a recent issue he wrote, "Whatever the country's proper and legitimate objectives in war may be, we believe that the destruction of Nazism and 'fascism' generally should not be among them."

AXIS PROPAGANDISTS, ever attentive to the cultural needs of American workers, are distributing thousands of copies of poems in war plants. A typical title is "Song of the Kosher Air Wardens," and typical lines are: "You will find the Jews are ruling you in Washington's old White House," "The Gentile soldiers go marching proudly by," and "Damned if I don't think Hitler's right."

MAN-POWER NOTE: An ad in the Boston *Globe* calls for one scissors sharpener, one man with some experience in polishing small steel parts, two surgical-instrument repair men, and two men mechanically inclined to learn repairing of surgical instruments. The ad is headed in large black type, "Men Under Eighty."

LEWIS AND CONGER, New York store that makes a specialty of aids to sleep, woos labor with this sign in its window: "Constructive note to Captain Rickenbacker. Most absenteeism is not wilful—much absenteeism is due to sheer fatigue—for example . . . many night workers cannot sleep restfully during the day. Here are twenty helpful hints from our sleep shop."

DURING DEBATE on a bill to permit Georgia to tax federal enterprises that compete with private industry, State Senator Arnold said, "I don't know who drew this bill, whether it was drawn by the Georgia Power Company or not, but it is a damned good job. . . . Washington is controlled by New York Jews, as everybody knows."

FESTUNG EUROPA: A League of Nations survey shows that Germany is scrapping modern machinery and equipment not immediately adaptable to war work. . . . Norwegian clergymen and theological students who oppose the Quisling regime are being drafted for compulsory labor service. . . . Italian and German aviators stationed at Bari, Italy, have their food stored in the same building, but the Germans get more and better rations. Recently a group of Italians took some of the German food, and in the course of explaining the mistake several fliers were wounded and one killed.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

The Spread of Sinarquismo

BY FELIX DIAZ ESCOBAR

MANY people believe that with the entrance into the war of almost every Latin American country, the question of the Latin American fifth column has been resolved. My country, Mexico, offers proof that more wishful thinking lies in that assumption than reality. The Nazi-Fascist fifth column continues to work in Mexico with more intensity and vigor than it did before Pearl Harbor or before the Mexican declaration of war against the Axis. Its strongest unit, the Sinarquista movement, is numerically more powerful today than it was a year ago. The Mexican Sinarquismo is the Spanish Phalanx in *guaraches*.

As president of the Anti-Nazi, Anti-Fascist Committee in Mexico, I have been denouncing the activities of the fifth column for two years, in Parliament and in the press. From the first it was evident that there was a firmly established accord between the Nazi organization and the Sinarquista movement. Everything pointed to a liaison which fully justified our demands for the liquidation of the Sinarquismo. As long ago as January, 1942, I accused the former German consul in Guaymas of being a Nazi spy and chief of a fifth column in that section of the Pacific Coast where our fishing enterprises have been controlled by the Japanese for years. I gathered proof that that former German consul and Nazi spy enjoyed the cooperation of the Sinarquistas. I denounced the activities of one Jorge Hauss, a man of German nationality, owner of a beer-garden in Mazatlán (Sinaloa), chief of the local fifth column and a staunch friend of Sinarquista leaders in the city. I further denounced as one of the centers of the Nazi fifth column in Mexico the German news agency Transocean, which in other parts of South America was more concerned with spying and plotting than with securing information. Together with these specific accusations, in which I did not spare mention of names, I stated that the Sinarquismo was a Spanish Phalanx transplanted to Mexico.

The Sinarquista movement was launched in Mexico on May 23, 1927. Its real creator was a Nazi, Oscar Reichert, teacher of languages in the Colegio Civil of Guanajuato. He was assisted by two famous Spanish Phalangists, the brothers Trueba, who impressed the tone and character of the Franco organization upon the movement. The Sinarquista Party has the same organic structure as the Phalanx, and it has achieved the same strong military discipline. Its language is the language of a military organization, Phalangist or Nazi. When the

Sinarquistas plan a demonstration, for instance, they do not call it a meeting or a rally. They call it "taking over a city." In one of their most important mobilizations last year they "took Morelia." From 35,000 to 40,000 persons aided in this "assault."

Each such big mobilization costs more than a quarter-million pesos. Where does the Sinarquismo obtain its financial support? Certainly not from its members. The Sinarquismo may have a membership of a million persons, but they are drawn from the poorest classes and are paid their traveling expenses and ten pesos in addition for their attendance at one of the mobilizations. I have my theory about the source of these funds, but since I prefer to base my statements on factual evidence, I shall leave the question open. One thing is certain—the Sinarquismo has enough money for its own development and for the acquisition of arms.

It has money, too, for a continuous propaganda campaign. In everything it prints, the Nazi and Phalangist tone is obvious. Its central organ, *El Sinarquista*, a weekly, has a circulation of 80,000, according to the editors. Whatever its actual circulation may be, it is undoubtedly widely read. It is 100 per cent anti-United Nations and 200 per cent anti-United States. It accuses those who in the interest of a democratic victory seek to make Mexico's contribution to the war effort as large as possible of being pawns of North American capitalism and of Washington. It appeals to the most primitive and confused patriotic and religious instincts of the lower classes. On one hand, it promises the Mexican people, in the event of a Nazi victory, a future in which Mexico will become greater and greater and in which the territory of Texas will be reincorporated into the Mexican state. On the other hand, it presents the Sinarquismo as the torch-bearer for "a new Christian order."

The latest development, the gravity of which seems to be ignored, is the extension of the Sinarquismo organization to the United States itself. I assert, unreservedly, that the Sinarquistas have in California today—United States California—a powerful unit of 50,000 members, well organized and looking to the Sinarquista Central Committee in Mexico for orders. I can prove my assertion. The readers of *The Nation* can judge for themselves what this extension implies. Sinarquista activities are a menace to the security of the Western Hemisphere, laying it open to attack from within prepared by the Nazis with the complicity of the Spanish Phalanx.

Spanish Soldiers of France

BY A. D. PRINTER

[The following article by a former legionnaire recently arrived in America exposes a situation which has had no effective publicity. At a time when the continued imprisonment of Spanish Republican refugees in North Africa is arousing the indignant protest of democrats here and abroad, the fate of the soldiers of the Legion deserves equal attention.]

THE political prisoners in French North Africa are gradually being released. One group, however, has been neglected—the men who fought as volunteers in the French Foreign Legion and who now work in the labor battalions of the Sahara. Other groups have had a voice abroad to speak for them—the stateless Jews near Casablanca, the Spanish Loyalist civilians in the work camps, the Fighting French political prisoners, and the Communists. Many of these are reported to have been freed. But the foreign volunteers who had rushed to join the French army in September, 1939, still sweat in the African desert. These *groupes de démobilisés étrangers* are made up chiefly of Central European Jews and Spanish Loyalists. The Jews will find support in various Jewish organizations in England and in this country. The Spaniards have hardly been heard from.

When the war started, more than 100,000 foreigners living in France joined the French colors. From 30,000 to 35,000 formed the Polish army in France; 12,000 were in the Czecho-Slovakian units; between 70,000 and 73,000 men of all nationalities were taken into the Foreign Legion. Of these, 28,000, or nearly 40 per cent, were Spaniards. Nearly 53,000 of the foreign volunteers were sent to North Africa for training; later part of these were returned to France and part were sent to the three Syrian regiments. About 25,000 were kept in metropolitan France in the so-called *régiments de marche des volontaires étrangers*.

The Spaniards had volunteered for the Legion from concentration camps in southern France. They had done it willingly, eager to fight again against fascism. The Legion was not an easy place to serve in. The old legionnaires, who fought only for the pay, resented the newcomers, who fought for an ideal. Often they bullied them but never when their intended victims were Spanish soldiers who had seen as much action as they and who knew how to hit back. Even from their fellow-volunteers the Spaniards met suspicion. Most of the others, having been residents or refugees in France, spoke the language and understood the people. The only French contacts the Spaniards had had before they came to the Legion were

with the Gardes Mobiles or the Senegalese in the concentration camps at Gurs and Le Vernet. In order not to be lonely, they formed "cells," which were against the spirit of the Legion and which isolated them still more.

For the officers and for the non-coms, the Spanish legionnaires were a nuisance. They did not fit in. They had been members of a popular army; now they were subjected to the ironclad discipline of a mercenary unit. They brought with them their typical Spanish individualism. They brought, too, their great sense of personal dignity, which was constantly trampled upon in these units where German sergeants and veteran French colonials had formed the outlaws of Europe into soldiers. Most of the left-wing extremists had preferred to remain in the concentration camps. Those who joined the Legion were loyal young soldiers of the Republic, professionals of the Spanish army, a few intellectuals and tradesmen. But to the officers of the Legion, brilliant young reactionaries from Saint Cyr and Saumur or old troopers without any political conviction at all, every Spaniard was either a Communist or an Anarchist, to be handled with the same affection as a box of dynamite. This attitude changed when the officers began to appreciate the soldierly qualities of the men, and later the Spaniards were chosen for the hardest tasks. These young Spanish volunteers were famous for their skill as machine-gunners and for their marching ability. They were not, as a rule, good shots with light arms, lacking the phlegm that is essential. They loved the feel of steel in their hands—their great pocket knives and the vicious four-edged bayonets of the French army.

During the short campaign of 1939-40 the Spaniards fought in all units of the Legion. They made up 15 per cent of the famous 11th Regiment that had an unequaled record during the Battle of France, losing 50 per cent of its effectives with none taken prisoner, and formed 30 per cent of the 12th, which rammed through Belgium and lost 35 per cent of its men. Large numbers of them were in the 13th Demi-Brigade, which with the Poles and the *Chasseurs Alpins* took Narvik in a wild attack, jumping into the icy waters of the fjord, storming the barren, black mountains, and pressing crack German troops back to the Swedish border. They were in the three regiments of the Levant and in the small sun-beaten force along the Tripolitanian border, mounting guard in the burning summer days of 1940, shivering with malaria, stabbing at the Italian patrols.

When the armistice was signed, Vichy did not know

what to do with these masses of men, once volunteers for the French Republic, now ideological enemies of the new system. Hesitatingly the government started to demobilize them. Those in France were discharged normally, but for the legionnaires in Africa two conditions were laid down: they must have a French *carte d'identité*, valid at the date of enlistment, and a guaranty of a means of livelihood for at least one year, that is, either a work contract for twelve months or the sum of 5,000 francs. Few of the volunteers could meet these conditions. They had hardly any money. The Jews found it almost impossible to obtain work contracts. The identification papers of many had been burned when the German army approached the recruiting center of the Legion near Lyon. Only a very few foreigners got a legal discharge from the African regiments.

When the German Armistice Commission came to North Africa, the French were forced to reduce the effectiveness of their garrisons. Thousands of legionnaires were ostensibly discharged but were in reality formed into new military units and sent to the southern part of Algeria and Morocco to work on roads and on the trans-Saharan railway. The men had all the disadvantages of being soldiers and none of the advantages. They wore soldiers' uniforms, but they were treated as if they were men condemned to hard labor. They worked from eight to ten hours a day in heat that at noon would rise to 40°. Until the spring of 1941 their pay was only half a franc a day, half a cent as the franc was then valued against the dollar—about a fifth of what they had to pay for a package of cigarettes. They slept in tattered tents that offered little protection against sand storms or rain. Seventeen men shared a tent built for ten. Their clothes swarmed with lice, and boils spread from one to another as they lay crowded together on their rags. In most of the camps water was scarce—hardly enough for drinking and cooking. The men didn't wash for weeks. There was not enough food. The men killed and ate everything alive around them, from dogs to lizards, from stray donkeys to the rare gazelles they could catch. They dug holes in the roads so that camels coming from the South with the date caravans would break their legs in the traps and the beasts could then be bought from the Arabs for their almost worthless meat.

There were revolts. Everybody, overseers and men, became desperate and slightly crazy after a while. The famous *cafard* rode the camps. In some units the officers were so terrified that they asked for *Goums*, Arab guards, to watch their tents at night, and hardly dared move among the men without arms. The ironical part was that the men were not prisoners but apparently just soldiers. There was no barbed wire around the camps. But there were hundreds and hundreds of miles of sand, of hot, burning death, around them to prevent escape. There were the *Goums* too, patrolling the desert

on swift mounts, ruthless hunters of possible deserters.

In the spring of 1941 the Vichy government sent thirty new men to the camps of Colomb Bechar and Kenadza. They pretended to be deserters from the German army and navy in France. These men were met from the very beginning with distrust and were later found to be a fifth column planted in the camps by order of the Armistice Commission. The affair caused a great uproar. For the first time the *travailleurs*, mostly Jews and Spanish Loyalists, dared to act. As a result the "deserters" were combed out and transported to an oasis farther south. There they later started a little revolt of their own and finally asked to be brought before the Armistice Commission—very peculiar behavior for soldiers who were supposed to have committed the greatest military crime.

In the general breakdown of morale the Spaniards were in by far the worst situation. They had no families, they received no letters, no outside organization took care of them, and many of them were in constant danger of being put in the *compagnie de discipline des travailleurs*, a parallel institution to the famous *discipline* of Colomb Bechar. Into the *discipline des travailleurs* came not only the men who broke the rules or worked too slowly but also those who were simply suspected of being opposed to the spirit of Vichy. Into the *discipline* came also the men who had been guilty of serving in the International Brigades of Spain. That they had later volunteered and fought for France had not washed them clean. After this *compagnie de discipline* was formed, it was sent to Khersas, a lost oasis deep in the south which soon became a Devil's Island of the Sahara, viciously ruled by Corsican and German sergeants. Here the men did not even have tents. They had to scrape holes in the sand to sleep in, the famous *tombeaux* of the Legion, just long enough for a man to stretch out in. They had no shelter from the pitiless sun during the siesta hours of the day and no protection from the bitter cold of the desert nights. In the evening after work was finished they were not allowed to talk together or to play cards. They had to hand over their sandals to the *Goums* before nightfall lest somebody be crazy enough to run out into the desert.

Anyone who passed through this company came out a broken man. Even in the regular working companies nearly everybody became affected after a time—nearly everybody except the Spaniards. They built up a very intelligent collective self-defense. Like everybody else, they grabbed and stole whatever they could get outside the camps, but they shared their booty with all. They fought anybody who attacked their rights, superiors or fellow-soldiers, but they never quarreled among themselves. They were the only ones in the camps who found the strength to sing and to joke, and if once in a while they found enough wine, they showed the rest of the men the noble art of getting drunk in a decent and quiet way.

When I left Africa in December, 1941, four companies were at work around Colomb Bechar, each containing from 200 to 300 men. About a third of these men were Spaniards. The four companies all belonged to the 1st Regiment of the Foreign Legion in Algeria. Two more companies of the same regiment were farther north in Ain Sefra and Saïda. Across the Moroccan border the labor units of the three Moroccan regiments worked under similar conditions. Besides these men in uniform, thousands of Spanish civilians worked on the trans-Saharan railway and in the coal mines of Kenadza. They were paid, but their pay was outrageously small.

Today the foreign volunteers are in a paradoxical situation. They were formally discharged in October, 1940. But at the beginning of the war they had signed a contract for the duration. Now the war has started anew in Africa, and according to the regulations of the French army they are *remobilisables*—subject to be called from the reserves for new service. It is doubtful, however, whether they will be allowed to leave the camps of the south. A general has the right to decide how he will use a soldier, whether as a fighter or a worker on a military project.

These men are good soldiers by any standard; they are especially well trained for African warfare; they are, besides, soldiers who fought and are still fighting for an idea. And with Spanish stubbornness they will stick to their convictions. It is to be hoped that impending changes in Africa will allow these veterans of the war for democracy to take their place again in the ranks of the Allies and to exchange the pickax, which was forced into their hands, for the gun which they once chose.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

ONE of the biggest hotels in the German capital, known to everybody who has ever been in Berlin, is the Hotel Bristol. In the summer of 1940 this hotel wrote a letter to a Mr. X in Switzerland. That was quite a while ago, but the letter is still interesting, and we can be grateful to the Swiss cousin of this journal, the *Zurich Naïon*, for publishing it now. Dated July 26, 1940, it runs as follows:

My dear Mr. X: In reply to your letter we shall be glad to reserve for you for about ten days starting August 28 a room facing Unter den Linden. The price for one of our regular guests is twenty-five marks.

At the same time we want to bring to your attention the fact that we are swamped by requests from our regular guests, of whom we have about 4,000, for rooms facing Unter den Linden, since it is the general opinion here in Germany that the war will end soon.

We have advised all those to whom we could promise

REMEMBER!

"When we achieved and the new world dawned, the old men came out again and took our victory to remake in the likeness of the former world they knew. Youth could win but had not learned to keep, and was pitifully weak against age. We clamored that we had worked for a new heaven and a new earth. They thanked us kindly and made their peace."—LAWRENCE OF ARABIA in the "Seven Pillars of Wisdom."

rooms on Unter den Linden that during the parade of the returning troops they will have to permit access to their room to four or five other regular guests who have had to take rooms facing the rear. We must attach this condition also to your reservation in the event that the entry of the returning troops should occur during your visit. On other days you will be undisturbed.

(Signed) DR. BOLLBUCK, Manager

This was not written by some excited little employee, but by the head of a great establishment with an international clientèle. The thoroughness with which this German was beginning so early to "organize" the allotment of rooms and windows for the day of triumph is in itself interesting. One's first thought, however, is how crushing the disappointment must have been and how severe the shock caused by it.

During the last few days there has been a tremendous amount of advertising in Germany for a new wage system. It is called a system of "efficiency wages" or of "plus and minus wages." Admittedly the purpose of the new wage scale is to "increase the per capita production of workers," but that has not prevented the authorities from decking it out with all sorts of social and metaphysical halos. It was first introduced at the beginning of March in the metal industry of Lower Silesia. A Breslau iron works inaugurated it with ceremonies and speeches. The *Gauleiter* and the commissar, according to the *Angriff's* report of March 6, gave it fulsome praise. For the first time in history, they declared, a truly progressive, honorable, and noble wage system had been discovered. "We thus show that our estimation of the worth of labor is worlds apart from that of the Bolshevik slave-drivers and the Jewish-plutocratic exploiters."

The joke is that the new system is nothing more than an adaptation of the Stakhanov speed-up, which for some years received similar feverish publicity in Russia and then was unceremoniously abandoned. Its derivation is quite clear where piecework is concerned. The underlying principle is that not all workers are paid according to the same wage scale; there are plus rates and minus rates. For example, if workers making screws formerly

received ten pfennigs a screw, those making less than one hundred screws an hour are now paid eight pfennigs a piece, and those making more than one hundred an hour twelve pfennigs. In short, the fast worker earns more than the slow not only because he produces more but also because he is paid at a higher rate. When wages are on an hourly basis, workers are no longer divided into the traditional three classes of skilled, semi-skilled, and unskilled but are graded in eight groups.

The purpose is not, of course, to reduce the pay roll. On the contrary, if production were really increased, the Nazis would presumably be quite undisturbed by the cost. In their frantic efforts to profit from "total mobilization" money is of no concern to them; they are interested only in output. The labor movements of all countries, however, have always considered such excessive differences between the earnings of capable and less capable workers the crassest form of exploitation and have always opposed them. In its effect on total production Russian Stakhanovism was proved unsatisfactory. Whether the same system under the name of plus-minus wages will be more effective in Germany is very questionable.

File and Remember

The Axis Interprets Churchill

A LONDON broadcast beamed on Europe and recorded at the CBS short-wave listening station called attention to the following comments on Winston Churchill's speech taken from the official German News Agency and German radio:

1. "As far as Britain is concerned, Churchill suggests the adoption of National Socialist ideas."
2. "Churchill is cooperating with Bolshevism."
3. "The Prime Minister remains a tool in the hands of orthodox capitalist finance."

The Rome radio said:

We wonder whether Mr. Churchill knew when he made his last speech that he was simply copying outright every law which the Fascist government has put into effect during the past twenty-four years. Idea after idea was lifted from the steps which have been taken in Italy. He could not have followed more closely the line laid down by the Fascist government for the reorganization of Italy after Versailles. We are proud to think that Mr. Churchill considered the Fascist government the one most suitable to follow, and we are sure that he chose well, if he really wants to further the welfare of the British people.

Radio Berlin said:

Two statesmen spoke in the same afternoon; one, a man of the people, elected by the people to his executive office. His name is Adolf Hitler. The other, a scion of a family described for generations by the term pluto-

cratic. His name—need I add—is Winston Churchill. The first of these two statesmen delivered his speech within somewhat less than one-quarter of an hour. He could afford a brief crystallization of the pan-European ideology. His theme needed no elaboration. It was just victory, victory over the enemies of our civilization, which was cradled in the beginning of the Christian era. The other man, that scowling, desperate despot of Downing Street, floundered bravely for the better part of an hour through the exposition of his reactionary program. Adolf Hitler, having delivered for the fourth consecutive year his hymn of praise for the unconquerable heroism of the German armed forces, sketched in graphic terms the grand dimensions of the Bolshevik preparation for world conquest. The climax of his speech was contained in the following words, words which will be remembered when this terrible intercontinental war has become a dry text for adolescent history students. "I repeat," said Adolf Hitler, "I repeat my former prophecy—namely, that it will not be Germany and Europe but those countries which remain servile to the Jews which will perish in this conflict; those lands which remain out of key with the new social order will pay the toll."

Et Tu, Brute?

The British Foreign Minister thought it well to smooth down the Bolsheviks by conceding them the command of Eastern Europe, at the cost of sacrificing the countries that Britain had sworn to protect.—*Rome broadcast to North America.*

American opinion will not look favorably on any proposal to put the small nations of Europe on the auction block in order to purchase Russian confidence and cooperation.—*New York Times.*

It is quite possible that in attempting to abolish the Atlantic Charter in its application to Europe Mr. Eden imagines that he may obtain a pledge that the Bolsheviks, should they be victorious, would refrain from annexing the Middle East and India. It is childish to believe, of course, that the Kremlin would honor any such promises, under the circumstances. Everybody capable of looking facts in the face will agree that the ambitions of the Soviets are bounded solely by the limits of military possibilities.—*Radio Berlin.*

Nor would the appeasement of Russia be more successful than the attempt to appease Hitler. On the contrary, appeasement at the surrender of principle would only whet the appetite of the appeased.—*New York Times.*

One has no longer a choice between the old Europe and a Europe newly ordered by the Axis powers, but only between this Europe and one which is subject to the dictatorship of Bolshevism.—*Goebbels.*

The Europeans are tired of both of them [Nazis and Communists]. But if they are forced to choose they may choose Hitler rather than Stalin.—*New York Times.*

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Adventures of Monkey

MONKEY. By Wu Ch'eng-ên. Translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley. The John Day Company. \$2.75.

VERGIL guided Dante only through hell and purgatory, but even if he had been permitted to continue his exemplary way into paradise, he would still have fallen short of the Great Sage, Equal of Heaven. For the Sage—that's the Monkey—is not only a guide, at home in all three theaters of being, but the comedian as well, and is therefore, without disparagement of Vergil, a far more critical observer. Monkey also writes poetry. In short, his qualities can be multiplied by three in terms of all conceivable attributes, energies, and experiences—simian, human, immortal—up to eighty-one, which happens to be the exact number of calamities Monkey has to undergo to bring his master from China to India to seek the holy Buddhist scriptures, and gain Illumination for himself.

Monkey was created by centuries of enchanted listeners who, in the tenth century or earlier, gathered around professional story-tellers to hear of his supernatural monkey-shines. The form and content of the story were dictated largely by the audience. And in this first English translation, made from a sixteenth-century version written, significantly enough, in the vernacular, not in the classical language which the people did not understand, there are echoes of this primitive exchange between story-teller and audience. There is nothing quite like "Monkey" in Western literature. Imagine a combination of picaresque novel, fairy tale, fabliau, Mickey Mouse, Davy Crockett, and "Pilgrim's Progress"; and then imagine, if you can, all these elements welded into an artistic whole so that no matter how fantastic the adventure or how enigmatic the allegory, the characterization and meaning remain always human and realistic.

Here is a bit from the twenty-eighth chapter, where the priest and master, Tripitaka, and his three disciples—Monkey, Piggy, and Sandy—are ferried across the River of Salvation in a bottomless boat. Suddenly they notice the priest's earthly body rapidly drifting downstream

Tripitaka stared at it in consternation. Monkey laughed. "Don't be frightened, Master," he said. "That's you." And Piggy said, "It's you, it's you." Sandy clapped his hands. "It's you, it's you," he cried. The ferryman too joined in the chorus. "There you go!" he cried. "My best congratulations."

There is a good deal of heartwarming satire directed against bureaucracy, which reigns in heaven as it does on earth. I liked particularly the story of the emperor who dies but is permitted to return to life because his minister gives him a letter of introduction to one of the judges of the dead, who in the nature of things is under certain obligations to the minister. "It only remains," says the judge, "to ask Your Majesty to step down and forgive us the inconvenience to which you have been put." The picture of Monkey jockeying for position in heaven is hilarious; the trials of the celestial

dollar-a-year men are touching; and there is one episode that is reminiscent of Mr. Willkie in Russia. And that's not all. There are magical transformations, battles with dragons, the very amusing story of the Cart-Slow Kingdom, and much more, told with enormous gusto. It is one of the most entertaining fairy tales I have ever read; the proof of the entertainment is the real excitement of the adventures.

Mr. Waley has accomplished a magical transformation of his own in his translation. One has learned to expect such performances from Mr. Waley. (The test of a translation is a simple sentence like this: "At the fourth watch she had had a dream, half of which she could remember and half of which had faded; and she was thinking hard.") He has, however, translated only thirty of the hundred chapters, and one would be a fool not to clamor for the rest. An interesting introduction has been contributed to the American edition by Mr. Hu Shih.

H. P. LAZARUS

Russia, Reform, and Revolution

AMERICA, RUSSIA, AND THE COMMUNIST PARTY IN THE POST-WAR WORLD. By John L. Childs, George S. Counts, and Others. The John Day Company. \$1.25.

A SENSITIVE ear will detect much subdued whistling in the dark these nights, and the theme of the whistling is the Soviet Union. British conservatives are moving toward post-war collaboration with the U. S. S. R., but being a little nervous of their great ally they are also looking hopefully toward the United States. Mr. Eden, sponsor of the only important treaty obligation so far contracted during this war, assures the United States that an alliance is not a bloc, or not an exclusive bloc. Mr. Churchill makes a speech which can be best described by saying that its social doctrines encouraged Arthur Krock, whose political soul is as unlovely as a Brahms violin cadenza. That speech had for one of its intentions assurance to the United States that the Anglo-Russian treaty does not mean that Britain will become socialist. The Soviets, reform, and revolution, are in everyone's mind these days and nights. It is therefore good to find someone who, like G. D. H. Cole in a book recently reviewed in *The Nation*, will speak out loud about the most important of all problems.

"America, Russia, and the Communist Party" because of its frankness and intransigence is a book that every *Nation* reader should read at least twice. It is brutally frank and thoroughly sophisticated. It is not confused, for it is written from one standpoint only, that of the reforming democrat. There is nothing revolutionary or pseudo-revolutionary about it, and there is very little admixture of modes of thought alien to the main body of its thinking. It has two defects: it is occasionally repetitious; and its conclusion concerning the Communist Party is false.

The authors' thesis is that if the Soviet Union desires

peace with the world after this war it must totally repudiate the Communist International. By "repudiate" is clearly meant not plain divorce with or without alimony, but the headsman's block (a figure of speech, of course). Rather inconsistently the originators of this modest proposal do not wish the United States to suppress the American Communist Party. The authors leave no doubt of the sincerity of their demand for a square deal for the U. S. S. R., but there is, I fear, something almost menacing in the words which they employ. "This logic of fact confronts the Soviet Union in these days with a necessary and fateful choice. *She* [my italics] must decide whether she wants peace or war." In other words, the democracies are likely to attack the Soviet Union if the Comintern survives in the post-war period. Very clearly the authors dislike the Communist Party, but the U. S. S. R. is not likely to be intimidated by their threat.

There is nothing erratic about the book's main premises concerning the U. S. S. R. and the U. S. A. The authors do not make Louis Fischer's mistake of thinking that Russia will be an exhausted power at the end of the war. On the contrary, they believe that the only two great world powers will be this country and Russia. Nor do they agree with Alexander Werth, Max Lerner, and the others that the U. S. S. R. has ceased to be a revolutionary power. They grasp the truth that the Communist Party is nowadays a party of mingled and often conflicting objectives. They recognize, too, that much of the party's disturbing effect as well as its self-frustration derives from its dual nature as a revolutionary party and at the same time a propaganda department of the Soviet Foreign Office, which cannot at all times practice a revolutionary diplomacy. Most of what Messrs. Childs and Counts say of the party methods is true enough, though they can be guilty of colossal exaggeration, as when they write, "Experience has demonstrated that it [the Communist Party] adds not one ounce of strength to any liberal, democratic, or humane cause; on the contrary, it weakens, degrades, or destroys every cause that it touches." The Spanish Loyalist cause was a humane, democratic, and liberal cause, and it was never degraded. And let it be said clearly that in this country the organizing drive, the constancy, the cement and bond in the whole pro-Loyalist movement was provided by the Communists and those who were ready to work with them.

But putting aside all passing objections, it is the central thought of this book which is wrong. It was not the Comintern but the Soviets' social structure itself which caused Russia to be feared and hated by the reactionaries. And together with this fear they had another, equally strong—the fear of any change whatsoever, whether reformist or revolutionary. The solid inescapable fact is that the Tories were afraid of the all too possible collapse of the entire structure of Western capitalism. The authors recognize this when they declare that the threat of communism will not be removed until unnecessary and unjust conditions are removed from American society. The truth could not be better expressed than it is on page 46. A certain school of thought "holds that we have nothing in common with the Soviet Union but a common foe . . . and that in the course of time [the two countries] will necessarily engage in a bitter and violent struggle. . . . Unfortunately, evidence is accumulating

that this thought is entertained by powerful forces in the United States *which fear any modification of property relationships and are made uneasy by the possible existence of a powerful and successful collectivist state in the world*" (my italics). The fact is that Moscow might fire every man jack of the Comintern right now, but when the European revolution breaks out, as it will, that will not prevent the Tories from demanding war with the U. S. S. R. And let this be understood: these reactionaries would have a far greater fear of the example set by a peaceful and prosperous U. S. S. R. even without the Comintern than they have had in the past.

Not only are the authors mistaken; their mistake is a dangerous one. To pose the problem of future collaboration in this way is to give the reactionaries their opportunity should the Soviets continue to support the Communist parties. The Soviets will probably make mistakes, and the Communist parties of the world will almost certainly blunder off the track from time to time, but to demand the repudiation of these parties by Moscow is, I believe, to do no more than carry on a personal political feud. There is a crisis in socialism, a profound crisis, but to ask the champion of one powerful school, the most powerful as it happens, to commit suicide to please a group of liberals is, when not dangerous, quite farcical. Another thing must be put as clearly as this. Messrs. Counts and Childs are not threatening the U. S. S. R. with *their* displeasures but with the might of stark reaction. It is not a pleasant spectacle. This reviewer in approaching the same problem came to quite opposite conclusions—that it was high time, for Europe at least, to rebuild the united front. This may seem to imply a total rejection of the present book, but that is not so. Above all, frankness and sincerity are needed these days, and the authors have these qualities in abundance.

RALPH BATES

"This Grace Is Dignity"

LAST POEMS OF ELINOR WYLIE. Alfred A. Knopf.

\$2.75.

THIS collection of last poems by Elinor Wylie contains more substance, form, and freshness, less rubble and detritus, than is usually found in posthumous books. Fifteen years dead, Elinor Wylie was spared, by the greater humiliation, the lesser ones that have been visited on some of her contemporaries—the ignominious silence, the ignoble shrillness, the self-repetition, the false starts, the desire for growth, and the anxiety about the capacity to grow, the recognition of more vulgar claims. How much she might have grown is idle speculation now; there is a difference, to be sure, between her earlier and her later and her very latest work, but the later is not always the happier.

The point here is that when the impulse of the baroque is spent, its impetus can still carry over into the delicacy, the grace, the charm, of the rococo; and the rococo can still convey emotion. But the rococo is a dead end; persist too long in that direction, and you find yourself going around in circles. The embellishment of the shard becomes more important than that of the shell; the twisted curves of the system of design are scribbled in sand, not etched in stone;

the gaiety and playfulness grow self-conscious and arch; and the end is jigsaw, gingerbread, tedium. Once devoted to the rococo, the artist can break its spell only by shattering himself: what is required is a clean break, a fresh start, a new confronting, however painful and terrified, yet humble and thankful, of reality. The risk of this necessity Miss Wylie's integrity could not have long postponed. She might have shirked it for a while, because, like everybody else, she had her peculiar foolishness; and rather more than most, she might have been spoiled by adulation. Against these risks her besetting sin was her saving virtue, that fierce fine pride.

The gratitude of the public is due Miss Jane Wise, and her assistants, for the valuable service of deciphering holograph manuscripts of many poems; and the publisher, by way of illustration, has reproduced eight pages of these. The book also contains a foreword by William Rose Benét and a tribute by Edith Olivier. The omission of this material, in my opinion, would not have been fatal: Mr. Benét offers a combination of apology and interpretation that will not endear him to the reader who would prefer to be left alone with the poet's work; and the taste of this reviewer, whether capricious or perverse, is offended to find the author of an Ode against Public Spirit made the subject of remarks, however prescient, about England and America and our common cause. There are also notes, dating, with some comment, all of the poems but one; these will be more enjoyed by scholars and bibliophiles than by those lovers of literature who do not care whether a poem was written early or late, or where it first saw print, so they have the poem.

The poems are presented in four groups, the first comprising new poems and sonnets, all transcribed from holograph manuscripts by Miss Wise. Item, "I saw Milton stand alone"—

I saw Milton stand alone
Save for great Lord Verulam,
Bearing the philosopher's stone.
And the Pentecostal lamb
Was at Milton's side, his fleece
Bright as Jason's out of Greece.

Against them came a host
Shelley stricken to the heart
'White like St. Sebastian's ghost
And taking still the weaker part
For her who quenched his keenest fires
And flung him headlong from her spites.

The second section contains a single long poem, The Golden Heifer, likewise transcribed by Miss Wise from a holograph MS. This is an extravagant excursion in the meter of *Peregrine*; the *Peregrine* thing was a good stunt once, but cannot sustain too much repetition, and the reader's delight in the lovely and gorgeous passages in *The Golden Heifer* is somewhat diminished if, as he reads along, he begins to have hallucinations of ladies' voices in the air around murmuring, "My dear! She can rhyme on anything!"

The poems in the third section have not been previously printed; these are, all save one, taken from typescripts, some early, some late. Item, With a Blue Honey-Jar Full of Flowers—

Here, within this honey-jar
Rose and honeysuckle are;

Keep it so, a turquoise shell
Of sweetness like a honey-cell;
Keep it so it may not miss
The richer brew, being filled with this,
Fresher and more exquisite
Than wine the bees distil from it.

The fourth section of the book has poems previously printed in periodicals, etc.; and Mr. Benét, in his foreword, also directs the attention of the reader to a few other poems, not included in Miss Wylie's collected verse, which appeared in the memorial volume written by her sister, Nancy Hoyt. From this section we might quote, as a final item, the sonnet written on the flyleaf of John Webster's plays—

Having so long walked hand in hand with Hell
I find these gentry little less than kin;
I speak their sulphurous language; we begin
Straightway to cap each other's jests, and tell
Fantastical adventures which befell
At midnight, some eccentric court within—
Where fiery anger plotted with pale sin—
Crime's sanctuary, murder's citadel.

Fouler the cruelties which desecrate
These later days, to poison heart and mind,
And strangle, with the bloody hand of Hate,
The thrice-stabbed soul; from such I turn to find
The black Calabrian comrade in my fate,
And Corombona, as a sister, kind.

It is good to hear this voice again, not only because it is familiar, but because even when it is being fantastical or fancy, it is always firm and fine. Apprehensive, yes, but gloomy never; amused, amusing, ironical, exquisite, precise, and proud. It is good to hear this voice again.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Pieces of Empire

RETREAT WITH STILWELL. By Jack Belden. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

SINGAPORE IS SILENT. By George Weller. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

JACK BELDEN saw the fall of an empire, or at least a piece of an empire, and it fascinated him just as the same phenomenon, spread over centuries, fascinated Edward Gibbon. In this case the crumbling and crashing of a civilization was compressed into a matter of weeks, and Belden saw it with his own eyes in Burma and at the frequent risk of his own life. The spectacle was incredibly gaudy.

Mandalay, the city of ancient Burmese kings, was a peaceful and elegant seat of British Oriental power one lovely April morning, and then came Japanese bombers. By mid-afternoon it was a roaring crematory. The British masters were helpless; a colonel whom Mr. Belden tried to interview that evening said, "I haven't got the time now, and besides I'm drunk." Burmese looters and fifth-columnists took over; their torches kept Mandalay burning for twenty-seven days and nights.

Burma was just a far-off piece of empire in that spring of 1942; too late London and Washington realized that it was the last land link with their most precious Far Eastern ally, China. Chiang Kai-shek realized it at the time and

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offered to send troops. For two months Britain said no, thanks. When Rangoon was burning, Chinese troops finally were admitted to help save Burma. The American General Stilwell commanded them, and Jack Belden, a Brooklyn boy who had learned Chinese, went along as a correspondent. By then it was too late. So Mr. Belden's tale is one of defeat, retreat, disaster. The theme of mounting doom gives a grim unity to his story, and his way of telling it makes his book one of the most exciting of the newspapermen's chronicles of the war.

George Weller, correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*, saw another nearby piece of British Empire fall. He was in Singapore and the Malay Peninsula, and the story was much the same there. But Mr. Weller did not picture it as the collapse of empire. He noted many facts, in a conscientious way, and has tossed them all together in a heap. Some of the military details he saw more clearly than Mr. Belden; his account of the Japanese genius for jungle fighting is the best that has appeared. Mr. Weller analyzed the Japanese technique of filtering around behind the British and panicking them—if necessary, with mere firecrackers. Mr. Belden, who was caught in one of those rear road-block maneuvers, is vivid about the terror of it but sketchy about the mechanics.

On two things both authors agree. First, the British commanders were habitually and chronically on the defensive, and if any young military upstart suggested striking at the enemy first, he was icily put in his place. Second, the British officers in both Malaya and Burma were still fighting fuzzy-wuzzies by time-honored methods, not grasping the fact that the Japanese were a new sort of fuzzy-wuzzy.

Mr. Belden gives some appalling examples of the military stupor engendered by decades of complacent superiority over the natives. The British heroically blew up the Sittang River bridge in Burma, thinking to stop the Japanese. It developed that the Japanese were able to cross the river anyway, but the British troops trapped on the wrong side were not.

Mr. Belden keeps probing for the causes of the imperial crumbling. He noticed that the Japanese made a big play with political propaganda. They constantly urged the Burmese to rise and throw off their oppressors. This went well, because the unimaginative Burmese could not picture an oppressor worse than the one they had. The Chinese were smart enough to bring along a political department in an effort to counteract that propaganda, but they never had time to get it working. The British roused themselves to the point of putting up posters telling the Burmese: "Maintain order!"

Of course the British were under the heavy handicap of waging a war for freedom in behalf of a race they held in subjugation. This was awkward not only from a moral standpoint but also from a practical one. A British general who was surrounded with his forces sadly told Mr. Belden that he never knew where the Japanese were but they always seemed to know where he was. Apparently the Burmese were supplying information to the Japanese but not to the British.

In addition to educating the natives, the British might well have paid more attention to the political enlightenment of their own troops. The polyglot armies of Irish and Australians, Scotch and Gurkhas seem to have fought not so

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much for the empire as for the sake of upholding the reputations of their own regiments. When things got too bad, individual soldiers developed an understandable cynicism and were willing to cede the whole blankety-blank country (Malaya or Burma) to whosoever was such a blankety-blank fool as to want it.

Only the last third of "Retreat with Stilwell" deals with the march over the mountains from Burma to India by General Stilwell and his band of 115 assorted persons—British Quakers, Burmese nurses, a handful of Chinese, and a scattering of American and English soldiers. This saga deserves a fuller treatment. General Stilwell appears to have been a competent, courageous American military product who succeeded in getting over the mountains on foot. Thousands of other less distinguished persons accomplished the same feat, among them many of General Stilwell's Chinese troops, without the aid of their general. Jack Belden implies that General Stilwell was a hero, which he may have been, but we do not get enough details about his character to form a judgment.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

Miss Lucy Ludwell

JOHN PARADISE AND LUCY LUDWELL OF LONDON AND WILLIAMSBURG. By Archibald Bolling Shepperson. The Dietz Press. \$4.

THOUGH a graduate of Oxford and a member of both the Royal Society and Dr. Johnson's Essex Head Club, John Paradise never wrote a book, or held an office, or had a profession, or even kept a journal. He did nothing at all to make him the subject of a biography exactly two hundred years after his birth except to marry Miss Lucy Ludwell of Virginia. That young lady, besides being a beauty and an heiress, possessed many traits of character which, even in the eighteenth century, apparently marked the behavior of the Southern belle among strangers. She was vain, ignorant, arrogant, scatter-brained, and unshakably convinced that everyone she met should be as interested as herself in her own family. The persistence with which she bent the ears of Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the other literary and artistic friends of her husband in London with tales about the Ludwells drove Paradise close to distraction. Her extravagances sank him deeper and deeper into debt.

A simple solution of the problem would have been for Mr. Paradise to take his wife back where she came from, declare himself an American citizen, and take title to her share of the vast Ludwell holdings. He would have done so in the first year of his marriage except that he was terrified of thunder, and from the papers that had been read before the Royal Society since Benjamin Franklin had become a member, got the impression that America was in the perpetual throes of cataclysmic electrical storms. For eighteen years, during which they frantically sought—but seldom followed—the advice of every prominent American they met or were related to, the Paradises prepared for and then postponed their voyage. And then when they actually made it, they were worse off than before. After a triumphal social tour of the great plantations, which ended at Mount Vernon, they quit Virginia abruptly without settling any of their

problems. After this they flitted between Paris, where they now got money as well as advice from the hard-pressed Jefferson, and Italy and London. There Paradise died in 1795, sunk deep in alcoholism and melancholia. Ten years later his widow, on borrowed money but with all her airs and finery, returned to queen it over a Williamsburg that had already become the sleepy village it remained until the Rockefeller restored it. She died there in 1814, but not in the now familiar Paradise House; her last two years were spent in the public asylum for the insane.

Patient scholarly research has seldom brought to light a couple so aptly fitted for the leading figures in a costume farce. How two such zanies got themselves intimately entangled with the great literary figures of eighteenth-century London and the great political figures of America makes their story. One wonders how Jefferson, Franklin, Wythe, Jay, the Adamsons, and the Lees could spare the time from trying to straighten out the Paradises to get on with the business of founding this nation.

GRACE ADAMS

The Negro and "His Place"

PATTERNS OF NEGRO SEGREGATION. By Charles S. Johnson. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

THIS book is the second volume in the study of the Negro in the United States which was carried on under the direction of a Swedish social economist and sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation. As stated in the foreword by the Editorial Committee, although the facts of Negro segregation are well known, the special contribution of this book is that it shows the great "variations in customary interracial practices" which are designed to keep the Negro in "his place."

In the ten chapters composing the first part of the book, the patterns of segregation are traced from the spatial and institutional segregation of the Negro in various parts of the country to the ideological justifications which are used to support certain beliefs and attitudes regarding the place of the Negro in our society. The areas covered by the survey include a county in each of three Southern states, a city in each of five Southern states, Baltimore and Indianapolis, which are classified as border cities, and two Northern cities—Chicago and New York. The author's analysis shows that in border states, where there are no laws concerning the segregation of the races, custom and tradition have been as effective as legal codes; whereas in the North laws against discrimination have not nullified customary practices. This section of the book contains a chapter on occupational discrimination against the Negro during the present national emergency. A chapter on the ideology of the color line based largely on evidence which field workers secured through interviewing persons in the areas mentioned above shows that Southerners still hold to their traditional ideas about the color line and that these ideas have been diffused to some extent among Northerners.

Although the facts of segregation are well known, Americans generally are not so well acquainted with the reactions of Negroes to discrimination. The second part of the book discusses the techniques which they use toward segregation

April 3, 1943

and its effects on their personalities. Many of the facts presented in this section were revealed in the studies of Negro youth sponsored by the American Youth Commission, though the author has included additional data on the reactions of adult Negroes. The three chief techniques of reaction, according to his analysis, are acceptance of the situation, avoidance, and hostility and aggression. Unfortunately, we are not informed concerning the prevalence of these techniques among Negroes or whether one is increasing or displacing the others.

Since the author undertook only to delineate the forms of Negro segregation, perhaps he should not be criticized for giving a static description of race relations. However, since his book is part of a study which aims to throw new light on the Negro problem, one might expect more than a descriptive—in some places it is scarcely more than reportorial—account of the present situation. Only in the first and last chapters does the author attempt, and then in a sketchy and generalized fashion, an analysis of the dynamic forces in American life which are constantly affecting the patterns of race relations. Political factors are almost entirely ignored, though at the present time the changing character of our political structure is having an important influence. Moreover, one would like to know how the growth of large impersonal corporations and technological changes are affecting the traditional relations of the two races. A thorough-going sociological analysis of the patterns of Negro segregation must take into account the influence of such factors.

E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

Cross-Purposes

NEW DIRECTIONS, 1942. Number Seven. Edited by James Laughlin. New Directions. \$3.50.

DESPITE their flaws and occasional absurdities of selection, Mr. Laughlin's annuals have been invaluable as barometers of the advance guard in imaginative writing. The latest, as is to be expected, indicates deep depressions moving east and west from the war zones. Foreign sources yield far less than usual—a drop of Kafka, some of Joue—and the excitement level of American writing is also down. Of this year's four debuts, two are real: one from New York, the poet Marcia Nardi, and one from Boston, a poet-dramatist who calls himself Louis Second. The other two, from Illinois and Kansas, are duds. I hope this doesn't indicate a culture shift. The most distinguished writing in the book is by relatively well-established names: William Carlos Williams, Alvin Levin, Paul Goodman, Richard Eberhart. The rest is largely without style, featureless from the will to shine. But one should be grateful for what does emerge. Collections like this are among the sparse evidence that literature is not being completely displaced by journalism.

Mr. Laughlin's foreword betrays one of the reasons why so much tripe makes his grade: he lets it in as satire. Writers, he declares, have got to keep hammering at the falsities of the present order so as to increase the chances of a real people's revolution against the "shiny and delusive world imperialism" he suspects is in the offing. But this commendable wish need not make one hear a hammer-blow in a pinprick. In his

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case I fear it has. Hence we are again exposed to reams of George Mann's interminable pseudo-satire, "Straws in the Wind." Having disposed of the Stalinists last year, Mann now polishes off the neo-Thomists; and we are promised that in future issues he will annihilate the "gentlemanly scholars" and the "sociologists." *Vae victis!* But even for this task it is not enough to set up a single lay figure and knock him down again and again by incidents designed to mock the trend he stands for. Such *simplicisme* inevitably drives the reader from amusement to irritation to boredom. A good satirist is a good puppeteer: his grotesque world has its own logic: when Punch falls down, it is because the policeman pushes him. Mann won't let the policeman have his way, but bops Punch with a great big human hand, to show he's dead and no mistake. Even less effective, because less witty, are two others to whom Laughlin attributes "satiric flair," Eve Merriam and John Edward Hart, the debutant Kansan. Each has several poems—Miss Merriam, a story too—on the iniquity of war. Miss Merriam seems subtler, having absorbed many tricks from today's vogues in poetry, but she is really only highbrow-maudlin where Hart is lowbrow-maudlin. There are also several yards of material in mock-Biblical style by Robert Clairmont, apparently intended to satirize the entire modern world: entertaining by fits and starts, but footling on the whole.

To have anything like the effect Mr. Laughlin desires, satire must be written at white heat of anger with a skill that makes it coldly terrible, eliciting the bitter mirth of self-recognition, not the facile chuckle of superiority. Besides, as Wyndham Lewis pointed out in "Men Without Art," most good writing since the Industrial Revolution has been satire in effect, whatever its immediate intention. The writer's real responsibility—to be true to himself—inevitably opposes him to socio-economic arrangements that care nothing for that sort of truth. Stephen Spender has lately restated this argument in "Life and the Poet," another essay hereby commended to blazers of new directions who might be led down the garden path by Mr. Laughlin's notion that to write well *against*, one had best be *for* some specific practical rearrangement of social mechanisms (Mr. L. seems to pine, in particular, for a gospel of Social Credit). It is enough that the artist be proudly and determinedly himself. Of the four writers praised by the editor as satirists, only Paul Goodman seems to act on this principle. His intrepidity always commands attention, even when its expression is posterous; and now he is working his way to a personal use of myth that is valid because unintimidated by precedent. His prose poem, "Alceste," subtly weaves into the life-death pattern of the old story a modern dialectic of war and peace, folly and wisdom. The least consciously satirical of the work here presented as such, it is better satire than all the rest.

It is in drama, though, that the 1942 directions seem to lead farthest. "Louis Second," in a verse playlet as intense as it is brief, evokes the potent ghost of Roman decadence to symbolize certain fissures of moral consciousness. His fifth-century bishop, Apollinaris, muttering "Never kill" as he strangles a whorish pagan woman, reminds me of the tormented protagonist of O'Flaherty's "The Puritan," whose spiritual crisis has a like result. The treatment here is not

altogether sure-handed, but it has the fiercely burning quality essential for such themes. An equally adult approach to moral problems, coupled with a verve of technical experiment, characterizes Dr. Williams's play, "Many Loves," modestly subtitled "Trial Horse No. 1." I hope Williams's fertile imagination foals many more. "No. 1" concerns three one-act plays presenting different kinds of love, written by a young playwright whose intellectual and moral conflicts with an older man are the central theme of the work. Its action is a rehearsal of the three plays, which, as it goes on, vitally affects the two men and the woman they both love. This play-within-play device is of course "new" only in the sense that it is seldom tried; but Williams does really new fascinating things with it. The verse of the core-play—like Eliot's in "The Family Reunion," not blank verse Brooklynized, à la Anderson—is both flexible poetically and rooted in current speech. The prose dialogue of the three one-act plays is vivid and flowing, like that of Williams's naturalistic novels. The play might or might not "take" as theater—I think it would—but it would certainly be a joy to the ear. Experimental theaters that still experiment, please note.

In straight fiction, as distinguished from satirical "fable," Mr. Laughlin presents parts of Alvin Levin's first large-scale book, "Love Is Like Park Avenue." This has many of the virtues and few of the vices of that mordant big-city literature in which our novelists specialize. For one thing, it doesn't try to be a Novel. There is no laborious "plot," no "sentimental education" of the dumb kid around the corner. Levin works entirely within the convention of Dos Passos's "camera eye," presenting a series of individuals and incidents that add up to a portrait of mass-man, species *New-yorkensis*. There are weak spots, especially when the bitterness becomes apparently personal and a little shrill, as in the snapshots of Young Intellectuals. But, on the whole, the selections have penetration, swiftness, and solidity that mark them well off from most slice-of-life writing.

Apart from Jouve and Kafka, the rest of the poetry and fiction reveals very little talent. The pieces from Richard Eberhart's "Poem in Construction" are labored, and seldom flash with the profoundly simple perceptiveness of his shorter poems. A story by John Nerber shows that the Kafka influence can lead to bad imitations of Poe: a remarkable phenomenon, since—to judge from some of their acts of worship—numbers of Kafkans have not read Poe. The chiel thrill is provided by Marcia Nardi, a discovery of Dr. Williams's, who stands out so far from her surroundings that those who arrive weary and mindsore at page 415 will be strongly tempted to overrate her. As commentator on the modern scene, observer of streets and asylums and prostitutes' prisons, she has not much to offer; but in the intimate recording of situations of the heart, she is indeed—as Williams says—"much better than some of the best-known professional poets about us." There are two poems here—"When Women Talk," and "That point—believe me heart"—which belong to the real literary experiences, those which recur involuntarily to the mind, having become part of the equipment with which it meets the occasions of living. It is writing like this that makes "New Directions" an important event, even when nearly half the book is "satire" or junk by any other name.

FRANK JONES

IN BRIEF

CONRAD AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES. Souvenirs by J. H. Retinger. Illustrated by Feliks Topolski. Roy Publishers. \$2.50.

Both the author and the illustrator of this charming book are Poles settled in England, as Conrad was. Mr. Retinger is also an old friend of Conrad's and a member of literary circles in Paris as well as London. He has produced a piece of belles-lettres of a sort more common in France—and Ireland—than in England. It is a real contribution to the understanding of Conrad as a man and writer.

THIS IS CONGRESS. By Roland Young. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.75.

It is to Mr. Young's credit that he has removed the thorny problem of the relationship between President and Congress from the level of contemporary politics without in the least reducing it to an exercise in abstract theory. His aim is to strengthen parliamentary government, he believes that the weaknesses of the present system may be viewed with tolerance but not with complacency, and he is convinced that improvements can be made without recourse to Constitutional amendment. Briefly, the thesis is that Congress, which grew up like Topsy, needs more centralized direction. Mr. Young offers four general suggestions for improving "the position of Congress as a thinking agency and as an agency which supervises the operation of the bureaucracy." First, and most important, he would replace the present inchoate system of committees with an arrangement of not more than ten parallel committees in each house. Second, these would be presided over by chairmen selected by party caucus instead of by seniority as at present, and the twenty chairman would comprise a Legislative Cabinet which would have authority over the committees and would be responsible for determining legislative policy. By this streamlining process Congress would be given a direction and a capacity for concerted action that would contrast strongly with the present fantastic overlapping of jurisdictions and irresponsible mushrooming of policies. The third proposal calls for better communications between the Administration and Congress, in part through an arrangement permitting Administration members to address Congress and submit themselves to questioning from the floor.

The fourth would establish an improved budget procedure. It may be hoped that Mr. Young's book has a wide circulation on Capitol Hill, because only Congress, convinced of its weaknesses, can find the way to a healthier role in the life of the nation. Mr. Young might well serve as a guide.

LORD OF ALASKA. BARANOV AND THE RUSSIAN ADVENTURE. By Hector Chevigny. The Viking Press. \$3.

Everybody knows that we acquired Alaska from Russia, but the fascinating story of the Russian settlement will be fresh to almost everybody. Readable and fully documented, this book comes at a time when Alaska's potentialities are just beginning to be realized by the general public.

MEXICAN OIL. By Harlow S. Person. Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.

In this brief volume the Mexican oil controversy is viewed as a clash between the humanitarian, semi-socialistic strains in Mexican culture and the harsh, materialistic elements in our Anglo-Saxon culture. In an effort to help the average American to understand Mexico's reasons for seizing the oil wells, the author traces the Mexican concept of property rights in the country's diverse culture, its history, and its law. A very careful analysis is made of the settlement between Mexico and the United States and the agreement as to the amount and terms of indemnification, which leaves the reader convinced that the arrangement was as fair as could possibly have been attained. Despite the book's brevity, the analysis of the controversy is remarkably complete with but one exception. It is unfortunate that the position of the American oil companies is not subject to the same careful historical and interpretative scrutiny that is given to Mexico's policies. This would serve the dual purpose of casting further light on the basic nature of the controversy and of offsetting the suspicion that the companies are not given a fair hearing.

ART

SOUTINE. At the Bignou Gallery, 32 East Fifty-seventh Street, until April 10.

Soutine paints in a rich indigestible style. To enjoy it one must have a strong stomach and a more than superficial acquaintance with his work. One might begin with a vivid picture of a

little girl in blue called "The Abandoned Child" and work up to "The Chicken," "The Beef," and "Reclining Figures," before attempting the landscapes. This tortured sinister countryside is not a world one wishes to enter lightly; perhaps the easiest way to do so is to start with number 7, "The Winding Road."

MONDRIAN. At the Valentine Gallery, 55 East Fifty-seventh Street, until April 10.

Mondrian after Soutine is as restful as a nice clean white hospital after the turmoil of the battlefield. In spite of its name, even "Broadway Boogie Woogie" only vibrates gently around a given line like a neon light in pastel colors. The other pictures vary little from Mondrian's usual style of carefully intersecting black lines on a white background with occasional red or blue squares like the maps for a projected subway. Of the five, numbers 11 and 111 are the most interesting.

HERBERT BAYER. At the Willard Gallery, 32 East Fifty-seventh Street, until April 6.

Bright, neat pictures by one of the Bauhaus boys, who is best known, particular-

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ly in this country, for his work as a designer of displays and advertising. It is bound to be said that this talent, of which he possesses so much, has influenced his more serious work. Number 3, "Experience in Atmosphere," and more particularly number 7, "Two Worlds," barely escape this accusation. Nevertheless, these are very pleasant, gay pictures, charming in design and color.

VERTES. At the Gallery of Modern Art. 18 East Fifty-seventh Street, until April 17.

This is disappointing even to an admirer of Mr. Vertès's drawings for the fashion papers. JEAN CONNOLLY

RECORDS

COLUMBIA'S March list offers the powerful orchestral introduction to the Dungeon Scene of Beethoven's "Fidelio" and Florestan's recitative and aria "Gott! welch' Dunkel hier," recorded by Leinsdorf with an unidentified orchestra and René Maison (71410-D, \$1.05). The orchestral part loses force through the lack of precision in execution and contour—for example, the lack of distinctness in the powerful turns in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth measures; and Maison's voice is one that I have always found unpleasant to listen to. The sound of the orchestra is reproduced with extraordinary distinctness and spaciousness; but Maison's singing is reproduced with terrific reverberation. The Brunswick-Polydor record of a performance by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra and Völcker is no longer available; perhaps Victor will issue the H. M. V. record of a performance with Roswänge.

Schumann's Quintet for piano and strings is performed by Serkin and the Busch Quartet (Set 533, \$4.73). The work is Schumann's most engaging piece of chamber music; it requires Serkin to do what he does best, which is ensemble playing with Busch; his playing is warm, sensitive, rich-sounding; and it is well integrated with the playing of the quartet, which is the opposite of warm and rich-sounding. The recorded sound of the performance is clear and spacious, but not as agreeable to the ear as it might be; and the first side of my copy wavers badly in pitch. The older Victor set offers superior reproduction of an equally well integrated performance by Sanromá and the finer-sounding Primrose Quartet.

Paul Robeson tells us that he sings the songs in the album "Songs of Free Men" (Set 534, \$3.68)—"From Border to Border" and "Oh, How Proud Our Quiet Don" from Dzerzhinsky's opera "Quiet Flows the Don," Donayevsky's "Native Land," the Red Army's "Song of the Plains," the Spanish Loyalists' "Four Insurgent Generals," the German concentration camp song "Die Moorsoldaten," "The Purest Kind of a Guy" from Blitzstein's "No For an Answer," and Earl Robinson's and Alfred Hayes's "Joe Hill"—because "they issue from the present common struggle for a decent world, a struggle in which the artist must also play his part." The struggle is one in which I too am emotionally involved; the songs, nevertheless, leave me unmoved. Mr. Robeson sings them well.

A month after Victor's release of the recording of Sibelius's Seventh Symphony made by Golschmann and the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, Columbia issues a performance of the work recorded by Beecham with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Set 524, \$3.68). Considered by itself it is an effective performance; but Beecham's faster pace for the opening section makes this section less grandly impressive than it is in Golschmann's version. As reproduced by the records the sound of the Beecham performance is voluminous but dull, hazy, smudged, without the brilliance, the richness, the clarity of the recorded sound of the Golschmann performance; and the second side of my copy wavers very badly in pitch.

As it happens, having decided to feature each month a "record classic" selected from its catalogue, Columbia has begun this month with the set of Schubert's Symphony No. 5 that Beecham made in England with the London Philharmonic (Set 366, \$4.78). The symphony is only the best of Schubert's early and inconsequential copies of the works of his great predecessors; but it is superbly performed; and the recorded sound of the performance has the richness and brilliance, the transparency of texture, the sharpness of definition that are lacking in the sound of the Sibelius Seventh.

A newspaperman had occasion to remark to me recently: "Because publishers were so damned anxious for the public to buy everything they published, they brought pressure against a reviewer who wrote that a book was bad. As a result we have book columnists and reviewers for whom everything published has merit—and to whom nobody pays

any attention." I mention his remark because it applies to record-reviewing. With few exceptions record-company executives dislike the reviewer who creates in his readers the confidence that will cause them to buy what he tells them is good—who creates this confidence by telling them also when he thinks something is bad. They dislike him because they want to sell everything they produce, and regard the review as only an additional kind of publicity material for that purpose—a kind for which the payment is the sample records that are sent to the reviewer gratis; and, as they have been quoted to me, "why should we give expensive records to someone who knocks them?" The reviewer they like is the one who can hear only good in the records, or who cannot believe evil even when he hears it—who, if Columbia's recording of Sibelius's First is so bad that he must say "the orchestra does not come through as richly as the Philadelphia" does in the Victor recording, hastens to add "that may be because of an inferior recording [i. e., copy] that reached us"—and who certainly would have no influence on my buying if I had to depend on someone's judgment. And what with the reviewers who have good ears but poor machines, the ones with good machines but no ears, the ones with no ears and bad machines, the ones with a desire to have the records and a willingness to be agreeable for them—most reviews are the kind that record-company executives like.

It doesn't make things any easier for the man who must report that a recording is technically defective, to have reviewers for important publications pronounce it technically excellent. Not only that, but since records are released only when approved by the artist, the reviewer is in the uncomfortable position of finding fault with recording that has been passed by Stokowski, by Serkin, by Bruno Walter, by the Budapest Quartet. But now Beecham has publicly repudiated the defective recordings of his performances of Sibelius's Seventh and other works with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony; and the report of his suit to prevent their sale was published only a day before one New York reviewer pronounced the recording of the Sibelius Seventh "well made technically" and another found it "good, although not quite so expansively resonant as Victor's." And so you can understand why I have had candles burning before a picture of Beecham ever since.

E. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Americans in England

[We print here portions of a letter recently received from England.]

We are full of Americans. You go to little country places and there they are. London overflows with them. I cannot think what they must be feeling about this country during war time! Our towns are neglected; our great buildings are either wrecked or squalid or lack of being kept up. We have no light; we have no paper. But the worst of all is that we can do so little for them. We try sometimes to entertain them a little because it must be horrible so far away from the things they really care for, but it simply can't be done to any great extent because of the food question. Many of them do not understand why people won't sell them things in the shops—for the simple reason that they either haven't got them or that they have to divide them between a number of customers. I do feel so sorry that Americans should find us like this and afraid that they will think we are always so.

It is quite clear that there is an immense difference between this country and yours in war time, and it seems impossible to make this known. You see, even the bombing has been cleared up and tidied up, and no one who hasn't been through it has any idea of what it was. We have a little raid now and again, as the other day when the Germans killed all those little children, but it is nothing compared with what happened before, and so even that doesn't seem quite enough to account for the fearfulness to which we have grown accustomed, but which must be horrid for newcomers. I want to tell every American that things aren't always like this and that we aren't really mean and inhospitable.

One more thing too distresses me a little. So many Americans tell us that they have come to fight for us and then they are isolationists, as many are, they don't really want to come. I think though can't be said about the fighting or being for us, that it would be very long if it were for us; that Americans don't come in until the war was on their own doorstep and that if they are with us now in the West, we also all (do) share with them in the East. An army in another country is full of

difficulties, only I don't want Americans to feel as we felt in the last war that the French, having welcomed us, later resented almost everything we did, a resentment which to some extent was returned with such stories as that the French charged for a drink of water? I wonder when this chaos will cease.

Of course we still hang on the wireless waiting for news which will indicate that the end, even if distant, is in sight. If we could go a little more quickly, perhaps Hitler wouldn't always have the chance of keeping ahead with more bullying of the continent of Europe. We are getting quicker of course, but such awful things are happening in Europe that every five minutes count. Two Jewish friends of mine committed suicide in Berlin a short time ago because they were afraid of becoming a burden to their son. I get Red Cross letters from Paris from people who are barely existing.

Here there is a lot of movement about the future. People are ahead of the government in many ways, though it is true that the government has plenty to do with the main thing—which is to get the war finished. We were rather worried the other day about our Old Man when he had pneumonia. He is the very symbol of our resistance, and we can never forget that he enabled us to hold out when we had nobody in the war but ourselves. But there are people moving all over the country on the subject of a better world. Reconstruction meetings take place in small groups everywhere. Planning a new country is very much to the fore, and there are numerous exhibitions traveling around the country to do something about it.

M. H.

London, February 28

A Good Idea

Dear Sirs: There is in America today a well-founded opinion that the present war is being fought to preserve the Four Freedoms for the common people of the world. Vice-President Henry Wallace has spoken feelingly and effectively about the Century of the Common Man. The spirit of human brotherhood seems to emanate from the White House. At times the glow almost reaches Capitol Hill.

Meanwhile across the street in the venerable mid-Victorian precincts of the

State Department tory appeasement still reigns. At Mr. Hull's council table the ghosts of Chamberlain and Darlan vie for place with the butcher Franco and Otto of Hapsburg.

Would it not be proper to suggest that the President some fine day take Mr. Wallace over and introduce him to Mr. Hull. I think it would be nice if they could get to know each other.

SAMUEL BRISTOL

Whittier, Cal., March 17

A Farmer Speaks

Dear Sirs: I became acquainted with James Patton, who wrote the two articles for you on Why Food Is Scarce, shortly after he came out of college. I have been for years a Farmers' Union member. He became our part-time secretary as we were so poor. I saw at the time he was a very bright boy. His father was a coal miner, and Jim was brought up in a labor atmosphere. The first time I met him he came to my farm. It was in the fall and I was getting ready to plant fall wheat. Being very busy, I said to him if you want to talk and visit with me you will have to walk around after me, which he did.

That fall he put in considerable time going around and talking to farmers. As he was labor-inclined in his talk, he told me afterward he got his foot in it several times, as so many farmers think labor is on the other side of the fence. When the real situation is thought through, the farmer is very little more than a laborer himself. But some farmers, though their farms are mortgaged, think themselves capitalists. Jim Patton knows what he is talking about. I took those two articles to the oil station for people to read.

In *The Nation* of January 30 there was a paragraph saying that farmers have enough machinery. As far as I can see and hear, that is not correct. Farm machinery these last few years has been made too light, does not stand up. I bought a Deering Combine in 1918. It is running yet. It cut 330 acres last year and will cut quite a few more crops providing I can get the repairs. It was made of good material and heavy enough. It has the same motor on it. Large farmers as a rule have enough machinery, but the smaller farmers are short. The farm sales in Missouri, Kan-

sas, Nebraska, and the eastern part of Colorado show this. I consider this has been deliberately planned so as to throw these small farmers into the labor class for the larger farmers to hire.

The food situation is just as serious as Jim says it is. The common man is getting his eyes opened. Our best boys have been taken. I have 1,400 acres of land, most of it farm land, some of it good corn land. In 1942 I raised 7,100 bushels of corn. The cost to gather it was very high as mechanical crop pickers are not a success out here and most of the shucking is done by hand. The home front is a hard place to fight.

I have watched the State Department for, I think, five years, and our boys die for nothing.

E. L. RAMSEY

Haxtun, Col., March 21

When the Soldiers Return

Dear Sirs: I happen to be in touch with a group of soldiers in process of organization that is interested in seeing to it that after the war returning soldiers will not be used by the powers of darkness, as was the case following the other war in considerable measure. There should be coordination, and I would be glad to know about similar groups and movements. Already the forces of reaction are active, and no time is to be lost.

JOHN C. GRANBERY,

Editor of the *Emancipator*

San Antonio, Tex., March 15

A Few Facts and Figures

Dear Sirs: In the speech of Captain Rickenbacker delivered to the state legislature in the Assembly chamber in Albany on February 22, 1943, the following sentence struck me: "And those five million aliens who have failed to accept the responsibilities of citizenship of this nation, but who came here to enjoy its fruits and privileges, apply tomorrow for your first papers and the responsibilities that go with them—if not, go back where you come from."

Needless to say, the majority of aliens agree with the appeal of Captain Rickenbacker, although they have already accepted responsibilities in serving in the United States army, as workers in war plants, as blood donors, and as volunteers in many civil-defense activities. Therefore it is necessary to analyze the figure of five million aliens who, according to Captain Rickenbacker, "enjoy fruits and privileges" without accepting all responsibilities. The report of the Commissioner of Immigration

and Naturalization of February 1, 1943, now submitted to Congress, shows that on December 31, 1942, 4,280,056 registered aliens were living in the United States. It might be of interest that in 1941 and 1942, 547,658 aliens became citizens.

Seventy per cent of the total of registered aliens came to the United States before 1924, and 900,000 among these came prior to 1906. According to the report cited, 700,000 aliens were found to be illiterate; the percentage of illiteracy rises among those of both sexes forty-five years of age and older. These 700,000 may have their first papers, as do most of the aliens, but they can't acquire citizenship.

In the decade of 1931 to 1940 alone 1,369,479 aliens filed their first papers and 442,919 filed in 1941 and 1942. Owing to the long-drawn-out procedure for issuing second papers, we have to figure that those aliens who filed first papers during the years 1936 to 1942 are still counted as aliens, although they have accepted the responsibilities to which Captain Rickenbacker refers. Many of them are serving in the army, but the greater part of them are still "aliens."

No, there are no such five million aliens: there are, according to the official figures:

Registered aliens on December 31, 1942	4,280,056
Minus illiterate aliens	700,000
Minus aliens who filed first papers, 1936-42	1,280,132
Visitors unable to file first papers (estimated)	50,000
	2,030,132
Total	2,249,924

We could deduct, moreover, those aliens who were rejected for citizenship because they didn't pass the intelligence test, those who were unable to produce certain papers, etc.

We must bear in mind the fact that cases of aliens who filed their first papers in 1935 may be still pending. As can be proved by official statistics, more than 70 per cent of the aliens who have not, unfortunately, acquired American citizenship arrived in this country before 1924. Since we know that from 1936 to 1942, 1,280,132 aliens filed their first papers—that is, 30 per cent of the total—we have the interesting fact that all newcomers of the last seven years declared their intention to become United States citizens. These newcomers are very well aware of the big issues at stake. The struggle began for them just ten years ago. Captain Rickenbacker shouldn't overlook these facts.

KURT R. GROSSMAN

New York, March 15

Hot Jazz Wanted

Dear Sirs: A group of soldiers here have formed the Aloe Field Hot Jazz Club to provide relaxation and enjoyment during our free hours. It is still in its embryonic stage, and further development depends on cooperation from civilians on the outside—that is, on records which they may be able to contribute in addition to those which have been contributed by club members.

Records are necessary because hot jazz is seldom played on the radio—why the radio stations overlook this genuine native American art is hard to understand. By hot jazz we mean, of course, the honest expression of emotions through improvisations by small bands—not "swing," which is a dull, repetitious, prescribed, uninspired type of music that omits the essential characteristic of improvisation, or artistic expression.

The records we want are those of the orchestras of Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Earl Hines, Jimmy Lunceford, Sidney Bechet, Eddie Condon, Bud Freeman, Mugsy Spaulner, and of the Benny Goodman Trio and Quartet. We don't want records of the dance music of big orchestras like Tommy Dorsey's, Guy Lombardo's, Harry James's, Glenn Miller's, and the like.

If hot-jazz devotees among your readers have duplicate or worn records perhaps they will be willing to pass them on to us, who will receive them with gratitude.

One important thing our club will do is provide the Negro troops with a type of music which itself knows no racial barriers.

SERGEANT CY SHAIN,

President, Aloe Field Hot Jazz Club
Victoria, Tex., March 25

Is It an Error?

Dear Sirs: May I draw to your attention an error in grammar in a review by Frank Jones in your issue of February 20?

He says, "Liben feels badly . . ." Verbs of the sense of look, sound, smell, taste, and feel, and copulatives such as be, appear, and see, take an adjective to denote the quality of the subject, as "Myrtle looks pretty in her new hat"; "John feels bad today."

One does not say, "I feel so happily, coldly, gladly, etc." One should say, "I feel so happy, cold, and glad."

JOHN W. FOLLETTE

New Paltz, N. Y., March 15

Russia After the War

Dear Sirs: May I "have words with" Mr. Charles W. Sherman regarding his letter in your issue of February 27? Mr. Stalin has hardly nurtured unity among the United Nations by making clear on more than one occasion his sentiments regarding the war effort of his capitalistic allies, their spirit as contrasted to their action; and his attitude toward a second front is too well known for comment. Also, has Russia's recent rejection of Poland's boundary claims, for restoration to the pre-war dimensions, anything in common with Mr. Stalin's acceptance of "the Allies proposition to allow all people to select their own form of government"?

With reference to the assertion that in post-war Russia, internal rehabilitation will frustrate any designs on foreign or neighboring countries, this point is open at least to discussion, if not to doubt. A socialistic economy is operated for the benefit of the state and only secondarily for the good of the individual; so that when the state decides that one commodity, or one species of commodity, is to be produced at the sacrifice of others, such is the actual case. A socialistic economy also, being more flexible, can produce both sufficient consumers' goods to allow a reasonably high standard of living and, by eliminating the luxuries and frills of the capitalistic economy, can also produce, say armaments, on a scale which is impossible in a free-enterprise industrial set-up. Which means that post-war Russia, in spite of its devastated areas, will be able to shift to a peace-time economy and rebuild its internal economy, while at the same time reorganizing and reequipping its military machine with a celerity and efficiency wholly alien to the capitalistic economy of the democracies. This is not to say that such is probable, only that it is extremely possible and should be kept vitally in mind by our diplomats and statesmen.

Russia's vast resources, her near-miraculous speed in developing these resources due to her sincere emphasis on and almost worshipful faith in science, put her far ahead of post-war China; and, united with the authoritarian, bureaucratic leadership and state-controlled economy, far ahead of the more democratic countries in possible influence and power. Post-war Russia will be a stupendous potential of either world trade, international security, and universal good-will or fear and

distrust by the other leading world-powers, let alone the small neighboring states. And the decision as to which she will be does not rest entirely with Russia.

Finally, there is very little tangible evidence that the "Communist International" is dead, and more to the effect that it has just been put to sleep "for the duration."

HAROLD C. FRANCIS

London, Ontario, March 7

The Evian Farce

Dear Sirs: May I express to you my sincere gratitude and admiration for Miss Kirchwey's excellent article in *The Nation* of March 13, While the Jews Die. It is honest, courageous, and moving. I am particularly grateful to her for having exposed the farce of the Evian conference and the tragic mockery and insincerity surrounding the whole affair. Thirty-eight nations were represented at Evian, and the net result was the admission of a few hundred refugees to Santa Domingo, at an exorbitant cost of millions of dollars to American Jews.

The world has become so accustomed to persecution of the Jewish race for almost 2,000 years that it accepts it with silence and now and then with an expression of meaningless and insincere sympathy. There is, however, a difference, a difference that affects not only the Jews but the future of all humanity. What is happening now to the Jews of Europe—the openly conducted mass murder on a scientific scale of millions of human beings—without shaking the soul and the conscience of humanity to its very foundations, spells the doom not only of the Jews but also of the whole human race.

Who can take the proclamations and protestations that we are fighting to save democracy and for the establishment of the Four Freedoms as embodied in the so-called Atlantic Charter seriously? Who can believe in it in the face of cynical statements that our country together with Great Britain will undertake "preliminary explorations" on the subject?

Even before the Ottawa conference convenes, there may not be a single Jew left alive in Hitler-occupied Europe. How can one expect people who make themselves accessories to the greatest crime in history to build a new world and carry out their high-sounding and lofty proclamations? It leaves millions of thinking men and women the

world over with a sense of bitter frustration and hopelessness.

Please do not be disturbed by my pessimistic note. *The Nation* has always been a beacon light in the wilderness of human greed, selfishness, and lust for power commonly known as "politics." I am happy to see that you are not only carrying on the old tradition of your magnificent publication but that you have considerably extended and improved it. ARTHUR MEYEROWITZ
New York, March 19

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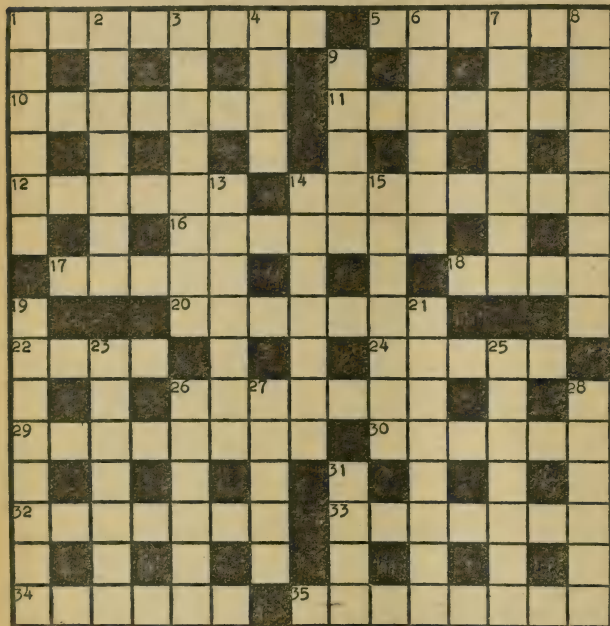
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 7

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 Is the German press chief's food highly seasoned?
- 5 Found in iron age records
- 10 Women war workers use them, but they are almost unnecessary
- 11 Refers to brief advertisements, apparently.
- 12 A change of stance shows what Congress does in regard to legislation
- 14 Ancient engines of war that should be highly popular with people living in glass houses
- 16 Anger with sweet savor
- 17 Narrow escape at the barber's
- 18 The WPA found work for these hands: the devil still does
- 20 It brings pain to a head
- 24 What to expect after a bull rush
- 24 He can't see much farther than the end of his nose
- 26 What the Government is most interested in collecting
- 27 Was in the chair, though not necessarily the presidential one
- 28 These foreign drinking-vessels come in sets
- 32 Advice at target practice serving no useful purpose
- 34 Scene of operas, and operations
- 34 Emphasis
- 35 A listening device Canute would have found useful (two words, 4 and 4)

DOWN

- 1 Political emblem which stood Sancho Panza in good stead
- 2 Humbug with two trees at the end of it

- 3 Nepotism may prove a boon to him
- 4 May be made to suit a suit
- 6 A beginner with a spotless character?
- 7 Thus mutilated, no wonder the fish shed gore!
- 8 Put up a fight
- 9 This dog is made to show where bones are buried
- 13 Came by wrongfully, or went by furtively
- 14 Late in bed—and the result!
- 15 This sum is of geographical significance
- 19 Not the sort of measures that should be used in the present emergency (hyphen, 4 and 4)
- 21 When Republicans and Democrats see this they will be in perfect agreement (3 words, 3, 2 and 3)
- 23 Provides a sea term, very naturally
- 25 Dog which might be useful in a class room
- 26 Our law-maker's afterthoughts
- 27 Is the free variety most popular in Scotland?
- 28 A snake without shelter in a state of unconsciousness
- 31 A neat arrangement

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 6

ACROSS:—1 HAD EGG; 4 ILLINOIS; 10 REMORSE; 11 VILLAIN; 12 ADAGE; 13 ILL; 14 THIER; 15 NOSH; 17 ARMINIAN; 21 HARRISON; 23 BLEAT; 26 YACRE; 28 OAP; 29 VERRA; 30 GRIMACE; 31 SEGMENT; 32 RENDERED; 33 GENTLY.
DOWN:—1 BARGAINS; 2 DEMAANS; 3 GONGE; 4 LEVEL; 6 ISLET; 7 OCARINA; 8 SENTRY; 9 PELICANS; 10 SIR; 18 MANIFEST; 19 NIB; 20 STEALTHY; 22 AUCTION; 24 EARNEST; 25 ONAGER; 27 ELATE; 28 OBSESS; 29 VAGUE.

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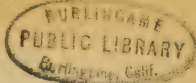
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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS

- Competition for Planes 508
- The Rum! Fiasco 509
- Cost-Plus War at Sea 510
- The Spanish Prisoners *by Freda Kirchwey* 510

ARTICLES

- Capital Notes *by I. F. Stone* 512
- Hitler's Last Year of Hope *by Peter Saar* 513
- "Jap Crow" Experiment *by John Larison* 517
- 75 Years Ago in *The Nation* 519
- Rubber from the Farm *by Ross L. Holman* 520
- Letters from a Pfc 522
- In the Wind 523

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

- The Sudetenland Today *by F. C. Weisskopf* 524
- Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 528

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- The Ullstein Papers *by Leopold Schwarzschild* 529
- Points East *by Marcus Duffield* 530
- The Historian as Prophet *by Reinhold Niebuhr* 530
- Print-Makers *by James Johnson Sweeney* 531
- Assignment in Tokyo *by W. L. Holland* 532
- Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 533
- Drama: So Much for Buckingham *by Joseph Wood Krutch* 534
- Music *by B. H. Haggin* 534

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

- CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 8 *by Jack Barrett* 540

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The Shape of Things

THE DISLOCATION OF WORLD TRADE CAUSED by the war must eventually be reflected in the complete breakdown of the international exchanges unless, before the present rigid emergency controls are removed, some new method of stabilizing currencies can be inaugurated. And as Secretary Morgenthau told a combined session of the appropriate Senate committees on April 5, "this formidable task can be successfully handled only through international cooperation." To this end the United States has now issued an invitation to all members of the United Nations to take part in a conference on monetary problems which will meet in the near future. Two major plans, at least, are likely to be discussed by this conference, one British and one American; and while these are being spoken of as "rivals," it seems clear, from the details that have been allowed to leak out, that they have much in common. The American plan, which is understood to have been devised largely by Harry White, the Treasury's director of monetary research, represents a development of the pre-war tripartite agreement between the United States, France, and Britain. Instead of national stabilization funds, with close cooperation between their managers, a single international stabilization fund is proposed. The control of this fund would be in the hands of an international board appointed by the governments of participating nations, with voting power related to the contribution made by each to the required fund. However, no one nation would have more than 25 per cent of the voting power.

✱

SINCE THE PRIMARY OBJECTIVE OF THE PLAN is to eliminate the hazards to trade of wildly fluctuating exchanges, it would be necessary for the participating governments to agree not to engage in competitive depreciation of currencies. The value of currencies would be fixed in terms of gold by directors of the international stabilization fund representing at least four-fifths of the votes, and alterations in the exchange rates could only be made by the same method. The British plan, whose author is Lord Keynes, financial adviser to the British Treasury, carries these ideas a stage farther. It visualizes a world bank or clearing-house which would have a relationship to the national banks of the member countries somewhat similar to that of the Federal Re-

serve Board to the Federal Reserve banks. It provides for a new world currency—"bancor"—which would be solely a money of account representing a fixed weight of gold. National currencies would be valued in terms of gold and would thus have a definite relation to gold and to each other. The operating funds of the new institution would be contributed by the national banks of each member in the form of gold or national currencies, or both, and each would receive an overdraft limit based on pre-war trade and similar factors. Thus if Britain, for instance, incurred an unfavorable balance of international payments, it could, for a time, finance the difference by means of this overdraft. But if it exceeded the limit it would automatically be called upon by the management of the international bank to adjust its position by surrendering gold, taking steps to check imports, or curbing the flow of external capital payments.

*

NEITHER THE AMERICAN NOR THE BRITISH plan, it is clear, would function at all effectively, any more than the pre-1914 gold-standard system, unless trade policies were adopted that permitted an expanding international exchange of goods. For this reason we welcome the recent speech of Sumner Welles urging a renewal of the Trade Agreements Act before its expiration in June. Even though this measure is a fairly modest contribution to the problem of freeing world trade, its lapse would, as Mr. Welles pointed out, be regarded by other nations as an indication of America's intention to return to economic isolation.

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THE BATTLE OF INFLATION REACHES ITS crucial stage this week as Congress reconsiders the Bankhead bill in the light of President Roosevelt's stinging veto. Although the bill to exclude government benefit payments from "parity" calculations was originally passed in both houses by large majorities, the President posed the inflation issue so clearly in his veto message that there is a good possibility that at least one of the houses will sustain his action. Mr. Roosevelt did not refer directly to the United Mine Workers' demand for a \$2-a-day wage increase, but he intimated that a further increase in the cost of food, such as is inevitable if the Bankhead bill becomes law, would force an abandonment of the Little Steel formula for wages. This would start an "inflationary spiral that would ultimately cancel out whatever gains labor has made" . . . and "make it infinitely harder for the farmer to protect himself from . . . post-war chaos." Congress may, of course, choose to ignore the President's warning and pass the bill over his veto, but if it does so, it will have to take full responsibility before the public for wrecking the President's inflation-control program. And Congress is

beginning to realize that by the time 1944 rolls around, the cost of living will transcend all other domestic issues in the mind of the average voter.

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ALTHOUGH THE NEGOTIATIONS OVER COAL wages have been extended through April, the situation remains filled with explosive possibilities. At the moment the operators are split on how to proceed. With the aid of Federal Conciliator John R. Steelman, the Northern operators are said to be making progress in their negotiations with the United Mine Workers. In the hope of working out a compromise that would not disturb the Little Steel formula, they are reported to be willing to discuss the miners' demand that pay be computed on a portal-to-portal basis instead of the present face-to-face basis. The Southern operators, on the other hand, have refused to negotiate this point and are seeking to have the entire dispute transferred to the National War Labor Board. John L. Lewis's attitude toward the WLB makes such a move at this time of doubtful value. The resignation from the Labor Board last week of Thomas Kennedy, secretary-treasurer of the U. M. W., because of express dissatisfaction with the Little Steel formula suggests that Lewis is prepared to fight the board's handling of the coal dispute. His bitterness will be no less if, as is reported in Washington, Van A. Bittner, whom Lewis ousted as a member of the U. M. W., is appointed to succeed Mr. Kennedy on the board. The best chance for a peaceful settlement of the controversy seems to lie in giving Mr. Steelman firm support in his efforts to negotiate a compromise.

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IN A SPEECH AT READING ADOLF A. BERLE, Assistant Secretary of State, declared that "the idea of a buffer state is as dead as a dodo." We agree, but we still want to know why the odor of the corpse hangs so persistently around the corridors of State. And while we are glad to have Mr. Berle go on record as an opponent of the *cordon sanitaire* policy we propose to keep our fingers crossed until we learn that Hapsburg, Eckhardt, and emissaries of Catholic reaction have become *personae non gratae* at the State Department. In attacking the unkind people who have criticized recent developments in American foreign policy, Mr. Berle used the common and shabby rhetorical device of bracketing together as "meddlers or loose thinkers or plain liars" those who have attacked public officials both as too friendly toward Russia and as not friendly enough. This shows ingratitude toward the Russophobes who have consistently praised every reactionary move by the State Department, while it is unfair to those who have stood fast against attempting to wage a war against fascism by encouraging fascists. The evidence is all too clear that some high officials in the State Department have at least

been toying with the idea of creating a Central European bloc which can be relied upon to keep the Continent safe from bolshevism. We have always thought this the surest way of driving all Europe to communism. If Mr. Berle has now grasped this fact we will acclaim his return to realism. But we await stronger evidence than one speech.

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ONE SALUTARY ACTION WHICH WOULD HELP us to believe that Mr. Berle means what he says would be a reorganization of the hitherto unpublishized Inter-departmental Committee for Nationality Problems, of which he is the head. The function of this committee is to handle relations with foreign groups in this country, and it is presumably responsible for some of the odd choices which the State Department has made in dealing with such groups. Its work is secret and confidential, and its secretary is a Miss Rebecca G. Wellington. Miss Wellington is listed in the State Department Register for 1942 as having been private and social secretary to the German embassy from 1928 to 1939, to the Italian embassy from 1933 to 1939, and to the Finnish legation from 1939 to 1941. She was also social secretary to Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean and entered the employ of the State Department six days after Pearl Harbor at \$2,600. A Washington society reporter defended the State Department appointment on the ground that Miss Wellington had long experience in "dealing with foreigners." Long experience in helping to make Nazis and Fascists socially successful hardly seems the proper background for dealing with Austrian Socialists or Czech democrats.

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SEVERAL WEEKS AGO WE EXPRESSED THE view that while the Soviet government was responsible for having outraged public opinion by the execution of Alter and Ehrlich, it was well to remember that "the enemy in this war is still the international fascist conspiracy headed by Adolf Hitler," that it would be well, as it were, to keep our eye on the ball. That is still our belief, and we think that no good purpose is served at this moment in history by rehearsing the grim details at mass-meetings and in newspaper advertisements. It is hard to maintain this perspective, however, in the kind of atmosphere generated by our domestic Communists. Not content with Ambassador Litvinov's vague explanation, Earl Browder, though admitting that "we do not know upon what evidence a Soviet court convicted Ehrlich and Alter," proceeds, like Pooh Bah, to add "corroborative detail intended to lend verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." In the allegedly subversive acts of the two veteran Socialists he sees "a conspiratorial effort of American citizens, organized on American soil, to overthrow the government of the Soviet Union." The two principals in the case, outstanding leaders in the struggle against Hitler, are

branded "pro-Nazis," and American labor leaders who, like James Carey, expressed their resentment of the executions are accused of stabbing the Red Army in the back, a charge that will do little to further unity on the trade-union front.

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ACTUALLY THE COMMUNISTS NEED LOSE little sleep over Mr. Browder's fear that "the hullabaloo about Ehrlich and Alter . . . is part of the preparation for what Vice-President Wallace warned against as a 'double-cross' of the Soviet Union." If the Scripps-Howard papers grow maudlin over the two Socialists, the executions have won the Soviets such new friends as Representative Rankin of Mississippi. "I think I am justified," he told the House in reference to the Ehrlich-Alter affair, "in calling attention to some of the Jewish propaganda that is being used in this country to stir up trouble between us and Russia." Passing easily beyond the bounds of Congressional decorum, Rankin assailed "the Jewish gentleman from New York" (Representative Celler) for not having exposed PM and other publications that did not share the Browder-Rankin view of the "two Jewish agitators." Stalin's stature has increased immeasurably in the mind of this Southern primitive. "In other words, as Eddie Rickenbacker said the other day," he expounded to the House, "communism has left Russia. When this war is over, those Russian soldiers will go back and be permitted to own their own homes, own their own land, and to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience." The Soviets should not be held responsible for the antics of the un-Christian gentleman from Mississippi, but his speech in the House indicates how much aid and comfort has been afforded the most natural double-crossers of the Soviet Union by this particular piece of Soviet justice.

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THE SLOGAN "EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN" has a fine sound, but we are convinced that the Equal Rights Amendment, which has been favorably recommended to the judiciary committees of both houses of Congress, would lower rather than raise the status of women, particularly in industry. It would provide a perfect instrument for breaking down the protective legislation which has been painfully built up in the several states; these laws may be "discriminatory," but we doubt that working women consider such regulations invasions of their "rights." So simple and sweeping an amendment would create great confusion and give rise to endless litigation in both state and federal courts; it would not accomplish its avowed purpose. We think it particularly unwise to press such an amendment at a time when, in the name of the war effort, there is a strong tendency to reduce the standards and safeguards of workers in general.

EUROPE'S REMAINING 5,000,000 JEWS ARE dying at an ever-accelerating rate, but the United States government still neglects to take the most elementary steps in their behalf. A month ago we were assured that the executive committee of the Intergovernmental Committee on Refugees would soon meet in Ottawa to undertake a "preliminary exploration" of the problem. But like many promises in the past, the announcement has not materialized. Moreover, as Representative Celler recently pointed out, the State Department continues its "glacier-like attitude" toward the few anti-Nazi refugees that have reached our shores. The indorsement of reputable relief agencies is of little weight in helping refugees to gain sanctuary within our gates. Nothing whatever has been done to facilitate the possible emigration of Jews in Hitler-occupied Europe to temporary asylums in Allied or neutral countries, to open havens in Latin America, or otherwise to carry out the moderate program set up at the March 1 mass-meeting in New York. We approve of the efforts now being made to assure universal freedom and justice in the post-war world, but it is intolerable that our State Department should let millions die while it concerns itself with these distant goals.

Competition for Planes

ALTHOUGH one still hears complaints that the American High Command is not sufficiently "air-minded," it is clear that in all theaters where our forces are engaged the plane is playing an ever-greater part. In all his victories, including the latest, Montgomery's tactics have been based on intensive use of air bombing and strafing both as a preliminary to attack and in pursuit, and he has acknowledged that the cooperation he has received from American and British fliers has been "superb." At the same time the strategic bombing force in North Africa under the command of General Doolittle has been systematically pounding the enemy's distant bases—as in the two recent mass raids on Sardinia and Naples—and ceaselessly harrying his communications. And apart from their immediate influence on operations, these activities are paving the way for future invasions of Europe.

Similarly, the ever-heavier attacks being made on Germany and the occupied countries by the R. A. F. and the American Eighth Air Force are serving more than one purpose. Their main object is to weaken the enemy economically and thus to prepare the way for an assault on the "fortress" which he boasts is impregnable. But they also ease the load on other fronts by keeping an important fraction of the Luftwaffe pinned down in the west. Finally, constant raids have an effect on German morale which, while difficult to measure, cannot be left out of account.

In the Pacific, too, the plane is playing a major role in the aggressive defensive which General MacArthur and Admiral Halsey are waging to the discomfiture of Japanese hopes. In the New Guinea campaign General MacArthur, lacking naval support, has relied on his fliers to block enemy efforts to supply and reinforce their ground troops, and again and again they have succeeded brilliantly. The Battle of the Bismarck Sea was not only one of the decisive victories of air history but impressive proof of the helplessness of a surface force in narrow waters against a determined attack made by land-based planes.

With our airmen so busily and usefully engaged all over the world, it is not surprising that there should be competition for new machines between the different fronts. It is no secret that the high officers from the Pacific theater who gathered in Washington recently for a conference with the joint General Staff were particularly intent on arguing their need for more planes. One of MacArthur's generals has been quoted by Barry Faris of the International News Service as saying: "Give us the equivalent of just two days' production of planes a month, 7 per cent of our total output, and I guarantee we can blast a path through to Tokyo. But give those little so-and-so's another year like the one just past . . . and the job of licking them will be monumental."

It is easy to sympathize with the men who have accomplished so much with such limited means in their desire for more and better tools to exploit their victories. But their cause has not been helped by the newspapers of the Hearst-McCormick axis, which have insisted on making this a political issue. The policy of beating Hitler first has been definitely agreed upon between us and our allies, and there is no doubt that it is the correct one. Germany is basically immensely stronger than Japan, but it has become vulnerable to an early concerted attack through its exhausting attempts to conquer Russia. On the other hand, it is capable of rapid recuperation if the pressure is relaxed and Hitler is given an opportunity to organize the territories he has conquered. Even now we cannot match Germany in armed man-power, but we can overwhelm it with equipment, and particularly planes, provided we resist the temptation to disperse our striking power.

The idea that Japan can also dig in, if subjected merely to "holding" attacks for a period, is open to question. True, Japan has won immense supplies of basic raw materials, but it still remains a second-rate industrial power. Years not months would be required to overcome that handicap, and meanwhile there is a good deal of evidence that it is suffering from a shortage of ships, without which the treasures of its far-flung "empire" will be of little use. It has been reported recently that Japan has concentrated large numbers of planes in islands to the north of Australia, but they have not

been very much in evidence, and it is doubtful whether its productive capacity in this department is able to do more than keep pace with its losses. Moreover, according to General Kenney, MacArthur's air commander, the quality of Japanese pilots has deteriorated. "Their highly skilled first-string team is gone," he told a reporter, "while our first team is just beginning to get into line."

There has been much talk lately of Japanese activities in the islands dotting the Timor Sea, and fears have been expressed that these may become bases for an attack on Australia. We would hesitate to say that this was impossible, but we regard it as unlikely, and even if the Japanese succeeded in invading northern Australia, they would still be many hundreds of miles from any vital objective. Nor are we much impressed by the theory that, by allowing the Japanese to fortify their conquered islands undisturbed, we are committing ourselves to a long, painful, and costly process of reconquest. Eventually, we suspect, Japan will be beaten by an immense Allied naval concentration in the Pacific, including dozens of carriers, in combination with a land offensive in China. By maintaining the line in the southern Pacific until the defeat of Hitler frees the necessary naval forces, General MacArthur and Admiral Halsey are playing a vital role, and we hope some aerial reinforcements can be spared to them. But unless the threat to their positions can be demonstrated to be more dangerous than it appears at present, we suspect they will have to make do with a priority second to Europe and, perhaps, to the China-Burma theater as well.

The Ruml Fiasco

AFTER giving the Ruml plan a well-deserved trouncing on the House floor, the Democratic majority in Congress has apparently decided to rest on its laurels. Chairman Doughton of the Ways and Means Committee has declared that it will be May or June before his committee is prepared to take up the subject of taxes again. There is talk of a two weeks' Easter vacation for the legislators, who might as well not have convened so far as their most vital job—raising revenue to pay for the war—is concerned. In view of Congressional apathy, Secretary Morgenthau has expressed serious doubt as to whether a withholding tax can be put into operation before 1944.

A large section of the press, particularly in New York City, has sought to lay the responsibility for the whole tax fiasco on the Administration, declaring that if the Treasury had not opposed the Ruml plan we should now have a pay-as-you-go tax system on the statute books. This is disingenuous, but if it were true we should be grateful to the Administration for blocking a plan that would have

precipitated a buying spree and thereby wrought havoc with the entire anti-inflation program. The truth, as a reading of the newspaper comment during the weeks before the House vote will readily disclose, is that the tremendous build-up given the Ruml plan was responsible for diverting both public and Congressional attention from the necessity for an immediate and substantial increase in revenue. The need for additional revenue, and not the dubious value of putting taxes on a current basis, is the primary reason why an effective plan for collecting taxes at the source must be set up as quickly as possible. Advocates of the Ruml plan deliberately sought to give the impression that their plan and theirs alone would accomplish this objective. Actually, the Ways and Means Committee bill, feeble though it was, provided the same withholding tax as the Carlson bill and had the additional advantage of offering an inducement for prepayment of taxes.

Now that the Ruml plan has been defeated, it is to be hoped that the press will drop the extraneous issue of tax forgiveness and help focus public attention on the urgency of increasing taxes as a means of controlling inflation. This has been the main issue from the beginning, and it is not a matter that will wait "until May or June." The danger of a runaway inflation grows daily. It may be seen in the increased pressure of labor for higher wages, of the farm bloc for higher agricultural prices, and of the consumer for protection against infringement of price ceilings. The growth of the black markets is a direct reflection of our failure to come to grips with the problem of excess spending power, an excess which a recent OPA study shows to be concentrated almost entirely among families in the income-tax-paying brackets.

A general increase in tax rates that would not go into effect until January 1, 1944, and would not influence tax collections before next March 15 obviously is not going to be of much use in curbing the huge excess spending power already in people's hands. A withholding tax that starts on July 1 at the latest is the only feasible plan for meeting the problem directly. Since both Democrats and Republicans have agreed on the necessity for such a tax, there can be no excuse for further procrastination. The question whether the tax should be credited against 1942 or 1943 incomes is wholly unimportant. Preferably the withholding tax should be graduated, so as to permit more than 20 per cent collections from the higher income groups. And a method should be worked out for applying the pay-as-you-go principle to interest and dividends as well as to wages and salaries. But refinements of this sort may have to be sacrificed in the interest of getting a collection-at-the-source system in operation at the earliest possible moment. Far too much time has already been lost. Neither party considerations nor technicalities should be allowed to stand in the way of immediate action.

Cost-Plus War at Sea

THE lie that members of the National Maritime Union refused to unload ships at Guadalcanal was given wide circulation. It will be interesting to see how much attention is accorded the report submitted to Senator Downey of California by President Philip Murray of the C. I. O. This report was made on behalf of the National Maritime Union, the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen, the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, and the American Communications Commission. It gives in detail a long list of cases of mismanagement and inefficiency in the handling of ships and cargoes. The report was made public after repeated attempts in private to get action on these cases from the War Shipping Administration. The effort was unsuccessful, perhaps because the cases reflect on the WSA, the great shipping companies, and the profitable but wasteful practice of carrying on the war at sea on a cost-plus basis.

Though the Guadalcanal story was made up out of whole cloth by an employee of the Brewster Aeronautical Corporation and has been disowned by the Navy Department, there is a somewhat similar case in the C. I. O. report. If true, it reflects on a shipping company and a commanding officer rather than on labor. "A ship lay 100 days in the South Pacific," the report says, "during which time crew members were not permitted to help unload the ship by order of the shipping operators. A crew delegation went ashore and told the United States army major in charge of the port that they had volunteered their work in unloading, without extra compensation, and that their offer was rejected. The major welcomed their offer, but they were still not allowed to work." This should be read in connection with another statement in the report. "At Southwest Pacific ports ships unloading dump tons of trucks, guns, ammunition, and supplies into the sea. The fighting men in the services ashore make jokes about swimming out and diving down to get these supplies." These stories have implications so shocking that we should expect the War Shipping Administration and the shipping companies to join with Senator Downey in his demand that the Truman committee and the Senate Commerce Committee investigate.

Luxury cargoes, according to the report, are still being carried in the Pacific, and ships that could carry goods carry ballast. "Private shipping operators," the C. I. O. charges, "through cost-plus contracts, prefer slow and inefficient methods of cargo handling and ship operation inasmuch as greater profit accrues to them." There is inadequate training of new seamen. Survivors of torpedoed ships are poorly treated. Radio communications are inadequate, and ships often miss submarine warnings and distress signals because they carry only one radio

officer and thus have no twenty-four-hour radio watch.

Most tragic of all are the charges that the report makes as to the handling of shipments from West Coast ports to the Soviet Union. In one West Coast port area, though 250,000 tons of lend-lease cargo awaited shipment on the docks, hundreds of skilled longshoremen stood idly by for two days before being-given orders to load. At the height of the Soviet winter offensive, according to the C. I. O., while hundreds of thousands of tons of cargo for the Russians lay on the docks, shipments were handled at a rate of 50,000 tons a month when facilities could have handled 200,000 tons. "At the same time," the report says, "as many as ten old ships were awaiting repairs in the same port. These were formerly owned by United States shipping companies and turned over to the Russians, and new ships given to the shipping companies." A new 10,000-ton Liberty ship costs \$1,600,000. Repairs on the old ones cost from \$500,000 to \$1,250,000 a ship and took weeks of work but were still insufficient to enable them to carry heavy cargoes. There has been no more disgusting set of revelations in this war. We join the C. I. O. in demanding a full investigation, with punishment of the greedy interests and complaisant WSA officials responsible.

The Spanish Prisoners

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

SPANISH Republicans, meeting this past Monday in New York at Carnegie Hall, asked our government for the release of the thousands of Spanish refugees and ex-soldiers still imprisoned in North Africa. For the first time since the Spanish War every faction and political tendency joined in this demonstration, and their plea was echoed from Mexico and Cuba and all over South America. From Mexico, in particular, came a message of solidarity signed by leaders of every important group from the Basque Catholics and the right Republicans to the Communists. The plight of the prisoners, whose physical sufferings have been described by many observers returning from North Africa, has stirred to bitter protest their fellow-countrymen in exile in the Americas. That these men are still in filthy concentration camps long after the political prisoners of every other nationality have been released—five months after President Roosevelt promised the release of all anti-fascist prisoners—is an outrage that no Spanish-speaking people could be expected to ignore.

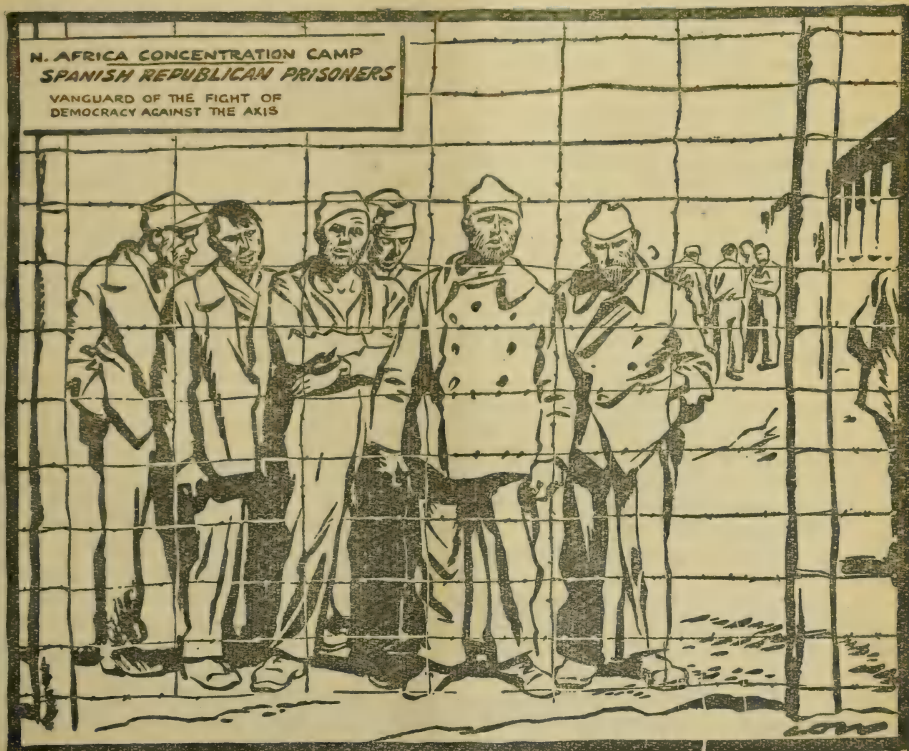
But for Americans it holds an even more serious meaning. The Loyalists in North Africa are not accidental left-overs of a system that has slowly been liquidated. These men are held precisely because they are Spaniards—Spanish anti-fascists. They are not merely men who

fought against Hitler and Mussolini while the United States and Britain were trying to appease the dictators. Today we are fighting Hitler and Mussolini ourselves; so that crime could presumably be forgiven. But they are the enemies, the tough and steadfast enemies, of the miserable little dictator who is held in power in Spain by the joint support of Nazi arms and American food and oil. That is their real offense. And so, just as they were kept in prison for Franco's benefit by Hitler's orders during the Vichy era in North Africa, they are today kept in prison for Franco's benefit by American orders.

This is a fact—ugly and undeniable—which Spaniards may politely ignore but which Americans must face: because the American government and also the British government are trying to buy the favors of the fascist dictator of Spain, 5,000 or 20,000 Spanish Republicans—even the number is in dispute—are suffering in prison camps in Africa. It is not a pretty fact to have to face. It would be pleasanter to pretend that the fate of those men was due to confusion and inefficiency or the ill-will of French officials. Pleasanter, but wholly unrealistic. They could and would be released tomorrow if the United States said they should be released.

The treatment of the Spanish prisoners in North Africa by the American government is a replica on a small scale of the treatment of the Spanish Republic by the American government in 1936 and 1937 and 1938. Like Spain itself, these men are a living sacrifice on the altar of the fascist war lords—only this time the particular god to be appeased is the smallest of the lot, with neither the will nor the freedom to bestow the favors this great government has demeaned itself to ask. And so Americans must demand the freedom of the Spanish prisoners, partly as an act of justice, but far more as a political act—as a guaranty of the end of a policy of shameful connivance with the Franco regime—with forces that hate and openly condemn every purpose for which this war is being fought.

P.S.: As we go to press the Joint Commission for Political Refugees in North Africa has announced that arrangements have been made to free most political prisoners. Encouraging announcements have been made before. If this one turns out to be true, it will be due largely to the powerful movement throughout Latin America in behalf of the Spaniards—a movement which has made a profound impression in Allied circles.



WHAT ABOUT US?

Capital Notes

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 4

DAFFIEST bit of Washington correspondence in a long time was a Chicago *Tribune* story from the capital which was also carried here last week by Cissie Patterson's *Times-Herald*. The dispatch, by Walter Trohan, quoted "word . . . from the underground of patriots" in occupied Europe that American short-wave propaganda "extolling the Soviets" was hurting the Allied cause. American broadcasts, according to the Chicago *Tribune's* secret underground sources, confirmed Nazi propaganda "that Britain has betrayed the small nations into the hands of the Bolsheviks and that the deal has been made with the consent of the United States." The broadcasts, as a result, were "increasing the efficiency of so-called slave labor in German industry. In deciding to throw in their lot with the Nazis as against the Reds," Trohan reports, straight from the underground, "many captive workers no longer attempt to delay production." Note the phrase "so-called." OWI sources declare that short-wave broadcasts about the Soviet Union have been objective news reports, but these reports in recent months, of course, have consistently told of victories. Perhaps the Chicago *Tribune* thinks it would encourage the underground more if we spread word that Hitler was winning.

When the history of this period comes to be written, I believe it will be found that the State Department and not North African influence was largely responsible for the abrogation of the Cremieux decree of 1870, which conferred French citizenship on the Jews of Algeria. I do not know who the "unbiased specialist" was whom Under Secretary Welles quoted in his letter to Baron Edouard de Rothschild, but the State Department "specialist" with whom I discussed the problem several months ago was extraordinarily vague and flighty on his facts and reflected the anxiety of some forces within the department to find an excuse for abrogating the Cremieux decree.

The European division of the department, which has always been pro-Franco and anti-Soviet, is also streaked with anti-Semitism, and in the case of the Cremieux decree seem to have maneuvered the Under Secretary, who is above the State Department average, into being its spokesman. A. A. Berle, Jr., is one of those who have opposed sending a Jew to North Africa lest it "offend the Arabs" (on the same principle one ought

also to object to sending a Christian). But the people who show such consideration for the supposed susceptibilities of the Arabs were also the ones who supported the appointment of Peyrouton as Governor General of Algeria, though Peyrouton's previous service as Governor General of Tunisia had made his name synonymous with persecution of Arab nationalism.

Representatives Warren G. Magnuson and John M. Coffee of Washington are forming a group of progressive members of the House to take up with the War Department charges made by the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. Two veterans who fought in Spain with the brigade have distinguished themselves in New Guinea, where one was decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross by General MacArthur. Five hundred members of the brigade are in the American armed forces, and three hundred more are in the merchant marine, where eight have lost their lives. There are branches of the government which realize that the experience of these men in Spain makes them of particular value—I can say no more—in some of the military tasks ahead of us. But the brigade claims that there have been many cases of discrimination against veterans of the Spanish War, some of whom have been barred from combat duty and from advancement. One of the men the brigade declares was barred from combat service is John Gates, now a sergeant in the United States Army. Vincent Sheean and Herbert Matthews have written of the courage and skill in combat Gates showed in Spain as morale officer of the Fifteenth International Brigade.

It takes a little while to catch on to the extent to which Washington is a Jim Crow town. Although the Negro press reaches 4,000,000 readers every week, its correspondents are barred from the House and Senate press galleries and from White House press conferences. The Washington correspondents, though as likable and pleasant a crowd as one can meet anywhere, are dominated in this respect by Southern *mores*. I came up against this myself the other day—if I may be forgiven a personal note—when I asked William H. Hastie to lunch. I had never met the Judge before and wanted to talk with him of his experiences in the War Department, where he had served for two years as civilian aide to Secretary Stimson. Judge Hastie is a Negro, and on inquiry I found that the only place I could take a Negro to lunch was

the Union Station. I strongly disliked the idea of being forced to take a man of his distinction to a counter in a railroad station, and asked his permission to invite him to be my guest at the National Press Club. Judge Hastie is not one of those members of a minority who, having achieved some position in the world, prefer to shut their eyes to the wrongs of their fellows rather than endanger that standing. He has picketed drugstores here which refused to hire Negroes, and he was as willing as I to run the risk of some possible embarrassment.

It seems that this was the first time in the history of the club that anyone had ever taken a Negro there to lunch. Elmer Davis was addressing a special luncheon in the auditorium that day; so we got a table before anyone seemed to realize what had happened. A moment after we were seated, a page told me I was wanted on the telephone. In the hall I found that this was a ruse. The manager asked me if that was a colored man with me. I said it was. He declared that we would not be

served. I said that as a member of the club I insisted on service for my guest and went back to the table. There we sat unserved until two o'clock, when we left for a Chinese restaurant.

The Judge, besides being the least stuffy of individuals and a thoroughly swell guy, is at least as cultivated as some of the third-rate advertising men and fourth-rate politicians who belong to the club. He is a Harvard Law School graduate, dean of Howard University Law School, a former member of the federal judiciary in the Virgin Islands, and has just won the Spingarn medal for 1942. Under the constitution of the club special meetings must be called on petition of twenty-five members. I managed to obtain nine signatures, and a diverse collection of arguments from well-meaning people who agreed with me but. . . . Some people think the punctilio governing a supposed "private club" more important than elementary considerations of human decency. I resigned from the club.



Hitler's Last Year of Hope

BY PETER SAAR

THE German High Command's concept of the strategy that would promise success to the Reich was the same in 1914 as it was in 1939. It called for a surprise attack of overpowering force, preservation of the initiative, and a campaign of brief duration ending with a total victory for German arms. A blitzkrieg is indeed the only strategy adapted to the geographic, economic, and military situation of Germany.

In 1914 the German troops went into battle in the belief that they would be home again in a few weeks. France's mobilization had not been completed, and French soil was occupied as if it were a field of maneuver. The rapid forward thrust got as far as the Marne. There, in September of the first year of war, General Joffre brought the German offensive to a halt. The battle of the Marne has understandably assumed legendary proportions in both Germany and France, for it decided the First World War. The Marne miracle enabled France, with the aid of its allies, to gird for the final struggle, which lasted another fifty months.

The Second World War started out like the First. Who in Germany would even remotely have thought of defeat in June, 1940? France had been overrun, and to every German the conquest of England seemed a matter of weeks. But two years later the Reich again faced the fateful dilemma from which Hitler thought his military and political preparations had saved it.

The compulsion to wage a ruthless campaign with quick and decisive victories presents the German General Staff with a clearly outlined dual task: (1) the destruction of enemy power, that is, of the enemy's fighting forces; (2) the occupation of enemy bases for armament and supply. If these two objectives cannot be attained in the first onslaught, if, after overcoming the element of surprise, the opponent has time and opportunity to reinforce and regroup his armies, to secure their supply, and to mobilize allies, then the Reich has only the choice between immediate capitulation and a protracted war of attrition. Choice of the latter leaves but one chance of victory for Germany—the undermining of the enemy's morale, the collapse of his home front. It is no longer a problem in strategy; it is a matter of speculation.

A war of attrition forces Germany constantly to conquer new supply bases for the ever-growing needs of that war. But every such move reduces its man-power reserves; so that in the event of a prolonged war and superior enemy strategy, the moment must come when the Reich no longer has enough hands to hold and utilize what it has conquered.

When in the second half of October, 1918, discussion in Imperial German headquarters revolved around the question whether the Ukraine could be given up and the last divisions left there sent to the west, General Ludendorff warned: "The Supreme Command, with the

agreement of the government, marched into the Ukraine because we needed the region for the implementation of our economy. . . . If we withdraw, the situation of our war industry will gravely deteriorate. One could in any event have foreseen that if we were to emerge from this war with our present frontiers, we would be in a much worse position than before both militarily and industrially."

The National Socialist government finds itself in the fourth year of World War II in the same spot. After enumerating the large territorial gains made last summer, Hitler, in his speech of September 30, said that "after all, we are not interested in telling only how many thousands of kilometers we marched. We were mainly interested in obtaining the great space for the purpose of rendering it usable for our warfare." This confession makes wholly understandable the desperate effort Germany is now making to keep the Ukraine and the Donets Basin.

Despite its overwhelming initial successes the German High Command did not attain the two major objectives of its war planning either in 1914 or in 1941. In both instances, however, it was capable, in a later phase of the war, of speculating along the lines described above.

The very costly German spring offensives on the western front in March and May, 1918, did not bring the expected victory. But the Allies, too, suffered heavy losses in men and matériel. Intelligence reports of increasing war weariness in the ranks of the Entente determined the German High Command to attempt a decisive blow in the west in order to bring the war to a successful conclusion. According to the estimate of the General Staff, Germany's 205 divisions on the western front in the spring of 1918 still exceeded the Allied forces by about twenty to twenty-five divisions. To be sure, the heavy casualties suffered in the May offensive had reduced the German battalions from 800 to about 700 men. Yet the use of all available reserves, including Austro-Hungarian units, and the withdrawal of all but twelve divisions from the east were depended upon to decide the final battle in Germany's favor.

When the offensive was launched on July 15, Imperial headquarters were confident that they would coerce the enemy into making peace this time. General Ludendorff, the brains of the German General Staff, albeit overshadowed by von Hindenburg, openly expressed this conviction in a talk with Foreign Secretary von Hintze. In reply to the direct and official question of the Foreign Secretary whether Ludendorff was certain that this offensive could definitely vanquish the enemy, and for good, the General declared: "I can answer this question with a definite yes!" But the Germans found themselves unable to withstand the large-scale use of tanks and the intervention of fresh American troops. On August 8 the

British pierced the German lines in northern France and overwhelmed six to seven German divisions within a few hours. The offensive force of the German army was from then on definitely broken. In a headquarters staff talk on August 14 Field Marshal von Hindenburg, in the presence of the Kaiser, defined the military situation by saying: "We can no longer hope to break the enemy's will to war by military operations. Our conduct of the war must set as its goal the paralysis of that will by a strategic defensive."

Von Hindenburg's strategic defensive proved only too soon to be a makeshift, not a solution. The rapid exhaustion of its man-power reserves caused the German High Command as early as the beginning of September to suggest to the government that it seek a neutral peace mediator. By the end of September the size of the German battalions had shrunk to about 540 men. In those days Ludendorff admitted to a representative of the German Foreign Ministry: "I feel like a gambler; at any time a division might fall somewhere." On November 11 Germany was forced to lay down its arms—"unvanquished in the field," as the generals hastened to emphasize, but drained of all blood nevertheless; 2,000,000 Germans out of a total of 13,250,000 mobilized in the course of fifty-two months of war covered the battlefields of three continents. This was 15.1 per cent of the German effectives, and did not include prisoners or those incapacitated by wounds or disease. The man-power reserves of the Second Reich had been used up.

When the present war broke out, the National Socialist Third Reich, including Austria and the Sudeten regions, numbered 79,000,000 people, 40,000,000 of whom, more than half, were men. Of these men, 27,000,000 were between sixteen and sixty-five, that is, they belonged to the age class that the Germany of today considers able-bodied. The draft laws of 1935 provided also for national service for women. When the war broke out, Germany had about 17,000,000 women between seventeen and forty-five, the age group regarded as able-bodied. Any calculation of German man-power reserves must therefore be based on this figure of 44,000,000 men and women able to work or do military service. How many can the Reich mobilize from this reservoir in the fourth year of war for its great spring offensive on the fighting and labor fronts?

The peace strength of the Nazi armies was about 1,500,000 men, including military police; this force was divided into twelve army corps and thirty-six divisions. To bring this nucleus up to war-time strength the German High Command had about 17,000,000 men of draft age, between eighteen and forty-five, theoretically available in September, 1939. Actually, of course, the group available for immediate army duty was a relatively small fraction of the total.

According to the conditions of the Versailles treaty, Germany was permitted to maintain a standing army of 100,000 men only. Since the Reichswehr, in accordance with the treaty regulations, consisted of professional soldiers with long-term service contracts, the age classes between 1901 and 1917 were excluded from military service. These fifteen age classes comprised approximately 10,000,000 men, or nearly 60 per cent of all those of draft age. Of the remaining 7,000,000 trained men of draft age, 2,500,000 were between thirty-nine and forty-five—the youngest active age classes from the last World War. The other 4,500,000 were made up of young men between eighteen and twenty-two, who had been trained since compulsory military service had been reintroduced, and of subsequent age classes trained within the framework of the available cadres. Thus in the first half of the war the burden of military duty lay on the shoulders of the young men between eighteen and twenty-eight, who had been trained since 1935, and on those of "old" World War veterans between thirty-nine and forty-five. The gigantic production of war materials, on the other hand, was the task of the thirty-to-forty-year-olds. It was an almost ideal state of affairs.

The loss of labor on the production front caused by mobilization was comparatively easy to meet. Working hours were increased, foreign workers and women were hired, war prisoners were put to work; the growing number of forced laborers dispatched to Germany from the occupied regions also helped to replace the men at the fronts. In addition, the economic systems of the occupied or German-controlled countries were harnessed in growing measure for the needs of the Reich; so that in the second year of war the German productive capacity was even increased.

This state of affairs permitted Adolf Hitler to utilize to the full the lull in the fighting between the collapse of France and the invasion of Russia, a lull that lasted precisely twelve months. Apart from the prodigious accumulation of war materials, this period brought a considerable increment to the Reich's fighting reserves. The large-scale temporary furloughs given to soldiers of the advanced age classes to permit them to work in industry notably accelerated the recruiting drive. Thus prepared, the Führer launched his campaign in the east.

The intended blitzkrieg against the Red Army and the anticipated occupation of vast regions forced the German.



INTERVAL
FOR 20 odd YEARS of STAGNATION UNEMPLOYMENT
MISERY & CHAOS ENDING IN WORLD WAR II



WHAT, AGAIN ?

High Command to mobilize on a much larger scale than heretofore. One may estimate the number of German soldiers under arms in June, 1941, at 8,000,000—nearly half of all available men between eighteen and forty-five. This tangible weakening of German productive strength could be only insufficiently balanced by the above-mentioned labor-recruiting measures. But it was hoped such a situation would be temporary, lasting only during a comparatively brief campaign. The unexpected ferocity and prolongation of the Russian war upset the calculations of the Nazi General Staff.

If we assume the probable mobilization of 70 per cent of all men between seventeen and fifty-five for military duty at the front or at home—in World War I Germany mobilized 65 per cent of its active male population—then Germany would be in a position, on the basis of its population in 1939, to mobilize an army of 16,000,000. Huge as this figure may seem, it loses its threat on closer scrutiny. Let us be liberal and assume that 90 per cent of the age classes that can be considered for modern front-line service, the men between seventeen and forty, could be mobilized. When war broke out, Germany had about 13,500,000 men in these age classes. Let us place the losses of this group, the only one used at the front, at only 2,500,000 men dead or captured or permanently incapacitated. One of the Allied staffs in London recently estimated the number of permanently incapacitated alone at about 2,000,000. But a large proportion of these incapacitated can again be used in production, where they will release other men for active service. Thus they cannot be considered an absolute loss of man-power.

So there remain, after deduction of losses of 2,500,000, 11,000,000 able-bodied men for front-line service. From this number must be deducted the indispensable forces of such organizations as the *Waffen-S. S.*, the *S. S. Verfügungstruppen* (garrison Elite Guards), the *Gestapo*, the Nazi Party machinery, and the general-security police, which are taken from the same age groups; these must be put at 2,500,000 men at least. The Nazis have therefore, carefully estimated, about 8,500,000 men who could be used as front-line fighters. Eight and a half million men for the front and two and a half million for service at home and in the occupied countries—this is the strongest army the Reich can still muster against its external enemies if it exploits its man-power reserves to the limit, and many of these require a training period of at least six to eight weeks. If we add to this figure 4,000,000 that could be mobilized in Italy and the other satellite countries, we reach a total of 13,000,000 men with whom Adolf Hitler can confront the United Nations in the final battle.

Then there is the equally gigantic task of equipping and supplying such an army, for which additional millions of men are needed. Estimates put the number of

men at present working in German mines, arms factories, and other vital fields of industry at 10,000,000. The number employed by the government, the railroads, and the post office is set at 4,000,000. It appears that a nucleus of 14,000,000 men of German nationality is indispensable for the maintenance of the industrial war machine and the administrative and communications set-up.

The mobilization of a German army numbering at present 11,000,000 effectives would leave to the Reich 11,000,000 male workers between fifteen and sixty-five. Since these masses include a considerable number of people whose working capacity is either not fully developed (fifteen- and sixteen-year-olds) or already lessened (fifty-to-sixty-five-year-olds), their total productive capacity can hardly be evaluated at more than 70 per cent of the performance of the same number of normal male workers; especially if one considers the long hours and the stringent living conditions of war time. That means that the 11,000,000 men still available can do the work of 7,500,000 to 8,000,000 men at best. And this estimate does not include the normal reduction in performance due to lack of skill and experience, increased accident rates, and passive resistance.

If we deduct from the labor force about 1,000,000 persons needed to maintain health, youth, and professional training and other experts indispensable or irreplaceable at short notice, persons who are essential to the maintenance of the physical and moral stamina of a "fighting and working community," then the government of the Reich retains barely 7,000,000 to meet requirements calling for 14,000,000. Even if it were possible to make up the needed 7,000,000 by increasing by another 4,000,000 the army of foreign workers, which now stands at 6,000,000, and by mobilizing another 3,000,000 women, in addition to the 3,000,000 already working in industry, the German man-power situation would still remain extremely tenuous. And every day of battle taxes it further, without hope of relief.

When Adolf Hitler, in order to banish memories of the horrors of the preceding winter in Russia, announced his "very simple program" for the fourth year of war, he summarized the essence of his modified strategy in these words: "We must hold everything and must wait to see who tires soonest." That was a new note for Hitler, although it was old for Germany. It was simply a new version of Hindenburg's defensive strategy of the last hours of the Second Reich. But Adolf Hitler knows that he cannot wait for the exhaustion of his enemies today. *He must act.* In the preamble of the latest mobilization order "the speedy attainment of victory" is designated as the paramount goal of the war. What the Imperial General Staff could not achieve in 1918—win the war before American armies landed on the Continent—the Nazi High Command is trying to force at all costs

in 1943. Under Hitler's leadership the Reich will start its final spurt six months earlier than Germany did in 1918 and thus at a relatively more advantageous moment. The Nazis are more determined than ever to fight to the limit. And despite their dilemma, they are still strong enough to set far goals for themselves.

The task of the Allies in this situation is evident. It found expression in the resolution of the Casablanca conference—to wage war against the Axis until "unconditional surrender" is attained. But it is equally evident that the capitulation of the Reich and thus also of Japan

and Italy can be accomplished only if Hitler is given no breathing spell in 1943.

Hitler's *levée en masse* will undoubtedly disrupt the course of the Nazi war machine considerably for some time to come. The iron necessity to replace the huge losses of men and matériel suffered in the second Russian winter campaign from the already reduced effectives at home is bound to weaken the fighting and production front of the Reich. That gives the Allies their chance. The length and outcome of the war will largely depend on whether it is utilized.

"Jap Crow" Experiment

BY JOHN LARISON

ENOUGH time has rolled by since we evacuated the Japanese from the West Coast and relocated them in the interior to enable us to appraise the undertaking and perhaps to project a better way out of one of the strangest dilemmas in our history. The majority of the evacuated are American citizens, and now that we have regained our poise after the shock of Pearl Harbor we ought to be able to work out some wise and just means of reintegrating them into the American community.

It is no secret that ten months' experience with the relocation centers has not been a happy one either for the administrators or for the citizens and aliens taken into "protective custody." It can be said at the outset that the enterprise as a whole has been humanely administered by men of good-will, though it has never been the Sunday School picnic or the Boy Scout jamboree that some of our more imaginative reporters have tried to make it out.

The évacués are distributed among ten centers in California, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, and Arkansas. They live in standard army barracks built of lumber covered with tarpaper. Originally it was intended to allot one room about twenty feet square to each family, but owing to shortages in building materials this space allotment could not be followed, and a good many families had to double up, sometimes with strangers, at best with friends. These living quarters obviously permit little in the way of home life, since they lack both privacy and cooking facilities. Dining-halls, toilet and bath houses, and laundries are communal, one of each to a block. Meals are fair, with some provision of Japanese dishes for the older people. The food cost is about forty cents a person a day, and food is rationed as in other communities.

The centers have few facilities for recreation. The

recreation halls, of which there is one in each block, have in many cases had to be preempted for temporary schools and other purposes. Moving pictures are few and far between. Mostly the people have had to make their own amusements, and have leaned heavily on baseball, theatricals, and gardening and landscaping. Books, newspapers, and magazines are scarce and in great demand. As an offset to the meager recreational facilities, the authorities plan to operate the schools eleven months a year, on the theory that the devil finds work for idle hands to do. The elementary and high schools are making every endeavor to meet the standards of the states in which they are situated, although there is a shortage of Caucasian teachers, and inexperienced évacués have had to be hastily trained to meet the need. It is significant of the strong trend toward Americanization that the parents urge the employment of Caucasian teachers.

The government does not provide education beyond high school, although there are large numbers of college students whose work has been interrupted by relocation, as well as recent high-school graduates ready to enter college. With the cooperation of a number of Western universities, the War Relocation Authority has been able to provide some facilities for adult education but nothing adequate for the need. Through the admirable work of the National Student Relocation Committee, a private agency, several hundred évacués have been released to attend colleges outside the evacuated areas.

The economic condition of the évacués is very bad. The original intent of the WRA was to develop agriculture and to some extent industries on a scale sufficient not only to make the centers self-supporting but to create a surplus for the war effort. Three things have caused this program to fall short of accomplishing its purpose. One is the surprisingly large outside demand for Japanese-American labor that developed during the 1942

harvest season. About ten thousand workers left the centers, after official investigation and permission, largely for beet and cotton picking. This demand will undoubtedly increase in the coming season.

A second obstacle to industrial and agricultural development in the centers has been the wage scale. In addition to furnishing board, lodging, and hospitalization or other medical care to all évacués, the government has set up a system of cash wages for all workers for whom jobs could be found in the centers. These wages amount to \$12, \$16, and \$19 a month, depending on the nature of the work, whether unskilled, skilled, or professional. Almost half the inhabitants are thus employed—many in essential services such as clerical work, transportation, warehousing, and mess-hall operation, others in agriculture and industry. Even if to the cash wages we add the cost of food and quarters, it is clear that for most of them the resultant wage scale is very meager and far out of line with what is being paid elsewhere in this country. Resident aliens of course would expect to receive the customary perquisites of interned enemy aliens, and, figured on this basis, the allowances would be considered generous. With our American citizens of Japanese ancestry, however, the case is different. They regard the wage scale as unfairly discriminatory and do not work with any enthusiasm. Nevertheless, they have collectively done a surprising amount of work in agriculture, in running the essential public services, in organizing community stores, and in operating certain industries such as camouflage net factories—in which, however, a more attractive wage scale had to be established after a preliminary failure to attract workers at the standard relocation-center rates. During the calendar year 1942, with most of the centers getting into production only by midsummer, about \$800,000 worth of vegetables and other crops were produced. In 1943 crop production will run to almost \$3,000,000, and by midsummer of 1944 the value of livestock and livestock products will amount to another \$2,000,000.

Thirdly, the évacués have been too much bossed and managed by unnecessarily large administrative staffs. Among the évacués are highly skilled farmers, artisans, engineers, technicians, scientists, doctors, business men, mechanics, foremen, nurses, and artists. As a group they are unusually well educated, have a tradition of good workmanship, and are in general competent to organize and manage their own affairs. If they had been given free rein, they could have done a far better job than they have been able to do in bureaucratic leading-strings and with a superfluity of Caucasian bosses. Even in their own civic affairs they have been restricted, the community councils being only advisory and hampered moreover by the arbitrary ruling that no Issei—first-generation, elderly people—could hold public office in a center, with the result that the civic responsibilities have fallen

largely on the shoulders of the Nissei—second generation—most of whom are so young that a community council meeting is almost like a meeting in Boys' Town.

The unexpectedly large demand for évacué workers outside the centers has led to an important shift in the basic policy of the WRA, which is now to encourage and assist as many of the évacués as possible to obtain outside employment, and to keep the centers unattractive enough to persuade most of them to leave instead of to stay. If this plan could be handled wisely, skilfully, and gradually, with emphasis on those best fitted to work outside, it might be one step toward a final solution.

Thus far, this report might convey the impression that aside from some material inconveniences and low wage scales, relocation has been pretty satisfactory. But it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the evil of relocation is its psychic and emotional effect; much damage has already been done and will be permanent unless great skill and insight go into the future handling of this minority problem. It must be remembered that about 70 per cent of the évacués are American citizens by birth. Moreover, with a few exceptions they are eagerly, indeed pathetically, American in speech, manners, and ambitions. So Americanized are they, in fact, that a very troublesome aspect of administration in the centers is the deep schism between the young generation and the old.

These young citizens are for the most part courteous, industrious, earnest, and intelligent. They strike an unbiased observer as unusually good human material. Moreover, they approach their own minority problem in a spirit of humility, candor, and cooperation. Yet they are deeply troubled by the paradox of their detention despite their citizenship in a country whose constitution is conspicuously devoted to safeguards of liberty and equality. Like all young people, they lean heavily on the security, continuity, and predictability of a meaningful environment. Yet these supports have been snatched away from them. They, along with their elders, were removed from their homes, vocations, and schools, from their friends and social ties, often at great financial loss. And they have been confronted with an unpredictable and consequently terrifying future. Worst of all, relocation has fastened on them the galling stigma of suspicion. In this atmosphere it was inevitable that they should be subject to psychic and emotional deterioration, which in some cases has become overt in strikes and riots.

The first step toward the moral rehabilitation of this unhappy group is to clear the innocent of unjust suspicion by segregating the disloyal. And the evidence is that the great majority are innocent of any subversive design or intent. In *Harper's* for last October an anonymous intelligence officer of the armed forces who had carried on a long investigation of our West Coast Japanese published his conclusion that at least 75 per cent

were loyal. It is likely that this figure is purposely conservative: the responsible administrators of the centers would probably place the percentage well above 90. More convincing is the fact that the army has recently begun to recruit Japanese-American regiments on a voluntary-enlistment basis. Army recruitment has done a great deal to restore the self-respect of the *évacués*. Even more effective would be inducting them under the draft, after segregation of the disloyal. The young men are eager to serve their country, but they want to serve it on a basis of equality; they regard voluntary enlistment as in itself a form of discrimination, and they have dubbed the special Japanese-American contingents "Jap Crow" regiments. As a result, voluntary enlistments have been relatively few.

A second necessary step is to begin to work out now the permanent solution of the problem. Merely to encourage or to use pressure on the Japanese to leave the centers for outside employment is not a complete solution. Many of them can and should go out, but many of them have been disqualified by "war-shock" from going out and starting life anew without considerable support and advance preparation. A careful family survey, by qualified social workers, would determine which are qualified to go out and which had better stay in the centers until a permanent resettlement plan is devised.

For those who remain in the centers a more normal life should be worked out, better recreational and adult-education facilities provided, and a system of normal economic enterprise developed. Cooperative agricultural and industrial projects on the orthodox profit-making pattern would restore the initiative of the *évacués* and greatly reduce costs in operating the centers. Genuine civic self-government should be part of the program.

As to permanent resettlement, the government should by all means begin to lay down the broad lines now, lest at the end of the war the whole question be approached on the basis of emotional politics and racial prejudice. Many of the *évacués* can doubtless shift for themselves and regain a worth-while place in the American community. But many others, probably the majority, if left to themselves would sink to the status of migratory workers. There is especial need for a permanent agricultural-settlement program for the highly skilled farmers among them, preferably in small groups to safeguard them from race discrimination on the one hand and from segregation in ghettos on the other. To effect permanent resettlement, the government must ally itself with liberal community and religious leaders and groups to assure fair play and non-violence.

Only a few hotheads among us need whipping-boys as an emotional outlet during the war. The rest of us might reflect on how best to emerge from the relocation enterprise with a minimum of damage to the *évacués* and to our own national dignity.

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

SINCE the New Hampshire election Democrats no longer talk of carrying Connecticut by a majority of four or five thousand. The Republicans . . . grow more and more confident. . . . Furthermore, the Republicans are not this year, as they were last, weighted with Mr. P. T. Barnum, who in his Congressional district ran some hundreds—267—"behind his ticket," and whose name undoubtedly hurt the Republican Party throughout the state.—*April 2, 1868.*

THE ACCOUNTS of the operations of the "Kuklux Klan," the secret organization which has been formed by Southern "Conservatives" for the purpose of making the South unpleasant for Yankees and Negroes—or, to put the matter more plainly, for the purpose of breaking up the Radical organization at the South—are anything but pleasant reading. . . . The "Klan" . . . has established a reign of terror in Tennessee and Georgia, and is spreading into other states.—*April 9, 1868.*

ONE OF THE DOCUMENTS with which the "Ku Klux Klan" are intimidating their opponents . . . is adorned with . . . cannon, . . . a coffin with a white cross, a skull and cross-bones, a dagger, a chain, a coiled snake, a sword, a heart, two crescent moons, a black flag with "K. K. K." upon it, a hound, a bugle-horn, and such inscriptions as these: "Klansmen—the deed without a name is done"; "Many thanks, O Ghenghis Khan, thou whose crown is" [device of skull and cross-bones]; "Attend the Cabala, and the curse of Nemesis upon him who speeds not the foot at its mystic summons." To be put to death by persons of the mental caliber of the inventors of these placards—to furnish in one's own person the tragic conclusion to so trivial a farce as the "Klan" performances would be if cowardly murder were not the end of them—this must be peculiarly trying to a victim whose taste is not wholly unformed.—*April 16, 1868.*

NOVEL-READERS who got a sensation as of something fresh and new when they made the acquaintance of Ivan Turgenev's "Fathers and Sons," will be pleased to hear that another of his very clever books has been translated into French. Its Russian title is "Duim," which means "smoke" or "vapor."—*April 16, 1868.*

THE PRESS DINNER to Dickens, in spite of some conspicuous drawbacks, was a success. . . . The speeches . . . were more than usually good. Mr. Greeley's at the opening was both happy and graceful; was, in short, done in his best vein—which, whatever one may think of his worst vein, is in most particulars admirable.—*April 23, 1868.*

THE *GALAXY* comes to us enlarged and improved, and contains good light reading. . . . "Personalism" is by Mr. Walt Whitman, whose power of brain does not seem sufficient to make his prose remarks valuable.—*April 30, 1868.*

Rubber from the Farm

BY ROSS L. HOLMAN

ALITTLE over a year ago rubber became America's nightmare number one. When war broke out in the Pacific, and we were cut off from the rubber plantations of the East, we were faced squarely with the problem of finding something to keep our rubberized economy from running on flat tires. Under pressure of the emergency we have turned up more new rubber sources than we had ever dreamed could exist, though some synthetic rubber had been in the making for several years, and many processes were already past the experimental stage. In fact, it was on test-tube rubber that Hitler's blitzkrieg rolled into Paris, and it was Soviet synthetics that turned it back in Russia.

Buna S rubber, which has had warmer government blessing than any other synthetic rubber, is made from petroleum, but a majority of the new processes use farm products. Much of the emergency rubber will be made from grain alcohol. The petroleum product going into rubber is known as butadiene, and butadiene can also be manufactured from wheat, corn, and other grains. It can be made from potatoes, blackstrap molasses, peanuts, and many other farm crops. Other plant products can be utilized by other processes, and the government is expending money and materials to develop every substance that promises bounce and stretch.

When the war is over, many of these processes for making rubber from farm products will be so well developed—with respect to both quality of output and manufacturing facilities—that they are not likely to be discarded by a peace-time economy. Some will have competitive economic advantages over others. It appears now that nearly every form of artificial rubber has certain peculiar properties not possessed by others, or even by the natural rubber of which we have been deprived.

Grain, as the chief source of alcohol, has had more build-up than any other farm crop as a source of butadiene for rubber. In Russia rubber has been successfully made from grain for fifteen years. We do not yet know just what part of the rubber program will be allotted to grain alcohol, but the plant of the Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Corporation at Charlestown, West Virginia, has been producing butadiene from it at the rate of 5,000 tons a year since November, and other plants of this company at Institute, West Virginia, Louisville, Kentucky, and Pittsburgh will be in production by June. The program approved by the Baruch committee provided for a continuance of present refining facilities and for the construction of new plants. Liquor distilleries have offered to

convert their facilities to the manufacture of industrial alcohol. By such means we could obtain three times as much alcohol for 1943 as we had in 1941. At the time of the Baruch report, existing manufacturing plants could produce 200,000,000 gallons of agricultural alcohol a year. This amount of alcohol would give 250,000 tons of rubber a year, which is a little more than a third of our peace-time requirements. It is authoritatively stated that factories to turn alcohol into butadiene could be put into operation much more quickly than factories to obtain butadiene from petroleum. The manufacture of 250,000 tons of rubber, Secretary Wickard says, would provide a market for 80,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Outside the butadiene-producing crops, the plant on which the government is counting most for a supply of rubber is guayule. The petroleum-rubber program has recently slowed down because materials for new plant facilities had to be diverted to other uses, but the guayule picture looks decidedly more encouraging than it did when the Baruch report was issued. The chief bottleneck in guayule rubber is seed. Fortunately, the seed harvest last fall from the government's project at Salinas, California, was six times as large as was anticipated.

Guayule is a short bushy shrub native to Mexico. Under the direction of Dr. W. B. McCallum, the chemist most responsible for its development, it has been grown successfully in the Southwest and, more extensively, in California. At Salinas the Intercontinental Rubber Company, which employed McCallum for several years, has set up a pilot plant and made rubber that stands up under every conceivable test. By patient selection of better plant varieties Dr. McCallum has stepped up the rubber content of guayule from 5 to 25 per cent. He says that acre for acre it will outproduce the Hevea tree of the Far East, and that 40,000 farmers, each growing 100 acres, could give this country all the rubber it needs. Thousands of tires have been manufactured from it.

To get rubber from guayule the plant is pulled up, roots and all, and ground into small pieces. These pieces are then pulverized in a rotating drum containing smooth pebbles and water. In a settling tank the wood pulp sinks to the bottom; the rubber rises to the top and is skimmed off like cream. The rubber is placed in trays, dried under vacuum, and pressed into hundred-pound cakes. It is then ready for manufacture.

When the rubber crisis became acute more than a year ago, the government bought out the Intercontinental interests in California and is now promoting the possi-

bilities of this plant to the limit. At first it did not anticipate saving enough seed to make more than a minor contribution to the war effort. But the prospect is now that the Salinas factory will manufacture 600 tons in 1943, 21,000 tons in 1944, and 88,000 tons in 1945. While this production does not promise to meet a very large proportion of our normal demand for 600,000 tons, it pieces out the supply splendidly and presages a fine post-war crop for the Southwestern farmer.

Another foreign plant on which the government is spending some effort is the Russian dandelion, or *kok-saghyz*. The Russian government devotes 2,000,000 acres a year to it and has been very successful in processing dandelion rubber. Grasping at rubber straws, the United States had a large shipment of *kok-saghyz* seed brought in by plane from Kuibyshev. This was turned over to twenty-three experiment stations, which were told to do what they could with it. The foliage of the plant forms a spreading rosette of from twenty to fifty leaves growing close to the ground. Rubber is obtained chiefly from the roots, which extend deep into the ground.

Reports on the amount of rubber per acre that *kok-saghyz* will produce range from thirty to two hundred tons. For the present emergency it has two distinct advantages: the plant stores its rubber in nine months; and since it is processed somewhat as are beets for sugar, manufacturing facilities are probably already available. Many experts believe our beet-sugar factories can do the job in their off season. The first harvest in this country was completed last fall, and the government's laboratory at St. Paul, Minnesota, is testing the possibilities. The yield at the Michigan State College station, said to be the best of the twenty-three experimental projects, was around 5,000 pounds of roots per acre, from which 100 to 200 pounds of rubber are expected to be obtained. According to reports, the government intends to expand the acreage to 2,000,000 in the hope of getting 200,000 to 400,000 tons of *kok-saghyz* rubber a year.

One strictly American plant showing great promise is the milkweed. The scientist who has probably done the most work on it is Dr. William A. Sharpe of Alhambra, California. Like the other new rubbers mentioned milkweed rubber has passed some hard tests. Douglas Aircraft, testing it as a lining for plane tanks, found it as tough as shoe leather. One plane tank fitted with a self-vulcanizing lining of this rubber was riddled with bullets without a drop of gasoline being lost.

The milkweed grows almost everywhere in the United States and can be harvested nine months after seeding. Its juices are extracted by crushing, much as sap is extracted from sugar cane. The juice goes through a fermenting process, with cream or latex rising to the top. This is skimmed off and after churning and cooking becomes smooth and plastic. It is then spread on metal trays, treated with infra-red lights to dry it, and rolled into slabs.

The soy bean, which has probably more industrial uses than any other American crop, has rubber possibilities also. Recently Reichholds Chemicals, Inc., in co-operation with the United States regional laboratory at Peoria, manufactured a soy rubber known by the trade name of Agripol. Reichholds is reported to be going into production of Agripol at the rate of 25,000 tons a year. Agripol is not considered suitable for tires as yet, but it can take the place of natural rubber in gaskets, belting, insulating mats, chemical apparatus, and the like. The fatty acids of soy oil are combined with ethylene glycol and the ordinary fillers used in natural rubber. The chemical name for soy rubber is Norepol. Some companies are manufacturing it under that name, while Reichholds and one other firm use their own trade name.

In a hearing recently held before a Senate agricultural subcommittee, John A. Tolman and Alfred Spanier, chemical engineers of Detroit, explained a process for obtaining rubber which indicates that our South has rubber trees and far more of them than are found in the Far East. The only difference is that the Eastern trees go by the name of Hevea. In the South we call them pines. These engineers believe that rubber can be made from turpentine, and that six million acres of pines could supply all our peace-time requirements. As Spanier explains it, to make turpentine yield rubber you take from it pinene, split it, and by running it through a filter disc subject it to somewhat the same conditioning that the sap of the rubber tree gets in seeping through the bark. From the resulting isoprene a fine rubber is obtained. He insists that it can be made for eight cents a pound.

While government scientists are pooling their brains to discover new rubber processes, many industrial corporations are devoting their resources to the same end. The General Tire and Rubber Company is concentrating heavily on guayule, believing it the coming rubber of America. Du Pont has a very efficient non-agricultural, non-petroleum rubber called neoprene. The Goodrich Rubber Company is specializing on *kok-saghyz* and two other plants not heretofore mentioned—goldenrod and cryptostegia. Goldenrod was the plant to which Thomas A. Edison devoted his declining years in an effort to find an economical domestic source of rubber. Cryptostegia is a perennial which grows wild in Mexico and is cultivated in Florida for its handsome foliage and flowers. It contains rubber in all its parts, and the tops can be harvested thirty times a year.

All the processes described show promise, and our problem appears to be not what to do but how to get started. It takes time, money, and skilled management to build factories and organize production on a large scale. But the developments in this field since Pearl Harbor indicate that a new rubber industry will not only meet our war needs but provide a vast new market for the farmer.

Letters from a Pfc

[This is the first of a series of intermittent letters which we hope to receive from a veteran contributor to The Nation who has just acquired his first stripe in the army of the United States.]

Atlantic City, March 30

SOLDIERING here, with hotels as barracks and the city's famed boardwalk as a drill field, has a distinctly musical-comedy ring. As a result, some of the folks back home, under the influence of Hollywood, envisage our training here as the sort of affair in which Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers whirl gracefully about, while we loll around and smilingly beat out an appropriate rhythm on our helmets. A moderately truthful young man in my room insists that he received a letter from an aunt in Little Rock which concluded sadly, "Poor boy, it must be difficult. You never could carry a tune."

Actually, as any buck private will groaningly assure you, life here follows a somewhat sterner pattern. In fact, those of us who are undergoing "basic training" suspect that it bears a fairly close resemblance to purgatory on a busy day. Several young men from Brooklyn who thought when they arrived a number of days ago that it was to be a "snap, like a visit to Coney Island," were swiftly disillusioned. Yesterday one of them muttered darkly that he would do anything, "even become a Yankee fan," to be shipped elsewhere.

Basic training, which almost everyone survives, though not without a certain degree of astonishment, consists mainly of marching and calisthenics, of an especially strenuous and exhausting kind, and some useful instruction in the care and operation of various instruments of destruction. It also includes, at least in Atlantic City, an inordinate amount of floor scrubbing and numerous lectures, most of them tryingly dull, on such subjects as military courtesy, military law, and the proper way to make up a bed. Floor scrubbing, most of us are convinced, is very bad for our morale, but this conviction is rudely disregarded by those in authority. Having such cherished convictions ignored, along with getting out of bed at 4:45 a.m., is perhaps the most painful adjustment that army life imposes.

There are others, of course, each with its own special torment. The first time my group was cursed out by a drill master, which was about seven minutes after we piled out at the Atlantic City station, one fellow grinned calmly and said, "O. K., bud, have your fun." Lacking the same philosophical bent, the rest of us writhed in humiliation. It is impossible to exaggerate the lacerating effect of your first "cursings out." Fortunately, after two

or three weeks your feelings acquire a kind of insulation. If you are so constructed, the cursing, which usually is unimaginative and somewhat redundant, continues to disturb your aesthetic sense, but it leaves you personally untouched. One goes through a similar metamorphosis with regard to most army grievances. Things which at first seem unbearable and set many recruits to talking recklessly about "going over the hill," fade in magnitude after two or three weeks, leaving most soldiers mildly irritated still, but feeling slightly foolish over their early rather histrionic indignation.

An essential part of basic training, though at the last check it had not yet worked its way into any official manual, is the art of griping. This, among other things, is a new kind of folk art, and the average recruit masters it long before he has learned the intricacies of left and right face. In its crudest form it consists of complaining about every, including the most minute and unoffending, aspect of army life. But in true griping, which is both a safety valve for all sorts of emotional distress and a magnificent form of humor, the complaint is built up and embroidered to the limits of the griper's imagination.

A soldier, on finding a seed or two in his grapefruit, will solemnly inform his friends that all he got was a "skin full of pits." After breakfasting one morning on fruit, cereal, two glasses of milk, four hard-boiled eggs, five slices of toast, doughnuts, and coffee, a lanky Missourian with whom I roomed declaimed loudly, "Hell, the trouble with this place is that you never get anything to eat." A civilian eavesdropping on a griping session might excusably conclude that the army was on the verge of mutiny, but very few soldiers would consider accepting an honorable discharge. My Missouri roommate, easily one of the most proficient gripers in Atlantic City, was once asked whether he would accept such a discharge. After recovering from his surprise that the question should be asked, he drawled, "Hell, no. Not for all the dollars in the national budget."

Before a recruit has been in the army for many days he is started through an apparently endless series of inoculations or "shots," to immunize him against smallpox, tetanus, typhoid, malaria, cholera, and other fearful diseases. These shots usually are painless, but the veteran soldiers—a veteran being anyone who has experienced yesterday what you are scheduled to do today—make a practice of depicting each new shot as something dreadful. The recruit is warned pleasantly "to watch out for the needle with the hook," or the "corkscrew," or "the one with the propeller on it." This has infinite variations,

In the Wind

all of them at least mildly terrifying to the gullible. However, the next day brings its compensation. The recruit who has just received, say, his second tetanus, will invariably be overheard commiserating with some hapless soul about to receive it. "Pretty tough," he will say, "you're going to get the fish hook this time."

One of the first things you notice in the army is the wide disparity of reading habits. There is a fellow down the hall whose most precious possession is a copy of Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy"; another reads everything published on the advisability of teaching Greek and Latin in the colleges. But several boys I know find all the mental stimulus they require in "Superman" and other books of comics. They are voracious readers of these "picture books," and some of them miss painfully the comic strips in their home-town newspapers. "That's all I used to read at home," a young man from Long Island confided to me a week ago. "You know," he said thoughtfully, "you can't believe the rest of the stuff in newspapers anyway."

Generally, soldiers, no matter what their tastes, read very little. Asking why they do not read more, at least during their basic training, is reminiscent of the old vaudeville joke in which one vaudevillean approached another, burdened down with packages, and said, "Hey, bud, how about a match?" The fact, vehemently deplored here, is that the extent of our free time is a hair line from zero. Theoretically we have several hours in the evening to ourselves, but our non-commissioned officers, with great ingenuity, manage to occupy these with inspections, special work details, and other such diabolical schemes. Not one of us could be dissuaded from believing that these are cooked up for the sole purpose of preventing us from enjoying sixty consecutive minutes of leisure or from writing letters home, in the army a sacred but often-interrupted rite. As a result, the few minutes of leisure we have are often devoted to maligning our non-coms, which in itself is in the best tradition of griping.

Perhaps because Atlantic City is a "civilian post," that is, one not set apart from the regular community, they are rather prissy here about dress and other such superficial aspects of soldiering. For example, shoes must be polished to a bright gloss. Hats must be worn precisely one finger over the right eye and one finger over the right ear. We are expected also to sing as we march, probably, one of our non-coms once observed vaguely, "because it's good for civilian morale or something like that." The effect is that at Atlantic City at the moment we are down on civilian morale, and some of us derive real pleasure from telling stray civilians about the glories of the army cuisine. This sort of thing helps to make army life not too difficult to bear. Of course, each day brings its jarring notes, as these paragraphs suggest, but Thoreau found even at Walden that "serenity is never complete." And after all, this is the army.

THE NEW JERSEY Senate, not unmindful of the future, has voted unanimously to issue free peddlers' licenses to veterans of the present war.

PROFESSOR R. E. MONROE of Ohio State College, chairman of a ration-board panel at Columbus, has informed the OPA that he will disregard its requirement that a member of a labor union be included in every panel. He has written to Senator Taft and to columnists and radio commentators for support.

WORKERS at the Boeing plant in Seattle are passing around a slip of paper, with a slot at one end, bearing this message: "The 'Our Hero' Committee is collecting donations to buy Eddie Rickenbacker another seagull. Please drop your contribution in this slot."

NANTICOKE, PENNSYLVANIA, teachers feel that their profession has been insulted by the terms of a recent school-board rule providing maternity leave for married women. This is the sentence that angers them: "The provisions of this rule shall not apply to any unmarried teacher who shall make application for leave of absence for reason of pregnancy or maternity."

THANKS ARE DUE Harley L. Lutz, professor of economics at Princeton, for clarifying the tax problem. He writes in the *Tax Review*, "The transfer of tax liability from past income to present income is one involving only a modification of statutory phrasing."

THE VOLUNTARY COMMITTEE to Aid Republican Party Policy Reorganization believes, according to one of its bulletins, that "the President's post-war program . . . can be better administered and put into execution by the Republican Party."

FESTUNG EUROPA: So many things happen to troop trains in Belgium that the Nazis have decreed that a certain number of Belgians must be on each train. . . . Fifteen thousand Dutch farmers who went to German-occupied Latvia and Lithuania in the belief that they would be given land there are now working as farm hands on German estates. . . . In order to encourage "collaboration" by Czecho-Slovakians the Nazis have set up in every town a special "commission" composed of S. S. men and a representative of the population appointed by the Town Council. In a Bohemian town the council appointed an idiot. After the first sitting of the "commission" the whole Town Council was sent to a concentration camp.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$3 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

The Sudetenland Today

BY F. C. WEISKOPF

Sudetenland, Sudetenland, for twenty years the Czechs have wronged thee. Now thy day has come. The Führer takes thee into the Reich.—*Slogan of welcome for Hitler at Eger, first Sudeten town to be entered by him in October, 1938.*

A PRESS dispatch from London, published a short time ago rather inconspicuously on the back pages of the big New York newspapers, told about an exchange of notes between the British and Czechoslovak governments. "Mr. Eden, in behalf of the British government," it said, "declared that the Munich agreement is henceforth considered void, and that no territorial change brought about by that agreement will be recognized by His Majesty's government in the United Kingdom. This refers mainly to the transfer of the Sudeten region in 1938. . . ."

The Sudeten region in 1938! It was there that the spark was struck which, ten months later, kindled the great European fire on the plains of Poland.

I remember a day that I spent late in May, 1938, at Eger, where Konrad Henlein, Hitler's man in the Sudeten territory, had his headquarters. I had come to Eger with two friends, newspapermen from Paris and London. The town was tense. Czechoslovak border guards had shot two of Henlein's storm troopers as they were attempting to cross the border illegally to get arms from an S. S. post in the Reich. Under pressure from Chamberlain and Daladier, and from its own appeasers, the Czechoslovak government permitted the Henlein party to arrange a funeral parade for the two men. The streets were handed over to the Henlein storm troopers, who goose-stepped over the market place to Prussian military marches and Nazi songs. It was a sign of things to come, and the thousands of people lining the streets and squares of Eger took it as it was meant. They were by no means all Nazis. Throughout the Sudeten territory the majority of those who attended the rallies and parades of the Henlein party were shifting "quicksands." But when they saw that the troopers were policing the streets, and that the little Führer had the attachés of the big Führer at his side, to the last man they raised their arms in the Nazi salute and shouted, "Ein Volk, ein Führer, ein Reich!"

"They are drunk," said my English friend as we left the town. "No," answered the Frenchman, "they're on the march again, as they were in 1914."

Today, four years after the "liberation of the Sudeten-

land," they are still on the march. But where has the march led them? What does life in the Sudeten region look like in 1942-43? What do the people of Eger and Reichenberg and Troppau think today? How do they like being a part of Hitler's Greater German Empire?

It is not easy to get a reliable picture of the situation in the Sudeten territory in this fourth year of war. The Nazi censorship watches with especial zeal every bit of news that refers to the real state of affairs in the so-called liberated regions—Austria, the Saar area, Danzig, and the Sudetenland. You have to piece together the elements of the picture from the letters that seep across the borders, from the leaflets and mimeographed papers of the hidden opposition that find their way to neutral Sweden or Switzerland, from the broadcasts of the secret Free Sudeten Radio, which can be heard in England and Russia, from the Nazi-controlled Sudeten press, from the talk of the refugees who still manage to escape, from the diaries found on the bodies of dead Sudeten soldiers, and from information given by prisoners of war.

From all the news we get, whatever its source, one thing becomes clear: the political temperature in the Sudeten region is pretty low—lower than in the *Altreich* (Germany proper). There, even more than in other parts of Greater Germany, the population seems to have lost its soul. This is true not only of the politically unstable masses, but also of many who earlier were staunch followers of Henlein and Hitler. As a neutral observer, a Swiss business man who made a trip through the northern part of Bohemia early in 1942, put it, "If the Sudeten population could express its sentiments in free elections today, the 75 per cent majority Henlein got in 1938 would shrink to perhaps 15 per cent, this remainder of *allzeit Getreue* (always loyal ones) being exactly the group of Nazi officials, S. S. men, police, and other compromised people who know that the end of the present regime means their physical extermination."

Foremost among the reasons for the spreading anxiety and unrest in the Sudeten region is the loss of human lives in Hitler's Russian campaigns. The population of the Sudetenland has been literally bled white. The Nazi High Command, it is well known, considers the Sudeten Germans, along with the Austrians, second-class *Menschennmaterial* (human stuff). Accordingly, regiments made up of them have been used as cannon fodder on the east-

ern front just as have the Rumanian, Hungarian, Italian, Finnish, and other vassal regiments.

"We were driven to the third attack by the officers and *Feldjäger* (special military police) with pistols and machine-guns," reported Private Anton H— of Aussig after he had surrendered to the Russians near Voronezh. "The officers were all from the Reich, mostly Prussians and Westphalians. They called us half-Czechs and cucumber-noses and mongrels, and they threatened us with shooting. One of the current punishments for a minor offense was chaining you up at a tree so that you could stand only on your tiptoes. After a half-hour you fainted, but they just left you hanging there for two full hours. Losses were extremely heavy. In the course of the summer offensive our company had to be replenished and reformed three times. When I surrendered, there were only eleven men left of the original complement."

Meanwhile the people back home are anxiously scanning the war communiqués for the announcement of the often-promised end of the Russian campaign. "There is too much idle talk and moaning about the length of the war," declared the chief of the Nazi organization of Lerchenfeld-Aussig in a letter to all party members sent out in August, 1942; "that is not the way in which our soldiers want us to follow their tremendous battles on the eastern front. We must concentrate all our thoughts and wishes upon winning the war at any cost. The home front must become as hard as the battle front."

But neither instructions of this kind, nor new Gestapo campaigns "to defeat grumblers and cowards," nor special propaganda tours by Baldur von Schirach and Dr. Goebbels can harden the Sudeten home front against the steady assaults of the casualty lists. In June, 1942, before Hitler's summer offensive got under way, the official number of Sudeten officers and men killed was 162,000—out of a total population of 3,000,000. The sale of mourning was prohibited in the spring of 1941. An article carried by the whole Sudeten press pointed out that "too many obituary notices in the papers are of a kind which the dead heroes would dislike vehemently. It is inadmissible to say that the dear dead one had no

other wish than to see his relatives again, or that the Family X, having lost three sons, has nothing left but grief. A hero's death on the field of honor must not be looked at from such a point of view."

Wounded soldiers from the Sudeten region are usually brought to hospitals in Poland and Slovakia. Trains of wounded men pass through Sudeten towns only by night. On August 12, 1942, a train of thirty cars, all filled with disabled men from the eastern front, reached Reichenberg a few hours earlier than planned. It was held outside the station. Children who were playing in the neighborhood heard the groans of the wounded soldiers. Half an hour later several thousand persons gathered beside the train and demanded permission to see the wounded. Troops intervened, shooting one old worker to death and wounding a score of others.

An underground report from Bodenbach relates the following incident: A woman employed in a grenade factory came late to work and began to read some letters instead of working. The foreman, who used to hold up this woman as a model to the whole department, went over to her to ask what was the matter. Thereupon she began to throw grenades from the box in which they were packed, shouting, "We are all murderers. I have killed my husband. With grenades like these." She was declared mentally sick and taken to an insane asylum. From there she managed to send this letter to her fellow-workers: "My husband has been killed on the eastern front. One of his comrades wrote me about his death and inclosed a steel splinter. It was a splinter from the grenade which killed my Oskar. Now, I ask you women, how can you continue to make grenades in order to prolong this cursed war of the Nazis?" A short time later the woman died in the asylum. Underground leaflets charged that she had been poisoned by the Gestapo. More acts of sabotage were the answer of her fellow-workers.

Rations are smaller in the Sudetenland than in many parts of Germany proper. The region always depended on food supplies from other territories; now, with the transportation system under heavy strain, many of the cities remain for days without potatoes or flour. In the



Drawing by Hoffmeister

market place of Saaz the following "Hitler menu" was written in huge letters on the pavement:

Water soup with *Ersatz* air bubbles
Lean roasted rat
Salad of withered laurels
Propaganda pie in the sky

With such meals in our stomachs, we cannot
but march to victory. *Sieg Heil!*

Black markets are to be found in every town despite the new severe decrees threatening illegal traders with prison terms up to thirty years. Franz Höller, the Sudeten Goebbels, wrote in the Nazi paper *Die Zeit* in September, 1942: "An army of criminals is bargaining over food stuffs, which are fraudulently kept from the community." The "pig murderers" are particularly condemned—peasants who slaughter their pigs secretly rather than deliver them to the market commissioners.

The court reports of the Nazi paper *Der Neue Tag* are most revealing. They list many sentences like the following: one month in prison and a fine of 1,500 marks for illegal sale of tea substitutes; two months in prison and a fine of 2,000 marks for the illegal grinding of sixty pounds of flour; three months in prison for black slaughter of a goat; nine months in prison and a fine of 200 marks for illegal purchase of two chickens and a quantity of butter and eggs.

But the prize was certainly carried off by a "rationing order" for "weddings in war time." This document, issued by the Nazi mayor of Komotau, decreed that "not more than twelve additional wedding rations will be allotted in case of soldier weddings, each ration amounting to five ounces of meat, two ounces of margarine or butter, five ounces of flour, three ounces of sugar or honey substitute, one ounce of malt coffee, and one egg powder. Infringers of this decree face a prison sentence of one month and fines of from 200 to 2,000 marks."

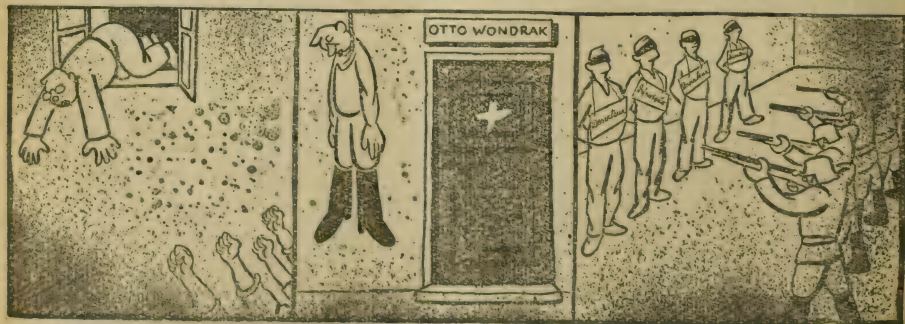
The turtle sketched with chalk or coal on factory walls to remind the workers of the underground slogan "Go slow and hamper the Nazi war output" is crossing

the border from the Bohemian Protectorate to the Sudeten region. The Gestapo has placed large posters in the armament plants at Komotau, Aussig, and Teplitz warning the workers to report any "subversive propaganda for slow-down or sabotage." The penalty for "turtle painters" was increased twice between January and August of 1942.

Sudeten workers not only "go slow," wreck tools and machines, and damage war products as they pack them; they are also adept at chemical sabotage. Railroad men of the Oderberg-Kaschau line, over which Rumanian oil is frequently transported, repeatedly dropped into the tank cars a chemical substance which rendered the oil unfit for use in airplane motors. It took the Gestapo five months to discover this trick. Workers of the Liebig textile plant at Reichenberg spoiled 5,000 meters of uniform cloth by adding too much sulphuric acid to the liquid used for the finishing process. Forty workers were arrested, but the culprits were not discovered. Airplane motors fabricated at the Mannesmann works near Komotau burned out with amazing rapidity because the mixture of metals used for certain essential parts had been wilfully changed.

"The lack of enthusiasm among the Sudeten population calls for the greatest efforts on our part"—these words were used by S. S. *Obergruppenführer* Benesch from Friedland at a meeting of the high-ranking Nazi officials of northern Bohemia in September, 1942. At the same meeting *Sturmführer* Konrad from Reichenberg pointed out that his storm troopers had to work in day and night shifts "in order to maintain quiet, order, and an average of fairly good mood." *Sturmführer* Neumann from Kamnitz spoke of the "alarming apathy which has replaced the former keenness of the S. A., as if they were infected with the creeping evil of grumbling and defeatism."

That creeping evil seems to spread from the homeland even to the Sudeten soldiers at the front. In a letter to members of his organization in the battle zone the leader of the Nazi Party group at Althabendorf advised them not to give credence to complaints about the priva-



Drawing by Hoffmeister

tions and hardships of the people back home. "Such complaints are caused either by misunderstandings and casual mistakes or by influences which are hostile to the very cause you are fighting for."

No pep talks, no victory communiqués, no parades are able to lift the spirits of the people. It is characteristic of their mood that the market-place concerts of the Reichenberg garrison, which in former years attracted a large crowd of people, were suspended in the summer of 1942 for lack of attendance.

Circulation of the Nazi-controlled press, according to official accounts which certainly understate the real situation, decreased in the last year and a half about 20 per cent. The distrust of Nazi news and Nazi propaganda, even among those who have been all-out supporters of Hitler's cause, is shown by the case of a certain Willi Kromholz, a charter member of the Henlein party, who was tried at Iglau for "remarks detrimental to the war effort of the Reich." Kromholz had proposed, at a "morale meeting," to ration the lies of the High Command and of the Ministry of Propaganda.

The secret Sudeten German Freedom Station usually closes its program of news about the real situation at the front with the following appeal: "A soldier who deserts from the front, or does not obey the mobilization order, or gets lost on the way to the battle zone is sure to find a hiding place. Soldiers from the Sudetenland, go to the woods and wait for the end of the war. There must not be a quiet hinterland any more. There are guerrilla groups in the Czech regions and in Slovakia. It is necessary to join them or to begin to organize guerrilla bands in our own Sudeten districts. . . . Don't let Hitler continue to slaughter you. Down with the Nazi war!"

There must be a vast network of reporters and informers feeding the news desk of the Freedom Station. Its voice reports happenings in the large towns as well as incidents in small villages, disasters at the front as well as sabotage acts in the factories. In the Town Hall of Aussig, Sudeten industrialists were told by a member of the Armament Council that production was lagging and had to be stepped up. The secret radio station was able to inform its listeners of what went on at this meeting. Agents of the Freedom Station are even among the storm troopers. One of them sent in detailed information about the mood of the S. A. formations of Reichenberg: "They are generally fed up with the war. Last November, at a meeting in the Turnhalle, they were told that there would not be another winter of war. Now their own wives torment them with ceaseless questions about the end of the war. They have to go on patrol duty every third night. They have no free Sunday any more. The Gestapo office in the Laufergasse spies on them. After the execution of Reinhard Heydrich, Gestapo chief at Prague, by Czech patriots, a detachment of Sudeten

Strategy and Politics

"Desert Victory," to be shown in the United States in the coming weeks, is not only indisputably the best film that the war has produced but a major lesson in political warfare. It shows British soldiers in Africa participating from the very beginning of the campaign in the study of the great battle they are going to fight. The Eighth Army appears suddenly as a real army of the people fighting a people's war. Like the Russian army now, the Loyalist army during the Spanish War, and the armies of the French Revolution 150 years ago, the British Eighth Army, as it is presented in "Desert Victory," embodies all the popular inspiration that calls forth the expression of a "nation in arms." Strategy, the film shows us, is not a branch of knowledge available only to the General Staff and other high-ranking officers; it is a very human problem, to the solution of which the ordinary fighting man can contribute if he is taken into the confidence of the commander. The proof is in the record of the Eighth Army. Together with the Red Army, it has done some of the best fighting yet seen in this war.

storm troopers from Reichenberg was sent to the Czech town of Mladá Boleslav to reinforce German garrison troops and S.S. formations. The storm troopers were sure that their last hour had come. Quite a few of them failed to report because of 'sudden illness.'"

Special features of the Freedom broadcasts are the warnings issued to the Sudeten population against Nazi spies. In the first week of last July a Gestapo agent, Erich Peter from Trautenau, was described in detail. Some time later the secret radio denounced three Gestapo spies in the iron works at Witkowitz, giving their false and real names, addresses, habits, and tricks.

"The Rats Are Beginning to Leave the Ship!" This was the title of an underground leaflet circulated in the Sudeten territory in the late summer of 1942. It told of many high Nazi officials who were moving their families back to the Reich and trying to sell property which they bought very cheap only a few years ago.

At Reichenberg, Eger, Troppau, and Oderberg all male Nazi Party members have been ordered to join the S. A. reserve. Every member of the party has been warned to keep weapons handy and to maintain a three days' supply of food "for the event of a sudden emergency."

Arrests of people suspected to be in contact with the underground movement in Bohemia and Slovakia multiplied during the summer of 1942. The Gestapo initiated a campaign of intimidation, but the hidden opposition countered with an efficient war of nerves against the

Sudeten Nazis. White crosses were chalked time and again on the doors of houses where Gestapo agents and Nazis known for their cruelty were living. A Gestapo stooge at Neuern, Otto Wondrak, tried to escape the threatening crosses by twice moving to a new apartment and finally leaving town. But the crosses followed him. He gave up and hanged himself.

Such is the feeling now in a country in which four years ago a large proportion of the people clamored for union with Hitler's Reich. One can well imagine what is happening in occupied countries where Hitler would never have been welcomed. Conquered Europe is a vast, fertile field for anti-Hitler effort, only awaiting the hour when the democracies will finally learn the value of political war.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

THE strangest psychological campaign that has been launched in Germany in this war began on March 18. The first shot was fired by the great radio speaker Herr Ministerial Director Hans Fritzsche. "It is a good indication of the military worth of a company," he said, "when the soldiers wash and shave and pay attention to their appearance even under circumstances which make it difficult for them to do so." The same rule, he continued, applies to the civil population. "Some people," however, are evidently of the opinion that appearances are no longer important. In a time of "total mobilization" they feel justified in being "apathetic" or "indifferent" to such matters. "They regard total mobilization as license for going around ill-kempt and dirty." Some no longer keep their clothes clean; some do not shine their shoes; others have ceased to have a bowing acquaintance with water and sponge or comb and brush. People who thus let themselves go injure the public morale. They have a depressing effect on their associates.

A threadbare suit is not a disgrace any more, but even a threadbare suit should be clean. We can cheer up our companions by taking pains and not going about as careless of how we look as our ancestors who climbed among the trees. We want to be at least as well dressed as possible. Total war means a scarcity of many of the necessities of life, but it does not mean losing caste or becoming indifferent to rags and dirt.

The reproving voice forgot to mention that there is a soap famine in Germany and that it is one of the calamities which people feel most bitterly. But at any rate the admonition gives us some information about current conditions. The campaign has continued, and from the various turns it has taken we learn further interesting details. An article in the Berlin *12 Uhr Blatt* of March 17 implies a development worth noting:

Occasionally there are more-than-a-hundred-percenters who take advantage of total war to heckle people in the subway and on the streets, criticizing women, for example, because they have dressed up for the theater after a hard day's work in an armament factory. If you meet such an ass, give him tit for tat. . . . Must a woman wear a patched dress to show that she works? Must she drag her hat in the mud? If such bleaters had their way, the use of soap would soon be a sign of sabotage. In these times we must work, not spy.

On March 27, in his weekly article in the *Reich*, Goebbels took considerable space to break a lance for people, especially women, who are still well dressed. The new habit of heckling them, he said, must stop. It calls forth more than the usual amount of social irritation and irritability.

Many buildings of great cultural value, buildings that cannot be replaced, are being destroyed in the bombardments that Germany is undergoing. Friends of art everywhere are saddened by it, and certainly the Germans not least. Will it comfort them to hear that substitutes are being planned? The Führer is known to be interested in architecture. He has often talked of the magnificent structures with which he will adorn the world after his victory. Now for the first time we are allowed a glimpse of them. Professor Wilhelm Kreis is considered a great architect in his own country. He is known internationally by his enormous heathen monument for the battlefield of Tannenberg, in which Hindenburg was buried. The master has just passed his seventieth birthday; and on this occasion it was revealed to the public that for two years he has been exclusively occupied with sketches and plans for a whole collection of colossal war memorials to be erected throughout Nazi Europe.

The correspondent of the Stockholm *Dagens Nyheter* has seen some of these plans, and on March 15 he described them for his paper. All the huge monuments will have a profoundly symbolic form. One will be erected high on the cliffs above the fjord at Trondheim. It will be like a "square fortress approached by a tunnel"—which is supposed to have some philosophical significance. A Balkan monument, to be built on Greek soil on the former Metaxas line, will have the form, appropriately enough, of a gigantic bunker. But the most grandiose of the projects will be a *ne plus ultra* structure erected to the memory of the war in the east somewhere on the Russian battlefield. "It is intended to symbolize," the Swedish correspondent reports, "the hardest battle the Germans were ever forced to fight. Forty half-lighted cupolas will illuminate a pyramidal building approached by a long dark passage. It will be the largest building in the world."

So far as it depends on Hitler, the reconstruction of Europe in greater beauty than ever before is assured.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Ullstein Papers

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE HOUSE OF ULLSTEIN.

By Herman Ullstein. Simon and Schuster. \$3.

IT BEGAN in the year 1877. In that summer Leopold Ullstein, a successful Jewish paper merchant, bought a small half-bankrupt newspaper in Berlin. It ended in the year 1934. In that fall the founder's five sons were obliged to "sell" the firm to a purchaser—presumably Adolf Hitler—whose name was not revealed then or later.

In the fifty-seven years between these dates the enterprise had grown to mammoth size. Four Berlin newspapers of various types belonged to it, and countless magazines; the most popular sold more than two million copies. The firm had its own worldwide news service and a gigantic transportation system, including a sizable air fleet. It published books of every price and quality, one of which, "All Quiet on the Western Front," became the *ne plus ultra* of all international best-sellers. It employed ten thousand persons. Its two palatial places of business with their immense presses were sights to be visited. By far the largest and most prosperous publishing house in Europe, it was valued at sixty million marks. The anonymous purchaser acquired it for twelve million—but of course the former owners could not keep this sum. The mills of legal and illegal plundering began to grind, and when the surviving brothers were at last allowed to leave the country, they had only the ten marks apiece that a traveler is permitted to take with him.

One of the brothers now tells the story. Herman Ullstein was the great concern's publicity specialist. His work in this field was praised by those who could observe it closely, and any self-assurance that he retains derives from the memory of his achievements in that line. In other respects he is very modest about himself. "With average gifts as I see them," he writes, "it was my privilege when I finally did enter the firm to be instrumental in helping it to make many millions." When he writes of the years of success, he hardly digresses into the matters that make the biography of a newspaper enterprise really interesting—into the biography of the whole historical period. This larger background he sees today about as the average German saw it at the time, and as the papers of the house of Ullstein described it. It would be going too far to say that in this way a correct picture of events and of the role played by the Ullstein colossus is put together. I would not even swear that many of the figures which in the years of success aroused Mr. Ullstein's admiration did not in reality deserve just the opposite. But that is snow of yesteryear, and the future historian is not restricted to these reminiscences.

The period of which Mr. Ullstein can be most proud, after that of his business success, is the last melancholy period of the Nazis' rise to power, from 1930 to 1933. We learn from him that he considered the danger much greater than most people did and that he was in despair over the absence of serious reactions. He entitles his chapter dealing

with these years *The Unexploited Power*, meaning by that the power of the press. He tells of his efforts to induce the middle-of-the-road German press to offer stiffer resistance to the rising tide. But even in his own firm his efforts were fruitless. The other partners and especially their sons and sons-in-law were apathetic. They feared that a more decided stand would "lose us half our readers" and hoped, inconsistently, "that my pessimism went too far."

It is questionable whether in the years after 1930 the press could have done much against Hitler. The affair had already advanced far beyond the spiritual sphere. However that may be, the great liberal press of Germany did not gather its strength for a sharpened struggle but month by month showed greater weakness. Against the will of Brother Herman, as he tells it, his own house accommodated itself more and more to the current trend—not exactly the trend toward Nazism but toward other forms of a victorious, onward-pressing nationalism. At a frown from the Reichswehr ministry, which threatened prosecution for treason because news about rearmament doings had been published, the editorial staff was purged. When Goebbels raised an unheard-of row about the Hollywood film "All Quiet on the Western Front," and demanded and obtained the suppression of this "insult to Germany," the firm did not make a move to intercede publicly for its own book. And it fitted into the tragedy that just at this time hateful quarrels about property broke out in the family and, draped with "patriotic" motives, were thoroughly aired in public. That was an extraordinary manifestation of the general decay in Germany. But there was nothing extraordinary about the political drama in those last days of Pompeii. As uncomprehending, irresolute, and inglorious as the powerful Ullstein newspapers, all republican Germany at this final stage moved as in a dream toward the slaughter. Not the fact that it was defeated but that it gave up without a fight is the greatest handicap of any restoration movement.

From the day of Hitler's coming to power the Ullstein papers, like all others, were no longer written by their publishers and editors. From that day on Goebbels wrote every line, and it made practically no difference whether the management was conciliatory or intransigent in bowing to the inevitable. The Ullstein brothers grasped the situation; they yielded without useless resistance. They were less quick to understand other inescapable consequences—to their misfortune. It was plain enough not only that the Nazis would now dictate the contents of the papers but that they would soon own them also. This was not foreseen by the firm which had been for so long the mentor of millions of persons. There were warnings, "but we didn't heed the warning immediately. Who, after all, would have thrown up the sponge so soon? The Ullsteins in any case were trying to find some way of keeping their heads above water till the deluge should end, and we thought there was a chance of doing so."

Since they were wrong in thinking so, the public catastrophe was completed by private ruin. The wealth which

might have been saved by a quick decision in 1933 was lost by waiting till the fall of 1934. Herman Ullstein censures such shortsightedness. "So many people refused to emigrate in spite of the fact that at that time there was nothing to stop them. It won't be as bad as all that, they insisted. And, anyway, they had such a good life. Change all that? No, that was asking too much. So they went on waiting, investing all their hopes in the miracle." It is a sad story in more than one respect. But it has perhaps a comforting implication: if even private interests were so arrantly miscalculated, there is no reason to doubt that the political misadventures were made in good faith. LEOPOLD SCHWARZSCHILD

Points East

SOUTH FROM CORREGIDOR. By Lieutenant Commander John Morrill, U. S. N., and Pete Martin. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

THEY CALL IT PACIFIC. By Clark Lee. The Viking Press. \$3.

SOUTHWEST PASSAGE. By John Lardner. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.

ON THE day Corregidor fell, Commander Morrill and the crew of the minesweeper Quail were ashore on nearby Fort Hughes. They were ordered to sink the Quail, which lay at anchor in Manila Bay, having unaccountably survived Japanese bombs. This involved a quarter-mile swim in a rain of enemy bullets; but they did it, ducking their heads under water to fool the dive-bombers into thinking they had been hit. Then they wondered whether to return to Fort Hughes and surrender to the Japanese or take the Quail's thirty-six-foot open Diesel boat and head for Australia, 2,000 miles away across enemy-infested seas. Seventeen men and Morrill headed for Australia, and "South from Corregidor" is their odyssey.

It is a tale of high adventure and hairbreadth escapes. Their trip, however, was not harrowing like the voyages of Captains Bligh and Rickenbacker, for there was plenty of food, coffee, and fuel oil. Filipinos, both rich and poor, helped the fugitives as they dodged furtively from island to island. The scraggly-bearded Americans landed one night on the private beach of a Filipino grand seigneur, who feted them; he said Americans would do the same for him if he were cast up, dirty and unshaven, on a California beach, wouldn't they? Commander Morrill wondered.

This book, like "They Were Expendable," shows one small facet of the epic of Bataan. Clark Lee gives a newspaperman's-eye view of the whole disaster in "They Call It Pacific." He was in Manila for the Associated Press, and like most Americans there was positive that the Japanese invaders would be crushed in short order. The communiqués kept saying, "Our forces are holding firmly on all fronts," and the people of Manila were utterly surprised to discover on New Year's Day that the army had left.

The same appalling optimism prevailed on Bataan. The troops did not know they were being spent. Day after day they scanned the skies and the seas for planes and ships that never came. Even on Corregidor they clung to hope. "They did not know, and would not have believed, that no help

was going to be sent." Someone in Washington thought it couldn't be done, Mr. Lee adds bitterly. He thinks it could have been. He feels that the navy was stunned into timorous passivity by Pearl Harbor.

Mr. Lee's account of life on Bataan and Corregidor is excellent. The last part of the book is less interesting. He goes to Australia about the same time MacArthur did, and later went out with the navy from Honolulu. He flew from an aircraft carrier into Guadalcanal. Here he goes into a phase of the war which has been more fully covered in other books.

John Lardner, another newspaperman, picks up the story of America's war in the Pacific at Australia, to which continent he journeyed aboard a crowded troopship. "Southwest Passage" is a thoroughly beguiling book. Mr. Lardner intentionally avoids "profundities and earth-shaking conclusions" and interests himself in the human and humorous trivia of American boys coping with a strange new world. He is concerned with such matters as "the mosquitoes of the jungle of Darwin; mass wassail at Lennon's Hotel in Port Moresby . . . a soldiers' band concert in the night in Brisbane . . . brawls in Melbourne; crap games and racing and lotteries." He is fascinating on the topic of the Australian rhyming slang which stems from the English underworld of two centuries ago. The term for wife, for instance, is "trouble and strife," which is now shortened to just "trouble." "Plates of meat," now shortened to "plates," means feet, and is regularly so used by the Diggers. Mr. Lardner saw signs of a possible interchange of cultures; "my men," an Australian captain told him, "are using 'goddam' quite a lot more than they did before you chaps came here. Very interesting expression."

Mr. Lardner's book kept this reader chuckling long past his bedtime. Although this son of Ring Lardner may eschew the usual profundities, there is a lot to be seen through his shrewd eyes.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

The Historian as Prophet

FORCE AND FREEDOM: REFLECTIONS ON HISTORY. By Jacob Burckhardt. Edited by James Hastings Nichols. Pantheon Books. \$3.50.

JACOB BURCKHARDT, the great Swiss historian, is known to the Anglo-Saxon world primarily as the author of "Civilization of the Renaissance." But he was a philosopher of history as well as a historian, and thus it is fortunate that his reflections on history have finally been made available to us. The material represents Burckhardt's notes for three lecture series prepared for publication by his nephew. The translator, a young American historian, James Hastings Nichols, has added a very able introduction to Burckhardt's thought.

As a philosopher of history Burckhardt accepted neither the idea of progress which the French Enlightenment had popularized nor yet the cyclical interpretation of history which German romanticism had borrowed from classicism and which is best known to us in the thought of that late romantic, Oswald Spengler. On the whole he belonged in the tradition of Ranke, who sought to give history meaning

not primarily as a continuum but in terms of the unique value of each moment and epoch. Burckhardt saw little more in the idea of progress than the vulgar illusion "that our time is the consummation of all time" and "that the whole past may be regarded as fulfilled in us."

In seeking to interpret the unique significance of various epochs he analyzed them from the standpoint of the particular balance achieved in each era among three factors—religion, culture, and the state. In making this analysis he refused to accept either the thesis that all cultural realities are but rationalizations of economic and political circumstances or the idealistic interpretation which makes cultural forces primary and all political and economic facts derivative. He had a lively sense of the constant interaction between civilization as the body of a culture and culture as the soul of a civilization, and his insights into these complexities represent a permanent antidote to simple deterministic theories, whether idealistic or materialistic.

Flourishing in the latter half of the nineteenth century and able to point up his historical reflections by contemporary observations which cover post-Napoleonic Europe until the Franco-German war, Burckhardt may be defined as a humanistic anti-democrat. He feared democracy because he thought it would contribute to the development of the totalitarian state. Some of his fears were prompted by the tragic history of France from the generous impulses of the Revolution to the sorry realities of the Napoleonic dictatorship. But it is not merely this bit of history that prompted his fears for the future but profound reflection on the necessity of a delicate balance between traditional cultural factors and emerging forces which he thought the rise of democracy had disturbed.

Though he had little understanding for the positive and creative elements in the bourgeois democratic movement and interpreted its passion for justice quite perversely, he must be credited with the most precise kind of prescience in regard to the twentieth century. No one predicted the modern totalitarian state more accurately. He was certain that its secularized power would be more vexatious than the sacred power of ancient states. He foresaw that peculiar relation between the industrial workshop and the battlefield, between industrial and military power, which characterizes modern militarism. He believed that modern tyrants would use methods which even the most terrible despots of the past would not have had the heart to use. "My mental picture of the *terribles simplificateurs* who will overrun Europe is not a pleasant one," he wrote a friend. Burckhardt even predicted fairly accurately to what degree a liberal culture in totalitarian countries would capitulate to tyranny through failure to understand the foe.

The accuracy of historical predictions does not necessarily validate the philosophical convictions upon which they are based. Burckhardt's thought, indeed, contains some apprehensions about democracy which history has refuted as definitely as it has justified his fears of the totalitarian state. Nevertheless, Burckhardt's view into the future was something more than successful guessing. He was one of the most profound historical minds of the last century, and he provides a quite unique illumination of our present difficulties.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Print-Makers

THE ARTIST IN AMERICA. By Carl Zigrosser. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

THERE is a story of an eminent English artist, by reputation and character above any suspicion of irony, who was heard to reprove a grudging critic of one of W. Russell Flint's water colors by saying that it showed remarkable technical ability, "and, besides, that sort of picture of pretty girls gives great pleasure to City men." Like the critic, the reviewer should appreciate things on their merits without reference to unpurposed aims. Mr. Zigrosser has brought together twenty-four stories—thumbnail "profiles"—of American artists as print-makers. Out of some twenty thousand artists in the country, these—twenty-three real figures and one satirical—were selected by the author "partly by chance, partly by design, chiefly because I have known them best." Interpretation rather than criticism was his aim. His model, on a reduced scale, was Vasari's "racy and vivid record of the artists of his day"; his approach, "to draw faithful and just and convincing portraits," often using the artist's own words, "and in most cases with a knowledge based on lifelong friendship." The publisher's intention was evidently a book "for the table"—not for the shelf. And the result, readable, gossipy, well produced, diversified in content and illustration, like Russell Flint's water colors will undoubtedly give pleasure.

Still, without grudging, one may regret that Mr. Zigrosser did not adopt a tighter framework for his portraits. Each has its individuality. But unfortunately they seem to have no common link beyond an interest in print-making of one sort or another. For all the author's conscious avoidance of a critical approach, a closer consideration of the work of each artist in the light of his own statements of aim and against the general historical background of print-making in the period would have added greatly to the value and interest of the book. Mr. Zigrosser's ability to do this is evident in the two sketches of Federico Castellón and the late Emil Ganso, which stand head and shoulders above the rest. In these the author really shows us both men primarily "as print-makers." We see the personality of Castellón through his interest in contemporary painters and his technical ambitions; we see Ganso's character through his struggle for a mastery of graphic expression and his ambition in his painter-like approach to the medium. But in most of the other sketches the author is apparently distracted from a more scrupulous consideration of the artists "as print-makers" by the availability of autobiographical anecdotes supplied by the artists. This contributes greatly to the general narrative appeal but, through a lack of objective editing, adds little to the pictures of the artists as such. In the case of Castellón and Ganso, whether because biographical anecdotes were lacking or because the author was more interested in the work of these artists than in many of the others, Mr. Zigrosser shows himself a sound and instructive critic. There is no reason he could not have adopted a similar approach to his other subjects with a considerable enhancement of his work. And because of the popular character of the print—its temptation to sacrifice so many aspirations to a ready legibility and the seductions of technical virtuosity

—an exacting critical volume along the lines of Mr. Zigrosser's "cross-section" would be particularly valuable today. But if "The Artist in America" does not help us directly toward a critical view of the contemporary print-maker's art in this country, it opens up a surprising vista of activity. And had it no other claim, we should still be in its author's debt for having included among his reproductions of lithographs, woodcuts, and etchings Stieglitz's magnificent photographs—Georgia O'Keefe—Hands, IV, 1919 and Dorothy True, 1919.

JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY

Assignment in Tokyo

TOKYO RECORD. By Otto D. Tolischus. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3.

BEHIND THE JAPANESE MASK. By Jesse F. Steiner. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

MR. TOLISCHUS'S record of his ten months' assignment as a correspondent in Tokyo and his six months' imprisonment after Pearl Harbor makes an important if somewhat indigestible book. The reader with the patience to wade through many pages of dull excerpts from the Japanese press and portions of the author's own dispatches will find scattered here and there observations that really illuminate the dark enigma of Nipponism and some significant new items of information on Japanese politics in those nine months when the militarists were seizing the last remaining controls of the engine of state. Moreover, the last four chapters, in which Mr. Tolischus tells the story of his grim experiences and reflections in prison, have, naturally enough, a vivid and compelling quality which goes some way to redeem the stodginess of the first 300 pages.

It is easy enough to find reasons for these defects. In part they are a testimony to Mr. Tolischus's honesty. He steadfastly refuses to pose as a Japanologist or to indulge in the windy generalizations about the Japanese spirit and way of life that have filled many other recent books on Japan. In the generalizations he does make—about the Japanese political structure, the influence of Shinto, the similarities between Nipponism and Nazism—he presents his facts for the reader to see. Japan was never an easy country to understand, even in the heyday of the so-called liberal era. After the Manchurian grab in 1931 and much more after the assault on China in 1937, even the wisest old hands among the Westerners in Japan found it increasingly hard to judge the shifting balance of political forces and to measure the real strength of the totalitarian tide which was uniting the new technical tricks of Nazism with the old never-extinguished spirit of native feudal militarism and regimentation. The task was made doubly difficult by the incredibly obscure language in which the apostles of the new Japan clothed their reactionary doctrines: two good examples of this literary befuddlement are printed as appendices in Mr. Tolischus's book—one "the Way of Subjects" and the other Fujisawa's "Great Shinto Purification Ritual and the Divine Mission of Nippon." By February, 1941, when Mr. Tolischus reached Tokyo, this process of verbal intoxication had been applied to practically all sections of this population, and the nation was ideologically conditioned for the great military adventure.

Thus the Japanese nation that Mr. Tolischus then met for the first time was already a different political and social creature from the Japan described in most of the standard books. One can therefore hardly blame him if his descriptive passages on Japan, which he intersperses among the notes of his interviews and conversations, are lacking in freshness and in sensitivity to the queer combination of beauty, inhibition, cruelty, and mysticism which characterizes so much of the ordinary life of the Japanese. Mr. Tolischus makes much—probably over much—of the fantastic obscenities which abound in parts of the ancient Japanese books, the "Kojiki" and the "Nihongi," and rightly stresses the Japanese domination of man over woman, but aside from a reference to the gentleness and kindness of the women, he shows little awareness of the everyday life of Suzuki, the Japanese Mr. Smith. That of course was not the purpose of the book. Yet a little more of the daily sights, sounds, and smells of Tokyo and less relash of editorials and news dispatches would have made a vastly more readable and truer book.

Mr. Tolischus was approached by the irrepressible Matsuoka to transmit a "peace plan" for China to the American government—the idea being that President Roosevelt should "advise" Chiang Kai-shek to sue for peace with Japan! Mr. Tolischus himself later took a hand in peace-making by trying to promote—without success—a scheme for sending Matsuoka to Washington. The idea was well received in some quarters in Tokyo, but Matsuoka himself shrewdly declined to go. Having brought home the bacon from Moscow, he probably was loath to spoil his fame by what could only have been a futile mission. The Japanese, as we now know, made the counter-proposal that the President should meet Konoye on a warship in the Pacific.

Those discredited "experts" in the United States who guessed so wrongly about Japan's unwillingness to fight Britain and America may find some slight solace in the fact that practically none of the Americans in Japan were really prepared for December 7. The blustering, the threats, and the political crises had come and gone so often that the last stages in the preparations after Tojo and his gang took control could hardly be distinguished from the previous false alarms. And of course no one, not even the most cynical pessimist, could have foreseen the tragic depths of our military unpreparedness at Pearl Harbor, Manila, and Singapore.

A good general book on contemporary Japan is long overdue and would make an invaluable complement to "Tokyo Record." Professor Steiner's little book, "Behind the Japanese Mask," might well have met this need had it only been couched in a more attractive and less moralizing tone. Even so, the book is a useful introduction for the ordinary reader and gives a sober, simplified account of Japanese religion, militarism, education, women, recreation, regimentation, poverty, and other social characteristics. Because of its dry style the book fails to convey to a non-expert reader any intimate picture of how the ordinary Japanese lives, thinks, and acts, though Professor Steiner from his personal knowledge of small-town Japan is well qualified for just that task. Some enterprising publisher must find another writer who can combine the best of Steiner, Byas, Chamberlin, and Helen Mears before we have the book we really need on Japan.

W. L. HOLLAND

Fiction in Review

TWO books published as novels in recent weeks—"Search for a Key" by Walter Duranty (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50) and "A Time to Live" by Michael Blankfort (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50)—can, it seems to me, be called fiction chiefly by virtue of the fact that their authors appear in them under fictional names. Mr. Duranty's book is such out-and-out personal history—it is about a certain Oliver Joby who is born in England, becomes a newspaperman, is lamed in an accident, becomes a foreign correspondent, etc., etc.—that it is hard to understand why it was not frankly presented as autobiography, a form which would have more easily accounted for the sparseness of the narrative and more gracefully accommodated Mr. Duranty's constant excursion into anecdote and reflection. Less patently autobiographical and making more of an effort at conventional fiction form, Mr. Blankfort's book is a perfect textbook of self-castigation and so little creative on any level that it is more case history than novel. But of the two books, Mr. Blankfort's is much the more interesting if only because it is so much sicker. My feeling about "Search for a Key" is largely a rather dreary amazement that a person of Mr. Duranty's worldly experience can be so sophomoric; my feeling about "A Time to Live" is vivid horror before an extensive clinical footnote to the history of the radical movement among American intellectuals.

On the day Pearl Harbor is bombed Mr. Blankfort's Ernie Crompton, a young left-wing playwright, stands upon a peak in Hollywood as upon a cozy bed of hot coals, casting up the score of his moral failures. The trouble with Crompton-Blankfort is that, although he has been a devoted fellow-traveler, he has never had the courage or faith to become a member of the Communist Party. This is the central guilt of his life; around it are circle after circle of related guilts—guilt because as a young boy Ernie had been afraid to go to his father's death bed, guilt because as a young man he had had an income of \$50 a week while others starved, guilt because he had continued to write plays instead of going to fight in Spain—guilt, guilt, nothing but guilt. Between Crompton and his hair shirt (or between Blankfort and his hair shirt: Blankfort speaks for himself clearly through his protagonist) there is room for neither irony nor pity, nor yet for common sense. For instance, to his inability, in matters of Communist politics, to substitute the act of faith for the questioning of the mind, Crompton traces the death of his baby at birth (lacking confidence in a C. P. future, Crompton had been unsure he wanted a child) and the death of his wife from leukemia (the disease in which the white blood corpuscles destroy the red blood corpuscles)! "A Time to Live" is a strange psychological document indeed, the most cheerless published evidence I know of the frightening connection between personal guilt and social conscience, and proof, if proof be needed, that if there is little fictional good to be got from a writer's hatred of his friends, there is even less fictional good to be got from a writer's hatred of himself.

To read the even better-than-average short story nowadays is to have an experience so tangential to the real thing that it is rather like having a conversation in a language in which one has had considerable training but in which one is still

not fluent. John Cheever's stories, which for the most part have appeared in the *New Yorker* and which are even more talented than the average stories printed in that magazine, are now collected in a volume called "The Way Some People Live" (Random House, \$2): to read them one after another is to end with an intense feeling of frustration. For even the best of Mr. Cheever's pieces, such as *The Pleasure of Solitude* or *The Edge of the World*, are strongly worded hints rather than completely communicated statements, and I am led to the conclusion that one of the troubles with short-story writers today, even more than with novelists, is that they not only choose inarticulate characters to write about but then refuse to be articulate for them. It is an artificial and completely self-imposed limitation, of the same order as the fashionable time-limitation in the short story, and I suspect that the sooner it is got rid of, the better for this branch of contemporary fiction.

Hervey Allen's "The Forest and the Fort" (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50) is announced as the first in a series of six long early-American novels. Never having read "Anthony Adverse" I am unable to report how Mr. Allen's new venture measures up to his previous best-seller; but I can report that after a dull and self-conscious start, full of scholarly coyness, "The Forest and the Fort" is a conventionally engrossing story about a little English boy who is captured by the Indians but who in maturity rejoins his own people. Although Mr. Allen could wear his learning more lightly and certainly do more, on the psychological side, with the conflict between Salathiel's English blood and Indian upbringing, his novel is full of absorbing local color and interesting historical incident.

Surely the nicest title of the year is "You Can't Do That to Svoboda" on a little book by John Pen (*The Dial Press*, \$2). It is a nice book, too, on the worm-that-turned theme which is always so heartening both in fiction and in life, and especially endearing when the worm is a Slovakian station porter who turns against the Nazis.

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Philosophy in the Twentieth Century
WEDNESDAYS 8 P. M.

Apr. 18 Henri BERGSON
Apr. 21 George SANTAYANA
Apr. 28 William JAMES

May 5 DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM
May 12 JOHN DEWEY
May 19 BERTRAND RUSSELL

Fee: \$3.50 for course, 75c single admission

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DRAMA

So Much for Buckingham

GEORGE COULOURIS'S ambitious revival of "Richard III" (Forrest Theater) gave me a very pleasant evening. How it strikes another will probably depend to a considerable extent upon just what that other is expecting, and the danger is that he will be either insufficiently naive or insufficiently sophisticated. If he is simple-minded enough he ought to find old Crookback's melodramatic villainy entirely to his taste. After all, the play was a prime favorite for more than a century during the period when Shakespeare was a popular playwright in the simplest sense of the phrase, and drew better than "Hamlet" despite the fact that even then critics and scholars shook their heads over what seemed to them an unworthy preference. Middlebrows, on the other hand, will certainly discover sufficient reasons for refusing to take the whole thing seriously, and it no doubt requires more interest in a certain sort of thing than the average citizen can stir up to find fascination in contemplating the fact that a play can be alternately so good and so bad, so obviously puerile and at the same time so obviously the work of a man of genius.

"Richard III" is of course one of the very earliest of Shakespeare's plays and indisputably prentice work despite the expertness with which language is handled by a writer who was not yet much of anything except a man of words. Of course a playwright who could set down as the very first line of an immature play such a sentence as "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York" would be, by the evidence of that one line alone, a man of mark. On the one hand, it fills both the mouth of the speaker and the ear of the hearer with some kind of majestic music serving far better than any flourish of trumpets could to announce tragedy and to set a mood. On the other hand, it is also great poetry by virtue of qualities other than the merely musical, for it makes a clearly intelligible statement at the same time that it enriches the meaning of that statement by a series of words each highly evocative, and in the play of meaning on "son" it demonstrates that the author had already mastered one of his finest tricks—the trick of making a pun serve the highest purposes of poetry. Just suppose that one of our own most ambitious and most talented as-

pirants toward tragedy—Eugene O'Neill or Maxwell Anderson let us say—could achieve one remotely comparable line, not at the beginning of a play, but at some climax where the situation cries out for beauty and dignity of language. How the whole play would then be lifted, how what the author now seems barely able to raise off the ground would soar on wings of emotion! Many times in the course of "Richard III" Shakespeare writes lines and whole passages almost as fine, though sometimes, as in the case of Richmond's speech to the soldiers, he falls back on feeble commonplaces that leave the hearer, who has been led to expect something better, depressed and almost embarrassed.

But of course the unevenness of the play as a play is even more striking. There are three or four brilliantly executed scenes, but if you were to take them away you would have left only a limping chronicle set forth in a form which has hardly evolved beyond that of the morality play and in which both action and characters seem less genuinely dramatic than parts of a stiffly formal pageant. For the most part the character drawing is of the most primitive sort, and the author seems to know so little of the world that one is tempted to call the play part of some Child's History of England or to say that the kings, queens, and courtiers seem at times to have stepped out of Alice's Wonderland, or that the author is anticipating either "The Young Visitors" or "1066 and All That." When Colley Cibber added his famous line "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham," he was as much in the manner of part of the play as he was out of the manner of other parts of it. There are, indeed, times when Richard is a good deal like Lewis Carroll's irascible queen who responded to all difficulties with the same command.

Mr. Coulouris's production wisely attempts no new or forced "interpretation"; instead it presents the play simply, intelligibly, and forcefully for just what it obviously is—a rather primitive melodrama lighted by flashes of genius. Mr. Coulouris himself reads the lines very well, and so does every major member of the cast.

"Kiss and Tell" (Biltmore Theater) gave me another very enjoyable evening of a different sort. Probably it is not so important to explain that the plot has to do with a complicated situation which compels a nice young girl to pretend to her parents that she is pregnant by the adolescent lout who lives next door as

it is to say simply that "Kiss and Tell" is what is called "a typical Abbott farce" and is just that at very nearly its best. Two or three commercially successful plays of the season have attempted to provide fun of the same sort; none of the others came off so far as I am concerned, but "Kiss and Tell" very decidedly does. Possibly the author of the script, which doesn't sound like very much in description, has more to do with the happy results than one is at first inclined to give him credit for. The fact remains, however, that the whole thing might be pretty flat if it were not for Mr. Abbott's skilful touch and for a fine cast which includes the always expert Jessie Royce Landis as well as an assortment of good performers of various ages from about twelve on up.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

IT WAS Mr. Downes—when Mr. Petrillo was trying to unionize the Boston Symphony—who used to contend that the members of this orchestra were better off than the members of the union orchestras. Now—when the Boston Symphony has just signed up with the union—it is a member of one of the union orchestras who tells us* that all these years the Boston Symphony men have been better off than his fellow-players in the New York Philharmonic. But it happens not to be true. Mr. Downes's statements led me a couple of years ago to do a little investigating, the results of which I gave in this column and now give again.

During the season of 1939-40, I found, a member of the Philadelphia Orchestra who was paid the minimum weekly rate provided by the union contract (about half of an orchestra gets this rate) received \$80 a week for the 32 weeks of the winter season, \$80 a week plus a \$7.25 per diem allowance for the two weeks of the post-season tour, and \$60 a week for the eight weeks of the Dell summer season. The analogous player in the non-union Boston Symphony received \$70 a week for the 30 weeks of the winter season, \$60 a week for the ten weeks of the "Pops" season, and \$70 a week for the three weeks of the Berkshire Festival; and he may or may not have been one of the 50 men who received \$50 a week for the three weeks of the Esplanade season. The Philadelphia man worked 42 weeks for \$3,200—making the average during

* See Mr. Calmen Fiebig's letter on page 330.

the year \$61 a week; the Boston man worked either 43 weeks for \$2,910 or 46 weeks for \$3,060—making his average either \$56 or \$59 a week.

What now of the analogous player in the New York Philharmonic? Since 1935-36 his minimum pay for the winter season under the union contract has been \$90 a week; the 1935-36 contract brought him this amount for 30 weeks, the 1936-37 contract for 24 weeks, the 1937-38 contract for 28 weeks, the next four contracts for 30 weeks, this year's contract for 28 weeks. During 1939-40, therefore, and as recently as 1941-42 he received \$90 a week for 30 weeks, then \$92 a week for the eight weeks of the Stadium season; which is to say that he worked 38 weeks for \$3,436—making his average \$66 a week. And even during the present year he will have worked 36 weeks for \$3,256—making the average \$62.50. In other words, he has worked fewer weeks to earn more money than the non-union Boston Symphony man and even the union Philadelphia man.

The union contract also specifies the number of "services"—units of playing time, whether in rehearsal or concert—which the player must give each week in return for his pay. In the case of the New York Philharmonic it is five rehearsals of two and a half hours each, and three or four concerts; and I feel safe in saying that this amounts to no more than the Philadelphia Orchestra man must give under his contract. It is in fact a standard to which even the non-union Boston Symphony has adhered for the most part; but whereas the union has held the New York Philharmonic rigidly to the five rehearsals of exactly two and a half hours each, and exacted additional pay for any additional rehearsal, Koussevitzky has been able to call the Boston Symphony to an additional rehearsal without additional pay when he has wished to do so.

The standard five two-and-a-half-hour rehearsals are what have been found necessary and sufficient for the preparation of the week's programs: the program for the pair of concerts in the chief series—Friday and Saturday in Boston and Philadelphia, Thursday and Friday in New York—takes most of the week's rehearsals; at the other concerts—Monday and Tuesday in Boston, Saturday and Sunday in New York—there are repetitions of some of the works prepared for the chief series, and some new works prepared in the remaining rehearsal time. The New York Philharmonic sometimes prepares only one pro-

gram for all four concerts of the week; sometimes it repeats part of the Thursday-Friday program on Saturday and Sunday, with new works prepared at the Saturday morning rehearsal; sometimes it combines these new works with works from earlier Thursday-Friday programs. But almost never does it prepare even two completely new programs in one week.

Not only has the New York Philharmonic played fewer weeks in the year than the Boston Symphony, and rehearsed fewer hours in the week, but it has in recent years not worked with the taxing, fatiguing, exhausting intensity of effort and concentration with which the Boston Symphony has had to work under Koussevitzky at rehearsals and concerts to produce the precision and finish and tonal beauty of its performances. It was when it was exhausted by work of this kind under Toscanini that the Philharmonic played with similar precision and finish and tonal beauty. But the next week, under another conductor, it would sit back and take things easy and play sloppily; whereas the Boston Symphony under Szell recently maintained itself a great orchestra. And that difference has nothing to do with wages and hours and democratic dis-

missal machinery—any more than the difference between the Philadelphia Orchestra which has maintained itself a great orchestra under Ormandy, and the Philharmonic which deteriorated during the three seasons when it had Barbirolli as permanent conductor to make work easy and dismissals a thing not of the Philharmonic world.

Orchestras which behave like the Boston Symphony and the Philadelphia are entitled to a say on dismissals; but with the Philharmonic one would fear that it might do what in fact it is doing now. Through its spokesman it contends that the present unjustified, terroristic dismissals by a new conductor who doesn't know the orchestra make necessary an orchestra committee to review them; but the demand for the committee seems rather to be part of an attempt to prevent dismissals that are legitimate. Rodzinski conducted the orchestra for two weeks in the season of 1934-35, eight weeks in 1936-37, four weeks in 1941-42, four weeks in 1942-43, and a few periods at the Stadium; by now he knows the orchestra well enough to know who he thinks should be out of it for one reason or another; and most of his decisions seem justified.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Russia and the Communist Party

Dear Sirs: Ralph Bates's review of "America, Russia, and the Communist Party in the Post-War World" by Counts and Childs strikes me as curiously anachronistic. It smells of the good old days of the "united front" when all good liberals were terrified into silence by the fear that any mild criticism of Communist policy might encourage the reactionaries to "red-baiting." Thus Mr. Bates chides the authors for their very reasoned criticism of the policies of the Communist Party by suggesting that "Messrs. Counts and Childs are not threatening the U. S. S. R. with their displeasure but with the might of stark reaction." In fact Counts and Childs are anxious to achieve genuine collaboration with Russia in the post-war world and are afraid that the irrelevancies of local Communists will imperil that collaboration by seeming to justify reactionary opposition to partnership with Russia.

We desperately need a united front between the United Nations, but Mr. Bates is very much in error if he thinks that the only way it can be established is by the old "united-front" domestic strategy in which the Communist Party always called the tune. He is also in error if he thinks that the arguments advanced in this book represent no more than "a personal political feud" and that the book advocates a policy to "please a group of liberals." Let him read the speech of Jim Carey, secretary of the C. I. O., at the Ehrlich-Alter protest meeting and meditate upon the significance of the refusal of the British Labor Party to receive the Communist Party into the parliamentary Labor Party, despite the very strong sentiment in British labor for collaboration with Russia. There is a good deal more than liberal squeamishness behind the belief that a political party owing primary allegiance to another nation cannot effectively serve either the cause of labor in our nation or the cause of partnership with Russia.

Mr. Bates thinks that to "ask the champion of one powerful school [of socialism], the most powerful as it happens, to commit suicide to please a group of liberals is, when not dangerous, quite farcical." Such a formulation of the thesis

of Counts and Childs is nonsensical. Russia is the champion of this "most powerful school of socialism"; and no one is asking Russia to commit suicide. No one is suggesting that any demands be made upon Russia with reference to its political life. Without Russia the Communist Party is not the most powerful school of socialism; and it is not being asked to commit suicide. The question is whether it would not be wise to demand, as a minor price for our eventual alliance with Russia, that it refrain from interfering in our political life through a party obviously, all too obviously, controlled by Russia.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

New York, April 3

A Challenge to Reaction

Dear Sirs: In 1919-20 the American Senate refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations, which was an integral part of that treaty. Thereby our country turned its face away from Woodrow Wilson's concept of collective security and embarked on an isolationist course, the fruits of which we are reaping today. In the years since the close of the last war American historians have often debated the following two questions: (1) Was a majority of the American people really opposed to our entry into the League of Nations? (2) Was the League of Nations the real issue in the elections of 1920? It is interesting to note that the answers to both questions, according to many authorities, are in the negative.

Once again we find ourselves in a position which parallels to a remarkable extent the situation of 1919-20. Our present Congress may be called upon to ratify the peace treaty at the close of the Second World War. In this Congress, however, we find a large number of Representatives who are opposed to the Roosevelt Administration's foreign—and domestic—policies. The main strength of this opposition lies in its claims that it represents the American people better than does the present Administration. The Congressional elections of last November, the opposition leaders assert, constituted a clear defeat for the policies of our President.

Such an interpretation of those elections, it seems to me, is questionable.

First of all, the Democrats retain a clear majority in both houses of the new Congress. (The country may not have been fully aware that the loyalty of some of these Democratic Representatives to their party chief was purely nominal.) Secondly, and this seems the crux of the situation, the return of numerous notorious isolationists may have been possible only because large numbers of voters—ordinarily supporters of President Roosevelt and his policies—were away from home, either in defense industries or in the army. Had these two groups voted in 1942 as they did in previous elections, there is a distinct possibility that Fish, Brooks, and others of their type might not have been re-elected. Certainly, Fish and Brooks won by the narrowest majorities of their careers.

If those of us who favor a system of collective security are to avoid the disillusionment of the last peace, it would seem desirable that the American people be given another chance in the near future to express their opinion. November, 1944, may be too late. I realize that the Constitution does not provide for a referendum. An unofficial nation-wide poll, however, might well serve as a substitute. An expression of opinion on the following two questions might prove of great value: (1) Should the United Nations sponsor some type of international organization the purpose of which would be the elimination of international anarchy in the post-war world? (2) Do you believe that the Atlantic Charter constitutes a desirable goal for which the United States should work in the post-war world?

It is of interest to note that a similar poll on foreign policy was conducted in the autumn of 1934 in Britain by the League of Nations Union. The results revealed clearly that a large proportion of the British people favored support of the League and even military sanctions, if necessary, against aggressor nations. The effect on the subsequent policies of the Baldwin government was clearly discernible.

Regardless of what the decision of the American people might be, it seems to me that such a poll would be worth while. If, as I believe, the foreign policies of the present Administration should be indorsed, then the isolationists and advocates of "power politics"

would find the ground cut from under their feet. The waverers would probably become more enthusiastic in their support of the Executive. The opposition leaders would no longer be able to boast that they represent the American people better than does the President. If, on the other hand, the American people voted against collective security and the Four Freedoms, that too, though foreshadowing a dismal future for the world, would be of some value. The present Administration would recognize the danger of making commitments which might later be repudiated. And believers in collective security could redouble their educational efforts.

Such a poll would, of course, involve great expense and labor. The expense might be met partly by public subscription and partly, perhaps, by trade unions and other liberal organizations. College students, I believe, particularly members of the Foreign Policy Association or International Relations clubs, would be ready to contribute their labor. The schools and colleges throughout the country might contribute the necessary space for voting. The main problem, outside of raising the necessary funds, would be to obtain a mass turnout of the people. If such a poll proved successful, however, the desirability of using it for other purposes—on domestic issues, for example—would be evident. The results might well show the desirability of passing an amendment to the Constitution providing for national referendums on all crucial issues.

SYDNEY H. ZEBEL

New York, March 31

What's in a Name?

Dear Sirs: I don't want to take up too much space, but I must make a brief reply to Mr. Spencer's comment on my letter about Alden Brooks's "Will Shakespeare and the Dyer's Hand."

Mr. Spencer misunderstood my letter. When I suggested that a lawyer might be better than a professor in dealing with the case I did not mean an ambulance chaser.

I take issue particularly, however, with Mr. Spencer when he says, lightly, that "the important thing to do is not to worry about who wrote the plays, but to read them." I presume he takes the view that it does not matter who wrote them. I dissent most violently. I doubt that Mr. Spencer realizes the implications of his remark. As a professional writer I say it is of paramount importance who wrote what and which and

when. I say that literature is vitally interested in *authorship*, that is, in who wrote the books that make up literature. I do not believe that any professional writer, that is, one who lives on his writings, could make such a remark. I am quite sure that Mr. Spencer is interested in seeing that nobody else gets the credit for the writing of his own fine work.

E. M. Forster once wrote an excellent essay on Anonymity. He maintained brilliantly that literature should be anonymous. I noted that his name was on the pamphlet. I disagree with him. I want to know who was responsible for what are known as Shakespeare's plays.

WILLIAM MCFEB

Brookfield, Conn., March 26

"Democratic" Segregation

Dear Sirs: The army has brought Jim Crow not only to this camp but also to the local community. The colored troops have to keep out of "white" places and we have also been given instructions not to associate with Negro soldiers or to frequent particular bars and cafes set aside for Negroes. This was military "democratic" segregation, for both groups had their places. Segregation was practically unheard of in the town before the army established this camp.

The Negro barracks are at an extreme end of the post. And strangely enough, the only democratic barracks are the guardhouse. Here the military does not differentiate—all poor soldiers. But why not all good soldiers? My two-day visit was my first opportunity to fraternize with a colored soldier. He was unable to understand "how I'm good enough to die for this democracy and freedom talk but not good enough to die alongside a white American."

My total fury in regard to racial hatred arose when I was advised during my basic training in the South to "*tie my shoestring*" when a colored officer appeared. If you did meet one face to face, you would just have to salute him. I wanted to fight alongside "Bigger"—

PRIVATE

March 15

U. S. Army Air Force

The Basic Problem

Dear Sirs: Permit me to congratulate your Washington editor, Mr. Stone, for his critical analysis of the Roosevelt post-war security program. Political liberals have consistently dabbled with economic palliatives, like unemployment

insurance and public assistance. Such palliatives are dangerous nonsense. They direct people's energies into the wrong channels; they accomplish nothing when they are enacted into law; and they provide only disappointment and disillusionment for the masses. There is no reason why we cannot create an economic set-up which will provide a steadily expanding economy, a maximum utilization of our productive resources, and a job for every man. Such an economic program is the *sine qua non* of any effective post-war policy. If we assume, as most liberals do, that "jobs for all" and consistent full-time utilization of productive resources are impossible of attainment, then we must assume also the inevitability of more war, further advances for fascism, and continued decay of the type of civilization which liberals would like to preserve and strengthen. Given a failure to solve the basic economic problem, all the social security in the world can never stop these inevitable retrogressive trends.

Congratulations again to Mr. Stone for his ability not only to cover day-to-day events but to get down to fundamentals.

MARTIN M. SPENCER

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 3

"Little Drops of Water . . ."

Dear Sirs: Irwin Edman inquires, in *The Nation* for March 20, who besides John Kieran knows that Julia Carney wrote "Little drops of water, little grains of sand." He says that her heart is in the right place, even if her name is in oblivion.

It is not so bad as that. Anybody in Galesburg, Illinois, can tell you who wrote the lines. About a decade ago the Galesburg Civic Art League honored her memory. The address upon that occasion was made by none other than Julia Carney's son, an attorney residing in that city.

H. S. HOLSOPLLE

Los Angeles, Cal., March 25

To Pick the Crops

Dear Sirs: Each day numberless Puerto Ricans die from starvation. I know their plight at first-hand.

Senator Chavez, head of the committee investigating that situation, sensibly urges that a large number of the island's jobless be brought in to pick our vegetable and fruit crops. Why not an immediate order by President Roosevelt to bring in shiploads of them for work in labor-shortage areas? This would cut across all red tape.

As a labor organizer working in Puerto Rico before Pearl Harbor, I often had to revive women who fainted from hunger at meetings where I spoke. I found it expedient to carry a first-aid kit, hot liquids in thermos bottles, and emergency food. Everywhere I saw evidence of people starving, dying on their feet.

ROSE PESOTTA,

Vice-President International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union
New York, March 27

The Philharmonic

Dear Sirs: It was indeed a great surprise and shock, not only to me, a constant reader of your liberal organ, but to all my fellow-musicians, to read Mr. Haggin's article on the Philharmonic controversy.

He has not touched on the broad and basic economic and political causes, and has treated it purely as a musical problem. The committee of the orchestra has tried to point out that no true analysis of this struggle can be achieved by an isolation of the musical factors alone, since they are so completely dependent on the other and hidden factors which so many critics, in their musical ivory towers, are completely ignorant of.

Mr. Haggin shows his ignorance of these determining factors in his column in *The Nation* of March 20. He states in essence that the orchestra is rebellious, wishes to dominate conductors, and is essentially lethargic and lazy. This is understandable from Olin Downes, traditionally anti-union and anti-labor, but a critic on a liberal weekly should be able to look beneath the surface and see the bottom of the floating iceberg!

Is it likely that only their general psychological make-up makes the men in the Philharmonic different from those in the Boston and Philadelphia orchestras? We know that men, even musicians, under the same conditions are pretty much alike in their mass reaction. Is it sheer coincidence that the men in the Philharmonic are different? Or is it the result of the abuses of the past, which have given rise to the present situation?

Mr. Haggin complains of the men's lethargy and indifference. The men know it as plain and unadulterated physical fatigue from the torment of the heaviest schedule of any symphony orchestra in the world! No other orchestra has three different programs a week to rehearse and a new conductor every other week or so.

The policy of underpaying the men and overpaying the star conductors and

soloists leads to the necessity, if one is to exist, of finding more work on the outside, which is even more conducive to the fatigue. The average wage in the Philharmonic Orchestra for a twenty-eight-week season, if spread out over the year, is only \$43 a week. And this is the cream of the profession! On the other hand, the members of the Boston Orchestra are kept gainfully employed for forty-six weeks of the year and have no need to look for outside work. They have, at most, two different programs a week to rehearse with a conductor they are thoroughly familiar with. This means the elimination of hours of needless, mechanized physical labor.

Mr. Haggin should now realize that rebelliousness stems from a fundamental cause and is not just inherent in Philharmonic men.

Your critic intimates that we ride roughshod over our conductors and wish to keep Dr. Rodzinski from making legitimate changes. The members of the orchestra have never opposed changes for the good of the orchestra. What, however, is happening here? Dr. Rodzinski is not yet permanent conductor; he has had no time to know the abilities of the great majority of men he is firing. In fact, during his short stay as guest conductor it would have been impossible for him to do so. We have no objections to dismissals for the good of the orchestra, but when the men see some of the best players getting the ax, they know that these firings were never meant for the betterment of the orchestra.

Why is it not a matter of concern to our critics that the basic living conditions in our orchestra are so intolerable that our great soloists such as Harry Glantz, trumpet, and Benjamin Kohon, bassoon, considered by musicians the greatest in their fields, have left or are leaving the orchestra of their own will?

Who wishes a first-rate orchestra—the men who make a living from it or the management which, by its economic policy, is making a first-class orchestra impossible to maintain?

We can assure Mr. Haggin that, given the right conditions, disciplinary power and terrorism are not necessary to achieve artistic heights. Mr. Haggin seems to apply to music a Victorian labor policy of fear. We are proud of our work; we wish as much as any conductor to give good performances. If the Philharmonic management were to use a system of rewards for ability and merit instead of their present policy, the greatest orchestra in the world would emerge from the present chaos and confusion.

Mr. Haggin states that we wish to deprive the conductor of his disciplinary powers. At the same time he lavishly praises the Boston and Philadelphia orchestras. Evidently the conductors of these orchestras have not lost their disciplinary powers. Yet they have already in operation exactly what we wish here, a democratic dismissal machinery. We are only asking for what these orchestras already have.

If the critics feel that these orchestras are superior, then they should favor the establishment of the Boston plan for democracy in music here.

CALMEN FLEISIG, Chairman Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra Committee
New York, March 22

[Mr. Haggin's comment on Mr. Fleisig's letter will be found on page 534.]

CONTRIBUTORS

PETER SAAR was formerly editor of *Westland*, a liberal weekly published in Saarbrücken which opposed the return of the Saar to Germany. In 1939 he went to Paris and made anti-Nazi broadcasts in German for the French Ministry of Information. When the Germans occupied Paris, he was sent to a concentration camp, from which he later escaped.

JOHN LARISON in travels through the West has been able to observe the Japanese relocation camps ever since their establishment and to speak with the Japanese who live in them.

F. C. WEISKOPF, a German-Czech writer, worked from 1933 to 1938 on the largest anti-Henlein magazine published in the Sudetenland. Last year he published a novel, "Dawn Breaks."

LEOPOLD SCHWARZSCHILD, in the days of the Weimar Republic, was editor of the Berlin *Tagebuch*, an influential liberal journal. After Hitler came to power he edited the *Neues Tagebuch* in Paris. Since coming to America he has published "World in Trance: From Versailles to Pearl Harbor."

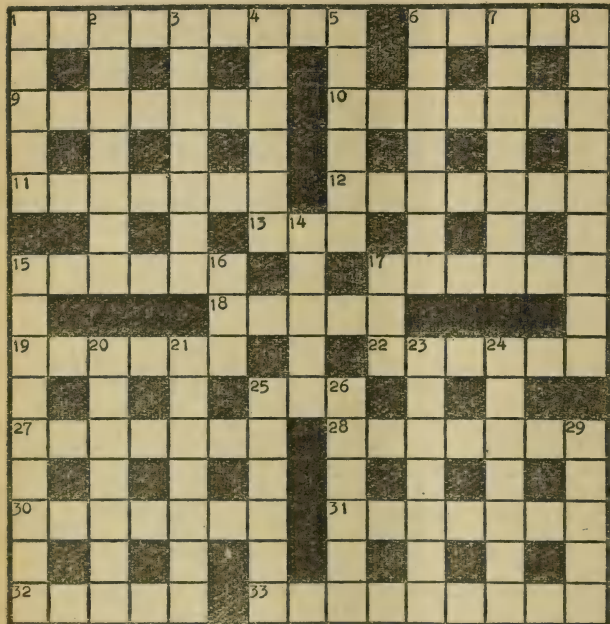
W. L. HOLLAND, a New Zealander, is research director of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 8

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 This is the man for posers!
- 6 The taxer, slightly disguised, demands more
- 9 He hates to get up in the morning (hyphen, 3 and 4)
- 10 A request to be more economical is seemingly futile
- 11 Hidden in: I've piloted a dozen twin-engined buses, but she was always my favorite
- 12 Lettie, if you know her well
- 13 Haggard heroine
- 15 Dunker
- 17 Satin's poor relation
- 18 Profitable result of a change of seats
- 19 Foreign cottage with robust interior
- 22 This day will never return
- 25 An animal doctor in reduced circumstances
- 27 "It's a man!" And it's what a man needs, too
- 28 An Arab, I
- 30 Defenseless? There's a weapon concealed in it!
- 31 Quickly grasped by the knowledgeable
- 32 Schoolboys are soon sated with them
- 33 Fabric assessed when torn

DOWN

- 1 Watch out when the doctor has his hand on this
- 2 Sounds a limited sort of dance (hyphen, 3 and 4)
- 3 A temporary withdrawal of sea power (two words, 3 and 4)

- 4 Slides, in a way
- 5 European currency in troubled waters
- 6 Mourning became her
- 7 A support for the board
- 8 He believes, no doubt, that abstinence makes the heart grow fonder
- 14 We have been advised to make it slowly
- 15 Get a long little doggie
- 16 The returning sailor declares himself a deserter
- 17 You can't write with this pen
- 20 Man and insect are unyielding
- 21 Most puzzlers found them inexplicable in Nero's day
- 23 An extortioner, not a superannuated Thespian
- 24 Three of a kind—or one of them, anyway
- 25 Covered wagon and backward youth proclaim what Genghis Khan was
- 26 Tin can containing acid
- 29 So Ned ferreted out the news

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 7

ACROSS:—1 DIETRICH; 5 ONAGER; 10 NEEDLES; 11 ADVERTS; 12 ENACTS; 14 BRICOLE; 16 INCENSE; 17 SHAVE; 18 IDE; 20 PARACHUTE; 22 TOSS; 24 MYOPE; 26 REVENUE; 29 PRESIDED; 30 STEINS; 32 AIMLESS; 31 THEATRE; 34 STRESS; 35 WAVE THAT.
DOWN:—1 DONKEY; 2 EYEWASH; 3 RELATIVE; 4 CASE; 6 NOVICE; 7 GARBLED; 8 RESISTED; 9 CAIRN; 13 SNAKE; 14 DEBATED; 15 ISTHMUS; 19 STOP-GAPS; 21 EYE TO EYE; 23 STEAMER; 25 POINTER; 26 RIDERS; 27 VESSE, 28 ASLEEP; 31 ETNA.

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS

- Public Opinion and Foreign Policy
- Post-War Money
- Home-Front Offensive

ARTICLES

- History Without Education *by I. F. Stone*
- Britain's Political Revival *by Tom Wintringham*
- Imperialism of the Sky *by Keith Hutchison*
- 50 Years Ago in *The Nation*
- Fascist Pie for Veterans *by Victor Riesel*
- Diffident Invitation to a Rationed Dinner
- A Poem by Irwin Edman*
- Letters from Nation Associates
- The Second Front Reconsidered
- by Donald W. Mitchell*
- In the Wind

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

- Political Unity First *by Norman Angell*
- Nogues—Case Study in Opportunism *by Emile Buré*
- Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus*
- File and Remember

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- Notes by the Way *by Margaret Marshall*
- The Boy from Illinois *by Louis Fischer*
- Nationalism in Eden *by Rustem Vamberg*
- Gandhi's Genius *by Ralph Bates*
- Skilled Workers *by Frank Jones*
- Mr. Smith *by George Joel*
- Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling*
- Drama: High, Wide, and Handsome
- by Joseph Wood Krutch*
- Art *by Jean Connolly*
- Music *by B. H. Haggin*

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 9 *by Jack Barrett*

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541

The Shape of Things

THE TWELFTH WAR-TIME MEETING BETWEEN

Hitler and Mussolini was held as the British and American forces in southern Tunisia joined hands to crowd Rommel into his last African foxhole. The final phase of the African operations is at hand, but it may prove a prolonged one owing to the great defensive possibilities of the Bizerte-Tunis triangle. How much time can Rommel give us? That must have been the question preoccupying the two dictators at their conference, for their immediate strategic plans must depend largely on whether the dénouement in Africa comes in weeks or months. So long as Rommel resists, the danger of Allied invasions in Europe is likely to be postponed and the Axis given one last chance to seize the initiative with a surprise offensive which would disrupt Allied plans. A Berlin radio report of the Hitler-Mussolini meeting spoke of "a survey of Continental reserves" drafted for the occasion. Those reserves are still formidable, but the problem of where they can be most effectively employed remains. According to some reports, Mussolini wants them used for the defense of Italy, and in his exposed position he is able to show some of the strength of weakness. Hitler cannot well afford the collapse of Italy; but can he yield to Italian demands for men and materials without weakening other fronts? We hope that the Anglo-American High Command can sharpen this dilemma of the over-extended conqueror.

✱

WHEN THE UNITED NATIONS CONFERENCE

on problems of food and agriculture in the post-war world opens at Hot Springs, Virginia, on May 18, this country will be represented by a most able delegation. We particularly welcome the inclusion of Paul H. Appleby, Under Secretary for Agriculture, and Murray D. Lincoln, of the Ohio Farm Bureau Federation and the Cooperative League. Mr. Appleby has distinguished himself as an administrator in the Department of Agriculture, and he demonstrated his democratic caliber by resigning from the State Department when his adverse report on the Peyrouton appointment was disregarded. Under Mr. Lincoln's leadership the Ohio Farm Bureau has developed a great program of consumers' cooperation, and at the same time has refused to back the selfish policies of the Farm Bureau Federation. The cooperative

movement is spreading rapidly in America and fully deserves the recognition accorded to it by this appointment. Moreover, it has close links with cooperative organizations in Europe which are certain to play an important role in post-war reconstruction.

✕

BUT WHILE APPLAUDING THE PRESIDENT'S appointment of delegates, we feel bound to join in the mounting volume of protests against the press policies which he has laid down for the conference. Newspapersmen are to be excluded except from two plenary sessions at the beginning and end. They are not to be allowed in the hotel where it is to be held, and all information will be channeled through the office which Michael J. McDermot, chief of the Division of Current Information of the State Department, is to set up in the town nearby. We imagine that Mr. Roosevelt is hoping by this scheme to avoid the kind of propaganda in which delegates to any big international conference are apt to indulge through the medium of the press. But unless he proposes to hold the delegates incommunicado, we don't think his plan will work. Our foreign visitors may well resent having all information relayed through an American press officer, and they will find ways and means to get their story out. The American reporter, put on his mettle by this challenge, will also find ways and means of telling it. We cannot think this is a case where secrecy is justified or possible, and the only result of attempting to keep information from the people is likely to be the creation of unfortunate suspicions.

✕

THE NEW BRITISH COMMON WEALTH PARTY, after several near misses described by Tom Wintringham in an article on page 548, has scored a political hit in a by-election at Eddisbury, Cheshire. Its successful candidate is John Loverseed, a veteran flier for the Spanish Republic and the R. A. F., and his feat is all the more notable because, standing on a very radical platform, he won a majority in a rural and normally conservative district. As Mr. Wintringham suggests, the political tide in Britain is still flowing strongly to the left. We are not certain, however, that his forecast of a Labor Party revolt against the National Government and an early general election will be upheld by events. After this article was written in early March Mr. Churchill made a speech which, while making no specific promises, outlined a post-war policy of social and economic reform. The Prime Minister, it would appear, had noticed the signs of political restlessness and was seeking to prevent its crystallization by hints that he himself was ready to adopt a broadly progressive post-war program. Recent dispatches indicate that his speech may have checked a movement inside the Labor Party to demand the Beveridge plan now, or else. The Labor Party members in the

government are strongly in favor of continuing the political truce, and while they will no doubt meet stiff opposition at the party conference in June, the chances are that they will prevail.

✕

HARRISON E. SPANGLER IS ABOVE THE PETTY hypocrisy of common or garden politicians. He is the man who celebrated his elevation to the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee by jibing at the milk-for-Hottentots dream of his fellow-Iowan, because, as he puts it, "My job is to build up an army of voters in the United States to defeat the New Deal, and I don't think there are any votes in China, or Mongolia, or Russia that I can get for the Republicans." That is the caliber of Mr. Spangler's statesmanship, and it is well to have it in mind when examining his new formula for conducting the 1944 Presidential campaign. Mr. Spangler's opposite number in the Democratic camp, Postmaster General Frank C. Walker, two weeks ago suggested the desirability of late party conventions and a short campaign conducted "on a very high plane." Mr. Spangler agrees, and all he asks as his price is that the Administration shoot itself here and now. For the sake of "the people who want victory ahead of all else," he proposes that the President publicly renounce at once all intention of seeking or accepting a fourth nomination. Without doubt such a declaration would be sweet music to Republican ears, but what would be the effect in London, Moscow, and Chungking? Planners of the peace would be reduced to playing Hamlet without the Dane. What, for that matter, would be the effect in Congress, where Democratic loyalties to the President now hang on the thin thread of patronage? Is a war-time President to reduce himself and the country to political impotence for nearly two world-shaking years in order to allay the professional fears of the Republican chairman? We imagine it will take more subtlety than Mr. Spangler can muster to force the President into an ill-timed commitment.

✕

THE PRESIDENT'S STATEMENT ON WHY HE could not sign the public-debt act with its rider repealing the \$25,000 salary limitation deserves a place alongside his veto of the Bankhead bill and his hold-the-line order as part of his vigorous drive against inflation. Removal of the ceiling on high salaries could scarcely have come at a more unfortunate time. It forces the President to tell the farmers and coal miners that for patriotic reasons they must withhold their demands at the very moment that a few thousand men with incomes of more than \$67,000 are being told that they need not sacrifice for the war. This conjunction of events cannot fail, as the President points out, to injure morale at a critical moment on the home front. Technically, the excess purchasing power placed in the hands of two or

three thousand rich men by the repeal of the salary limit is probably less of a threat to the anti-inflation program than a \$2-a-day increase to several hundred thousand coal miners. But the miners can scarcely be expected to view the situation in this light, and only the evidence that the President is sincerely trying to maintain the principle of equality of sacrifice in war time stands in the way of serious trouble.

✱

THE HOBBS BILL—PET OF THE ANTI-LABOR bloc in Congress—was passed last week by the House in a slightly amended form. It is now before the Senate and is being pressed toward an early vote by a reactionary clique headed by Senator George and other Southern Democrats. There is some difference of opinion as to how far the bill in its amended form can be used against legitimate labor activities. A section has been added declaring that nothing in the bill shall repeal, modify, or affect the protection given labor under the Anti-Injunction Act, the Anti-Trust Act, the Railway Act, or the National Labor Relations Act. Nevertheless, it is apparent that an enforcement agency that was unfriendly to organized labor could construe almost any union activity in the transport field as "interference with the transportation of troops, munitions, war supplies, or mail," and thus bring criminal charges against the union officials. The bill has been selected by the anti-union forces in Congress as a trial balloon. Their fondness for it lies in the linking of union leaders with racketeers, robbers, and extortioners. Once this link is clearly established they hope to be able to push other and more drastic anti-labor measures. Under the circumstances the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. cannot be blamed for regarding the bill as not only potentially dangerous but a gratuitous insult to America's ten million organized workers.

✱

THE FOLLOWING COMMENT ADDRESSED TO the Honorable W. P. Lambertson by a group of his fellow-Kansans seems too worthy of public notice to be buried in the Representative's files. Since it seems improbable that he plans to frank the message out, we take pleasure in sharing this editorial space with its authors—American Legion Post No. 163, of Marysville, Kansas:

Be it resolved . . . that we, as voters of the First Congressional District of Kansas, apologize to the four Roosevelt boys and to the nation for our part in placing a man of the character and mentality of W. P. Lambertson in office.

It has been with the mixed emotions of shame, disgust, and nausea that we have witnessed the attacks by Mr. Lambertson on these fine American soldiers. . . .

As former soldiers we know of a time-tested method for a soldier to defend his honor, and we suggest to the Roosevelt boys that the first one to return to Washington

settle personally with Mr. Lambertson, if he can be caught away from the sanctuary of the House of Representatives.

And to you, Mr. Lambertson, we recommend that in view of your own war record you cease your scurrilous sniping from the rear. . . . Keep up the attacks upon the President if you feel it is the only way you can attract attention, but in the name of decent Americanism, lay off the boys. . . .

Be it further resolved that the state officials of the Kansas Department of the American Legion be requested to investigate Mr. Lambertson's right to membership in the American Legion. . . .

✱

TWO ORGANIZERS FOR THE INTERNATIONAL Woodworkers of America, C. I. O., were recently assigned to organize the 1,200 workers, of whom 90 per cent are Negroes, in the Anderson-Tully Lumber Company at Vicksburg, Mississippi. The National Labor Relations Board had ordered an election for April 8 to determine whether or not the I. W. A. represented a majority of the workers. On March 18 the two organizers—Claud Welch, a white man, and Frank Davis, a Negro—were brutally beaten and told to leave the county. In affidavits secured by the Southern Workers' Defense League Davis stated that after having been arrested on no charge and kept in jail twenty-four hours without food he was turned over by the police chief to three armed men who drove him into the country, handcuffed him to a tree, beat him with a rubber hose, and then drove him into the woods at the point of a gun. "God damnit," they told him, "we don't want unions down here. That's for people in the North." Welch said that he had been lured out of his home by a false message and driven into a waiting car manned by local officials and mill employees. He received the same treatment. On the basis of the affidavits the civil-liberties unit of the Department of Justice has ordered a federal investigation. As Maury Maverick used to say, it is high time the South—some parts of it at least—joined the Union.

✱

IN REPORTING THE FOOD SITUATION, *LIFE* for April 15 served up to its millions of readers a mess of pottage that gives us acute editorial indigestion. Spread across the first page of the issue is a startling array of women's faces, some pained, but most of them just bothered or bewildered. *Life's* caption is: "For the first time since the start of the war, the faces of the home-front Americans (see above) mirrored the sad dejection and tight-mouthed frustration usually associated with the hungry peoples of Europe." This is strong language. And consciously or otherwise, the editors of *Life* here give aid and comfort to unscrupulous elements in the country who are bent on frightening and confusing millions of Americans. *Life* must know

that those worried but well-fed faces do not in the slightest resemble the thin, despairing faces of women in Belgium, Greece, and Yugoslavia. *Life* also knows that the American food problem is essentially one of distribution. We all know that we have and can raise enough meat and vegetables to keep us reasonably well fed for some time. Holland, France, and Poland, on the other hand, have practically no supplies even of the basic foods necessary for subsistence. If we are short of meat, we need not go hungry. We can eat fish instead of lamb. In the conquered countries the Nazis have taken even the fish. To suggest that Americans have yet experienced or are likely to experience in the near future, if ever, anything like the "dejection" and "frustration" of Europeans is nonsense. It only serves to undermine the vigorous, if sometimes confused, efforts of the federal government to feed us all fairly and adequately.

The regular article by Freda Kirchwey, who is convalescing from an illness, will be resumed in a few weeks.

Public Opinion and Foreign Policy

THE defensive and conciliatory tone of the letter sent by Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles to Professor Ralph Barton Perry of Harvard, like the trend of events in North Africa, is a reflection of the power which an aroused public opinion can exert on our foreign policy. The dissatisfaction with "expediency" voiced generally in American publications of both the left and the right and the widespread protest against the maintenance of Vichy legislation in North Africa have had a good effect.

Much remains to be done, however, and the State Department still requires watching. For it is doubtful whether "the objectives of those charged with our foreign policy" are indeed identical, as Welles says they are, "with those of the overshadowing majority of their critics." If the policies which Welles defends were merely the reflection of temporary necessity and strategy, the department would not over so long a period have maintained an unvarying animosity toward De Gaulle, a consistent preference for reactionary exile groups, and an unflinching friendliness toward the Franco government. There would have been no slur at the "so-called Free French," and there would have been some indication of irritation, at least, at the hostility Franco has repeatedly shown our country despite the supplies we have sent him. Too many, though not all, of those in charge of

our foreign policy gravitate naturally, because of their own social ties and political views, toward the undemocratic, if not the anti-democratic, camp. And though Welles emphasizes the desirability of "full public criticism," Secretary Hull's arrogant attitude toward both the press and Congress is not calculated to invite comment.

The explanation offered by Welles of Hull's attitude toward the Spanish Loyalists interned in North Africa is disingenuous at worst, and at best it reflects sadly on the Secretary's presence of mind. The query to which Welles refers was not "a query concerning Spaniards in Spain." It was, as attested by those present, a query concerning Spaniards held in concentration camps in North Africa. Hull's capably worded reply indicated that he felt that in the disposition of these prisoners Franco ought to be consulted—as he may very well have been behind the scenes. The "clarification" which followed was issued when it became clear that Hull had made not a verbal but a political blunder, the same kind of revealing blunder he made in his statement about the "so-called Free French."

All these explanations and apologies show that even the State Department must pay some attention to public opinion. Other recent indications of this same fact were the speeches by Assistant Secretary of State Berle and former Ambassador Grew concerning our Russian relations. Berle has been a leader in the anti-Soviet bloc, while Grew has headed the "beat Japan first" school. Yet Berle demonstrated at length that Russia from the days of the American Revolution has played a friendly and helpful part in our history, and Grew was most generous in his praise of our Soviet ally.

It has been noted that these speeches followed the visit of Foreign Minister Eden to Washington and have themselves been followed by delay in De Gaulle's already long-delayed visit to North Africa. Eden, who negotiated the twenty-year pact between Britain and the Soviet Union, has been one of the foremost advocates in the West of better relations with Russia. The order of events has led to the belief in some quarters that there may have been an understanding behind the scenes in which the State Department diehards—among whom we do not count Welles—agreed to pay a little more than lip-service to the cause of improved relations with the Soviets in return for a transfer of British preferences from De Gaulle to Giraud. For many of these diehards hate De Gaulle with a hatred that cannot be explained by any need to "play along" temporarily, first with Vichy, and then with North African Vichyites. We hope there has been no such agreement and that the delay in the De Gaulle visit is in truth due only to General Eisenhower's estimate of military necessity. To drop De Gaulle might appease some people in the State Department, but it would hardly improve our standing with the peoples whose aid we need when we invade Europe.

Post-War Money

NEITHER the American nor the British post-war monetary plan claims infallibility. Both have been put forward as bases of discussion, and since their broad objectives are similar, it is doing an ill-service to the cause of international cooperation to discuss them in competitive terms. Naturally there are many differences in detail, but our main impression, after making a close comparison of the two documents, is that there is an encouragingly wide area of agreement on this subject between the world's two chief trading nations.

The significant contrasts are not in matters of principle but rather in questions of approach and emphasis. The United States is now the banker of the world, and, not unexpectedly, the Treasury plan adopts a banker's approach, stressing the foremost importance of a stable relationship between currencies. The British do not minimize the importance of preventing wildly fluctuating exchanges, but they put still greater emphasis on the necessity of maintaining the balance of international payments. And there is economic justification for this position, since the instability of currencies is a symptom rather than a cause of the failure of nations to maintain equilibrium between their external payments and their external receipts.

In the days when it was operating more or less effectively the international gold standard provided an automatic adjustment of unbalanced trade positions. If country "A" exported more goods and services than it received, it drew gold from country "B," whose imports were in excess of its normal means of external payments. The result was an inflationary tendency in "A" as the influx of gold boosted credit. Prices rose, encouraging imports and discouraging exports. In country "B," on the other hand, the loss of gold caused a contraction in the basis of credit and a rise in interest rates. There was deflation, prices fell, stimulating exports and inhibiting imports. The result, in both cases, was stability as between foreign currencies at the expense of internal instability expressed in terms of employment and profits. But the system worked, more or less, as long as tariffs were moderate and creditor countries like Britain were willing to accumulate external surpluses in the form of permanent foreign investments. After the First World War these conditions no longer obtained, while a new disturbing factor appeared on the international scene—the constant shifting of huge short-term balances from one country to another under the spur of political and economic fear.

Recognizing that the gold standard cannot be restored, both the American and British currency plans seek a substitute for it which will be as impersonal as possible. The American proposal is for an International Stabiliza-

tion Fund to which member nations shall subscribe specified quotas in gold, local currency, and government securities. These quotas are to be determined by a formula giving weight to such factors as each country's holdings of gold and foreign exchange, fluctuations in its balance of international payments, and its national income.

The methods by which the fund will operate can perhaps be best understood by a concrete illustration. Suppose that France, after a poor harvest, has bought wheat heavily from Canada and the Argentine. In the normal course of trade it has been unable to accumulate sufficient Argentine pesos and Canadian dollars to meet its bills. The Stabilization Fund, however, will be willing to sell these currencies to it in exchange for francs provided that the fund's holdings of francs, at the time, do not exceed a stipulated ratio of the French quota. If this condition cannot be met, then the fund would still be prepared to accommodate France, so long as it acts to correct the disequilibrium in its balance of payments indicated by the excess holdings of francs in the fund.

Disequilibrium also arises when a country's external trading results in a continuously expanding credit. Thus the steady influx of gold into this country before the war was the result of a constant favorable balance of international payments. If after the inauguration of the Stabilization Fund the United States continued to export more goods and services than it imported, the effect would be to deplete the fund's holdings of dollars. It would then become the duty of the fund to report to the government of the United States analyzing the causes of this lack of balance and recommending steps—for instance, a reduction in tariffs—to remedy it.

The British plan for an "International Clearing Union" approaches the same problem in a rather different way. It does not require any subscription of capital by the member nations, but it assigns to each a quota, based on pre-war foreign trade, which is in effect an overdraft limit. Transactions inside the union would be carried on in terms of "bancor," an international money of account fixed in terms of gold, and a preliminary agreement between members would fix the value of each currency in terms of bancor. Settlements between members would be made by a transfer of bancor from one to the other in the books of the union. Thus in the case cited above France would draw on its credit for the accounts of Canada and the Argentine. If, as a result, the French debit balance with the union exceeded its quota, the Governing Board could call on France to take definite steps to rectify its international balance. Such steps could include a limited depreciation of the franc. In the event of persistent failure to reduce an excess debit balance, a member could be declared in default and forbidden to draw against its account except with the permission of the Governing Board.

The British plan resembles the American in failing to provide for positive sanctions against those who upset the international apple cart by ignoring the fact that trade must be an exchange of things and persistently sell more than they buy. When the credit balance of such an offender has exceeded half its quota on the average of at least a year, it can be called upon to discuss with the board appropriate counter-measures, including expansion of domestic credit, the appreciation of local currency, the reduction of tariffs, and the expansion of long-term international loans. But the ultimate decision will remain in its own hands—a clear concession to the United States, which seems likely to be the biggest sinner in this respect in the future as it has been in the recent past.

It is impossible in the space of a short article to deal with all the aspects of international monetary reform. We have therefore concentrated on this problem of balance because its solution is basic to the successful operation of either the American or the British plan or, indeed, of any conceivable machinery to regulate the flow of international payments. The old machinery had broken down hopelessly before the war because too many nations were operating on the theory that trade was a weapon and not an exchange of benefits. If the leading nations of the world cannot shake off this idea, then the best-laid plans will gang agley and we can look forward to another era in which half the world starves while the other half burns its crops.

Home-Front Offensive

WITH the dramatic skill for which he is famous, the President last week seized the offensive in the bitter home-front struggle against inflation. His Executive Order freezing all prices and wages, with minor exceptions, has checked, for the moment at least, the creeping inflation that had been under way for months. Coming on top of his vigorous veto of the Bankhead bill, the President's action has staved off the collapse of the anti-inflation program that seemed imminent a fortnight ago.

The significance of the order is greater than appears from an analysis of the provisions. It is what Mr. Roosevelt declares it to be—a hold-the-line order. It does, however, plug several holes that were threatening to develop into serious leaks. It extends the price ceilings to all goods not previously covered, which may include on-the-farm prices; it reaffirms the Administration's determination to stand by the Little Steel formula; it forbids employers to pay new workers higher wages than they were getting previously—thus checking the pirating of labor; and it instructs all public regulatory bodies to forbid rate increases on common carriers or for utilities.

This listing of the comparatively few changes brought about under the Executive Order is deceptive because it ignores the psychological impact of the order on business, labor, and the general public. The sharp reaction on the stock market and in commodity prices as soon as the order became known revealed a general conviction that the President meant what he said when he declared that "we cannot tolerate further increases in prices affecting the cost of living"—the only way to hold the line is to stop trying to find justifications for not holding it here or not holding it there."

Chances of holding the line have been greatly improved by the Senate's refusal to pass the Bankhead bill over the President's veto. While the measure still rests in the Committee on Agriculture, where it can be brought out at any time, the President's veto message clearly made a profound impression in the Senate. His latest action should greatly strengthen the hands of the relatively small group supporting the anti-inflation program.

The chief threat now to the President's hold-the-line order is obviously John L. Lewis's demand for a \$2-a-day wage increase in the coal fields. While some increase in the coal miners' wages can undoubtedly be permitted by a portal-to-portal arrangement or under the substandard wage exception included in the President's order, Lewis's bitterness against the President and the National War Labor Board may lead him to reject the maximum offer that can be made under the law. In that case the President may be faced with a choice between a disastrous coal strike and a revision of the Little Steel formula. His Executive Order makes it clear that there will be no appeasement of Mr. Lewis.

An inflation cannot, however, be stopped by wage and price regulation alone. If the amount of spending power in the pockets of the American people continues to grow with the ever-increasing volume of government spending, there is grave danger, unless this spending power is reabsorbed, of a tremendous increase of black-market operations. While every effort must be made to curb the black market by law-enforcement activities, the only fully effective curb is the elimination of the excess spending power that brings it about. This can only be achieved by increased taxation and savings, voluntary or compulsory. Mr. Roosevelt showed himself to be fully aware of this basic economic fact when he urged Congress to get busy in response to his earlier request for higher taxes.

Although two weeks have passed since the defeat of the Ruml plan, the House Ways and Means Committee has not yet even considered legislation for increasing taxes or speeding up collection through a pay-as-you-go system. The President's hold-the-line order has made action even more urgent than before. At least part of the enhanced spending power was being absorbed through normal inflationary channels. But the President's action chokes off this outlet, leaving the American consumer more than

\$50,000,000,000 in excess spending power, with only two possible outlets—(1) war bonds and other savings, and (2) the black market. Every effort must be made to corral as much as possible of this surplus in the current war-bond drive, but unless Congress takes its responsibility seriously and gives us a tax program promptly, the

black market will continue to make headway. A year ago the President gave us a comprehensive seven-point program for the war against inflation. The battle is now being waged vigorously and effectively on six of the seven fronts. But if the enemy breaks through on the tax front, all our other efforts will have been in vain.

History Without Education

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 11

HONESTY and common sense were not conspicuous last week in Congressional discussion of the supposedly lamentable state of history teaching in our schools. Your humble correspondent is willing to start the procession to the mourners' bench. Like 98 per cent of the freshmen quizzed for the ever-vigilant editors of the *New York Times*, he did not know the minimum price per acre of federal public lands sold at auction before the passage of the Homestead Act. He suspects there may even be a Congressman here and there who would break into a cold sweat if asked, as the freshmen were, "Which was the first United States census in which railway mileage could have been reported?"

Like many other good people, Senators Guffey and La Follette have been duped by the *Times* project. Guffey joined in the attack on those somewhat mythical educators who insist "that social trends rather than real historical events were sufficient for understanding our nation's history." This formulation hardly states the case fairly for that new-fangled school of history—no older than Thucydides—which looks into the past for meanings rather than for names and dates on which to train the memory. The Senator's position is a bit obscure. He wants children taught to see the "long chain of facts" which link farm legislation "to populism and free silver, to free land and slavery . . . to Shays's Rebellion and beyond." He would have them understand why Jackson fought the Bank of United States. "How many of us," he asked indignantly, "know how business stole the country blind in the 1870's?" That is all to the good, but isn't it the very kind of social history attacked by Hugh Russell Fraser and the *New York Times*?

"The great service" for which Senator La Follette is unexpectedly naive enough to praise the *Times* survey is actually a service with which neither Senator Guffey nor Senator La Follette is in sympathy. It is to distract attention from a far more important quiz conducted last week before the Senate Labor and Education Committee, in the long and heart-breaking fight Senator Thomas of Utah has been waging in the cause of American education.

Here are a few questions for Congressmen and editors busily plucking motes from the eyes of freshmen. In what benighted country did a commission of educators report several years ago, "The educational services now provided for a considerable percentage of the nation's children are below any level that should be tolerated in a civilized country"? In the legislature of what country fighting a war of survival did a committee report last July, "About 433,000 men of draft age have been found to be without sufficient education to serve in the army, and about 250,000 of these, 'enough for fifteen divisions in the army,' are physically fit"? In what country are there 3,000,000 totally illiterate persons "and about 15,000,000 other adults who cannot read a newspaper or write a simple letter"?

The statement in the first question is from the findings of the President's Advisory Committee on Education in 1938. The second is from the report of the Senate Labor and Education Committee recommending passage of the federal Aid-to-Education bill as a war-time necessity. The third is from an appeal made to the Senate by Thomas of Utah in 1941 for a favorable vote on this long-pending measure. The country which provides educational services for a considerable percentage of its children below any level that should be tolerated in a civilized country, the nation which has lost man-power for fifteen divisions because of illiteracy, the country with 18,000,000 adults too illiterate to read a newspaper or write a letter, is the U. S. A.

The *Times* history quiz was a good story, though the dumb college freshman is not too new a joke on the educational circuit. It might have been used as a peg for a campaign in favor of the Aid-to-Education bill. Obviously if college freshmen are so ignorant, how much more ignorant must be citizens who have never had an adequate elementary education? But this year, like other years, finds the *New York Times* and those for whom it speaks indifferent or hostile to federal aid for education. Fraser's letter of resignation as an information officer of the Office of Education shows that those who ran the *Times* survey are not interested in providing more edu-

cation. "All the money in the world," Fraser said irrelevantly, "will not correct the belief expressed by many students that Thomas Jefferson was Jefferson Davis." These people are not interested in more schools or in decently paid teachers. They are merely looking for another weapon in the fight against progressive ideas in education, as elsewhere.

"Unless the federal government participates in the financing of schools and related services," the President's Advisory Committee warned in 1938, "several millions of children in the United States will continue to be largely denied the educational opportunities that should be regarded as their birthright." What then seemed a problem of peace has since taken on military significance. Modern warfare, with its advanced technology, requires soldiers who have sufficient education to be taught how to use complicated weapons and workmen educated enough to handle their manufacture. "This," General Brehon B. Somervell, commanding general of the Services of Supply, told the Institute on Education and the War last August, "is an army of specialists. Out of every 100 men inducted into the service, 63 are assigned to duties requiring specialized training." Yet the National Resources Planning Board in its recent report on Post-War Plan and Program tells us that "20 per cent of the men of military age are found to have had less than a fourth-grade education."

The attempt to provide federal aid for education in the poorer states was begun in 1937 by the late Senator Harrison of Mississippi and Senator, now Supreme Court Justice, Black. The *Times* survey was published just in time to divert attention from new hearings on the \$300,000,000 Aid-to-Education bill, now sponsored by Senator Lister Hill of Alabama jointly with Senator Thomas of Utah. "Hundreds of rural schools can be found," Senator Thomas said, "which are the merest shacks, in which the children are huddled together in makeshift desks, using a small number of dirty and worn-out textbooks under the direction of teachers who themselves have hardly finished high school." Opposition to remedying these conditions comes from those who would have to pay the bill.

The great natural wealth of the Southern and Western states has been largely drained off by the capitalists of the North and East. Federal aid to education would return some of that money to the states from which it came, and arrange for its use to provide decent education. In years past the opposition was led by Merwin K. Hart, pro-Franco president of the New York State Economic Council. He called the bill "bureaucratic and burdensome." He said it would "weaken the cause of private enterprise and capitalism." He trotted out the red boggy, perhaps in the belief that the best way to stop radicalism was to curb literacy.

Britain's Political Revival

BY TOM WINTRINGHAM

London, March 10

THREE things have happened here in recent weeks that taken together make it very unlikely that the political truce will continue in Britain for many more months. The first was a revolt by 116 Tory backbenchers against the government's catering bill. The second was a series of six by-elections in all of which the Tory candidates were returned but with majorities so small as to prove a great swing to the left in the electorate. The third was the vote of 119 members, including all non-government members of the Labor Party, against the government's policy with respect to the Beveridge Report.

The catering bill was introduced by Mr. Bevin, Minister of Labor and leader of the largest trade union in Britain. Catering is a sweated industry in Britain; very many of those working in it receive only a few shillings in wages and live mainly on tips. War conditions have brought a great expansion in the industry; canteens in factories and communal restaurants in cities and even in

small towns are part of the organization of this country for maximum production. Our efficiency in war demanded that this trade be cleared up, but a sufficient number of Tories voted against it to make it probable that the bill is dead.

This brings into the open a development that has been going on for a long time. Property in Britain has been, and is, wrecking national unity. The war makes it necessary for some industrial property to be taken over by the community. Mr. Attlee promised in 1940 that property would be conscripted or drafted in the same way as labor. The promise has never been carried out; the Tories saw to that. Nationalization and rationing of coal became necessary a year ago; the Tories blocked it. In a dozen other cases Tory pressure behind the scenes has prevented measures being taken that are needed for the efficient conduct of the war, and are known to be needed by responsible administrators. But this pressure did not come into the open until February.

As soon as it did come out into the open, property

began to feel a great deal bolder. Within a few days the great insurance companies swung their forces into action to see that the government accepted only those portions of the Beveridge Report which left their interests untouched. The report is not a socialist document. It outlines a system of social security adapted to a society in which industry is run for profit by capitalists, a considerable proportion of the working class is or may be unemployed, and all the rights of property are respected. But its enactment would rob the insurance companies of some of their past fields of profitable investment, including some in which their costs of collection were 40 cents in the dollar. It would also impose a burden on the nation's finances, though this would be extraordinarily small compared with the benefits derived not merely by the population as consumers but by industry. The government's position, until the debate in February, was thought to be one of simple neutrality: it would find out what the House of Commons thought about it all. To the surprise of everyone the government's position proved to be the acceptance of only those parts of the report which left the insurance companies happy, and a qualified acceptance at that. The principles of the report went down the

drain, and the practical measures accepted were to be made dependent on unstated financial priorities of the future.

It soon became clear that this was a new form of Tory revolt: property had called the government to heel in this matter and was keeping it there with great ease. Among those who came to heel were all the Labor members with government jobs. But the Labor Party in Parliament reflected, though somewhat tamely, the utter astonishment of almost everyone at the government's rejection of Beveridge's principles. It voted against the government, not as a group of individual members of Parliament, but as a party following the line laid down in a resolution. In this way the ministers who voted with the government were, from the party point of view, the "rebels." And the truce patched up a few days later between these two sections of the Labor movement in Parliament consisted of a simple agreement to differ and a pious hope expressed on both sides that it would not happen again.

While these things were happening, six by-elections were taking place. All were in seats so firmly Tory that Labor had scarcely ever had much hope of winning



"CAN I INTEREST YOU IN LIFE INSURANCE?"

them. Those who undertook to fight the entrenched Tories in them were thought of as harmless freaks without a chance. The constituency I tackled was mainly composed of the western suburbs of Edinburgh; its stubborn Toryism has yielded only twice in sixty years, once to Mr. Gladstone and once to Labor for a single year. Scottish opinion is hard-headed, very slow to change; the electoral register was so out of date that nobody under twenty-five could vote. The men and women in the forces and those who had moved to go into war industries were not allowed to vote. Yet I reduced the Tory majority from nearly 10,000 to less than 900—the best result in twenty years. And in the six by-elections together the Socialist vote increased by a third—this in spite of the fact that the Tory, Liberal, Labor, and Communist parties all worked for the government candidates, and the great name of Churchill was used so much that the query heard in a pub was quite justified: "Why has old man Churchill got to stand here? I thought he was already in Parliament."

Of the candidates standing at these by-elections four were members of Common Wealth and two were Independents. In all cases their program was more radical than that of the Labor Party before the war. And it was not a post-war program. I stood for a people's war such as the Russians are fighting and for nationalization or common ownership now of those industries in which it would better war production. And naturally I had some things to say about General Franco, and North Africa, and appeasement in general. Some of the things I said were so hot that the most responsible Tory newspaper was goaded into replying that "Joe Stalin had been the worst appeaser in the world in 1939." One of my opponent's supporters, Captain McEwan, M. P., declared, "I was an appeaser, I am still an appeaser at heart, and I am proud of it." In its editorial on the result, the newspaper I mentioned grieved over the "real danger that the principles for which the Unionist and Conservative parties stand will be swept aside by the growing tide of socialism."

Various new elements are swelling this tide. Actually in no case did we poll the full Labor vote. We could not have Labor officials or delegates on our platforms because that would have led to their expulsion. In the one by-election where this was tried, that fought in Bristol by Jennie Lee as an Independent, the party machines expelled a majority of Labor's local representatives, and the vote was a disappointment because this open split in the Labor movement led to confusion and apathy. In other by-elections we were supported privately and in relative secrecy by the great majority of Laborites and by a noticeable minority of the Communists, who could not understand the party line of supporting Peyrouton in practice while attacking him in phrases. But the official Labor and Communist lines must have swayed a few

dozen people to vote Tory, and certainly many thousands not to vote at all.

That we increased the Socialist vote in spite of all these factors against us means that there is in Britain today a parliamentary majority available for some new form of popular front with a positive program of social change. This program, let me repeat, is not concerned simply with post-war problems; it is a program for winning the war more quickly, the war against fascism and all fascism's supporters.

The problem of British politics today is only superficially when and how the electoral truce will break down. Inevitably, under the pressure of two great developments, it will break down fairly soon. These two developments are the revolt of the Tories in one direction and the enormous leftward swing of popular opinion in the other. Whether this leftward swing will find effective expression constitutes the real problem. It is largely a problem of the Labor movement, and it will come to a focus at the Labor Party conference to be held in the second week in June. This conference is extremely unlikely to reaffirm the resolution in favor of voting for Tory candidates that was passed by a tiny majority at the last conference. How much farther it will go in the direction of breaking the truce depends not so much on currents of opinion within the Labor Party as on the Tory pressure on the one side and the leftward swing on the other. My own guess is that the conference will lay down a program of three or four points and threaten to break the truce if the government does not carry out this program. In that case the Tory answer is likely to be a general election before Labor is ready for it, and before Labor has made a working arrangement with its new allies.

These new allies are found first in Common Wealth, many of whose members are men in the services, unable to vote but with some influence on opinion. On a tentative list of Common Wealth candidates that came to me last week more than 50 per cent were officers and men now serving. The principal speaker besides myself at my own by-election was an R. A. F. pilot who had not only fought the Battle of Britain but had flown and fought for Republican Spain; he is now standing as Common Wealth candidate at the next by-election.* Secondly, they are found among the youngsters, who will not come into the Labor movement as such because they think its representatives differ from the Tories only in being older and wordier. A third group from which reinforcements can be drawn consists of an active middle class—technicians and managers, scientists and journalists and doctors—which is now ready to go farther and faster toward social change than the Labor movement is; they have been swept from their old political alignments by admiration for Russia

* The candidate referred to is Warrant Officer John Loverseed, who was elected on April 8, winning the first parliamentary seat for the Common Wealth Party.

and contempt for the men and forces who wrecked the last peace and showed their incompetence at Singapore. Finally, some support—the extent of which is very difficult to judge—will come from the new Christianity that causes bishops to write about the class war and revolution.

If the Labor movement treats these potential new allies as rivals and dangers, the political truce will still break down and the election will take place—probably this year—but in that case the men who want the old world back again will get a new lease of power.

Imperialism of the Sky

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

NO SPOT on earth is more than sixty hours from your local airport." That was the headline over a recent advertisement of the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation, and it is a fact that we need to grasp in all its implications if we are to adjust our thinking successfully to the new air age. The geographical shrinkage of the world to a smaller compass in terms of space-time than that of the United States a quarter-century ago makes all nations neighbors. Now we can all see the smoke of one another's fires, and the disputes of two households at the other end of the air lane become everybody's business. In the present war the United Nations are the rough equivalent of a vigilante group in a mining camp—an *ad hoc* organization to suppress trouble-makers. But that is a temporary solution: permanent security can be brought to Roaring Gulch, and to the community of nations, only when a common law can be both established and enforced.

The logic of the air age, therefore, would seem to require adaptation of political institutions to conform with the progress of aerodynamics. In democratic terms that must mean some pooling of national sovereignties in a world government that can adjudicate disputes between nations and enforce the peaceful acceptance of its decisions.

It is possible, of course, to draw other logical conclusions from the same air facts. Hitler saw in them an argument for world domination, and while he may be doomed, his ideas threaten to linger. Similarly an isolationist inoculated with air-mindedness will more likely than not come out in an imperialist rash. He will admit that America can no longer find security within its own boundaries, but the alternative, as he sees it, is not the subordination of American sovereignty—in common with other sovereignties—in the interest of world order but the indefinite expansion of American sovereignty. If America can be threatened from bases thousands of miles across the sea, then, the new imperialist declares, America should control such bases. If the civil aviation of other powers is competitively dangerous to American interests, all and any methods should be taken to crush it. Thus in the past few months the Chicago isolationists

and the American centurions have joined hands in promoting a new air imperialism which, if allowed its head, could easily form the inspiration for a third world war.

A dangerous factor in this situation is the chauvinistic trend of a large part of the American aviation industry. An advertisement issued on March 3 by American Airlines under the signature of its president, A. N. Kemp, said: "Our air effort must not relax with victory. Immediate development and expansion of America's aviation is necessary also in order to protect our nation at the peace conference. Then either we will be *dominant* in the air—or we will be *dominated* in the post-war world."

This friendly message to our allies summed up in a few words what Clare Luce said in many in her freshman speech in Congress. "We want to fly everywhere. Period," she asserted, but we must not support a policy of freedom of the skies, for that would open our own air space to foreigners whose cheap labor standards would enable them to compete successfully with our air lines and aircraft manufacturers. Some days later Mrs. Luce declared that her speech had not meant what it appeared to mean—that she did not want America to control the air of other nations, and that she favored reciprocal air-commerce agreements. But by that time the damage had been done.

Actually Mrs. Luce is one of the milder advocates of American air imperialism, and she earned a rebuke from *American Aviation*, a bi-monthly magazine strongly supported by the aeronautical industry, for having said, "We do not expect and do not want one inch of territory outside our own possessions." On the contrary, this journal declared in its March 1 issue:

The United States should become imperialistic in the Pacific—openly and aggressively. Not only should we take over every Japanese-mandated island, but we should assume complete control over every other island now nominally "owned" by another nation as far south as New Zealand and the East Indies. There should be no exceptions, for he who insists on compromise in the Pacific has no understanding of air power or the ramifications of world air commerce. . . . Let us welcome the air lines of the world to traverse the Pacific, but let the

Pacific territories be ruled by the United States. Let us decide who shall and who shall not fly over the Pacific. Let us develop the tropical empire as the new post-war frontier.

But even this proposal for aggrandizement at the expense of our allies, which has since received the enthusiastic indorsement of Representative Melvin Maas of Minnesota, appears modest in comparison with the views of some unnamed Congressmen as reported by the *Wall Street Journal* of February 27, 1943:

America would be the only nation in the world permitted to manufacture civil and military aircraft. That's one idea. America would be granted control, through its oil companies, of the big petroleum fields of the world . . . and in this way have its thumb on aviation fuel for all. That's a complementary idea. These vast concessions should be demanded at the peace table or sooner in payment of United States monetary and production expenditure for the war, some members of the air bloc believe.

Perhaps such crackpot ideas as this can be laughed off, for obviously they could hardly be given effect unless America were prepared to fight the whole world, and probably their authors have no intention of pushing them to extremes. The approach of their authors is not that of the militarist or the diplomat but of the Yankee horse trader. They see lease-lend as a marvelous bargaining weapon which can be used to obtain material benefits from our allies. Thus, they argue, we should make our deals now before victory is won, for once the recipients of lease-lend are safe from defeat, we shall not be in so good a position to turn on the heat. This is neither a pretty nor a practical attitude, for we can hardly say to Australia, for instance, "Give us permanent control of certain air bases or we will stop supplying your troops with guns to shoot the Japanese."

When the House Foreign Affairs Committee was considering the lease-lend bill in February, it listened to several proposals for making lease-lend assistance to various nations conditional on the granting of permanent advantages to American civil and military aviation. But these suggestions failed to influence the committee's report, and the bill passed almost unanimously without any strings tied to it. We must therefore beware of attaching undue weight to the vociferations of the air imperialists. Yet when all the froth has been blown off their eloquence, there remains a bitter brew to poison relations between the United States and its allies.

In her now famous speech Mrs. Luce sought to contrast the Administration's lack of interest in post-war civil aviation with the busy and purposeful preparations of other countries. "Our farsighted British cousins," she said, "have already clearly seen the vision of the air world of tomorrow. They have seen that the masters of the air will be masters of the planet, for as aviation

dominates all military effort today, so will it dominate and influence all peace-time effort tomorrow." And to prove her point she reproduced in the *Congressional Record* as an "extension of remarks" a lengthy report of a House of Commons debate on December 17, 1942. A study of this document reveals, however, that British air enthusiasts are just as disgusted with their government as Mrs. Luce is with hers. One private member after another complained that nothing was being done to prepare for post-war air-transport developments, that the British Overseas Air Corporation, which has a monopoly of empire traffic, was being shockingly neglected, that no long-range policies were being worked out, and that American aircraft manufacturers and air lines were being permitted to get such a start that Britain would never be able to catch up. This may be an over-drawn picture and the British government may have secret plans which justify Mrs. Luce's alarm, but it must be admitted that the known facts support the view that Britain's civil aviation has been flying backward.

During the war no civil aircraft have been built or even designed in Britain, and the empire air routes have been barely maintained by bolstering a heterogeneous mixture of obsolete planes with a few modern American machines. By agreement with this country Britain has concentrated on the production of war planes and has left the building of transports to us. The American program for planes designed to carry troops and supplies runs into many thousands, and the army's Air Transport Command has organized a vast network of routes connecting all fighting fronts. Its general policy seems to be to pioneer these routes and then contract with the various air lines to train and supply civilian personnel to operate its planes. Consequently American air transport companies are being given an invaluable opportunity to acquire the "know-how" of overseas flight and to build up a body of pilots who know their way about the air over distant lands and oceans. This situation will undoubtedly mean competitive advantage to the United States after the war. However, the British government has recently taken a few steps to redress the balance, perhaps because the shouting on this side of the Atlantic has given British aviation interests a new means of pressure. An Air Transport Command has lately been organized in the R. A. F.; one type of bomber has been redesigned as a transport; and one designer for one construction company has been given permission to work on the problem of an airliner for post-war production.

There is nothing in these modest measures to alarm the technically progressive American air industry. But what does excite the suspicion and jealousy of our seekers of manifest destiny in the skies is Britain's strategic advantage. As an interesting series of maps in the current issue of *Fortune* shows, the far-flung British Empire is, in many ways, as well designed for purposes of air power

as it has been for sea power. So long as the principle of national sovereignty of the air applies, it controls many of the important international air routes as well as innumerable bases. Without trespassing in the skies of other countries, Britain is in a position to forge aerial links to almost all the dominions and colonies. On the other hand, "the United States air," to quote *Fortune*, "under strict sovereignty, is obviously not big enough to give us anything like a preeminent position on the world's air routes."

Premier Churchill a few months back disclosed stiffly that he did not intend to "preside at the liquidation of the British Empire," and more recently Colonel Oliver Stanley, Secretary for the Colonies, announced that his "first and fundamental principle is that the administration of the British colonies must continue to be the sole responsibility of Great Britain." This is a plain warning of Britain's resolve to insist on its absolute title to all the real estate it has collected, by one means or another, in the course of the past three hundred years. And there is no reason to suppose that the British government is not keenly aware of the added value which the air age has given to some of this property.

It is not my purpose in this article to suggest possible lines of compromise between British and American air interests. Certainly they are far from irreconcilable, but a satisfactory understanding can only be reached as part of a far wider agreement between all nations. If ways and means can be found for international cooperation in the expansion of commerce and the universal improvement of standards of living, then there will be room in the air for all, and the plane will become one of the basic instruments of world prosperity.

Again, if we can achieve a genuine measure of collective security, the control of military air bases ceases to be a burning question. And, in this connection, it must never be forgotten that the development of the long-range bomber has made every nation's security zone overlap that of other nations. Our frontiers lie as far east as Dakar and the North Cape, as far west as New Guinea and Siberia. Can we persuade or bully other nations whose territories come within our security range to submit them to our control? Of course not. Equally, neither Britain nor any other colonial power can be permitted to monopolize air bases vital to the strategy of common defense. Any nation which insists on providing unaided for its own safety must first conquer the earth. World conquest or world association: the logic of the air age leaves no third choice.

[In the course of the next few months Keith Hutchison will contribute to *The Nation* a number of articles discussing other aspects of post-war aviation. The subjects will include the case for and against "freedom of the air," the economics of air transport, and Pan-American Airways and its rivals.]

50 Years Ago in "The Nation"

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES. From the nerve-feeding principle of the ox brain and wheat germ. . . . For relief of brain fatigue, nervous debility, dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and night sweats. . . . For thirty years used by thousands of brain-workers with such success as a *curative* that now many take it before great mental effort as a *preventive* of mental and physical exhaustion. (Advt.)—April 6, 1893.

WHAT HAS BECOME of that tremendous enthusiasm for the annexation of Hawaii which two months ago was inundating the country? Commissioner Blount's arrival at the Islands is telegraphed, with the consequent depression of the annexationists and joy of the royalists. . . . Mr. Blount . . . plans to visit all the islands and employ several weeks in finding out the real sentiments of the people.—April 13, 1893.

"DIVISION AND REUNION, 1829-1889," by Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D., LL.D. . . . As might be expected from the learning and literary skill of the writer, he holds his subject well in hand, and, after a liberal allowance made for his point of view, he divides what seems to him the word of truth with a candor and discrimination that are worthy of praise.—April 13, 1893.

CHARLES L. WEBSTER & CO. publish today . . . "The £1,000,000 Bank-Note and Other New Sketches," by Mark Twain. (Advt.)—April 13, 1893.

IN NOVEMBER last, trade and commerce and comfortable living in New Orleans were brought to a dead standstill by the concerted action of the labor unions. . . . Judge William Wirt Howe, the counsel for the Board of Trade, suggested that this action was an unlawful restraint directed against trade and commerce by an unlawful combination. . . . The service of process was immediately followed by cessation of the strike.—April 13, 1893.

THE COLORADO DESERT in Southern California is about to be watered. . . . Men of the East do not know and cannot believe what wealth irrigation creates . . . where all outdoors is a hotbed. . . . We have a pamphlet to send you; free. Our immediate object is to sell shares. . . . The Colorado River Irrigation Co. (Advt.)—April 13, 1893.

THE MUSICAL Mutual Protective Union played its usual farce on Friday in trying to prevent the imperial German infantry and cavalry bands from entering this country as artists, on the ground that they are not artists but contract laborers. . . . Dr. Senner, of course, decided that Emperor William's musicians are artists, and admitted them.—April 27, 1893.

IN LOCAL musical annals the season of 1892-93 will go down as the Paderewski year. The Polish pianist will take his farewell of New York next Saturday, not to be heard again for several years, as he intends to devote his time to composition. . . . It is to be hoped that he will combine the functions of composer and pianist, giving concerts when his brain needs time for the maturing of new ideas.—April 27, 1893.

Fascist Pie for Veterans

BY VICTOR RIESEL

JOSEPH McWILLIAMS, whose profile has done almost as much for American fascism as John Barrymore's did for the stage, has abandoned his Christian Mobilizers and street rioting on Yorkville corners for more respectable business. He is now engaged in selling a post-war bonus plan to the millions in the armed services and their families who are looking ahead to the time when our forces will be demobilized and jobs will be scarce.

Despite the camouflage of pseudo-economic verbiage with which McWilliams and his ghost writers have veiled his proposals, his "Serviceman's Reconstruction Plan" is merely a ham-and-eggs scheme which would give every man honorably discharged from the armed forces \$7,800 in 3½ per cent interest-bearing United States government bonds. What at first appears to be another episode in the long medicine show which has been McWilliams's career on closer inspection shows itself to be the cleverest appeal for a know-nothing following that has come from the brain of an American fascist since Coughlin and his sixteen points. McWilliams, himself curiously exempt from the draft, has devised a bait to capture the imaginations of the men now fighting on twenty-one fronts and the seven seas. Without the slightest hesitation the debonair ex-street-fighter promises that "the Serviceman's Reconstruction Plan, when adopted, will resolve all doubts any individual may have about his future."

Just where McWilliams had his plan written for him and who is backing it are still mysteries to the newspapermen who have made a point of exposing his man-on-horseback activities. Shortly before Pearl Harbor he became involved with the New York police over the provocation of anti-Semitic riots in the German section of mid-Manhattan. His Eastern backers turned to less obvious Anglophobes after December 7, and McWilliams went into hiding. Curious reporters joined the FBI in tracing him down. Despite reports that he had returned to his native Texas he suddenly bobbed up in Chicago as a lecturer for the Midwest Monetary Federation. When classes failed to materialize, though the price was only one dollar a lecture, McWilliams and his backers looked about for new angels. Some months ago literature of his Serviceman's Reconstruction Plan began to circulate through the Middle West, and McWilliams himself, a little thinner but as handsome as ever, appeared as a lecturer before Kiwanis clubs, business men's groups, and the Navy Mothers. One of the Mothers

virtually adopted him. When the writer and Walter Winchell revealed the connection, Colonel McCormick's Chicago *Tribune* charged that the Navy Mothers were watching McWilliams for the FBI and the army and navy intelligence. The *Tribune* had little to say about the self-appointed Sir William Beveridge of American fascism and his plan for a secure future for all service men. Well-informed political circles in Chicago believe that the Congressional boom now beginning for McWilliams will have little difficulty in obtaining press and radio support in the home city of the Patterson-McCormick press dynasty.

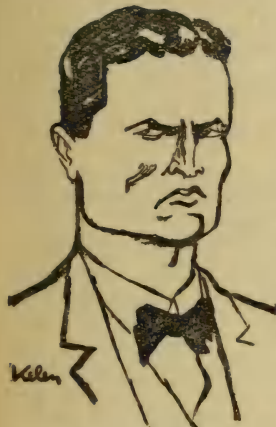
McWilliams has found strong support in America's first circles. His publisher, Mrs. Alexis de Tarnowsky, the wife of an army officer, is a very wealthy woman. As Alice Rand she turned the Barrington Rand Press offices in Barrington and Chicago over to the promotion of the new panacea for post-war depression. In a short time the country will be deluged with her *Post-War Bulletin*, which is frankly issued as a personal McWilliams organ, and the handsome red-white-and-blue \$1.50 book explaining the "Plan."

The new project is developing along lines radically different from those followed previously by either McWilliams or other endemic fascists. McWilliams has been streamlined by his new managers. He no longer rants or pounds the table. He talks of preserving democracy. He gives no sign of the crude anti-Semitism of his Yorkville days. His meetings are attended by prominent citizens of the little suburban towns around Chicago. He makes a quiet, gentle appeal for the future of "our boys."

At the beginning of his book, immediately after a glamorous photograph of himself in a dark business suit, he writes: "With infinite compassion for those who have suffered and died, and for those who are to suffer and die, with solicitude for the future of those who are to battle and live, to them—our heroic fighting men, I dedicate the pages of this slender paper." Later he is presented in the official biography as a crusader, a pioneer opening new frontiers. Just as his parents sought the new lands of the West, he is seeking new fields of social and political advance. He has made, the author asserts, a long and detailed study of the various schools of social, financial, political, and religious thought. In fact, the last few years of his life have been devoted almost exclusively to such activity. (His methods of study were illustrated in 1940, when he boasted that his conviction on a charge of inciting race hatred at a street meeting was good pub-

licity. "I was in that court putting on a show," he said.)

The image in which McWilliams is being re-created has become a familiar European phenomenon, and the portrait of the new McWilliams reveals the shape of things to come in American fascism. "While not an extremist, passivist, isolationist, or interventionist, he has continuously advocated a national program of adequate planned preparedness," his biographer writes. "More than two years before



Joseph McWilliams

the leadership of either political party realized the self-defense necessity of being prepared for possible war, he advocated military conscription and tremendously expanded national and hemispheric defenses as essential cornerstones for maintaining and improving our American Way of Life." (In an interview published early in 1942 McWilliams told reporters he was "against the Jews and

the Allies" and expressed the belief that Hitler would win. "It's got to be that way," he said, "because the British Empire doesn't make sense.")

"The practical advantages of the Serviceman's Reconstruction Plan, socially, financially, economically, industrially, vocationally, and politically," the author of the descriptive booklet asserts, "are readily apparent." Its religious appeal [he continued] will also be as apparent except perhaps to those Christians who unfortunately are confused by the small group of anti-force theorists who in the last twenty years have so vociferously advocated an impractical theological softening down of the sterner realities of eternal truth. The author's [McWilliams] actionist creed is in line with both American patriotism and with Christian theology, as sincerely believed in and conscientiously lived by more than nine-tenths of those who belong to, or are affiliated with, Christian churches, including the majority of the leaders of all denominations. [On February 28, 1940, a meeting of twenty-three religious groups disavowed McWilliams's Christian Mobilizers.]

Catch-all is the word for McWilliams's plan. It will maintain morale, prevent collapse after the war, give our youth a chance to become productive, reconstitute the American middle class, create unity now, and, of all things, avert another bonus march. One of the cleverest of the arguments advanced for it is that the \$7,800 worth

of bonds to be given to "every soldier, sailor, marine, aviator, and coastguardsman" could be used for marriages delayed for many years by the war. "If our young marriageable people are kept from establishing families and homes by years of war and then are prevented from marrying because of economic reasons for additional years after the coming peace, the future of our nation, race, and culture will be irreparably damaged," the book states. With millions of our young people marrying on the plan's \$7,800, McWilliams argues, the nation would be saved from economic as well as sexual collapse.

To his bonds-for-babies idea McWilliams tacks on a proposal for the end of slums and a vast post-war housing boom.

The sum of \$7,800 in Serviceman's Reconstruction Plan bonds, paid to each of our returning servicemen, and used as provided, will result in the building of millions of new dwellings. This is certain to create a huge movement away from the slums and the outmoded dwellings erected in past decades. This will do more to take millions out of the unhealthy, congested areas than all the housing programs heretofore launched.

In an attempt to capitalize on the unrest caused by rationing and the resultant closing of thousands of small non-essential businesses, he warns that "the nature of this war is such that it will result in the economic destruction of hundreds of thousands of American middle-class business men and women." The appeal to the suddenly declassed white-collar worker, who finds himself the least important unit of the war-time population, parallels early Hitlerian propaganda:

Salesmen and those engaged in sales promotion, advertising, and merchandising have been driven from their activities. Automobile, radio and tire dealers have been forced out of business. In war production large concerns have acquired the lion's share of the orders. Because of priorities and other emergency measures countless thousands of small shops and factories have closed or faced closing. Great groups of middle-class people whose incomes are derived from fixed income-producing securities or investments are threatened with disaster because of the rising cost of living.

We are witnessing the most rapid extinguishment of a middle group in history. . . . Democracies are the political expressions of middle-class imperatives. The destruction of our middle class would mean the end of our democracy. The Serviceman's Reconstruction Plan will perpetuate our American system. By paying \$7,800 to those who have risked most for their country we will create a vigorous new middle class of 5,000,000 to 10,000,000.

In his attack on communism McWilliams becomes most reminiscent of his old rabble-rousing self:

Unless we have a plan of action for the post-war period the Communists will take America by default. The just payment of \$7,800 to our several mil-

lion militarily trained young men and their establishment as business-owning, home-owning citizens will utterly destroy the long-prepared program of the Marxists. These trained young men will be prepared, able, and disposed to smash ■ Communist coup d'état at a moment's notice.

The Serviceman's Reconstruction Plan, and it alone, can save our people from social revolution and bloodshed. . . . This plan in operation will smash the hopes of not only the Communists but all varieties of totalitarians who scheme to force dictatorship upon our people. It assures us an opportunity to get through the dangerous post-war months without civil strife and a chance to go on to the fulfilment of the great and fulfilling promise of America.

McWilliams's scheme would cost \$78,000,000,000 if put into operation on the basis of 10,000,000 survivors of the present United States armed forces. This does not include the 3½ per cent interest. McWilliams proposes to pay this sum out of the running expenses of the government: "It will be paid with the wealth produced by billions of man-hours of work that would not be done unless they [the bonds] are issued and used to create business activity and total employment in the post-war era."

Unlike some of his contemporaries who have promised pie in the sky, McWilliams has worked out his plan in detail. It appeals through its simplicity. For every ex-serviceman McWilliams would place in trust for a period of seven years—with local boards of trustees similar in make-up to the present local draft boards—\$7,800 in 3½ per cent government bonds. Part or all of these bonds could be sold by the ex-soldier to build a home, engage in business, buy a farm, or complete his education. The purpose, however, must be a worthy one. The interest rate is expected to guarantee a quick market for the bonds at par or above, and the cash would come from existing bank deposits. Thus McWilliams hopes to mobilize the funds of the nation "for immediate economic action—resulting in economically creative work by the servicemen beneficiaries." The bonds would be amortized over ■ thirty-year period.

The local boards, to be known as Servicemen's Reconstruction Trustees, would have possession of the bonds issued in the names of the local boys. The trustees would be chosen for their business experience, acquaintance with local affairs, and "fiduciary knowledge," and would have the final word on how much of the nest egg might be withdrawn and for what purposes.

This, in essence, is what the political speculators behind McWilliams are attempting to sell to the Middle West. Apparently some progress is being made, for the Barrington Rand Press has just opened a store on North Michigan Avenue in Chicago to display McWilliams's literature.

Now that McWilliams is no longer selling merely riots and anti-Semitism, his activities are being closely watched by Congressional America First leaders. From his experience a handful of isolationist Senators hope to develop a strategy which will gather the new crop of war veterans into their anti-New Deal fold. Every trick that will win the support of the men in uniform as they are demobilized is of vital interest to this group. McWilliams is only one of many out to get the veterans' vote. Typical of such activity is the campaign of the newly organized American Mothers of Detroit, led by a former America First organizer, for free furlough transportation and permission for husbands and sons "to visit their loved ones at least once every six months." The Mothers distribute their literature at meetings of Gerald L. K. Smith's America First Party. Similar organizations are at work presenting plans that ostensibly respond to the various needs and fears prevalent among the boys in khaki.

These groups are led by second-string isolationist leaders. Should their appeals be successful in the Middle West, similar campaigns will be launched with much fanfare in New York and in other cities, particularly those in which Coughlin and Lindbergh once had large followings.

Diffident Invitation to a Rationed Dinner

Will you come to dinner Wednesday?
There'll be very little meat,
There'll be precious little coffee,
And you will not get it sweet,
There'll be bread already buttered,
Buttered, wisely, very thin,
There'll be artichokes, or cabbage,
And it won't be from a tin.

Will you come to dine on Wednesday,
Though the lights will all be dim,
And there'll be at most one cocktail,
And the hors d'oeuvres few and grim?
We will greet you very warmly,
Though the parlor won't be hot,
And the laundry-man says dressing
Would be simpler if we'd not.

But there'll be some old companions
In old suits and last year's shoes,
There'll be very old French brandy
(Which we'll thank you to refuse).
Come and take pot-luck on Wednesday
While our ration books permit,
Come and share in our privation,
Come and help us eat our bit.

IRWIN EDMAN

Letters from Nation Associates

THE NATION'S appeal to its readers for funds with which to guarantee the magazine's continued existence has brought amazing returns in the number of contributions. What is quite as gratifying to the editors of an "opposition journal," almost all of the thousands of contributions have been accompanied by expressions of support and solidarity. In a later issue we will publish a report of the financial returns, which are not yet complete; we present here a small selection of the letters we have received from every part of the country.

A Dive-Bomber Pilot—and Others

Yesterday I learned for the first time that *The Nation* is sadly in need of financial support, without which the magazine might be compelled to cease publishing. Although I have never been a regular subscriber, I thank God that I have had the good sense to read it more than occasionally since the time I became old enough to realize that all's not right with this world.

This month I am leaving the country in the capacity of a naval dive-bomber pilot, and I deem it my privilege to be one of the contributors toward the sum which I trust will help to insure that your enlightened and forward-looking journal will remain "at the plate," slugging and swinging furiously against the forces of smugness, isolationism, and reaction.

Those of us who are fighting in this war as much for social gains as for the elimination of the threat of fascism will have less reason to become uneasy about developments on the home front as long as there are vigilant journals of expression like *The Nation* on our newsstands. I shudder with horror at even the thought that your magazine would cease to be published merely for lack of funds.

Keep us posted for heaven's sake if your financial obligations are not quickly liquidated. If necessary you can depend upon your readers to give more.

When I received your letter informing me of *The Nation's* plight, I asked myself, "Which can I do without: *The Nation* or two week-ends away from camp?" The inclosed check for \$10 supplies my answer.

Best of luck and, of course, here's hoping!

Camp —, Pennsylvania

ENSIGN A. W. B.

PVT. I. D. L.

Here's \$25 for the campaign, and as partial payment for the years of satisfaction I've got from *The Nation*. I don't want a subscription—not now at least, when I'm lucky to find time to read the press section of *Time*, where I just saw notice of the present drive. But I want to be sure *The Nation* will still be there when I do have time to read something besides field manuals and the *Infantry Journal*.

Camp —, California

LT. E. B. H.

Melting Pot

I have your letter of March 3 and am touched. Indeed, a Scotsman must be deeply touched when he pungles up \$25 for a paper with which he is only partly in sympathy.

Sometimes you rile me terribly, particularly by your attitude on the labor question, but I have to concede your earnestness and sincerity, and I agree with you that probably the world would be worse off if *The Nation* were to succumb. So here is my favorite twenty-five bucks.

Colusa, California

C. D.

Glad to do my bit but haven't very much. Miss Kirchwey's article this week on the slaughter of Jews in Europe is worth all I can give. My forbears were Quakers and came over in the early days, and I feel that any religious refugee should be welcomed—not kept away.

Berkeley, California

M. V. F.

I have indeed a great affection for *The Nation*. This comes partly from the fact that my father contributed letters to this paper in 1871, when he was a volunteer surgeon (for the German army) in the Franco-Prussian War; and that *The Nation* has been, all my life, on the family's and my own reading table.

Chicago, Illinois

E. L. D.

Wanted: A Million Subscribers

I am inclosing a Post Office money order for \$10. I have been a subscriber for a long time; a reader for much longer. I came to this country in 1916. In 1917 I bought my first copy of *The Nation* in San Francisco and have been reading it ever since.

I have a small barber shop, and *The Nation* is on the table. It amazes me how few people ever look at it. The average American workingman is satisfied with the sporting page and *Life* and *Look* magazines. He buys the *Saturday Evening Post* and thinks the unions should keep out of politics. I sometimes wonder if we shall see a better world before *The Nation* has a million subscribers.

Oakland, California

P. H.

Scraping the Bottom of the Barrel

I am a retired railroad employee, seventy years of age, having worked for the same railroad forty-seven years at a small wage. I receive a small pension now, which is practically my sole income, and with conditions as they are at present, life for me is a perpetual struggle for survival. However, since my wife died a few years back and my only son is now self-supporting, that militant spirit I had for the battle for a new and better world and the uplifting of the working class of the world has just about deserted me. No doubt this horrible war is partly responsible for this depression of mine.

Truth to tell, I am beginning to feel more and more as if I had been a citizen of some other world and was only a visitor here on this earth. The Catholic church, with the mantle of Christ over it—what a mockery. Green fighting Murray, Lewis fighting both, the State Department acting like a Chamberlain, the working class being killed, butchered, robbed, starved, raped, and exploited by the millions.

Yes, I admit this world needs real fighters, humanitarians and libertarians, and as you come under that classification I am scraping the bottom of the barrel and sending you a check for \$10 which closes my account with the bank,
Washington, D. C. T. T.

I hope the inclosed check for \$10 will help. I have had publishing experience myself and can appreciate the problem. I regret to say at the present time I am a prison inmate, earning but 15 cents a day. This about cleans up the balance to my credit on the institution books, but you are welcome to it. Perhaps it will bring me luck, just as your splendid liberal publication brings me immeasurable inspiration even behind these gray walls.
Connecticut T. B. J.

I Sometimes Disagree, but . . .

I am glad to inscribe myself in Nation Associates as a Foundation Member at \$100 and am inclosing herewith my check.

I have been a subscriber of *The Nation* since about 1917, and I have missed hardly an issue. Your record of the last quarter of a century and before is a noble one, and I would not like to see your usefulness terminated. This does not mean that I have always agreed with the ideas and sentiments expressed in your publication. I think that our country in the past has become great and wealthy and powerful by having as little bureaucracy and government as possible, whereas in *The Nation* the idea of more and more central control seems to prevail. To me the welfare of the individual citizen and of our country will not be advanced over the long run by a paternalistic system of state socialism in time of peace. But of course *The Nation* never expects all of its readers to think exactly alike. However, in its advocacy of great moral issues and principles *The Nation* has been magnificent. Its fearless defense of human rights, even for minorities and unpopular groups, has endeared it to those who love freedom and justice and truth. May it continue to lead in such causes!
Long Island, New York H. S.

And Sixteen Cents

Inclosed find a check for \$5.16.

Five dollars is in honor of *The Nation* in the hope that it will survive all difficulties. Five cents is in honor of our Ambassador Hayes, who enthruses me to the limit by his delight in the fact that busses are now running in Madrid while our war workers in this country do not get enough gasoline; that plenty of oil is being shipped to Spain—most likely for the use of the Blue Legion; and that a great supply of food products arrived in Spain while out West in our country a woman killed two of her children because she had not enough proper food and clothing for them. Five cents is given to you

in honor of our State Department, which still doesn't seem to know where and when the sun rises and sets.

Five cents is given to you in honor of Mr. Dies, who will soon discover that all readers of *The Nation* are Communists. One cent is given to you in honor of Mr. Coughlin, the Ku Klux Klan, and the Christian Front, all of whom made the wonderful discovery that the Jews are running this war for the purpose of dominating the world.

Also, information please! There are a number of people who are afraid that Stalin will stop at the German border; and there are also a number of people who are afraid that Stalin will not stop at the German border. Do you know the answer? Are they both right in being afraid?
Yonkers, New York P. T. B.

For Services Rendered

In answer to your call for financial aid I submit my contribution not as a gratuity but as a tax, for to me *The Nation* serves purposes as necessary as those performed by police and fire departments.
New York J. S. M.

If *The Nation* were to crumple up, we should feel that the nation itself was crumpling. May you be able to avert the disaster.

Lawrence, Kansas

R. R. M.

Fifty Democrats from Spain

I take great pleasure in inclosing a check for the amount of \$100 for the collection which is now being carried on for *The Nation*. The total amount represents exactly fifty individual contributions of \$2 each, which fifty different refugees of the Spanish Republic now residing in this city have gladly donated. It is, as you can see, a very modest token of our great appreciation of the magazine which you so wisely direct, of the principles it stands for and so courageously defends.

Our support of *The Nation* is inspired not only by our feeling as Spaniards but also by our stand as democrats who have fought for three consecutive years against the same evil forces that the United States and the United Nations are now fighting, to achieve the same goal—a worldwide democracy. We feel, naturally, very much obliged to you and the members of your staff for the great pains you have taken to make known to the public the truth about the Spanish situation under Franco. Yet the fight that took place in Spain was never a fight for the mere purpose of defending our country. It was a fight for democracy. It was a fight for a people's victory, a fight for a people's peace.

That is why we support *The Nation*—because its aims are the same as ours, it struggles for the same principles we do, whether the political battlefield be France or North Africa, England, Latin America, or the United States.

We are happy to be able to help in the collection, and for the above reasons you know that we feel that *The Nation* is one of us.

O. A. SUCCAR,
Secretary of the ACERE (Association of Exiles
and Former Combatants of the Spanish Republic)

New York

The Second Front Reconsidered

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

WHEN the American High Command shortly after Pearl Harbor determined to deal first with Germany, it made the opening of a major land front in Europe the most important immediate problem of the war. All through 1942 the questions where, when, and how were on every tongue, and second-front demonstrations indicated a keen popular awareness that aerial and naval blows were not enough and that Germany must be struck a heavy blow on land if the United Nations were to win the final decision.

Today, nearly a year and a half later, this needed European offensive has still failed to materialize, and even the demand for it has lost the now-or-never urgency of a year ago, for German reverses in Africa and Russia have made the Allied cause appear much brighter. But if Hitler has already failed in his attempt to win the war he has not necessarily lost it. He has scant hope of destroying any of his three principal foes, but with the advantages of superior land power and a central position he might reasonably expect to drag on an expensive and indecisive war to a negotiated peace that would leave him with most of the spoils. Despite the talk of "unconditional surrender" at Casablanca, there is little doubt that this is the present German purpose.

The principal object of Nazi strategy in the west is to prevent a heavy land attack from becoming a reality. If the Germans are to get even a draw, they must destroy enough shipping to keep down the striking power of the Western Allies and hold off invasion. As long as transport difficulties keep the size of an invading force within the German capacity to combat it, the Reich is reasonably safe.

On the other hand, the true strategy for Great Britain and the United States calls for invasion as soon as there is a fair assurance of success. Air bombing, by its attrition of German strength, is bringing that day closer, as is the winning of the African struggle. But while these two campaigns are important, they are only preliminary—and strictly secondary—to the more decisive struggle to come. It is already clear from the extremely careful, deliberate strategy of the British and Americans that Europe will not be invaded until there is a definite chance of success. The refusal to invade Europe in 1942 in aid of Russia offers proof that diversionary campaigns or operations to prevent suffering or the extermination of nations will not be undertaken.

Much depends upon bringing the African war to an end. Success in driving out Rommel will release for

service elsewhere an enormous amount of man-power and shipping. After consolidating their hold on the African coast, the Allies will need to leave there only skeleton garrisons, which, with superior naval and air strength, should give ample insurance against surprise.

We missed a golden opportunity early this year by failing to invade Europe at a time when the southern German armies in Russia were threatened with disaster and few reserves were available. We may not have as good a chance again, but we certainly have a definite obligation to keep alive a great enough threat to prevent German concentration on the eastern front.

An adequate supply of troops may present a very genuine problem since the number of men going directly into the combat branches of our army is comparatively small. However, some numerical inferiority may be overcome by excellent equipment, thorough training, and overwhelming air superiority. Again, the possible weakening of enemy morale and the disruption of enemy industry by bombing, now becoming increasingly a reality, may permit some shaving of numbers. But there is obviously a limit beyond which this cannot be carried. Final defeat of Germany is partly a mass-army problem, and it is by no means certain, even after three years of arming, that we have the necessary force available.

If we attempt an early mass attack, we may have to get along with less shipping than we have formerly considered essential. No other phase of the war has been so disappointing as the effort to master the submarine. Even though for the past several months our new construction has surpassed sinkings we have not added the tonnage earlier regarded as necessary.

Rather too much credence has been given to the German scare stories telling of enormously strong fortifications along the coast of Europe. No such thing as an invulnerable defense line has yet been constructed, and no chain of fortifications is stronger than its weakest link. Defenses extending three to four thousand miles cannot everywhere be strong. Nor can the coastal defenses of Europe be as strong as they were a year ago when second-front possibilities were mainly confined to France and Norway, and German garrisons were not required in southern Europe save for police purposes. The establishment of beachheads in hostile territory is never easy, and Secretary Stimson has rightly warned of heavy casualties ahead, but with the weapons now available this problem can be met. From hints dropped by Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stimson in recent speeches, as well as

from the known facts, an attack on continental Europe seems likely some time between the summer and late fall of 1943, the date depending upon such factors as the clearing of North Africa and the amount of shipping available.

The African campaign has opened up many new possibilities of attack. If our cautious policy is continued, we shall strike in areas far distant from the centers of German power where transport difficulties will reduce the Axis defensive strength. This requirement is still met in Norway, and in addition a successful campaign there would deprive Germany of valuable iron resources and safeguard the supply line to Russia. Whether recent reports of the smuggling in of weapons and saboteurs are true or merely a part of the British war of nerves it is impossible to say; internal aid would be invaluable since Norway is comparatively remote from Allied air power.

The southern coast of Europe offers two especially inviting routes of attack and others less feasible. The best prospect in the Mediterranean is found in the occupation of Sicily and Sardinia, followed by an attack on the exposed coast of Italy. Both air and sea protection could be supplied over the short distances involved; most of the base facilities and experienced troops needed are already present; the whole south coast of Europe is less easy for Germany to defend than areas farther north owing to geographical barriers and a paucity of north-south railways. However, the enemy has now been given ample time to prepare against this very move.

Another promising line of attack might start with an amphibious invasion of Crete and the Aegean Islands, followed by a similar move into Greece. By way of Salonika and the Vardar Valley, thrusts could then be made into war-weary Bulgaria and Rumania and also into Yugoslavia, where we could count on active support. This route of attack, when used by the Allies in the First World War, brought good results. The long initial hop of some three hundred miles between Egyptian bases and Crete is the greatest drawback.

Finally, the Channel coast of France and the Low Countries continues to be by far the most logical jumping-off place for an invasion of Europe. This area is of vital importance to Germany, is extremely close to Allied bases of supply, can be dominated by Allied air power, and for years has been the object of almost daily reconnaissance sweeps. Success here would eliminate the most dangerous submarine bases and almost overnight oblige the U-boat to conduct its campaign under the geographical handicaps it faced in 1918.

But there are obstacles here also. The Germans are not blind to the importance of the Channel coast and have concentrated their best defenses and garrison divisions in the area. Reaction to the Dieppe raid last year was prompt and vigorous, and even air superiority did not prevent an expensive Allied defeat. If the second

front is opened in France it will be because we are willing and able to face a showdown with the German army at its strongest.

Our programs of shipbuilding and troop training are not aimed at victory in 1943, and we shall be considerably stronger a year from now. Invasion of the Channel coast, with the decisive test of power it would certainly bring, is therefore not immediately likely, but we shall probably launch a preliminary campaign in the near future.

In the Wind

A HOUSING DEVELOPMENT for war workers is being built by the National Housing Administration at Farrell, Pennsylvania. It was originally planned to put the development on an attractive site in a good neighborhood, but when it was learned that Negroes as well as whites would live in it the plans were changed. The new dwellings will be surrounded by slums.

THE SPECIAL SOVIET EDITION of *Life* included pictures of unnamed individuals typical of the different peoples who make up the Soviet Union. The typical Jew was Professor Joseph J. Lieberberg, former president of Biro-Bidjan, who was dismissed in October, 1936, on charges of Trotskyism.

EDUCATION ITEM: Willford I. King, professor of economics at New York University, reveals the facts of economic life in a bulletin distributed by the Committee for Constitutional Government, Inc., in opposition to any plan to limit large incomes: "From early youth, most of us have been taught to dread taxes and to plan how to avoid them."

RELIABLE PARTIES will be interested in this advertisement in the *Billboard*, trade paper of the circus and sideshow business: "On account of disappointment due to the draft, have a complete Hawaiian Girl Show. Will give same to reliable party."

FESTUNG EUROPA: The *Tuberkuloseblatt*, a German medical journal, says that 80 to 90 per cent of those suffering from tuberculosis in an inactive form are being forced to work, often under "unsuitable conditions." . . . Tuberculosis in Holland has increased 74.5 per cent under Nazi rule. . . . DNB, official German news agency, says a similar figure among Belgian children is due not to a real increase of the disease but to faking in order to get special rations. . . . From the French underground comes the following menu of a Pétain dinner: hors d'oeuvre, white beans, stuffed cabbage, salad with sardines and leeks, cauliflower, anchovies, tongue, cold cuts, sausage, broiled salmon, ham, pâté de foie gras, filet mignon, potatoes, peas, omelette, stewed fruits, coffee, and liqueurs.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*. A prize of \$3 will be awarded each month for the best item.]

Political Unity First

BY NORMAN ANGELL

TODAY we and the thirty nations allied with us are fighting for our freedom. We shall win. But when we have won, how shall we keep our freedom so that we shall not have to fight for it all over again in a decade or two after the next peace, as we are now fighting little more than two decades after the last?

Many of us feel perhaps that when the enemy has been defeated, the job will be done. But we must remind ourselves that we defeated him completely, utterly, twenty-five years ago and ask why we now have to do it again in a second even bloodier and more devastating world war. If we do not answer that question in our minds we may make exactly the same mistakes this time. We may once more throw away our victory.

Why did our peace fail? Why is the freedom of 90 per cent of the people of the earth now in jeopardy?

Let us recall for a moment what happened after the peace was made. Within a year or two the grand alliance which had fought the war against Germany had gone to pieces. Long before the Peace Conference was over, bitter differences had arisen among practically all members of the alliance. Britain and America were at odds with each other and with France. France, you remember, surrendered its policy of a separate Rhineland republic and a permanently fortified Rhine frontier in return for a promise of aid from Britain and America in the event of another German attack. Those Anglo-American guarantees of French security were not ratified; and as soon as it was clear that they never would be, the peace of Europe began to disintegrate. France adopted a policy of inflicting damage on Germany with the idea of keeping it weak. The Ruhr invasion a little later was a characteristic feature of that policy. We in Britain and America were shocked but failed to do the one thing that would have kept France from this course—failed, that is, to say to it, "We will guarantee your security with everything we have if you will so behave toward Germany that this Weimar Republic will have a chance of life." We did not take this step, which would have helped a decent Germany to survive. We did, however, adopt a quite futile pro-Germanism. We began to say, particularly in America, that Germany had been badly treated, that the Treaty of Versailles was a wicked document, and much more to the same effect. The result was the growth in France of an Anglophobia which was to explode later at a tragic moment and make it easier for Hitler to secure the surrender of France.

The association which had won the victory in 1918 continued to disintegrate. France, Britain, and America became separated from Russia, and mutual distrust grew. Japan, one of the Allies, attacked another ally, China; later Japan and Italy, which had fought Germany, became Germany's allies.

If a similar disintegration is to follow a new victory, what is the good of talking about the permanent repression, not of one people, this time, but of two—Germany and Japan. If absolute repression of those two nations for generations is to be our policy, a degree of unity, cohesion, and cooperation will be demanded of the United Nations which not even two nations, to say nothing of thirty, were able to achieve in the past.

I suggest that, whatever policy we ultimately adopt, our freedom can never be secure unless we recognize, far more clearly than we have recognized in the past, that the real price of freedom is the fulfilment of certain obligations, that the right to freedom carries certain duties—obligations we have repudiated and duties we have neglected.

Note what failure to cooperate involves. We have seen the rights and freedom of nearly the whole of Christian Europe destroyed by a relatively small group of ruthless and evil men; twenty states have passed under the power of one. We have seen states whose democratic freedom dates back a thousand years—as told in Icelandic sagas—overthrown during a week-end. How has this amazing thing, the defeat and subjugation of millions by a few evil men, been brought about? Surely that is the first question which should concern those who want to build a free and humane civilization.

The answer which comes nearest to being the complete one is extremely simple and yet is very seldom given; it is an answer which we all in some measure evade. Those twenty states have perished as free nations because each said in effect: "We refuse to defend the security or the rights of others; we will defend only our own." Because all said this in one form or another they were all at Hitler's mercy, however much they armed.

If I dwell upon truths that were known by the thinkers of Athens and the seers of Palestine, it is because we are still, in the midst of the Second World War, denying them. The right of the 90 per cent not to be killed, destroyed, enslaved by the 10 per cent is the first right we must insure, for without it no other right whatever, whether of religious or intellectual freedom or eco-

conomic welfare, has the slightest value. Yet we are not making this our first purpose. Indeed, we are apt to insist that this right of itself will not suffice to move men; that people will not work and fight merely to be free of violence and terror and enslavement; that they must be offered a new economic order of one kind or another. A new economic order, however, cannot possibly survive—as Russia is finding out—unless the other condition is fulfilled, unless there is common resistance to violence, unless there is political unity rising above economic doctrine.

There is no purpose in creating a new social order, as Russia has discovered, if it cannot be defended. And it can only be defended, again as Russia has discovered, collectively, with the aid of other nations which may

have very different social forms. Russia has learned that though communism may be the ideal form of society, it cannot have communism unless it is prepared to cooperate with nations that are not Communist; as capitalist nations have discovered that they cannot have free enterprise unless they are prepared to cooperate with nations that are not capitalist.

If we are not to miss the truth that political unity comes first, as we missed it before when we needed it most, we must go on stating it. Every right, including freedom, has its duties. I believe that the people will accept the fact that rights mean duties, that freedom means surrender of some freedoms, that a better future demands unity, and that unity is based on toleration and discipline.

Noguès—Case Study in Opportunism

BY EMILE BURE

THE French generals provide the key to the North African situation, which seems to brighten for a moment and then once more darkens into obscurity. In analyzing the problems of political warfare which have arisen in the first territory to be occupied by American troops, it is therefore of the greatest importance that we keep in mind the psychology and traditional mentality of these men.

In 1918 General Foch said to Clemenceau, "You know, I am not subject to your orders." Clemenceau replied succinctly, "I don't know where you got that idea, but I advise you to forget it." He knew that the military leaders, for the most part sons of noble families, educated in religious schools, consented only reluctantly to work with the Republican ministers, secretly regretting that they could not eliminate them altogether. Marshal Pétain was adept at concealing his counter-revolutionary game. I had so often seen him scraping and bowing before Clemenceau that I firmly believed him to be a Republican until the day he was named ambassador to Madrid to do the bidding of Franco. Up to that time I had despised him only because he had been a defeatist during the last war and his defeatism had almost made possible a German victory. Nor did Marshal Foch possess civic virtues to match his military talents. Publicly he approved the pacifist policy of Briand; in private he denounced it. Anatole France, in his delightful "Souvenirs de jeunesse," wrote: "Having once been a hero on the battlefield, my Uncle Hyacinthe thereafter believed himself absolved from all moral obligation." How many Hyacinthes I have met since the last world war in the ranks of the war veterans!

The case of General Noguès, Resident General of Morocco, provides a striking illustration of the "Vichyism" to be found among many French military and civil functionaries. Are these men supporters of the "New Order," admirers of Hitler and Mussolini? Most of them are not. They are opportunists of the smallest caliber, trying to hang on to their jobs at all costs for the sake of the comfortable pensions they carry. As long as Pétain held the purse strings, even though it was by the grace of Hitler, whose victory at the end of 1940 appeared certain, Pétain was France for these office-holders.

General Noguès was filled with dreams of personal ambition when the German armies invaded France. At that time he believed, it may be said to his credit, that the French government would move to Africa and would delegate to him supreme military power. In order to influence the government in that direction and demonstrate that he had the forces with which to support French resistance overseas, he sent two officers of his command to Bordeaux. They arrived at Marignane on the very day that Pétain succeeded Reynaud as President of the Council of Ministers, and were arrested as soon as they had stated the object of their mission. General Noguès did nothing to obtain their liberation; on the contrary he promptly disavowed their mission by his acts. While he was in Algiers, his police arrested Georges Mandel at Casablanca. Lord Gort and Mr. Duff Cooper, who had flown from England to confer with Mandel, were denied an interview by the police. Mandel was then ordered to leave Morocco for France, where he was thrown into prison.

Having decided to hitch his wagon to the Pétain star,

General Noguès organized the defense of the Moroccan Protectorate not for the purpose of repulsing a German or Italian attack but rather to oppose any English or American landing. His conduct last November when American boats appeared on the horizon was dishonored him for all time. Landing operation or commando raid? he asked himself before deciding on a course of action. If he had believed it to be a landing operation, no doubt he would have cried, "Long live Roosevelt! Long live Churchill!" But thinking, apparently, that this was only a hit-and-run commando raid, he continued to shout, "Vive Pétain!"

Recently, in the *New York Times*, General Bethouard, General Giraud's envoy to Washington, expressed some timid, though plain, doubts about General Noguès, but apparently harbored no resentment against the Moroccan governor for having arrested and imprisoned him. I am less indulgent than Bethouard. I cannot understand why Noguès is allowed to remain in power in Morocco surrounded by a band of dissolute and unscrupulous hangers-on such as gather in the wake of every revolution and counter-revolution. How can anyone understand it who knows that Noguès was willing to sacrifice the lives of thousands of Americans and Frenchmen for his own material interests? Even Darlan was unable to obtain from him a pledge to cease armed resistance. At Port Lyautey a regiment of tirailleurs drove the American troops back into the sea, and at Oran one American regiment lost a third of its effectives. General Noguès refused to give the order to "cease fire" until he had been informed by the German general who headed the Disarmament Commission in Morocco that the supply of ammunition was exhausted. Following Noguès's instructions, Admiral Michelier sent to the bottom of the harbor not only the French warships under his command but a number of merchant ships as well.

This man, skilled in the devious by-paths of politics, had been able to capture the confidence of Léon Blum, who appointed him a high civil commissioner in spite of the vigorous campaign carried on by the newspaper *Populaire* to limit the employment of generals to specifically military duties.

To the standard of General Noguès at Rabat flocked all the derelicts of the French fifth column. Noguès chose as his Minister of Interior the notorious Colonel Guillaume, whom one met everywhere, at the homes of Lyautey, Deschanel, Loucheur, Caillaux, Jean Hennessey, even at the house of the British millionaire Guinness—wherever he could collect favors and profits. In almost every newspaper—the *Petit Journal*, the *Quotidien*, the *Vendémiaire*—Guillaume was attacked as thief and sycophant. During the years 1927 to 1930 he headed the boards of several suspect companies founded by a Syrian rascal named Sacazan, and it was only through his quick-wittedness that he avoided serving a prison term with

Sacazan. Just before war broke out he was publisher of *Cboe*, the Cagoulard paper which was waging a bitter fight against Colonel de la Rocque, leader of the Croix de Feu, because De la Rocque was willing to receive secret subsidies from André Tardieu and Pierre Laval but not from Hitler or Mussolini, and, too, because he had failed to translate into bloody deeds his veiled threats of revolt. Naturally Guillaume had no place in his Moroccan police for honest men. Chevreux, for example, the former Prefect of the Marne and director of the Sûreté Nationale, found no employment with Guillaume, though he had served Marshal Lyautey in Morocco well and faithfully.

It is unfortunate that America and Britain, in the interest of their own cause and that of France, have not seen fit to stop the night flights of these Vichy-inspired *chauves-souris*—*chauves-souris* who can change their habits to fit the circumstances—"I'm a bird, see my wings! Now I'm a mouse, long live all rats!"

The First Execution

THOSE who look askance at promises and pledges made by leaders of the Fight for Freedom must learn to restrain their pessimism. In one instance at least the ponderous machinery has begun to move: the first session in the trial of the war guilty has officially opened.

The record of the man now before the august tribunal

of the United Nations could not be more burdened with infamy. In the summer of 1940, while noble old Marshal Pétain, with the support of the entire Catholic bloc, tried to save France from spiritual disintegration, this man rebelled against his Führer and his country. When he was taken into the Allied coalition for reasons of expediency, he embarrassed his mentors by calling for action—at a moment when a comfortable quiet reigned on most fronts. With fur-



Drawing by Hoffmeister

ther lack of democratic discipline, he insisted upon introducing into the purely military issue of winning the war all kinds of disturbing political claims. Not satisfied with talk of "compulsory democracy," he actually accepted Communists into his ranks in a disgraceful attempt to revive the French people's front of the middle nineteenth thirties.

But it was after the landing of American troops in North Africa that he proved himself one of those "premature anti-fascists" who by their impatience and lack of comprehension courted real disaster. He wanted the re-establishment of the laws of the Republic; he wanted a democratic government in North Africa; and he wanted all this at the very time when the more realistic General Giraud was proclaiming "not politics but war" as the edict of the hour.

This first war criminal appeared before the court of the United Nations last week. The Washington correspondent of the New York Times presented the opinion of "informed circles" that the culprit was an "ambitious and disturbing element" in the conduct of Allied affairs. The name of the convicted man, shown on the preceding page, is General Charles de Gaulle.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

IT WOULD not have been surprising if the brighter situation on what is for Germans the chief front, the Russian, had brought an improvement in the people's morale. But everything indicates the contrary. One gets the impression that there is only a one-track connection between military events and morale: every bit of bad news increases the depression, but good news brings only slight relief. It is just in these last weeks, moreover, that the full convulsive meaning of the total mobilization has been brought home to the people. These facts explain the government's continued admonitions and reassurances, which are such a sure indication of what is going on in the heads of the people.

In the last days of March a noteworthy new theme made its appearance. The leading article of the *Essener Nationalzeitung* of March 28 was entitled *Is War Economy Bolshevism?* The *Frankfurter Zeitung* of the same date was more definite, heading its leading article *German Government's Demands on the People Are Not Bolshevism*. Similar articles were carried by all the other newspapers and are still appearing. The Nazi regime is defending itself against the accusation that it is "exactly as communistic as the Communists."

The German upper classes have long called the Nazis Bolsheviks, and they will hardly have changed their opinion under the impact of the new measures each day brings forth. On March 24 the Berlin *Börsenzeitung* announced

Neutrality or War?

Many Americans may have overlooked the sharp tone of Ambassador Litvinov's reply to the question whether or not he believed Spain's neutrality to be assured, as some official circles in Washington and London would pretend. His reply, made in a press conference following his presentation of credentials as Soviet ambassador to Cuba, was quick and clear: "Who speaks about Spanish neutrality? Spain is at war with us. She is sending troops to fight us. You call that neutrality? I call it war." It might have been imagined that a statement of such importance, made by a high Soviet official, would receive the full attention of the New York press. But in the main papers it was covered in two short lines on the inside pages; in others, not at all. And why? Because it was more than a statement; it was an accusation.

that hereafter in towns with fewer than 50,000 inhabitants only one banking establishment would be allowed to do business; all others, including the branches of the great banks, must close. On the next day the same paper announced that the insurance companies were forbidden to seek new business through either advertisements and other printed matter or the visits of agents, or even through telephone calls. Next came the mysterious law that all persons who had bought stocks during the war, and all who bought them in the future, must make a declaration and send in the list as soon as the total amounted to 50,000 marks (about \$20,000). Since such a registration has regularly been the forerunner of some kind of confiscation, the perceptible uneasiness is understandable. Every day some new decree of this kind is promulgated, and those who are hit—as we learn from Goebbels's current polemics against them—are reacting with the phrase "The Nazis learned that from the Bolsheviks."

The newest propaganda campaign, however, is concentrating on the middle class, especially the lower middle class, whose members have been convinced by the closing of thousands of "superfluous" stores, businesses, and handicraft shops that the Nazis are imitating the Bolsheviks. It is a fact that the majority of these shops will never open again; and in closing them the government has often destroyed the work of a lifetime or even of several generations. But the official campaign is trying to convince the people that the closings are only temporary and therefore not bolshevistic. The *Allgemeinezeitung* on March 20 went so far as to admit the measure "could perhaps be misunderstood." But nothing could be farther from the Hitler regime's intentions, it continued, than a bolshevistic "campaign of liquidation" designed "to destroy the middle class under the pretext of total

mobilization." On the contrary, when the war is over it will be seen that National Socialism "always protects the middle class."

According to the Germans' own statements, the quota of foreign workers in many factories has risen to 75 per cent and more. Certainly the presence of foreign workers has become a phenomenon of major proportions in the Reich. In the official accompaniment two different motifs can be heard. Dr. Ley and Herr Sauckel, the man-power czar, affirm that everything is splendid. The imported serfs are happy; they are superb workers; they have become sincere friends and admirers of Germany. But other voices warn incessantly that the foreign workers are all potential enemies. "Foreigners," said a South German newspaper, "must be carefully watched when they are working at machines lest they cause serious damage through negligence or malevolence."

There is continuous propaganda against forming friendships with these foreigners. And not only on account of *Rassenschande*. The Gauleiter of Alsace, for example, declares that "national security and dignity and the maintenance of working discipline demand that a certain distance be kept." The Gauleiter of Saxony announces that he "sharply disapproves of the sentimentality of many Germans toward foreigners, especially those belonging to nations that have been our enemies." A North German newspaper pictures the modern Slavs as dangerous carriers of psychological bacilli: "We are exposed to a thousand alien influences. Many millions of foreigners now living in Germany are differently oriented from us and in consequence spread harmful opinions and rumors." To judge from this warning, many of the Slavs must be carrying on some kind of subversive propaganda—and what is more important, there must be members of the master-race who listen to the Slavs and at times agree with them.

File and Remember

Franco in Spanish Morocco

WE ARE meeting troops everywhere. The Caudillo has placed his best divisions in the Moroccan Protectorate. The troops are camping under complete war-time conditions, in tents and in field positions. The few cities likewise are heavily billeted, while barracks are being built everywhere.

The United States invasion of North Africa caused the Spanish government to take steps to safeguard the protectorate. Of course it is a military secret how many divisions have been deployed in Spanish Morocco for its protection. I have been obligated not to reveal anything about it. However, one thing is noticeable everywhere—a surprising number of troops from the Spanish mother country are stationed in Spanish Morocco at present.

One also may say that the divisions which have been de-

ployed for the protection of Spanish Morocco are at least as many as General Eisenhower's formations in French Morocco. All these divisions are under the command of Spanish officers, who have at their disposal the vast experience gained during the days of the Spanish civil war.

Lieutenant General Yeldi Luis Orgaz is chief of the Spanish troops in Morocco. He also is High Commissioner in Tetuan, and directly responsible to the Caudillo, whose full confidence he enjoys. This man, to whom has been intrusted the task of protecting the safety of the bridgehead beyond the Strait of Gibraltar, is assisted by General Juan Yagué, commander of the Tenth Army Corps in Melilla, who earned fame during the Spanish civil war by his initiative and his spirit of attack.

Spain's officers and men in Morocco impress one as excellent and seasoned troops.—*Berlin Transocean Broadcast, March 16.*

Come and Get Us

Midsummer madness has made its appearance before the appropriate season. If all this talk about a second front is meant to function as effect to win the war of nerves, then I can only say that this war of nerves is being waged not on the German but on the British people. It is the British who are pinning their faith to the theory that their armies will be fighting decisive battles on the Continent this year. So far as the Germans are concerned, the topic arouses no excitement at all but just the calm, steady hope that the Anglo-American forces will indeed place themselves within the reach of the Wehrmacht's striking power on European soil, where the Axis commands the inner lines of communication and every preparation is being made to deal with any contingency that may arise. In Germany everybody is perfectly content to abide the stern test of iron tanks.—*LORD HAW HAW over the Berlin short-wave radio.*

The Unpolitical General

General Giraud's supporters stress that he is not a politician but a soldier. So do Marshal Pétain's supporters. The old Marshal's politics are well known. We also know General Giraud's. On March 1 he addressed the Economic Council of Algiers. His speech was broadcast, but the daily press reported it only very incompletely. Among unreported passages: "I believe professional organization to be better than political agitation. I believe in class collaboration, and not in sterile class conflicts. I believe in work, in graduation of values, and in the necessity of having an élite. I believe in the rise of the lowest to higher positions according to their merit. I believe in youth, in cheerfulness, in good spirits, in willing effort. I refuse to believe in envy and hatred. And finally I believe in the army, in its enduring virtues."

If this is not the complete and undiluted glorification of the Fascist Corporate State, then words have lost their meaning. Everything is there. The élite, professional organizations instead of political agitation, class collaboration, "graduation of values," and, of course, the "enduring virtues" of the army as such. Mussolini must feel very proud to have such bright disciples in the enemy camp.—*Tribune* (London).

BOOKS and the ARTS

Notes by the Way

PROFESSOR C. E. M. JOAD'S recent proposal that British marriage laws be altered to permit a man to take a number of mates has practically driven all other post-war plans out of my head. The adjustment of woman to man, and vice versa, is surely as important as fixing the Balkan boundaries—and a lot more fascinating; we shall never have a peaceful world until the aggressors of both sexes are forced to cease their depredations and be content with their own *Lebensraum*; et cetera, et cetera.

The great question is how to divvy up the living-room. Dr. Joad feels that "monogamy is unsatisfactory." "I, for example," he said, "like the company of different women for different purposes—one to go out to dinner with, another to go to church with, another to cook for me, another to mother me, another to play games with, and another to make love to."

Dr. Joad slyly attempted to give philanthropic and social color to his proposal by suggesting that polygamy might absorb Britain's preponderance of women: but he failed to mention economics. He did not indicate who was to pay for the dinner, take care of church dues, buy the groceries and the backgammon set. I hope this does not mean that he is merely trying to preserve the status quo.

With less cunning, the Professor quoted Shaw's remark that any woman worth her salt would prefer a fifth share of a first-rate man to a whole share of a fifth-rate man. But what about the woman who found herself assigned one-fifth of a fifth-rate man? And who would do the rating, the women or the men?

It is impossible, of course, to pass judgment on Dr. Joad's plan until we have seen the full text. At this writing, I discern only a pretext. But the whole thing smacks of male imperialism. I can't help feeling that it would let us in for another period of secret diplomacy, hidden rearmament, *cordons sanitaires*, buffer states, quarrels over warm-water resorts, and balance-of-power politics, which could only lead to new wars and profit no one but the manufacturers of cosmetics and the two-way stretch.

To put it baldly, I'm afraid that Dr. Joad is indulging in a dream of fair women. I, for example, can't think of six women of whom the other five would be content merely to go out to dinner, attend church, cook, mother, or play games, even if the situation had been fully explained to them and even if by accepting their assigned roles they achieved the privilege of being called Mrs.

SPEAKING OF BUFFER STATES: Walter Duranty recently said that Stalin will want an independent Soviet Republic of Manchuria, affiliated with the U. S. S. R., a "similar republic" of Korea, and even perhaps the Northwestern Chinese Soviet Republic of Sinkiang, Ningxia, and Shensi. He will also want the Baltic states, Petsamo, and access to Istanbul and the Persian Gulf. He will also want . . .

I don't suppose the other great powers will want any fewer buffers; and why won't one buffer automatically create the need for another buffer to protect the first buffer? And what will happen when some poor little duffer of a state is wanted by two, or even three, great powers as a buffer or as buffer to a buffer?

It all reminds me of the mad scene from Olsen and Johnson in which the policeman finds himself helping the burglar steal the hotel plumbing. It reminds me too of the remarks of Jack Downing almost a hundred years ago during the Mexican War. "What we've annexed in Mexico so far," he wrote, "isn't a circumstance to what we've got to do. . . . It's dangerous standin' still in this annexin' business. It's like the old woman's soap—if it don't go ahead it goes back." Downing also made that other cogent statement: "Uncle Joshua always says, in nine cases out of ten it costs more to rob an orchard than it would to buy the apples."

Buenos Aires, Argentina, April 6 (A.P.).—The Argentine courts seized all copies of the British documentary film "Big Blockade" today pending investigation of a German film company's charge that several battle scenes had been pirated from the Nazi propaganda picture "Blitzkrieg" in violation of the copyright laws.

It is reported that the Nazis are also planning to sue General Montgomery, the R. A. F., the Flying Fortresses, and the Red Army for similar infringement of copyright.

SENTENCE OF THE WEEK (from a dispatch in the *New York Times*): "This question is looked on with importance here."

MARGARET MARSHALL

The Boy from Illinois

BETWEEN THE THUNDER AND THE SUN. By Vincent Sheean. Random House. \$3.

JAMES VINCENT SHEEAN'S "Personal History" was a fine book. It became the cultural Baedeker of a generation of Americans. This is its pale sequel.

"Between the Thunder and the Sun" is extremely well written, very interesting in parts, but quite unimportant. It describes Mr. Sheean's travels and experiences between 1935 and Pearl Harbor. The history has been written many times before, and the personal is not very significant.

Sheean met the exalted everywhere—Churchill, H. G. Wells, G. B. Shaw, the Duke of Windsor, Juan Negrín, Maisky, Mme Sun Yat-sen, Mme Chiang Kai-shek, and many others. Instead of the brilliant thumb-nail sketches his gifted pen might have given us Sheean limits himself to reporting a little conversation and a few externals. The best portrait, and a most fascinating one, is that of Mrs. Sheean's father, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the renowned British actor. But it has no relation to world events and little even to Sheean. In "Personal History" the personal was history; the individual encountered the problems which might face mil-

lions like him. Here the personal is personal and private.

The boy from Illinois has reached the heights. All the salons of what he calls "international society" and the manors and dinner parties of dukes and lords are open to him. The boy from Illinois has fallen among the mighty. He still has talents. He has a good head, and his heart is in the right place. He has been consistently and actively anti-fascist. The poor, as ever, are the salt of the earth to him. His sympathies are with the downtrodden. But the Midwestern young man who climbed the mountain, saw the world, and grappled with it is only dimly discernible in these pages. The planetary conflict between the angels heralding the future and the satans guarding the past is forgotten. Perhaps the struggle on the battlefield has temporarily eclipsed the larger struggle behind the front. The blitz blinded him. Sheean's joy at having titled lords as his allies against Hitler blots out their noble blemishes. Having come close, he cannot look too closely.

Sheean feels somewhat self-conscious about this hobnobbing with British aristocracy and seeks to apologize. He good-humoredly tells how his friends, notably Bill Stoneman of the *Chicago Daily News*, with whom he lived for a time in London, used to rib him. When Jimmy came home he would find messages from Bill reading: "The Duchess of Westminster wants you to come to cocktails tomorrow. Will you please ring up the King tonight. And don't forget Lady Astor." But, cries Sheean, the Tories have ruled England for centuries and rule it completely today, and by drinking and eating with them I get to know the people who make the wheels go round. No, Jimmy, old friend. You saw the Tories much more clearly from the trenches of Madrid and from the banks of the Ebro flowing red with the Spanish people's blood. You saw them much better on that London bus ride you described in the first chapter of "Not Peace but a Sword." And Jack Belden, bright new star among the foreign correspondents, saw them equally well from Burma ("Retreat with Stilwell"). Perspective is better than proximity for sight and insight. By their works shall you know them, not by their charming words, their week-ends, and their panic legislation.

Sheean sat in the gallery of the House of Commons on the eve of Dunkirk and watched Parliament adopt legislation which gave the British government the right to take over the entire economy of the country. Since then that act has been applied against about five factories; but it holds the laboring population in its place. At the height of another crisis, when Hongkong, Malay, Singapore, and Rangoon had just fallen, the Tory-controlled government drafted the Cripps offer. Subsequently it was sabotaged; more recently Churchill, and now Eden, have told us that India is to remain a British colony. Mr. Churchill's latest broadcast painted a pink picture of the future Britain, but the only concrete thing it did was to pigeonhole the Beveridge Report, which might open the road to that future. These are your Tories, Jimmy.

Although contact made him tolerant, Sheean also quarreled with the aristocratic English about their past appeasement policies, and, son of the prairie that he is, he is ever wedded to democracy. "The people would never choose war if they could have peace," he declares, and this, in his opinion, goes for Germany too. He felicitously calls democracy "govern-

ment by electricity" and dilates on the role of the radio and the press in modern representative regimes. Always an interventionist, Sheean nevertheless recognized that the United States would fight "only when it was directly, physically, attacked." But Soviet Russia behaved likewise, and Sheean regards the Soviet-Nazi pact as a grave blunder. In other words, dictatorships make mistakes too.

This book will probably reach many Americans and do them some good. But Sheean is capable of better work.

LOUIS FISCHER

Nationalism in Eden

THE NEAR EAST: PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS. By

Count Carlo Sforza, H. A. R. Gibb, Salo W. Baron, Charles K. Webster, Quincy Wright, Philip W. Ireland, Editor. The University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.

THE region in which Oriental legend placed the Garden of Eden and history has located early civilization has become the wrestling ground between the British Empire and German would-be imperialism. Since the attention of all the belligerents is focused on this Near Eastern area, we are indebted to the Harris Foundation and to P. W. Ireland, himself the greatest authority on Iraq, for making available in book form the lectures on this important subject delivered last June at the University of Chicago.

The main problems here discussed are the conflict between religious and nationalistic principles in the East, Arab unity, and British policy as contrasted with an internationally controlled world order forecast by the Atlantic Charter. Professor Wright cannot be blamed for his vagueness in outlining the future, but his prediction is comforting that with the increase of communication "the type of political forces dominant in the world will more and more dominate in the Near East." Count Sforza, in his brilliant and scholarly lecture, expresses his hope for an entente between Arabs and Jews, but is pessimistic in so far as two world wars have shattered the moral basis of European ascendancy over Asia. I cannot share his assumption that because of lack of imagination the Turks take the "gigantic fraud" of Nazism as a permanent force and that "the soul of Turkey is with Germany." The soul of Turkey was never on the side of Germany, and not even its body would have been there had not German economic expansion acquired predominating influence.

With regard to pan-Arabism, Count Sforza reassures us that this catchword is but a phantom, as pan-Islamism was prior to World War I. In the first of his two masterful lectures we are told by Professor Gibb that Arab nationalism has avoided raising social issues. In the second he explains that complete political unification of the Arabs in the near future is unattainable chiefly because of the narrow-minded wishful thinking of pan-Arab nationalists. However, Professor Baron thinks an Arab federation with British cooperation is probable in the future, and he believes there will be a permanent settlement of the Arab-Jewish controversy in Palestine when this war is over. This antagonism is but one of many which the rising tide of nationalism has created in the East. Professor Webster candidly attributes the crisis of the conflict in the current war to the failure of British policy

"to translate democracy into economic and social welfare." Nationalism, unlike religion, promises earthly prosperity, and not even the Garden of Eden can be transformed into a national paradise as long as the population of rich oil areas lives in extreme poverty.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

Gandhi's Genius

A WEEK WITH GANDHI. By Louis Fischer. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.

IT SOMETIMES happens that a book of real importance is given so little attention by the professional reviewers that at the close of the season very few remember that it was even published. I think Louis Fischer's book on Gandhi is a case in point. Those who have talked to Mr. Fischer since his return from India cannot doubt that he feels himself to have been in the presence of a great man. Whatever one may think of Gandhi's ineffectual fast, or of his tactics, any impartial account of the man must record that he has laid firm foundations for Indian liberty. And to lay firm foundations in this tumble-down century is a sign of greatness.

Mr. Fischer is not a novelist and rarely makes use of a novelist's technique. We do catch glimpses of the little bowed man with the white mustache and the small gleaming eyes. We do see him emerge from the ashram, his arms over the shoulders of young boys, while the wealthy merchants stand by hoping for a smile. But there is little of the inner man on display. We do see what kind of argument causes Mr. Gandhi to change his mind; we can hear him grow heated in his conversation and from it we can tell what kind of enthusiasm he has. Many of those contrasts that one might have expected are not to be observed in this encounter. This was no meeting of East and West, for Mr. Gandhi revealed himself to be almost more Western than his questioner. Rarely, indeed, does the Oriental, as we have been taught to understand it, show itself in Gandhi. Once Mr. Fischer asked Gandhi whether he believed in the transmigration of souls. "Of course," Gandhi answered, but instead of replying in terms of Hindu philosophy, he employed arguments conventional among Anglo-Saxons. It was then that the Occidental showed up in Mr. Fischer. "Does it not all arise from the weak mortal's fear of death?" he asked, and this illogicality, for such it is to an Oriental, drew a characteristic Indian reply. "I have no fear of death. I would regard it with relief and satisfaction."

Again and again the Western reader will recognize the Hindu leader's arguments. The struggle against the British imperialists must necessarily become one against the Indian landlords, and when he is asked how the peasant will be given the land, the reply is that he will simply occupy it—the apotheosis of squatting, that is to say. It is an idea one has met before many times. Countless syndicalist conventions in France, Italy, and Spain have grown excited about this simultaneous breaking of fences.

There are few paradoxes in the thinking of this wholly simple man. There is no conflict between principle and tactic, such as one finds in almost every Anglo-Saxon socialist these days. Gandhi, who would not be regarded as a compromiser by most whites, nevertheless thinks of himself as one, and

declares that this is because he is never sure that he is right. What he means, of course, is that he is not certain that his choice of moment is correct for the task of total liberation. So many have tried to find in Gandhi's doctrine and practice of non-resistance to evil something peculiarly Oriental. It is not so. The choice has been made upon wholly rational grounds, I believe, and is regarded as applicable only to an epoch. Gandhi is not only a fundamentalist; he is a master tactician. No other doctrine but his could have enabled the Indian Congress to grow. Had the Marxists or other advocates of open struggle obtained control of it in its early history, the British long ago would have crushed it out of existence before it had grown to appreciable size. Non-resistance, by imposing tasks which make no test of military strength, but which try a man's fortitude, and perhaps make use of his desire for martyrdom, has kept the idea of opposition to British rule alive during periods of greatest aggression. The chosen tactic has kept it alive, also, in times of ease, and that, perhaps, is more difficult. It is because Gandhi is a master tactician, I believe, that Louis Fischer was able to get him to change his mind about the presence of British military authorities in India. Fischer made Gandhi see that a new tactical and strategical perspective had opened, nothing more.

Again, India is regarded as the home of mysticism; yet there is little of the mystical in the Congress leader. Gandhi worships much as any Western pantheist might worship. He imposes upon himself a weekly day of silence. But he appears to draw his strength neither from worship nor from meditation. One will search in vain for the smallest fissure in this man's integral character; the ordinary tools of psychological analysis can get little purchase upon him. He is not great because of profound resentment; in his life evidently he is not compensating for some deficiency. He is not like Napoleon, the servant of an overwhelming intuition about the fighting of single battles, nor is there any vision of the perfect India in his mind. He will not commit himself to this or that description of Indian society. Democratic in every instinct, he does not think highly of our parliamentary democracy. He thinks of India as a country of 700,000 self-governing villages. Nevertheless, he will not be pinned down to agrarian anarchism, any more than to economic centralism.

It is when one reads these sections of the book that one sees that the man's whole thinking contains only one totally clear, simple, and stupendous image—India without the white man. It is in order to preserve within himself the full force of this simple idea that he refuses to commit himself to political doctrines. Within his own soul he is a great tactician as he is with the masses of India. The outer and the inner of this man are one. Nothing within him shall erode his simple passion for liberty, though given a chance he would doubtless be adequate to the tasks of office. Nothing in the long-drawn-out battle with British imperialism shall split Congress into warring sects. Oddly enough, if one looks around to find another man like him, that man turns out to be Churchill. The Briton, too, is a man whose simplest passion overcame his sectarian prejudices. Yet what a difference there is between them; for to the Englishman, British liberty is in no way diminished by India's servitude. One will search this book in vain for any sign of so tremendous a sophistry in the Hindu.

RALPH BATES

Skilled Workers

NATALIE MAISIE, AND PAVILASTUKAY: TWO TALES IN VERSE. By John Masefield. Macmillan. \$2.50.

SONG AND IDEA. By Richard Eberhart. Oxford. \$1.50.

IF THERE IS TIME. By Hildegard Flanner. New Directions. \$1.

POEMS. By John Berryman. New Directions. \$1.

WHEN the reader dug and the poet span, who was then the gentleman? Neither; but the poet had a better time. Poets have great experiences, even when writing bad poems. But the reader wants them too; and poets have no shame, and illustrate Nietzsche's concept of Eternal Recurrence. Of a recent group, Masefield recurs annually, sometimes oftener; Eberhart and Flanner every two or three years. Why? Sometimes I think no poet should be allowed to publish a book until he is dead, and severely intelligent friends and enemies have done much sifting. That would at least spare us the strenuous burrowing for nuggets, and the absurd feeling as the parade goes by: "Ah, a new X!"—when nine times out of ten it's just the same old X.

There are accidental mitigations, to be sure. Sometimes even the same old X is a relief from the same new Y's and Z's, all spinning Yeats-Auden thread like mad. Masefield's latest product has been much battered by the critics, especially those whom the war has stung to a belated zeal for social significance, but I find it rather nice. He tells two stories, a romantic love tale of Peter the Great's Russia—which, he tells us in the last stanza, has also been done as a ballet, and a very charming one it could make—and a Shangri-La fantasy about a man of today who finds in an Indian jungle a ruined temple showing that some human beings once lived like human beings. Both stories are very well told in straightforward, simply musical verse. I see nothing wicked in a poet's being unpretentious, and something very good about a Laureate in war time dreaming dreams of a Happy Land without lawyers, priests, politicians, or "the martial thing, all uniform and snort."

Richard Eberhart's less reliable skill is far more interesting. He has piercing directness of vision, a sometimes child-like and always virile accuracy of statement, and a blessed simplicity that makes it impossible not to mention Blake. Not in condescension, either: when so many try for Donne's intensity without his speed, it is a delight to hear a different and more successful echo. But these qualities of Eberhart often break down into an awkward stammer, a semi-inarticulateness that is the worse for seeming deliberate. Perhaps this is entailed in being a Naive Poet—in Schiller's phrase—in this century: "I gave the moral answer and I died/And into a realm of complexity came/Where nothing is possible but necessity/And the truth wailing there like a red babe." Eberhart's skill is particularly gladdening for its versatility. With poets like Flanner, Berryman, and far too many others almost every poem reiterates one state of mind, the same scene with different properties: for example, Flanner the Sensitive, Thinking Young Woman, Berryman the S. T. Y. M. Eberhart is whatever the creative moment impels him to be: Modern Man, yes, but as boy, son, lover, sophomore, listener to cicadas, etc., etc. This protean quality makes for enlivening

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experiences, and the less lively ones may be ascribed to ■■ embarrassment of riches, not the struggles of poverty.

Hildegard Flanner is a very slick writer. One is constantly impressed, and almost never excited, by the neatness of her poignancy. She herself, seemingly aware of this, sometimes throws in a Hopkins-like twist of syntax or a flurry of exclamation-marks, for ■■ jolt, but without strong effect. Her poetic *Gestalt* is model-T Millay: Woman, fascinated and repelled by Life, unable to see anything objectively, terribly preoccupied with the pain of it, gritting her teeth though, trying hard to transcend her own warping intensity. The consequent monotony is scarcely relieved by such ventures into thought as a "reply" to Tennyson, stating that of old Freedom stood, not sat, on the heights, so that "It takes ■■ thinking man to reach her lap." Surely this sort of thing should be left to Edna, who can do it much worse. And Miss Flanner should try to break away more from the pentameter, that delight of elegiac adolescents; her technique ought to be at least as mature as her meaning.

John Berryman's work is very young, very taut, very solemn. He likes the bony, stony feel of late and middle Yeats, and aims at it with some success. But he is best when he lets the grip of the Crisis relax a little. A neat satirical poem, Communist, and a charming evocation of the pleasures of friendship. A Poem for Bhain, suggest that he may yet give the questing reader something that won't remind him of 100,000 newspaper headlines or will lift him past them if it does.

FRANK JONES

Mr. Smith

LIFE IN A PUTTY KNIFE FACTORY. By H. Allen Smith. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

UNTIL the publication last year of "Low Man on ■■ Totem Pole," Allen Smith was known only to the readers of the New York *World-Telegram*, but his book gave the rest of the reading public a chance to enjoy him, and enjoy him they did, because "Low Man" leaped high on the national best-seller list and stayed there. Now he has written ■■ new book, and it can be reported that this volume is every bit as amusing as his first.

A native of Indiana, Allen Smith is ■■ American as baseball. Although he tries to write with ■■ nasal twang, his style—he claims he hasn't any—is unadorned but clean and lean ■■ first-rate journalism always is.

Smith protests vigorously that he is not socially conscious, that he is not interested in the "masses," but unerringly he seems to jab his "putty knife" into the spots that need prodding; Pegler, stuffed shirts, writers who take themselves too seriously, bartenders who don't, worshippers of "family," pretentiousness in any form, all call Mr. Smith to arms. He rarely misses his target.

Unlike most humorists, Smith does not use ■■ stylized formula to get his effects. For the most part he relies on the bizarre quality of his material and his ability to get the most out of it. He writes of ■■ lady bartender who thinks all her customers are aviators, of a fortune-teller who will only take her fee in desserts, of ■■ jockey who is an expert on the tech-

nique of the ballet, of a copy-writer who cannot stand the word "ergo," of another who saw wolves, of a practical joker who should have been hung; in fact he has uncovered an entire gallery of nearly mad hatters. Through it all Smith himself wanders amiably, interrupting to tell about his father and his own newspaper and radio experiences. He also injects a few kind words for Walter Winchell, Fred Allen, Hollywood, Broadway, and a great many of his friends. The last-named group will find themselves listed in the front of the book among the cast of characters, but they will have to read the entire book to find out what he has said about them—a task I am sure they will find both pleasant and entertaining, as will most readers.

GEORGE JOEL

Fiction in Review

TAKEING its text and title from "Paradise Lost," Hiram Haydn's "By Nature Free" (Bobbs, Merrill, \$2.75) is the story of a moody young man named Philip Blair who works in ■■ dull office by day and at night labors on ■■ monumental intellectual history of the nineteenth century, of Philip's relation with his wife, a fine and beautiful woman unscathed by two years at Bryn Mawr, with his father, a retired street-car employee (known only as Dad) who takes his baseball and his democracy with equal seriousness, and with his brother Harvey (love 'em and leave 'em Harvey), who had suspicious intercourse with the Nazis in South America before he returned to the suburbs of Cleveland to threaten the Blair way of life. An autobiographical novel in no obvious sense but simply because its hero is the usual sensitive young man whose sufferings may be supposed to be those of his author, "By Nature Free" is chiefly interesting as still another example of the significant change that has come over autobiographical fiction in the last few years.

For in reviewing Michael Blankfort's "A Time to Live" last week, what I objected to most strongly was its urgent self-castigation: the trouble with Mr. Blankfort's Ernie Cripston was that, while Rome burned, he had fiddled away at playwriting and remained a doubting fellow-traveler instead of becoming ■■ member of the Communist Party. But the self-reproach that tortured the pages of "A Time to Live" is no isolated phenomenon peculiar to Mr. Blankfort; it is merely an extreme instance of something of which anyone who follows current fiction must be increasingly aware—the bad conscience of this generation of novelists; and of course it is in the autobiographical novel or the novel of development that this tendency to self-blame becomes most apparent. For while, in the twenties and even in the early thirties, it was the whole point of the autobiographical novel that society is responsible for the unhappy condition of the author-hero, nowadays it is the author-hero who is responsible for the unhappy condition of society. Here, then, is the result of ten years of literary social consciousness, topped off by a new world war. Persuade ■■ writer that anything in the world is expected of him except literature—politics, sociology, economics, religion, anything at all except the job of art—and you can hardly expect him to practice literature without guilt.

"Every man's law must first come from inside himself, from his learning to rule himself with freedom," says one of the characters of "By Nature Free," and Philip Blair's struggle to make this law for himself, to lower his denominator and find some measure of domestic peace, is the major substance of the book. But although in another day this effort at self-understanding would have been a quite sufficient burden to lay on a hero, it is not enough for the current novelist; the hero of "By Nature Free," it turns out, must learn to rule himself with freedom not simply because it will make him more comfortable in the world, but because it is his duty to society. "[All men] are equal in that they have a native capacity to learn how to govern themselves; they are free alike in their privilege to choose this course, which in turn alone leads to true liberty," Mr. Haydn's spokesman continues. "And only when these facts . . . are realized, will democracy cease to be a dream or a slogan or a joke, and only then will you walk on your hind legs like men." Having misunderstood the nature of human freedom, in other words, Philip can blame himself not only for the miseries of his private life but for the miseries of the world; the fate of democracy rests on the proper integration of liberty and law in the individual, and consequently every time Philip is sullen with his wife he is undermining the democratic order! Well, whatever the nobility and basic soundness of this view of the relation between man and the state, surely, in both fiction and life, to live with so exacerbated a sense of cosmic responsibility is scarcely to live at all. Or at the least it represents a neuroticism as dangerous as the neuroticism of irresponsible individualism.

And I think it is Mr. Haydn's mistaken notion of the function of the novel, his conception of fiction as preachment or warning and his guilty feeling that his pen should be at the immediate service of society, that makes the sum of "By Nature Free" so manifestly inferior to any of its parts and reduces the end of his book to absurdity. For instance, subordinating his truly novelistic talents to a non-novelistic purpose, Mr. Haydn, before he is through, has washed away all his main characters in political symbolism, a sin against taste that is especially to be regretted in the case of Dad, whose portrait is more than half a really distinguished job. Using Mr. Haydn's own criteria, I shudder for the society that would be willing to sacrifice the genuine dignity of Dad falling asleep on the porch to the spurious dignity of his Lionel-Barrymoresque mouthings of political folk-wisdom.

As for two other novels I read this week, Jo Pagano's "Golden Wedding" (Random House, \$2.50) suffers, I'm afraid, from being published so soon after Jerre Mangione's "Monte Allegro." It is the same kind of Italian-American family reminiscence, but less charming than Mr. Mangione's very charming book. And "White Ensigns" by Taffrail (G. P. Putnam's, \$2.50) unfortunately also has a predecessor, "East of Farewell" by Howard Hunt, in comparison with which it loses in novelty. Still, it is an informative and dramatic account of life on both a destroyer and an armed merchantman, and it should be meat to a landlocked sailor. And for anyone the several chapters that deal with the evacuation of Dunkirk are fascinating hints of the whole story that is yet to be told.

DIANA TRILLING



"A news item to the effect that the Victory Book Drive will continue indefinitely reminds us of the camp experiences of a librarian in World War I. The first night he took charge three soldiers asked for Plato's Republic and two for Paradise Lost. An Army cook (regular Army—not a draftee) requested Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy. The camp library didn't have it, but the librarian said he'd try to borrow a copy if the man was sure he really wanted it. The cook replied that he did want it—felt he had not fully understood it the first time he read it—and he cited numerous other works of philosophy he had enjoyed. After hearing these reminiscences, we decided to take another look at our bookshelves with the Victory Drive in mind."

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DRAMA

High, Wide, and Handsome

OKLAHOMA!" (St. James Theater) is like the state it celebrates—high, wide, and handsome. I can't say I would ever have guessed that Lynn Riggs's play "Green Grow the Lilacs" would make an especially good book for a comic opera, but it does. Or at least it has been made so to serve, and the whole thing comes out as certainly one of the most lively, entertaining, and colorful musical comedies it has ever been my privilege to see. Richard Rodgers's music is original as well as tuneful; Oscar Hammerstein's lyrics are witty; Agnes de Mille's choreography is both beautiful and comic; Rouben Mamoulian's direction sets a vigorous tempo. What more could anyone ask? First-class performers perhaps? Some interesting scenic backgrounds? They also are provided in the course of an evening planned with a lavish hand as well as a talented one. The Theater Guild deserves congratulations but is pretty certainly due more substantial rewards. "Oklahoma!" is going to have a long run.

It is a notorious fact that Broadway's musical shows are generally good just in the degree that they are rowdy, slapdash, and orgiastic. We do the Bert Lahr-Ethel Merman sort of thing better than it was ever done before and in a way that makes such legendary institutions as the Folies Bergères look anemic. But I have seldom seen an American operetta that strove for some sort of good taste that did not strike me as tedious almost beyond endurance, and that is one of the things which make "Oklahoma!" seem astonishing. It is an operetta, not a revue; it does have a romantic story, it does seek its local color not from a night club on the one hand or a mythical kingdom on the other but from the wild and woolly West at the turn of the century. And

yet it is vastly entertaining at the same time that it is fresh. I do not mean, of course, that "Oklahoma!" is solemn or even serious, that it goes in for realism or would call itself a folk play. What I do mean is that it has discovered a fresh source of themes to be treated with comic extravagance, and that the result is most exhilarating.

Perhaps the most important single element is the music of Richard Rodgers, which has a style all its own, a style even farther away from that of the tepid operetta tradition than it is from the pure jazz and swing of the usual revue. It is rhythmical enough and lively enough to suit Broadway taste, but it is also full of joyous melody which can sustain itself without that continuous rattle of drums and howl of brasses which may be fine for the jitterbug but is always a bit hard on the sedentary spectator. Two of his songs—the romantic "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'" and the lively "Farmer and the Cowman"—are sure to be heard frequently and for a long time. So too, I suspect, is the more conventional sounding "I Cain't Say No," which Celeste Holm sings with such good effect that it ought to make a star of her. All the other principals know how to make the most of their good material. Alfred Drake has a fine voice, Betty Garde makes a fine buxom aunt, Howard da Silva a fine villain, and Joseph Buloff a fine peddler whose demonstration of the "Persian goodbye" on the person of Miss Holm is neatly topped by her cowboy lover's counter-demonstration of "the Oklahoma hello." Joan Roberts, who is almost a newcomer to Broadway, does very nicely also as a romantic heroine.

Only two American operettas of the last two decades have been really remembered vividly enough to be frequently mentioned—"Showboat" and "Porgy and Bess." "Oklahoma!" is not so ambitious as the last, and it is not quite so phenomenally slick as the first. But personally I like it quite as well as either.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The paintings are more earth-bound, richer and bolder in color, yet do not lose the sense of space which gives to all these pictures an exhilaration.

DAVID SMITH. At the Willard Gallery, 32 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 1.

David Smith is one of the most interesting artists in America. His drawings are a disappointment. They are too bitterly political to be looked at solely as drawings, and the emotion they arouse is rather one of pleasurable curiosity at the tortures of the victims than one of horror. But his sculpture is superb; there is never a false note, no hesitation. Of the eighteen sculptures here each is perfect and sufficient. If one could make any criticism, one might say that Mr. Smith is happier with steel and bronze than with stone. But whatever material he uses, he is always a delight.

JEAN CONNOLLY

MUSIC

AN EVENT of first importance was Stravinsky's guest appearance with the Ballet Theater to conduct a performance of "Petrouchka." He had only the scratch orchestra which the Ballet Theater is having to use for its present New York season (and which at that is probably better than what audiences outside New York have been hearing); and there were plenty of sour sounds from the brass; but these were negligible blemishes in a performance that gave the music clarity of texture and outline, rhythmic steadiness and coherence, and the power which rhythmic control alone can produce. It would have been pleasure enough just to hear the superb work played in that way; but in imposing rhythm and order on the music Stravinsky inevitably imposed them on the stage performance that was based on the music.

As the music was strengthened by Stravinsky's participation, so was the stage performance by Bolm's. He was the Blackamoor, which he had been in the 1916 Diaghilev performances here; and in this role, despite the lack of agility that showed itself here and there, he was the most effective and impressive of the principals—the others being Massine as Petrushka (while the best Petrushka of recent years, Lazovsky, contributed only a brilliant First Groom) and Lucia Chase as the Dancer. And as the company's ballet master he presum-

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ART

RECENT PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS. By Kurt Seligman. At the Durlacher Gallery, 11 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 1.

Precise but almost too delicately colored drawings—as though Mr. Seligman were trying to catch the shape and texture of currents of air in the atmosphere,

ably was responsible for the over-all improvement in the performance. In sum, even with the sour sounds from the brass and Lucia Chase's Dancer and the supers turned loose to mill about on the stage as "merchants, officers, soldiers, ladies, gentlemen, etc.," this was a performance in which it was possible to recognize one of the artistic masterpieces of our century.

Of the two new ballets that were not ready last fall Tudor's "Romeo and Juliet" was still not completed the night of its first performance, and was exhibited in an incomplete form which took the action only as far as the preparations for Juliet's marriage. At the effect, the impact of the tragic scenes that may or may not be added in later performances I cannot guess; of the incomplete work I can report that the music of Delius was excellently chosen, the magnificent setting and costumes of Berman excellently contrived for Tudor's narrative invention, in which the familiar and limited Tudor vocabulary was used at times as it had been in "Lilac Garden" and "Pillar of Fire" and at other times with beautifully imagined fitness for the characters of Romeo and Juliet and the situations in which they were placed. Markova's dancing as Juliet was exquisite in its communication of youthful grace and feeling, but I found her make-up and wig disturbing; Laing was as superb a Romeo as one might have expected him to be; and the work of the entire company was excellent.

On the other hand "Helen of Troy," when performed at last, had music of Offenbach, scenery and costumes by Vertes, and choreography by Lichine which added up to something so flat, so bad that it should be buried as quickly as possible.

Danced for the first time by the Ballet Theater was Massine's "Capriccio Espagnol," with much of the early portion lacking precision, but with the last part made exciting as always by Massine's great presence and style, his invention for the rest of the company, and on this occasion by the brilliance and verve of Lazovsky. And among the older Ballet Theater productions there have been "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Quatre," and "Giselle" with Markova's great performances, Massine's "Aleko" with Markova and Laing, and Agnes de Mille's delightful "Three Virgins and a Devil."

Victor's March list offered Stokowski's latest recording of Stravinsky's Suite from "L'Oiseau de feu," made this

time with the N.B.C. Symphony (Set 933, \$3.68). I have seen comments on the set which held that this work lent itself to a performance like Stokowski's which made it a display of high-powered orchestral virtuosity and tonal brilliance. But after hearing "Petrushka" conducted by Stravinsky I doubt that he would agree that even the Infernal Dance of King Kastchei was properly played in the way those comments find suitable: I am sure that what he would want, and what he would produce himself with the relentless rhythmic control that he exhibited in "Petrushka," would be not nervous excitement but hard, brutal, terrifying power. And everything he has said makes me certain that he would loathe Stokowski's perfumed phrasing, his impassioned, feverish swelling of lush sound in the quiet Dance of the Princesses and Berceuse. The performance is reproduced with marvelous fidelity, richness, and spaciousness.

Also on Victor's March list was a volume of oratorio excerpts sung by Richard Crooks to orchestral accompaniments by the Victor Symphony under Charles O'Connell (Set 934, \$3.68).

They comprise "Comfort Ye My People" from "The Messiah," "Total Eclipse" from "Samson," and "Sound an Alarm" from "Judas Maccabaeus"—all by Handel; and "Be Thou Faithful Unto Death" from "St. Paul," and "If With All Your Hearts," and "Then Shall the Righteous Shine Forth" from "Elijah"—by Mendelssohn. I like none of the Mendelssohn excerpts, and only the first two of Handel's—though I realize the third might be impressive in its context. Mr. Crooks's voice is a fine lyric tenor, which in much of this music he drives too hard in a declamatory or heroic style; and where he sings quietly, in some of Mendelssohn's music, he indulges in stylistic sentimentalities and tricky vocal colorings. The orchestral accompaniments are flabby. Voice and orchestra are superbly reproduced.

Victor's best March release was the single disc (10-1040, \$.78) with Marian Anderson's beautiful singing of the spirituals "Let Us Break Bread Together" and "Oh! What a Beautiful City" to superb accompaniments by Franz Rupp. B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

From Down Under

Dear Sirs: I thought that you would be interested to know that you have several enthusiastic readers of your paper in this corner of the world. I regularly receive copies of the latest publications *per media* of a relative in the United States, and look forward to every number of what I consider to be the leading humanitarian journal in the English language. The passionate search for the truth, with an approach unfettered by any bigoted standpoint, is particularly appealing when the end result is a practical, positive one.

Your paper is an unending source of information on the workings of American politics and other matters that are not given much space in the limited pages of our press. But foreign references are also much appreciated, and it is a little disappointing to find that there are very seldom specific references to our country. Naturally, many of our problems are similar to your own, from isolationism to the Third International, but those that know our country will find much that is of importance to the future of the liberal world.

This is the home of much of the aggressive liberalism that is left among the Allied nations. I wonder if there are others so completely united on the question of the second front, on the political importance of labor, on the necessity of winning the war. True we have our Australia Firsters and our Social Credit supporters, but by and large there is no political movement of any strength based on a negative policy such as inspires the American "isms" arising from long-standing prejudices against people, class, and creed. And when impulsive critics charge us with being "squealers" and self-centered politically, can they remember how we answered the call in Egypt, Greece, and Crete?

And if we consider that people and the press on the other side of the world are too neglectful of the Japanese danger, do you blame us? We haven't neglected our duties arising from the demands of collective security—despite popular misunderstandings of the conscription question in Australia—and now we feel entitled to receive our share of support.

A paper such as yours could do much to arouse interest among your readers

in the Australian political and socioeconomic scene. It could do much, too, to establish the urgency of the Southwest Pacific zone in the general picture of the United Nations strategy. Investigation of this question may reveal many important points of a non-strategic nature.

May *The Nation* long continue to flourish.

RON TAFT

Melbourne, Australia, March 1

Clubs and Color

Dear Sirs: Your editorial in the March 27 issue of *The Nation* assumes, and quite naturally, that it is the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs which has excluded Negro women from its membership. As a member and a founder of this organization I have been deeply disturbed by a situation which has invited unfavorable comment before the membership as a whole has had an opportunity to consider and to decide the issue involved. The federation has no provision in its constitution or by-laws which excludes Negro women from membership. In fact, it has had them as members. Clubs have long enjoyed complete autonomy within the framework of the organization.

That in certain sections of the country there would be prejudice against accepting Negroes as members cannot be denied. The National Federation has been in existence for nearly a quarter of a century, has some 1,800 branches and approximately 70,000 members. Organizations when they become large and as they grow older are apt to lose their flexibility, sometimes even suffer a kind of hardening of the arteries. In addition, many of us as individuals still carry the bias of our backgrounds. Prejudice is not, however, confined to this group alone. It is always easier to preach than to practice democracy.

But whatever our group unwieldiness or individual prejudices, there are within the National Federation many, and I am one of them, who realize that this country is now called upon to justify its profession of democratic principles. Every day we send our young men to die upon the battlefields in the faith that by their sacrifice freedom, justice, and opportunity will not perish from the earth. America must justify this, at home

as well as abroad. Its integrity in this respect is, it seems to me, about the world's last great hope.

I do not speak here for the International Federation of Business and Professional Women, of which I am president. The question of race or creed or color has never arisen among the many complex questions we have faced. In my opinion it never could. But the interpretation of democracy which American women give, the squaring of the deed with the word, will have great impact upon the women of other countries. These are powerful weapons which our women wield and for which they must account. Those who profess democracy will not destroy the enemy or his false philosophy by turning their weapons upon the banner under which those who cherish freedom march.

Members of the National Federation will not, in my judgment overlook the import of these things when faced squarely with the issue raised as to their own membership. I can appreciate the particular prejudice involved and measure its deep roots. But I have faith in the integrity and courage of our members. Representing as it does the hopes and aspirations of another minority group, this group has always shown tolerance and a remarkable sense of fair play. I can think of no time when it failed to meet an issue honestly and with courage once it saw that issue clearly.

This issue has not yet been placed before the members of the National Federation. Therefore they must not be judged until they themselves have spoken. Wherever the fault or mistaken judgment may lie, their answer is yet to come.

LENA MADSEN PHILLIPS

Westport, Conn., April 2

One Detail

Dear Sirs: Your January issue, which has just arrived—and how glad we are to know that there is an America which realizes the European situation!—has a Hoffmeister cartoon showing Spanish Republicans in a North African concentration camp, watching the victorious American invaders go by. One detail is wrong. The men in the concentration camps are shown wearing suits: it is most unusual for a Spanish Republican who has probably been "in" for several

April 17, 1943

years to be wearing anything but rags. I wonder if your readers know that the Vichy authorities so far disregarded Allied opinion as to condemn to death, after the American landing, a French officer who had escaped from prison in Germany in order to join the Free French and had hoped to get there by way of North Africa? But perhaps before this letter arrives, America will have recognized De Gaulle. It is time.

NAOMI MITCHISON

Carradale, Campbeltown, Argyll

March 18

How Do You Feel?

Dear Sirs: In your issue of April 3 John W. Follette states that I should have written, in a recent review, "Liben feels bad about white-collar slavery"—not, as I did, "feels badly." He is quite right. In future I shall feel bad, not badly, about poets who feel bad badly.

But does one not often hear, in conversation, "He feels badly about it," or "Don't feel so badly about it"? If this is not a figment of my ungrammatical imagination, it has a legitimate motive. "To feel bad" can also mean "to feel unwell," and different meanings call for different expression. The question is, should they get it, if it violates grammar? "To feel good," as distinct from "to feel well," does not. And did the adjective "well" (for which Webster gives no derivation) originate as the adverb of "good"? But this is guesswork, not to say casuistry. I am just trying not to feel bad. FRANK JONES
New Haven, Conn., April 3

Cry Hold! Enough!

Dear Sirs: Mr. McFee's letter in your last issue raises a question which involves such large issues that I fear the correspondence columns of *The Nation* would not have room for anything else were we to discuss them. Furthermore, the problem has been so thoroughly debated by C. S. Lewis and E. M. W. Tillyard in their book "The Personal Heresy" (1939) that it is hardly necessary to go into it again.

I would, however, like to point out to your readers just one more fact about Shakespeare before this correspondence ends. In the Authorized Version of the Bible "which was in course of printing when Shakespeare was forty-six years of age), and in no other version previously, in the 46th Psalm, the 46th word from the beginning combined with the 46th word from the end (not

counting the direction Selah, which is no part of the text) makes the name Shakespeare" (Richmond Noble: "Shakespeare's Biblical Knowledge," 1935).

This fact, it seems to me, opens vistas which Mr. Brooks and Mr. McFee might do well to explore.

THEODORE SPENCER

Cambridge, Mass., April 3

Fan in the Army

Dear Sirs: I feel constrained to write and tell you what pleasure *The Nation* gives me each week. This is the mail I most look forward to receiving; it makes army life more tolerable with its objective view and high political standards.

C. L.

Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.,

March 8

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TOM WINTRINGHAM commanded the British battalion of the International Brigade in Spain. Later he achieved some reputation as a writer of letters to London papers, predicting disaster unless the military changed their methods. After his predictions concerning Dunkirk and Narvik came true, he was placed in charge of England's Home Guard. He is the author of "New Ways of War."

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INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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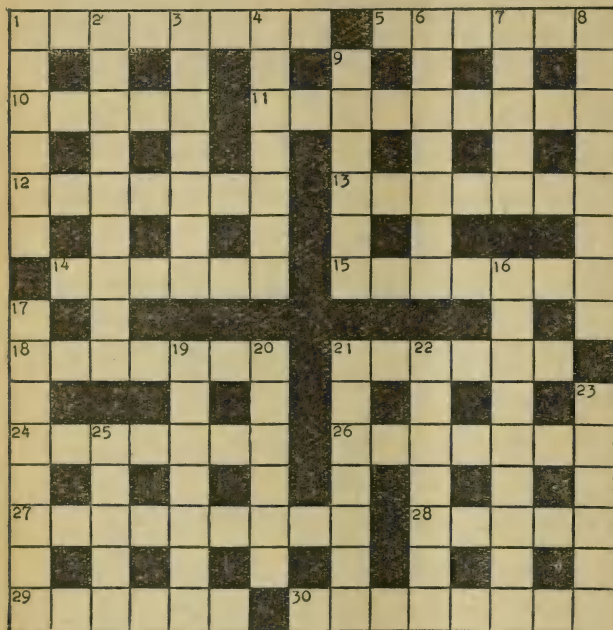
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 9

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 and 5 It sinks till sunk
 10 Sounds like nothing, and may be the result of careless shaving
 11 "But if it be a sin to covet honor, I am the most ----- soul alive" (King Henry V)
 12 Surely a Roman's out of place in the galley?
 13 A mistake printers sometimes make
 14 Fancy getting a black eye in a shrine!
 15 You can be shot for this crime; to behead it won't save you
 16 Anti-aircraft artillery?
 21 Falls an easy victim to the man with the punch
 24 Some rise before they do so
 26 Tip Pete (anag.)
 27 A military contract possibly, but more usually an instruction to the troops (two words, 4 and 5)
 28 Sometimes replace feet
 29 Beat it for what Sambo called the encampment
 30 I do later

DOWN

- 1 A big gun in Congressional circles
 1 "Art"ful American general
 2 The organization he founded has developed thousands of good shots
 4 With a slight change of make-up this vocalist might preside at an inquest.

- 6 English racecourse at which the hopes of more than one American sportsman have come a cropper
 7 Go with the tide
 8 Tea is added to the dietary in this part of the army
 9 Every cause produces one
 16 Simple Susie was surprised when the butcher told her she must go to the confectioner's for this
 17 Suitable companion for a footman?
 19 This is what you salute, not the man inside
 20 The sort of company most soldiers prefer?
 21 Red tape (anag.)
 22 Washington seems to be a first-class place
 23 If this were less it would be more
 25 Funny; seeing the Commander-in-Chief about a British order!

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 8

ACROSS:—1 PROFESSOR; 2 EXTRA; 9 LIE-ABED; 10 USELESS; 11 ENTWINE; 12 LUTETIA; 13 SHE; 14 DIPPER; 15 SATURN; 16 ASSET; 17 CHALICE; 22 YESTER; 23 VET; 27 STAMINA; 28 ARABIAN; 30 UNARMED; 31 NETTLES; 32 DATES; 33 LACERATED.

DOWN:—1 PULSE; 2 ONE-STEP; 3 EBB TIDE; 4 SIDLES; 5 DOUBTLE; 6 ELECTRA; 7 TREESTLE; 8 ABSTAINER; 14 HASTE; 15 DACHSHUND; 16 RAT; 17 STY; 20 ADAMANT; 21 ENIGMAS; 23 EXACTOR; 24 TRIPLET; 25 VANDAL; 26 TANNIC; 27 ROSED.

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 577

EDITORIALS

Planes for the Pacific 579
The Annual Wage 580
Save the FSA! 581

ARTICLES

Peace—the Culbertson System *by Louis Fischer* 582
25 Years Ago in *The Nation* 586
Relaxing Too Soon *by I. F. Stone* 587
India's Fighting Men *by Colin S. Maclaren* 588
In the Wind 590

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

More than Expediency *by A. del V.* 591
Dr. Goebbels Loses Sweden *by Kurt Bernheim* 592
Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 593

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Limitations of Dickens *by Henry James* 595
"Henry James Place" *by Morton Dauwen Zabel* 596
Notes by the Way *by Margaret Marshall* 599
The Lower Depths *by Lionel Trilling* 602
Mr. Willkie's Two Odysseys *by Reinhold Niebuhr* 604
The Growth of Cities *by Albert Guérard* 606
Welcome, Stranger! *by H. P. Lazarus* 608
"Manners, Morals, and Mistakes" *by Louis Filler* 608
Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 609
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 611

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 10 *by Jack Barrett* 612

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The Shape of Things

ACCUSTOMED AS OUR STATE DEPARTMENT is to rebuffs from dictators whose favor it seeks, its humiliation this week must be acute. The mightiest nation on earth has taken many an insult from the battered hero of Vichy, and it is regularly kicked by the propped-up knight of Spain, but to be soundly rebuked by the petty tyrant of a colonial isle—this is surely the dregs of the cup. What makes especially bitter the scolding administered to our diplomats by Admiral Robert, High Commissioner of Martinique, is the essential truth of his argument. Addressing his remarks to a reporter for the Associated Press rather than to the American government, Robert explained why he was loath to join the United Nations: "The manner in which the French who believed that the moment had come to join the United Nations have been treated by the Allies only confirms me each day in my prudence." Touché! From any decent viewpoint toward the war and toward fascism itself, Admiral Robert's conduct has been notorious, and the motives behind his present proposal are no more above suspicion than were Darlan's when he turned on Hitler. But as one De Gaullist spokesman pointed out, he has put "the whole French situation in a nutshell." The price of Robert's support of the United Nations, involving French gold reserves estimated in the hundreds of millions of dollars and a number of immobilized French warships, is threefold: it must not "mean the necessity of rebellion against the French government"; the Allies must permit the "French who are fighting—instead of constituting two factions, one dominated by Britain and the other by the American government—to form a unity under one single authority vested with sovereign rights"; and, third, the integrity of the French Antilles must be guaranteed.

★

ON CLOSE EXAMINATION, THESE DEMANDS square remarkably with those of General de Gaulle. Clarifying somewhat his ambiguous point about "rebellion," the Admiral remarked that he owed his post to the pre-armistice government of France. In other words, he suggests a belated allegiance to the Republic rather than to any supreme military authority that might be assumed by an individual general. This is the crux of the difference between De Gaulle and Giraud. The Fighting French want a provisional administrative authority in

which the underground parties of metropolitan France have a part, an authority which can represent the sovereignty of France among the United Nations both in the conduct of the war and at the peace table. Giraud, on the other hand, wants only a central council of limited powers and composed only of colonial officials. He would have supreme authority vested in the commander-in-chief—himself presumably—until the liberation of France permits an election. Robert knows that the American government strongly favors the Giraud scheme, and his very antipathy toward the United States—he has never disguised it—appears to be driving him toward the De Gaulle camp. The Fighting French may understandably chuckle over his attempt to by-pass Giraud entirely in his flight from Vichy, but as one of their London spokesmen put it, "Robert is thoroughly impregnated with the Vichy spirit, and therefore it is not possible for the Fighting French to believe in his good faith." Robert, in short, has waited too long. Trusted by no one, he would seem to be hoist with his own Pétain.

★

THE SAN SEBASTIAN RADIO PROVIDES A perfect commentary on signs of renewed Anglo-American attempts to appease Franco. While Prime Minister Churchill is entertained at the Spanish embassy in London and our General Clark is the guest of the High Commissioner in Spanish Morocco, the San Sebastian radio announces that another contingent of the Spanish Blue Division has arrived on the Leningrad front "to relieve their comrades." We can imagine the reaction of American public opinion if a contingent of Russian troops appeared in the Southwest Pacific to help the Japanese. Spain is fighting our Soviet ally—and we are going out of our way to send supplies to it and to curry favor with its fascist government. The Western powers are guilty of a great want of sense, or at the least of a great want of tact. For past experience has shown that Spain acts in friendly fashion to the Western powers only when threatened with loss of supplies and that it takes appeasement as a sign of weakness and an invitation to ask for more favors from the United States and Britain. Can one wonder that the Kremlin is suspicious when Churchill goes to the Spanish embassy for lunch, taking with him the Chief of the Imperial Staff and the permanent head of the Foreign Office?

★

REPORTS OF HEAVY CIVILIAN CASUALTIES IN German-occupied countries, as the result of raids by the American Army Air Force, have led to criticisms in the British press of the policy of high-level daylight bombing. Claiming that the dispersal of bombs from a great height makes accuracy impossible, the weekly *Tribune* asks: "Are raids against towns inhabited by friendly

people really contributing to softening up the Continent for invasion or merely hardening the people against what must seem the ruthless unconcern of an ally for the suffering people who are not the real enemy?" The *New Statesman and Nation* points out that the R. A. F. has hitherto taken particular care to hit only definite military objectives in occupied countries—mostly by using low-flying tactics—but that now the Axis propagandists are able to publish "uncontradicted stories of useless destruction and ghastly casualties" as the result of American daylight raids on such cities as Rouen and Antwerp.

★

THE FACT THAT THESE STORIES, DISPENSED by Axis forces, have not been contradicted does not mean, however, that they are true. Now that they are experiencing the horrors of aerial bombardment, the Nazis have suddenly become concerned about its inhumanity and are conducting a campaign in neutral countries for an agreement outlawing the bombing of cities. Naturally, they stress casualties among the inhabitants of the conquered countries, as these evoke the most sympathy. But although there is no way of checking the figures they give out, we are not prepared to accept them as accurate or to believe German assertions that the industrial damage in these raids is negligible. That strategic bombing, whether by day or night, whether of occupied countries or of Germany itself (with its millions of imported slaves), does bring death to many innocents is undeniable. But its abandonment would certainly prolong the war and thus make the total sum of suffering still more appalling.

★

DONALD M. NELSON, CHAIRMAN OF WPB, has sought to head off passage of the Maloney bill by appointing Arthur D. Whiteside of Dun and Bradstreet as vice-chairman in charge of civilian requirements. The Maloney bill would set up civilian supply as an independent agency able to press equally with army, navy, and lend-lease for the materials needed for essential civilian use. Joseph L. Weiner, who has been head of the division of civilian supply since Leon Henderson's retirement, believes only an independent agency can deal adequately and efficiently with civilian problems. Weiner's record in civilian supply under Henderson and since commands respect; he has been one of the ablest and most courageous New Dealers in the war-production set-up. He was one of the first to press for conversion of civilian industry to war and one of the first to make the public aware of the importance of adequate civilian supply in the war program. The danger, as indicated in our Washington letter this week, is that the need for adequate civilian supplies will be made the excuse for resuming business as usual and that profits rather than need will determine civilian production. There seems to us much

more danger of that under Nelson and Whiteside than under an independent agency headed by a public official instead of a dollar-a-year man.

✱

JESSE JONES, CUSTODIAN OF THE BIGGEST money bag in history, seems possessed of an arrogance that matches his vast financial power. The Byrd committee has discovered that the Federal Loan Administrator, who directs a mushroom growth of government corporations growing out of the RFC, has refused to submit their records to an audit by the General Accounting Office. As extraordinary as Jones's attitude is the meek silence of the otherwise all-powerful accounting office. Lindsay Warren, Comptroller General of the United States, testified that the request for an audit was made of Jones in 1938 and refused. There was a time when the GAO by public statements could overawe the entire New Deal, but Warren has kept silent until now about Jones's affront to the power of his office. Since 1938 the financial resources of the RFC and the other corporations under Jones have grown enormously, and with them has grown the possibility of their abuse or mishandling. We hope the Byrd committee will insist on an audit of these billions—a much more important task than the petty penny-pinching in which it has engaged in the past. Jones has it in his power by financial favors to make the fortunes of his friends and ruin his enemies. He ought not to be allowed to exercise this power free from check. Does he fear an audit?

✱

WUXTREE! WUXTREE! READ ALL ABOUT IT. Big Nazi Plot Uncovered by Dies Committee. In a special report to Congress, delayed for five months to make sure of all the facts, Martin "Scoops" Dies has revealed that even before 1938 Adolf Hitler's sympathizers in this country were bent on spreading Nazism. This bombshell should satisfy carping critics who think the Dies committee has been spending all its time putting the finger on New Dealers, technocrats, and nudists. The report fearlessly indicts members of the German embassy and consular staffs "who were not performing their legitimate functions but instead were engaging in espionage and propaganda activities." And it names names. Did you know that the German Library of Information was pro-Nazi even in 1938? And the German-American Bund? And even George Sylvester Viereck? The diplomatic agents have long since flown the coop and the various bunds have been dissolved, but it's good to know that Martin Dies is wise to their tricks—even if it did take him five years and a quarter of a million dollars in appropriations. Maybe his current effort to have thirty-nine government employees boiled in oil without so much as a hearing is just a blind behind which he gathers evidence that will incontrovertibly link Count von Bernstorff's activities with the late Kaiser.

IF WE WERE DETERMINED TO INCREASE THE fame and sales of a given book we should begin by attacking it, long before it was scheduled to appear, as a book that ought to be suppressed—preferably in the names of you know which of our "great allies." We should keep up the attack to the very day of publication by means of memoranda to the publishers and any book club that planned to distribute it. To each memorandum we should append the mimeographed copy of a letter of resignation-in-protest sent to the book club by one of its tens of thousands of members. Above all we should take care not to read the volume; so that if the book-club management, in an attempt to trap us, sent us a telegram asking whether the removal of a certain (non-existent) chapter would satisfy us, we could prove our innocence by answering that other passages were equally objectionable. By these tactics we might make fools of ourselves—but that is a sacrifice often undergone by publicity experts; and we could be pretty sure that just before the day of publication the New York Times and several other papers with large circulations would print a lengthy account of the attempt to suppress a novel entitled "The Fifth Seal" by Mark Aldanov, an author hitherto practically unheard of.

Planes for the Pacific

ARE the Japanese about to launch an overwhelming offensive in the Southwest Pacific? Is Australia really in deadly peril of invasion? Recent dispatches from "down under" suggest fears in both military and civilian circles that these questions may shortly be answered in the affirmative. There are reports that the Japanese have concentrated 200,000 men and a proportionate number of planes on fortified islands within easy reach of northern Australia, and the presence of large enemy naval forces at Truk, within three days' steaming of New Guinea, has been stressed. Great emphasis has been given to a recent increase in Japanese air activity, manifested by attacks on Allied bases. In all cases these raids have been beaten off decisively, with the enemy losing at least five planes to our one. Yet it is suggested that our loss of superiority in the air may be imminent unless large reinforcements are sent to the Southwest Pacific theater.

Naturally, alarming reports of this nature have been eagerly seized upon by opponents of the Administration. Neglect of the Pacific has long been a favorite theme with the Hearst-McCormick press, and the dispatches from Australia are now being manufactured into ammunition for an almost daily editorial barrage directed at the Commander-in-Chief. The promoters of this campaign are, admittedly, in the very advantageous position of being able to play a two-way bet with a high degree of

safety. If more planes are not sent to the Pacific and their dire predictions are justified by events, they can say, "We told you so." If, on the other hand, the Japanese offensive is a flop, they will be able to hail another MacArthur miracle achieved with inadequate means and no thanks to the Administration.

In actual fact, it appears unlikely that the resources being made available to our forces in the western Pacific are inadequate to the tasks which have been assigned to them. Last month high-ranking officers representing both General MacArthur and Admiral Halsey were called to Washington for conferences with the joint general staffs. It is reasonable to assume that the grand strategy settled upon at the Casablanca conference was explained to them and that they were told they must hold the line against the Japanese until victory in Europe released forces for a grand offensive against Tokyo.

Lieutenant General George Kenney, MacArthur's air commander, when he was in Washington did not disguise the fact that he hoped to get a lot more planes, and apparently he returned disappointed. He said recently, "We are forced to shoot down four or five to one to keep the score straight," and added that he would like a five-to-one superiority in planes over the enemy. What commander would not? Unhappily, we are not yet able to supply this degree of air supremacy in any theater of the war.

No doubt MacArthur is dissatisfied with a mere holding role and impatiently awaits the day when he can undertake a full-scale offensive. But that does not excuse an attempt to obtain a revision of Washington decisions by means of pressure tactics. An intolerable situation would arise if subordinate commanders, however distinguished, were encouraged to back their claims by promoting public clamor, and the only surprising thing about the Secretary of War's rebuke, in this instance, was its extreme mildness. Noting the demand for more planes from Australia, Mr. Stimson said: "We have had similar pleas from all parts of the world. It is common for all vigorous and alert commanders to seek more equipment. The combined chiefs of staff are responsible for the control of over-all requirements. They must study the whole global military situation." At the same time he promised that the Australian theater would be sent sufficient planes to replace losses and to counter the increasing strength of the enemy—a promise which, we imagine, is neither more nor less than that given before the present agitation arose.

Behind this extremely unfortunate controversy lies not only the old argument between the Pacific and European schools of strategy but the still older problem of army-navy rivalry. It is an unhappy fact that the division of responsibilities in the western Pacific between Admiral Halsey and General MacArthur represents a difference in strategic conceptions as well as an inconvenient geo-

graphical line. And "unity of command" is no sovereign remedy for this situation, since it seems unlikely that MacArthur would consent to serve under the navy or that the navy would be willing to subordinate itself to MacArthur. The tension between the two was illustrated by the general's sharp reaction to Secretary Knox's statement that an attack on Australia would require a "tremendous sea force and there is no indication of a concentration pointing to that." Permitting direct quotation, MacArthur retorted that there were, in fact, powerful Japanese forces within striking distance of Australia which could be held off only by Allied retention of command of the skies. "The Allied naval forces," he went on, "can be counted upon to play their own magnificent part, but the battle of the western Pacific will be won or lost by the proper application of the ground-air team."

General MacArthur has properly not forgotten his promise to liberate the Philippines, and his statement suggests a belief that "island-hopping" is the way to achieve the task. The navy, on the other hand, has discarded the island-hopping theory, and it sees its primary task as the destruction of Japanese sea power, for once this is accomplished, Japan's innumerable scattered island outposts must fall for lack of sustenance. Instead of building up an air-ground team, the navy would allot the major role in victory to an air-sea team. So we have competition for air power between the two services in the Pacific as well as between the Pacific and Atlantic theaters. The final responsibility for deciding between these conflicting claims is that of the Commander-in-Chief. It is a heavy burden, and he may justly ask that its weight be not increased by irresponsible propaganda either in Congress or the press.

The Annual Wage

AS A possible compromise in the increasingly threatening controversy over coal wages, Dr. John R. Steelman, director of the United States Conciliation Service, has proposed that the miners be guaranteed six days' work a week throughout the coming year. This guaranty would give the miners a somewhat higher annual income than they can expect from the requested \$2-a-day increase, but since there would be no change in basic wages rates, it would not violate the President's hold-the-line anti-inflation order. Moreover, it would not greatly increase the operators' costs of production, and therefore should not result in a higher price for coal. What would actually happen is that a smaller number of miners—smaller because of the effects of the draft—would be enabled to produce an increased quantity of coal to meet the country's expanded needs; and these miners would be guaranteed a living wage in exchange for work done.

This highly practical solution of the wage dispute was rejected, on its initial presentation by Mr. Steelman, by both the Northern and Southern operators. The rejection, if we are to judge by a highly partisan editorial in the *New York Times*, was primarily motivated by an unwillingness to give Mr. Lewis anything that he asks for; but there was also fear that if the annual wage were granted as a war-time measure it might create a precedent that would be carried over after the war. The pre-war average number of working days in the soft-coal mines, the *Times* reminds us, was only 182 days, while the government is proposing a 312-day year. It then asks: "Where would the market be" for the additional coal produced in the 130 days of extra work? That is not, of course, an issue today, and we shall assume that the six-day week will not be retained after the war. But the question is valuable in calling attention to the problem of intermittent employment, which has always been one of the curses of the coal-mining industry. In the past the operators have made little effort to put the industry on a sound basis because the miners have had to bear almost the entire burden of the seasonal irregularities in demand. If the principle of the guaranteed annual wage were accepted as a permanent policy, there is reason to believe that management would find a way to distribute output more evenly throughout the year.

The *Times* is also disturbed lest organized labor—unhappy over the WLB's refusal to adjust existing "inequalities" in wage rates—launch a general campaign for guaranteed annual wages in other industries as well as coal. It complains that that would constitute an invasion of the President's hold-the-line order. This is sheer economic nonsense. The increased pay that workers get through more regular employment is not and cannot be inflationary because it is balanced by additional production. Since increased production must be our national goal both today and in the post-war period, no development could be more healthy than the growing acceptance of the principle of a guaranteed annual income for wage-workers.

Save the FSA!

THE long-standing fight of the big farmers to put the Farm Security Administration out of existence came within an ace of succeeding last week. On the recommendation of a subcommittee, the House Appropriations Committee cut off all funds for the FSA in the agricultural appropriation bill for 1943-44 and sought to kill the agency by transferring its functions to the Farm Credit Administration. An effort was then made to railroad the bill through the House without debate, but the Rules Committee temporarily blocked this move by refusing to grant a closed rule on the measure. A bitter

debate developed on the House floor, in which the farm bloc, long antagonistic to the Farm Security Administration, met with a rebuff in its attempt to kill the agency outright but succeeded in crippling it by cutting off its funds.

Readers of *The Nation* do not need to be told that the FSA has made an enviable record in its endeavor to rehabilitate the most promising among America's landless farmers, who number more than five million. Although the number of individuals who have been able to acquire land through the FSA program has been necessarily small because of the lack of adequate appropriations, there is much evidence to demonstrate the agency's success in general agricultural rehabilitation.

The farmers who are buying land through the FSA have become more stable citizens; they have taken more interest in community affairs than they formerly did; and their children have been attending school more regularly. But of particular significance at the moment is the fact that they have been producing much more food than previously. In Montana we find that FSA borrowers accounted for 95 per cent of the state's increase in milk production during 1942, and for 20 per cent of its increase in egg production. Beef production for the state as a whole rose 44 per cent; among FSA farmers it rose 70 per cent. In the country as a whole Farm Security borrowers, representing 7.6 per cent of the country's farms, were responsible for more than one-third of the 1942 increase in the output of milk and 10 per cent of the rise in chicken and egg production. Livestock production throughout the United States was 8 per cent higher in 1940 than the 1936-39 average; among FSA borrowers it was 43 per cent higher.

This is an impressive record. It is particularly significant because the FSA farmers are without exception small farmers. For this reason it might seem that their capacity for expanding food production would be more limited than that of the large producers who dominate the Farm Bureau Federation. But experience has shown that the small farmer is more responsive to the financial and managerial assistance provided by the government than any other group.

If Congress is sincere in its alarm over the threatened shortage of farm labor it should take steps to increase the FSA appropriation instead of threatening to eliminate it altogether, for the FSA has shown over a period of years that through small, supervised loans it can increase production substantially without drawing further on man-power supply. It has done this during the years when its objective was not quick production but general agricultural rehabilitation. Today, with a change in emphasis and extended service, the Farm Security Administration offers our greatest opportunity for an increased food output in 1943. Congress must not be allowed to kill it.

Peace—the Culbertson System

BY LOUIS FISCHER

PRECEDED by much high-pressure promotion, Ely Culbertson, bridge expert, has launched a plan for world federation. To me the most interesting thing about the plan is that intelligent persons like Dorothy Thompson, Frederick L. Schuman, and Max Eastman appear to have fallen for it. The Culbertson scheme is, I think, among the least valuable and most deceptive contributions to our fast-growing peace literature. It is unrealistic and reactionary.

As outlined in Culbertson's sixty-four-page "Summary of the World Federation Plan" and in an earlier, slightly dissimilar publication entitled "A System to Win the War and to Win the Peace to Come," the plan is simple. During this war if possible, later if necessary, the eleven regions into which it divides the world are to be organized in a world federation. The scheme can start functioning when any two regions unite. Each regional organization is supposed to serve as "a cohesive force for the membership states composing it." A world police will guard the peace.

The eleven regions are (1) the Japanese, led by Japan and including "sovereign" Korea; (2) the Chinese, consisting of China, to which Culbertson blithely gives Hongkong and Shanghai as "free trade zones," Manchuria, Japanese Formosa, Tibet, and Mohammedan Sinkiang (Turkestan); (3) the Russian, consisting of the Soviet Union, which obtains Estonia, Latvia (but not Lithuania), Bessarabia, "a strategic frontier with Finland," part of the Polish Ukraine ("subject to plebiscite"), and the provinces taken from Russia by Turkey under the terms of the 1918 Brest-Litovsk treaty; (4) the Middle European, including Lithuania, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, and Albania, which are all expected to live peacefully together under the leadership of Poland; (5) the North European federation, with Germany as leader, and including Holland, Austria, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland, plus the Belgian Congo, Portuguese Angola in West Africa, and the southern Sudan, which are thrown into this German family as special step-children; (6) the Latin European, under French leadership, whose other members are Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Belgium; (7) the British, consisting of the United Kingdom and the British dominions and Eire and enlarged by the annexation of Portuguese Mozambique, French Djibouti, Ethiopia, "and the rest of Italian East Africa"; (8) the Middle Eastern region, in which Turkey will lead Persia, Iraq, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, Afghanistan, and Egypt;

(9) the American federation, led by the United States and comprising in addition all the Latin American republics. Non-American countries must give up their American possessions to America. The tenth and eleventh regions are so-called federations which have no independence: India, under British control, and the Malaysian federation, a protectorate of the United States. The Malaysian federation (capital Manila) embraces the Philippines, all the Dutch East Indies, Thailand, the many Pacific islands, and French Indo-China.

What a nice mess all this will make!

SECURITY A LA CULBERTSON

The single feature of the Malaysian federation demonstrates the complete folly, and danger, of the plan. Although Culbertson thinks his scheme "offers an adequate substitute for power politics," what would America's domination of Malaysia represent but the worst kind of power politics plus a new, far-flung American imperialism?

Culbertson likes to throw around words like "sovereign" and "non-imperialistic." They cost nothing; they may delude some innocents abroad; but they also change nothing. When you call imperialism "non-imperialistic" it smells just as bad.

Culbertson convicts himself. "In the Netherlands East Indies," he writes, "the Netherlands shall retain her essential sovereign rights, except the right to maintain military or air-naval bases." Who will maintain those bases? The United States, of course. Why? For these reasons:

It would be suicidal for the United States to allow any other power to obtain military lodgement in any part of these key territories. Already the cost to us of the Marshall and Caroline Islands, so magnanimously handed over to Japan after the First World War, is staggering. If the Netherlands were permitted to keep its own bases in the eastern Pacific, the future security of the Western Hemisphere might be gravely jeopardized. . . . It follows that in restoring their possessions to the Netherlands and to France [Indo-China] after the war, the United States must, for her own and their sake, retain the military [non-imperialistic] control of these territories by means of leased bases. It would be the height of strategic folly for the Netherlands or France to oppose such an eminently just and reasonable solution of the vital problem of the defense of the East Pacific [obviously]. Nor should England, China, or Russia object to the American Strategic Zone, since each has its

own Strategic Zone. The establishment of the American Strategic Zone is a matter of vital necessity to the United States, and *must be accomplished regardless of whether or not the World Federation is adopted* [italics mine].

So there you have Culbertson, the great world reformer. If you imagined that his World Federation introduced some new principle of world security you were wrong. The plan is based on the ancient imperialist and Hitlerian justice of seizing the maximum territory beyond your frontiers as a sort of protective cushion against attack. Security, therefore, will not be found in a new system of world government, or in a new concept of internationalism, or even in a world police force protecting all countries against all aggressors. No, security, à la Culbertson, lies in colonies, in distant bases, in the military and strategic advantage of one nation over the other. To be sure, only the powerful are thus smiled upon by Culbertson. The United States, the mightiest nation of the world, will defend itself by arming territories thousands of miles from its own shores. Then what about Czechoslovakia, or Spain, or Holland, or Italy? Ah, they are too weak to extort these benefits. They will have to look to the World Federation for protection. But America won't be so foolish, or England, or Russia. They get their "strategic zones."

If Culbertson believes in the necessity of protective zones for the major powers his whole world-federation plan is nonsense. You either believe in security through international organization or you don't. Apparently, Ely Culbertson doesn't.

1919 AGAIN

Stripped of its 1943 dress, the Culbertson plan begins to look like the peace of 1919. After the last war the Anglo-French balance of power undertook to preserve the peace. England and France rounded out their empires in Africa by dividing Germany's colonies between them, Britain cushioned its Indian empire with Iraq and Palestine; France got Syria (gentlemen like Culbertson called it a "mandate") and also created a strategic zone in Europe by forging a chain of satellites—Poland, Czechoslovakia, and so forth. It looked wonderful. Germany was in a state of military and economic collapse and under foreign supervision. Who could defy the Anglo-French combination? As a superstructure upon this combination, a world federation was erected—the League of Nations. Not everybody joined? But Culbertson foresees that not everybody may join his federation. He would go ahead nevertheless. The League of Nations was always dominated by France and/or England. Yet the League failed, and the Anglo-French balance of power failed to maintain peace or to protect England and France from aggression; any combination of powers sooner or later is challenged by a rival combination.

It may be objected that the League of Nations failed

because America did not participate, whereas we are expected to be a mainstay of the Culbertson federation. America's absence, however, was not the cause of the League's failure. There never was an instance in which France and England, eager to block an aggressor, called on the United States and were refused. On the contrary, in 1932 Secretary of State Stimson urged action in China against Japan; it was Britain that demurred. If England and France had been ready to take adequate measures against Italian aggression in Abyssinia, Washington would have cooperated. The British and French governments lobbied hard to keep us anti-Loyalist toward Spain. If they wanted any help from America in the Czecho-Slovak crisis it was in the direction of appeasing Hitler, not the reverse. No, the League's failure was not due to American abstention. The League failed because it was an instrument of the Anglo-French balance of power. That is what Litvinov was up against, and that is why Russia's adherence in 1934 added little except some good propaganda for peace and some delightful debunking of the appeasers.

The Culbertson federation would be another League of Nations designed to maintain the Anglo-Russian-American balance of power or, if Russia does not join, the Anglo-American balance of power. Vanquished Germany, Japan, and Italy would be compelled to take membership. The lesser powers, Culbertson hopes, would string along. But the post-Versailles balance of power was upset by Germany's economic recuperation, the emergence of the airplane as a decisive military weapon, and the internal decay of France and the British Empire. Who can guarantee that even an Anglo-Russian-American coalition, which today seems as unbeatable as the Anglo-French coalition seemed in 1919, will not be upset by defections and new combinations of power, or by new economic and logistic conditions?

Culbertson's plan creates a paradise for the major powers. With a few exceptions all the territorial changes he advocates are to the benefit of Russia, China, America, and Britain. He trusts that this will induce the giants to join. But how will the rest of the nations feel? Moreover, there is no rhyme or reason in most of his territorial shifts. Culbertson writes not a single word, for instance, in explanation of the transfer of the Congo from Belgium to Germany. Nor does he honor us with the reasons for giving Estonia and Latvia but not Lithuania to Russia.

At this very moment White House and Downing Street brows are knit over the map of Europe, endeavoring to deal with Russia's claims to the Baltic states and eastern Poland. It seems to be a baffling problem. But the statesmen should be told that Culbertson has already solved it. He has assigned two of the three Baltic countries to Moscow and decreed a plebiscite for eastern Poland. But why not give Latvia and Lithuania instead of Latvia and Estonia to Russia? It makes just as much

sense. And maybe Russia doesn't want a plebiscite in eastern Poland. Russia insists on its right to eastern Poland now, before a plebiscite can be held. Maybe Poland doesn't want a plebiscite. Maybe everybody knows that plebiscites are usually unfair.

It looks as if Mr. Culbertson had retired into his modernistic study with a pack of cards marked with the names of countries and started playing solitaire. When the "Latvia" card turned up he placed it on top of "Russia," and "Estonia" on top of that, but "Lithuania" went into a separate pile. "Congo" he put on top of "Belgium," but then "Germany," the jack, faced him; so he took the "Congo" queen from the "Belgium" pile and used it to cover "Germany." That is all very nice, but it has nothing to do with the complicated reality of world affairs. Culbertson should quit playing solitaire and go back to bridge.

I should like to linger over many pleasant questions raised by Culbertson's plan. Will the British, for instance, cede Hongkong to China? Will Turkey present Kars, Erzerum, and Ardagan to Russia? Would not England after the war be more prosperous with India free? Would the United States allow a sealed Canadian highway

through New York State to New York harbor under Canadian political control, or would only Russia obtain such a right from Persia? But I must rush on, now, to the *pièce de résistance* on the Culbertson menu, the "quota-force principle" for the organization of a world police.

PEACE THROUGH ARITHMETIC

The Culbertson World Federation, when permanently organized, will have a World President elected for a term of six years (the first President is to be an American, the second a Britisher, but the third is not scheduled to be a Russian), a legislative branch consisting of two houses, a "World Equity Court," and many officials. "The manufacture, transportation, and possession of heavy weapons shall be the monopoly of the World Federation." Heavy weapons are military planes, tanks, heavy guns, and warships. No private person or company and no national government will be permitted to own or make such weapons or to own or operate factories making them. All such factories, everywhere in the world, will be the property of the federation, which will run them. I am sure the Soviet government would not submit to this,



"ARE YOU QUITE SURE THIS IS THE SOVIET DELEGATE?"

and I doubt whether the British or American governments would. It would be interesting to calculate how much control the World Government would exercise over the various national economies if this provision could be implemented.

"The World Police Force (army, navy, and air forces) shall be the only force in the world which is armed with heavy weapons." It will consist of eleven national contingents and one international contingent, or "Mobile Corps," all financed by the World Government. The eleven national contingents will be stationed in the eleven leader or "initiating" states of the federation and will consist of citizens of those states. The eleven leader states are the United States, Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany, Poland, Turkey, China, Japan, India, whose contingent will be under British command, and Malaysia, whose force will be under American command. No other states will have armies equipped with heavy weapons. Thus in the Germanic regional federation only Germany will possess a real army and manufacture heavy weapons; in the Latin European region only France, not Italy, Spain, Belgium, or Portugal; and in the Middle European region only Poland, not Lithuania, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, or Albania. Imagine how the non-leader states will take that!

The international Mobile Corps will be composed of regiments recruited in other than leader states. It "shall be stationed in strategically located islands purchased by the government of the World Federation and in leased bases in the Two-Way States." The two-way states are Switzerland, Luxembourg, Armenia, Austria, Danzig, the Sudetenland, and perhaps others which may belong to two regional federations at one time.

Now each of these twelve armies will have a quota strength which represents its percentage of the total World Police force. The United States gets 20 per cent of the World Police plus 2 per cent in Malaysia; Britain 15 per cent plus 4 per cent in India; Russia 15 per cent; France, Germany, Poland, Turkey, and China 4 per cent each; and Japan 2 per cent. That adds up to 78 per cent. The Mobile Corps has the remaining 22 per cent of the World Police.

The heavy arms for each national contingent would be manufactured in the countries where the contingents are stationed and in amounts proportioned to their size. Thus 22 per cent of the world's heavy arms would be produced in the United States, 19 per cent in Britain, 15 per cent in Russia, 2 per cent in Japan, and so forth, while the 22 per cent for the Mobile Corps would be produced in non-leader countries—like Czecho-Slovakia, Argentina, Persia, and others.

In time of peace each national contingent is subject to the orders of its national government. But if war breaks out, the national contingent "becomes automati-

cally, and without the necessity of approval by the Initiating State, a part of the World Police, under the command of the President of the World Federation, and at the disposal of the World Federation government." The World Government may send the American or Russian or Chinese army wherever it sees fit.

Now where are we? Says Culbertson: Let us suppose that the United States, England, and Germany unite to conquer the world. They defy the World Government. Together, the three of them have 45 per cent of the well-armed forces of the universe. But the World Police has the remaining 55 per cent. Ergo, the American-British-German aggressors will be defeated. Suppose, he continues, a league of Communist states springs up, consisting of Russia, Japan, China, Poland, Germany, and France. Together they have 33 per cent of the world's armies. The federation opposes them with 67 per cent. Suppose Russia alone attacks China. Russia has 15 per cent; China its own 4 per cent, plus the Mobile Corps's 22 per cent, plus the national contingents of America, England, and the others, which will immediately march to China's aid.

On paper this seems perfect. Indeed, Bertrand Russell, the great English mathematician, was called in by Culbertson to check all these calculations, and I understand that he finally gave his verdict that 67 is more than 33, and 55 more than 45. I myself have deliberated long over this question, and I too am compelled to admit that a large number is larger than a small number. That vitally affects the price of cheese, but its direct influence on world peace is not so clear. For mathematics is not the soul of politics.

BUT WHAT ABOUT GEOGRAPHY?

Mr. Culbertson, at home in New York, has forgotten at least one little item, geography. The United States, with 22 per cent of world armaments, attacks Mexico with none. What happens? The Mobile Corps (22 per cent), stationed in Switzerland, Armenia, Austria, and where not, and consisting of assorted Iraqi, Lithuanians, Czechs, Brazilians, Cubans, and Persians, throws itself at America, and very soon the Russian, Chinese, and British contingents, not to speak of the Polish and Turkish and Japanese armies, will speed across the Pacific and the Atlantic to save Mexico. Poor Mexico! Poor Mexico, World Federation or not. Of course! Then what has changed? Or suppose Russia, with 15 per cent, attacks Persia with none. You either have appeasement or a world war.

But it is really unnecessary for me to prove that the quota-force principle will not work, its mathematical perfection notwithstanding. Culbertson proves it. He writes: "The question may be raised, What is to prevent a leading nation from seizing control of its National Contingent to use it for purposes of conquest, or to pre-

vent its constitutional use by the World Federation?" Yes, that is a good question, the key question. How can we be sure that the United States or Russia or Germany will not use the national contingent stationed on its soil, and consisting of its citizens, to attack a foreign nation? And how can we be sure, when the World Government calls, say, the British contingent to fight France, that the British government will let it go? What is Culbertson's answer? It is ludicrous. "It is highly improbable," he wishfully thinks, "that any government could thus seize control of its National Contingent." Why? Because, he says, the officers and men have been recruited to serve the World Government, and for them to refuse to do this or consent to serve their own country in aggression "automatically constitutes an act of rebellion, for which they can be shot in disgrace." That is, if the Soviet contingent takes orders from the Kremlin and invades Finland, it will be in "rebellion," and the Red soldiers will be shot "in disgrace." By whom, pray? Is Culbertson really so naive?

As to a national government engaging in aggression, he proceeds, "Something akin to a revolutionary conspiracy would be required for it deliberately to break the solemn pact of defensive alliance which binds member states together, and thus become an aggressor against the World Federation." In other words, it would be very naughty to become an aggressor, and no nation ought to be so mean and nasty. "Any attempt at conquest," furthermore, "would create a divided public opinion within the country, and a divided National Contingent." Culbertson is suggesting that the American contingent or the German contingent would be so loyal to the World Government that it would refuse to obey its own government. And this bunk has been hailed as "a workable solution"!

Let us turn all this around. If Culbertson is so sure that no nation will engage in aggression, and that all nations will cooperate with the World Federation, why does he need the national contingents? Maybe just a Mobile Corps would suffice. Maybe all you need is general disarmament and a limited police force.

Actually, Culbertson admits by implication that under his plan peace will be at the mercy of the big powers, to whom he panders and who have the arms and the factories. His peace plan depends on the good-will and desires of the great nations. Peace always has. He has devised no way of inducing or compelling the mighty not to use their might.

Culbertson is tinkering with the status quo, trying to juggle it around, to repair it and patch it, and then to build modernistic edifices upon it. To change the metaphor, he is dealing the old cards. He almost makes you think—if you don't watch closely—that the cards are new. But they are old, and the deal is old.

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

DAYLIGHT SAVING was established in the United States on March 31 at 2 a. m. . . . Our interference with our clocks leads one to wonder whether we could not go on and fool ourselves a little more. . . . If a false clock can make us rise early, a false calendar may banish spring fever. Kant has said, at some length, that our time is our own.—*April 4, 1918.*

RATIFICATION of the federal prohibition amendment by Massachusetts makes its adoption morally certain. When Maryland, Delaware, and the Bay State swing into line, and New York holds out only after the utmost efforts of her anti-prohibition leaders, the end is in sight.—*April 11, 1918.*

WHEN AMERICA entered the war the regular army comprised about 128,000 men, besides which there were some 80,000 of the National Guard in the federal service. Now the federal forces number more than 1,600,000 men. . . . The need for immediate production of cannon or shells has been obviated by the fact that France and Great Britain have agreed to furnish these for all American troops arriving in 1917 and 1918, but plans have been laid for future production at home.—*April 11, 1918.*

MOB VIOLENCE against persons suspected of disloyalty is increasing.—*April 11, 1918.*

WAR AND THE DRAMA do not make a happy combination, and the war play has become one of the minor horrors of war. . . . The declining theatrical season is approaching its end amid bursting bombs and perfervid oratory in an orgy of bellicose patriotism as noisy as it is undramatic. . . . More reputable and genuinely American contributions to our war drama earlier in the season were "Efficiency," . . . in which Mr. R. H. Davis and Mr. P. P. Sheehan satirize the spirit of militarism, and "In the Zone," by Eugene O'Neill, with its scene laid in the forecastle of a munitions ship, produced by the Washington Square Players with full justice to its realism and dramatic quality.—*April 11, 1918.*

OCCASIONALLY of late has come news of a weak college suddenly closing its doors in bankruptcy. . . . A large endowment fund is a rock of refuge for some which have lost one-third of their young men; others are seeing as never before the attractiveness of the coeducational principle.—*April 18, 1918.*

GENERAL FOCH has been given the title of Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies operating in France, by the French and British governments, and thus another step has been taken in realizing complete unity of command on the western front.—*April 18, 1918.*

A NEW WORD much affected is "camouflage," generally mispronounced and misunderstood.—*April 25, 1918.*

IT IS OFTEN impossible to tell from the shape of a woman's hat whether she is coming or going.—*April 25, 1918.*

Relaxing Too Soon

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 18

A CURIOUS atmosphere is visible in the world of business. Though we are as yet only ankle-deep in the war, the impression is growing that the job of war production has passed its peak, and that we can now begin to think of a return to greater civilian production. The service-equipment division of the War Production Board has prepared a plan for resuming the manufacture of office machinery. The WPB has issued an order easing its prohibition against the use of steel for non-essential purposes. Manufacturers may use stocks of partially or wholly fabricated steel parts in the production of a wide variety of gadgets ranging from electric hair-curlers to shoe buckles. Trade papers began to talk last fall of the possibility of obtaining materials for renewed civilian output, and the same sort of speculation has now reached the daily press. The financial section of today's *New York Times*, for example, carries no fewer than three articles on the prospect of greater civilian output.

William J. Enright, who covers business circles for the *Times*, says "war agencies intend to start the reconversion of industry to the production of essential civilian goods by the end of the summer." Kenneth L. Austin, who reports on finance and heavy industry, declares New York and Washington are hearing "forecasts that the supply of steel for military, naval, and shipbuilding needs soon will appear to have been more than amply covered, and . . . metal will be available for non-essential civilian needs within the next six months or less." C. F. Hughes, who writes the enlightened and well-informed Merchant's Point of View for the *Times*, reflects widespread opinion at the capital when he says, "In guns, bombs and shells, motor vehicles and tanks we have already produced more than enough for any reasonable requirements of [our] armed forces or those of our allies."

This feeling that the job of war production is in its declining phase has found expression in the ranks of both capital and labor. Walter D. Fuller, president of the Curtis Publishing Company and chairman of the executive committee of the National Association of Manufacturers, said here last week that the country was suffering from overproduction of certain types of war materials. Fuller declared that we had built up a sufficient backlog of weapons to justify more emphasis on civilian needs. Philip Murray, president of the C. I. O., told the Institute of Women's Professional Relations that the United States is confronted with mass unemployment

because we have produced more war materials "than the United Nations can use or the United States can transport." He was unwise enough to speak of difficulties created by "a mad desire to expedite war materials."

There are many parts of the earth in which talk of this kind must make painful and puzzling reading. Our men in the Southwest Pacific are not suffering from an excess of supplies. Australia is worried about a possible Japanese offensive. Last year's widely ballyhooed offensive in Burma has subsided, for lack of matériel, into the faintest kind of a nudge. The Chinese, who have done more with less than any of the United Nations, must think us mad. Our French allies in North Africa, from latest reports, are still using outmoded equipment. The Soviet Union, still the only nation fighting Hitler on a major scale, continues to look for a second front, a military enterprise that will require huge amounts of matériel if it is to be successful. Granted that we may be producing more than we need on the present scale of our operations, granted even that in some items we have produced enough for any scale of warfare, is it possible that in the over-all picture we have reached a stage where we can relax and turn back to more normal production?

There is evidence that even on the present scale we are still far from the point where we can begin again to make gadgets. Expansion of steel-making facilities is behind schedule and is being curtailed on the general view that we now have enough steel not only for war but for more civilian output. Yet WPB Chairman Donald M. Nelson said last week that ordinary carbon steel had now become our most serious bottleneck. Production for the third quarter of this year, according to Nelson, will be only about 14,450,000 tons. The demands of our various military and lend-lease agencies and essential civilian supply for that quarter total 20,830,000 tons. There is a deficit of more than 5,000,000 tons, or 25 per cent.

The full significance of those figures becomes more apparent if we recognize that the President's Victory program of January, 1942, has been quietly revised downward not once but several times. "The earlier question of whether we would need eighty billions in war output this year," C. F. Hughes writes, "is on the way to being answered with a flat 'No.' " The phrase "on the way" is an understatement. Except in shipbuilding, even in aircraft, we not only are failing to meet those goals but have reduced them. In this connection I should like to call attention to an authoritative article on the Army Supply Program by Major General Lucius D. Clay

in the February issue of *Fortune*. Major General Clay is assistant chief of staff for matériel in the General Staff Corps. His article is extraordinarily revealing. It shows how long the War Department waited before drawing up plans for an all-out effort and how soon it relinquished them.

"Immediately after Pearl Harbor," General Clay writes, "the Supply Division of the General Staff recognized the necessity for the revision of the Army Supply Program for all-out war. By early February it had completed the first Army Supply Program for this purpose." The Pearl Harbor mentality seems to have dominated the General Staff as well as the commanding officers in Hawaii. General Clay says this first program "was based on the mobilization rate and the composition of troops deemed desirable at that early stage of war, and it included large quantities of matériel that our allies had ordered or requested the year before." This first program called for \$62 billion in supplies "through the calendar

year 1943" or \$31 billion a year in 1942 and 1943. This was reduced, according to General Clay, to \$45 billion in April, 1942. Later it was reduced again, to \$38 billion. In November, 1942, it was further reduced—to \$31 billion. "For 1943," General Clay reports, "our problems in materials and facilities appear to be solved —to the extent that objectives have finally been brought within the limit of available supplies and facilities" (my italics). The production problem was solved by reducing the production program! It is measured by these reduced goals that we now have "overproduction of war material." It is on the basis of these reduced goals that plans for expanding production in steel and other basic materials are being curtailed and the resumption of non-essential production is planned. The monopolies which fought expansion have succeeded in cutting the war effort down to size, and "business as usual" is again raising its head. This is a dangerous tendency, which may yet prove costly in terms of lives.

India's Fighting Men

BY COLIN S. MACLAREN

THE presence of a division of Indian troops in the British Eighth Army and the commendable part it has played in the campaign highlight once more the much-discussed question of India's war effort. The Indian army of today, a component part of the strength of the United Nations, consists of nearly 2,000,000 volunteers. Some say this is a poor figure for a subcontinent of 390,000,000 inhabitants, but if they looked beneath the surface they might wonder that the number was actually so large.

Raising and maintaining an army in India is a radically different problem from what it is in the West. Often the first task is to teach the men a new tongue. There are some twenty-four distinct languages in India, perhaps ten more than are found among the major United Nations. The recruit, when he comes "out of the jungle," usually from some agricultural village, rarely speaks more than his local *bat*, or *patois*. Before "eating the oath," as the Urdu has it, he must have picked up some Hindustani, India's lingua franca, and to become a candidate for promotion he needs a knowledge of English. This was not the case in the past, but the lack of native words for mechanical processes is making English more necessary. Even the sepoy, the ordinary private, must at least know "Roman Urdu," Hindustani written in English characters, to be of much use in a specialized corps. Without a common language

Indian troops would have no means of intercommunication, and it would be very hard to bind them together into a homogeneous group. As it is, a knowledge of Hindustani is far from universal. Gurkhas are clannish and stick to their Gurkhal; Pathans speak Pushtu, and learn Hindustani with reluctance; Madras troops may speak Tamil, Telugu, or some other language—they are, however, more proficient than the average Indian in English.

Another preliminary job is teaching recruits how to dress as soldiers. They have to give up their loin-cloth or loose pajamas and get used to regular trousers, tightly wound puttees, boots, and *pagris* compactly bound in regimental style. The khaki *pagri* must be wound on the head while it is wet, so that it forms a solid headgear that will not disintegrate easily. It takes the place of the piece of cloth loosely wound about the straggly locks of the "jungle-wallah" recruit. Today, as in the last war, Indian soldiers also wear steel helmets, although the Sikhs sometimes request a dispensation from them because their hair is tied on top of the head in a bun.

Most of this early training is attended to by Indian officers holding the "Viceroy's commission," which is traditional in the service. These officers, all of them veterans, are generally the platoon commanders. They form the recruits into small squads and start them on their drill and manual of arms. Six months later the erstwhile

rookies would hardly be recognized by their own families. Some may be expert riflemen or machine-gunners, others embryo signalers; all are able to make intelligent responses to words of command in English. Once trained, the Indian is one of the best soldiers in the world, cheerful, industrious, reliable, and fatalistic.

Several practical difficulties stand in the way of a larger Indian army. There is the difficulty of getting the equipment for it—much stressed by the government of India. There are also the barriers of caste: religion and tradition in India have usually required that soldiers should be drawn only from the second highest major caste. Whether this tradition could now be radically changed and the army enlarged by the unrestricted inclusion of non-martial castes is a very complicated question.

The records indicate that in the past two years the number of men offering to enlist has been steadily ahead of the number that could be accepted. In 1939 India had an army of 177,000 men, organized for internal security and to defend the frontiers. By March, 1941, half a million more men had been raised. The monthly recruiting rate was then 30,000. In July, 1941, it was 50,000. In May, 1942, 70,000 recruits were enrolled out of a total of 100,000 who offered themselves. In July 75,000 were taken. In spite of the caste difficulties, recruiting has been extended to many classes and many districts not previously represented; more than 50 per cent of the May, 1942, recruits were, in fact, of this new blood. Enlistments in Madras, which has always supplied much of the engineering rank and file, the sappers and miners, have gone ahead at an unusually fast rate, and the training schools for junior officers and N. C. O.'s there have been particularly successful.

In the last war the officer personnel for the Indian army was almost entirely British and was trained chiefly at two temporary war colleges, one at Quetta in the Northwest, the other at Wellington in Madras. A batch of 100 cadets was turned out every six months. The Indian Military Academy today trains British and Indians together and turns out more than 300 officers a month. The officer corps has been Indianized to such an extent that the proportion is roughly seventy British to thirty Indian, or sixty to forty if the Viceroy's commissions are included. And the percentage of Indians is increasing rapidly. The Viceroy's commissions, which in almost all cases have been won on merit by promotion through the ranks, are lower than the second-lieutenant King's commission. But today a large number of Indians are in the higher ranks—lieutenant, captain, major, lieutenant colonel.

I asked a senior Indian officer recently whether Englishmen ever objected to taking commands from him. He replied that only once had such a thing occurred, and the offender was so severely rebuked, not only by the commandant, but by every British officer in the place,

that he deeply regretted his action and made most profuse apologies.

This Indianization of the officer corps has led some observers of the political scene in India to the conclusion that the army will become a political force after the war, though it has never been one in the past. A "soldiers' lobby" may develop, unified despite racial differences and possibly 2,000,000 strong, including air-raid wardens and other defense workers. Such a group might be numerically able to dominate any other party. But to the Indian mind any politico-military combination is strange. Even stranger is the recent report that the Japanese have formed an army of Indian ex-prisoners. To think that the Japanese, with their methods and their lack of linguistic and traditional background, could lead Indian troops for long is fantastic to anyone who has ever served with Indians.

In the Indian Air Corps, ten squadrons strong, the personnel, except for a few technical instructors, is entirely Indian. Their main activity so far has been bombing on the Burma front, but fighter squadrons are being formed. The air cadets are now trained in India.

Although the army as a whole has sometimes been carelessly described as consisting of "a few Mohammedans from the Punjab," the proportion of Hindus and Mohammedans is now reported to be almost equal; in fact, the Hindus may be slightly in the majority. The Dogras, high-caste Hindus from the north, have long made the best soldiers in the service, but little has been heard of them outside of India. A national magazine in this country not long ago labeled a photograph of them "Sikhs," although they had shaved their beards, a thing no true Sikh in the Indian service has ever done.

Mechanization, not at all general before the war, has been going on apace. The modern equivalent of the famous Bengal Lancers is a motor corps. Lieutenant Colonel S. R. K. Rajendrasinhji of the Second Royal Lancers, formerly the Bengal Lancers, an officer who won the D. S. O. in Libya, told me when I met him recently in Washington that the troopers of the Indian cavalry had adapted themselves to mechanization with keen zest, realizing that the world required it today. Paratroops also have been trained for the new army.

When one considers that tradition in India has required the soldier to be illiterate, and that even in modern times the Indian sepoy has not concealed his contempt for the *babu*, the native who can read and write, one looks with wonder at all these developments. If I remember rightly, one of the Mogul emperors refused, as a soldier, to learn to read and write. I know that I spent many long hours on pay days during and after the last war in obtaining the "signatures" of the sepoys by means of the thumb impression.

Another serious problem for the Indian army is that of rations. The American religious minorities, the Catho-

lics and the Jews, have forgone strict observance of their religious dietary laws in order better to serve their country. While every possible provision has been made for them, the heads of their churches have said that in extreme national emergency the dietary laws can be waived. But this cannot be done in India. Religion is too powerful a force, and religious freedom, which the British have always maintained, too deep-rooted. Not only is the cow sacred to the Hindu, and pork unclean to the Mohammedan, but bully beef and Maconochie stew, being in tins, are unacceptable to the Indian soldier, who as a rule requires his meat fresh. Mutton and goatflesh are about the only kinds of meat practicable for rations, but luckily the Indian is not a big meat-eater. His absolute essential is *atta*, Indian flour, from which he makes the flat cakes of unleavened bread that are his staple diet. A problem in transport, however, is posed by his bulky cooking pots, which he must carry everywhere with him. Other things he can hardly be without are *ghee*, or clarified butter, sugar, lentils, and garlic. He drinks tea.

It is useless to deny that the strict observance, under all circumstances, of Indian dietary laws puts a big burden on the quartermaster. But Hindu soldiers have been known to starve to death rather than eat beef, and cartridges greased with pork and beef fat were the spark that touched off the Indian Mutiny.

One Indian custom which has always impressed me is that of *darbar*. *Darbar*, in English "meeting," is held every week in an Indian regiment, and during it any man may personally make of his commanding officer any request within reason and get a hearing.

Aside from the question of caste, a potent factor against general mobilization of the people for war is their widespread pacifism. According to the "Encyclopedia Britannica," "in the immense population of India the number of men of martial proclivities, or even personal courage, is a very small proportion of the whole." The author of this statement was probably thinking of the *banyas*, the tradespeople of the bazaars, who any Indian of a martial caste will tell you would not fight for anything. But there are also the Jains, whose faith enjoins them from taking life in any form, and who are reputed to carry it to such extremes that they will remove vermin rather than exterminate them, and turn aside from important business if they meet a party of ants crossing their path. Such doctrines are not strictly adhered to by groups that are numerically large in proportion to the whole population, but their general philosophy has exerted some influence over very large numbers.

Sepoys who serve side by side often have similar backgrounds, but a battalion is generally made up of at least four distinct tribes from different sections of the country; Sikhs, Dogras, Punjabi Mohammedans, Pathans, in companies, make a typical battalion. While critics have charged that this system was developed to keep the

Indians divided among themselves, in practice it promotes healthy rivalry and is instrumental in making different groups forget their mutual hatreds. Hindu and Mohammedan sepoys, after fighting side by side, respect each other and will cheerfully take orders from each other, a thing they would have believed impossible before entering the service. Is it too much to suggest that this system holds the germ of far wider usefulness?

In the Wind

THE FREE WORLD ASSOCIATION recently planned a public debate on the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill resolution that the United States should cooperate with other nations to enforce peace after the war, but had to call it off because it could not find two isolationists willing to submit their views to debate. Senators Hatch and Ball were to speak for the resolution; Senator Nye, after a great deal of persuasion, consented to speak against it, but no teammate for him could be found. The association then asked him to debate with Senator Ball alone, but he declined. Among those who refused, for one reason or another, were Hamilton Fish, Bennett Clark, Tom Connally, Robert M. La Follette, Burton K. Wheeler, Arthur H. Vandenberg, Robert A. Taft, Kenneth S. Wherry, and Hugh A. Butler.

A NEW YORK RESTAURANT is decorated with a series of mural panels showing dramatic plane flights from 1903 to 1943. The Lindbergh transatlantic flight is missing.

ATLANTA HAS SEVERAL all-white movie theaters, several white theaters that admit Negroes in the gallery, and several all-Negro theaters. The all-Negro film, "Cabin in the Sky," was shown in two lily-white theaters and then left town. Atlanta Negroes may be allowed to see it on a return trip.

FOR THOSE who have been uncertain as to the aims of the United Nations, an anonymous bulletin now being circulated should clarify them. The United Nations, it says, represent the tyranny of "Jewish fascism." . . . Vice-President Wallace's popularity during his recent trip through Mexico led the Sinarchists to claim him as one of their own. His plea for Christian democracy was construed as indorsement of their "New Christian Order."

FEWEST EUROPA: The guard at Quisling's home has recently been increased to forty-two men. . . . With orders on hand for 30,000 pairs of shoes to be made of wood and paper, a Norwegian factory had to delay production when the Nazis discovered that the paper for the uppers was red, white, and blue. . . . Smoking at street-car stops in Belgium is now *verboden*. Too many German soldiers, innocently waiting for street cars, have had holes burned in their uniforms.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$3 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

More than Expediency

NEXT week we shall publish the first of a series of articles analyzing the situation which will present itself to the Allied armies when, after finishing the Tunisian campaign, they invade Hitler's European fortress. It is a very tempting subject and an important one for those who wish to follow the development of events during the coming months. But it carries with it this question: if the great venture of attacking Hitler through his occupied territories is not a purely military operation but also an operation of political warfare, what policy will the United Nations pursue in regard to Europe? When American and British armies land in Sicily, in France, or at some point on the Aegean Sea, will they serve as genuine armies of liberation or will they promote a Europe that is democratic in appearance but profoundly reactionary in essence?

To answer that question, we lack certain important elements of information. Nobody knows exactly what was agreed upon by the President of the United States and Prime Minister Churchill in their tête-à-tête discussions. It is possible that they were so absorbed in the problem of winning the war that they discussed only those immediate and acute issues which threatened the unity of the greater Allied powers. It is possible, on the other hand, that they formulated a program more comprehensive than anyone suspects, one containing general directives for the Allied authorities who will be set up on the European continent.

That aspect of the delicate question confronting us is still a secret, and to speculate about it is a mere waste of time. The only legitimate basis for judging what kind of policy is likely to be followed when the invasion of Europe takes place is found in the policies which have so far been upheld and the situations which have been allowed to develop.

For a time it might well have been thought that the only Allied policy in regard to Europe was the absence of any policy at all. The dearth of initiative, the poverty of imagination, the lack of aggressiveness in the field of political war, the childish and unbelievable rivalries among official agencies seemed to indicate that the tremendous task of recovering from the military unpreparedness of the last ten years had left no time for consideration of the political character of the present war.

Such an interpretation would have been fallacious. A real democratic conception of the war was always missing and is missing today. But the people who apparently decide the major diplomacy of the United Nations have had

—and still have—a very clear and concrete political line. Their aims are simple and transparent indeed. From the old Metternich game they inherited only the reactionary point of view—nothing of its shrewdness or subtlety.

Their policy consists in preventing the peoples of Europe, in the name of maintaining order and preserving Christian civilization, from having the last word. It consists in interpreting Article III of the Atlantic Charter, not according to President Roosevelt's reading, but according to the reactionary inclinations of the men who enjoyed the collaboration of Vichy, who preferred Pétain to De Gaulle, who preferred Darlan to De Gaulle, who prefer Giraud to De Gaulle; and who, should Giraud disappear, would support any Peyrouton or Noguès rather than a man who really wants a democratic France.

The key to the whole future situation is to be found in Algiers and in Casablanca. The most important aspect of the disgraceful incident of North Africa is that it was not an accident but the expression and the result of a consistent policy. The facts are there in plain view. The situation in North Africa furnishes the pattern that will be followed in Europe tomorrow.

Repeatedly, an effort has been made to quiet the public uneasiness and indignation in the United Nations by the statement that the policy in North Africa "is temporary in nature and not prejudicial of the future." That declaration in itself contained the principle of retreat. No one who felt very sure about a policy would be inclined to make such a statement. It carried the implication that what has been done in North Africa had nothing to do with the Four Freedoms or the war for democracy. But besides that, it could not maintain itself against the facts. The truth is that the same principle which inspired the deal in North Africa inspired American policy with regard to St. Pierre and Miquelon, Martinique, the Austrian Battalion and the "mistake" about Otto of Hapsburg, relations with Franco, and the conversations in Italy with Marshal Badoglio and similar discredited politicians. We still await a single instance of serious consideration being given to the underground movement, to labor, or to proved anti-fascist groups—the real forces making for a democratic Europe.

No, this policy is more than expediency. It is a true reactionary conspiracy to prevent the possibility of a Europe governed by the people and to establish in Europe puppet governments chosen as security against too sharp a turn to the left. Expediency is the name. Reaction is the substance.

A. DEL V.

Dr. Goebbels Loses Sweden

BY KURT BERNHEIM

HISTORICALLY, Sweden has always been within Germany's cultural sphere of influence, and until recent years German was the second language of most educated Swedes. That was but natural. The two countries are near neighbors, have long-standing commercial ties, and are closely linked religiously through the Lutheran church. It might be thought, then, that Sweden would offer particularly fertile soil for Nazi cultural propaganda and that during the war, when the country's physical connections with the West have become so tenuous, Goebbels could reap a bumper harvest. The facts, however, indicate that the Swedes have turned the coldest of cold shoulders to every invitation to join the "Nordic circle" and have found a way, in the field of the arts, to give an overwhelming vote of confidence to democracy.

Of fifty-nine moving-picture theaters in Stockholm, twenty-one, during the past few weeks, have been announcing Swedish full-length pictures and thirty-eight, Anglo-American films. In addition to drama by Scandinavian authors, the legitimate theaters have been showing plays by Karel Capek and several Broadway hits, including Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down." Of the ten best-selling novels, five are by Swedish writers and five by foreigners—Pearl Buck, A. J. Cronin, C. S. Forester, Daphne du Maurier, and Marguerite Steen; the non-fiction foreign best-sellers are Howard Smith's "Last Train from Berlin," Gontran de Poncin's "Kabloonka," Fritz Thyssen's "I Paid Hitler," Anna Rauschning's "No Retreat," and Prince Starhemberg's "Between Hitler and Mussolini."

In this galaxy of authors the Nazis are conspicuously absent. But it is not because the Swedish producers, publishers, and film distributors receive nothing from Germany; on the contrary, Nazi works pour into their offices. The German Ministry of Propaganda has spared neither effort nor money to crowd out the cultural influence of the Western democracies. A veritable horde of cultural emissaries—officials, writers, movie stars, university professors—has descended upon Sweden. Swedish writers are showered with invitations to the fashionable "Writers' Homes" that have been established in Germany to promote "friendly relations," and representatives of Swedish culture are urged to be guests of honor at conventions of the arts in Germany. Despite the military successes of the Axis, however, the tone of Swedish books and newspapers has been hostile, and occasionally the Nazis have changed from honeyed words to threats.

Nothing has been gained by either method. During

the past ten years the only authors living in Germany who have been translated into Swedish are the non-political veteran Hans Carossa, the religious mystic Ina Seidel, the relatively harmless Hans Fallada, and the romanticist Ernst Wiechert, who has been threatened several times with the concentration camp for his heresies. Among works published by reputable Swedish firms the ratio of Nazi German to Anglo-American authors has remained at about one to twenty. Anglo-American supremacy on the film front is even more overwhelming. If the Nazi film producers finally succeed in getting one of their boring products shown in a Swedish theater, it is always quickly withdrawn—the public simply refuses to patronize it. The Nazi propaganda films of the campaigns in Poland and France and the "Ufa" newsreels—with new comments supplied by the Swedish board of censors—satisfy a certain curiosity in the Swedish public, but there can be no question of the audiences' reaction. Their icy silence is broken only by their laughter at the goose-stepping troops, Hitler's hysterical grimaces, or Il Duce's grotesque posturing. On the other hand, British and American films are shown for long periods at first-run theaters; the reserved Swedes have for weeks been breaking into stormy applause at "Mrs. Miniver." Of the younger German playwrights only Bertolt Brecht and Friedrich Wolf—both political refugees—have been represented on the Swedish stage since 1933. This actual boycott of Nazi movies, plays, and literature is not instigated by any "conspiracy," as Nazi observers so frequently complain in their press. When it does not arise from the people's political sympathies, it is the result of the poor quality of Nazi works of art.

More serious than this polite rejection, which can, after all, be excused on the ground that there is no accounting for taste, is the unmistakably anti-Nazi attitude of the Swedish intellectual world. The atrocities committed by the Nazis in occupied Europe, especially in neighboring Norway, are publicly condemned from all Swedish pulpits, and congregations are exhorted to pray for "our tortured brethren of Israel's tribe." "Our people are ready to die for the defense of our democratic institutions," Osten Undén, chancellor of the Swedish universities, said in a radio interview obviously intended for Sweden's powerful neighbor. And there is hardly a prominent Swedish writer or journalist who has not earned a place on the Nazi black list, either through his publications or by signing some anti-Nazi resolution like that directed against Knut Hamsun's political outpourings.

The Triangle

Two appointments made by Hitler last week were given the customary publicity. Dr. Hans H. Dieckhoff, former German ambassador at Washington, was named the new ambassador to Madrid; Baron Ernst von Weizsäcker, until now Under Secretary in the Berlin Foreign Office and Ribbentrop's right-hand man, was sent to the Vatican. Both are extremely familiar with affairs in the United States, and both move as freely in Catholic circles as genuine Nazis can. Another appointment—completing the triangle—has not been officially announced. It is that of General Count Francisco Gomez de Jordana as Hitler's ambassador at large. In spite of the apparent reserve, all news reports at hand agree that the impressive voice and the majestic tone with which General Jordana broadcast from Barcelona Berlin's offer of a negotiated peace must have met with the Führer's most gracious approval.

Even Selma Lagerlöf, the Nobel prize-winner, was honored shortly before her death by the suppression of her works in Germany. Only a handful of stuffy academicians under the spiritual leadership of Sven Hedin still give allegiance to Nazi German culture.

Because of Swedish stubbornness—one example is the insistence that the English language be placed first on the teaching schedule of all Swedish high schools—the Nazi exporters of culture have to depend on their own efforts to influence the Swedish mind. Obscure new German publishing firms offer propaganda pamphlets and periodicals from Adolf Hitler's Public Enlightenment Bureau in Swedish translation. A Swedish edition of Goebbels's pictorial weekly *Signal* and a new daily called *Dagsposten*, which is full of advertisements of Nazi firms and is printed on the presses of the Paris *Humanité*, try desperately to make converts. The elections of last fall, in which the Swedish Nazis lost their nine seats in city and provincial councils, showed that the tiny catch formerly netted is dwindling rapidly. Even Thorsten Kreuger, owner of the lone pro-German evening paper *Aftonbladet*, who was formerly a director of the famous match syndicate of his brother Ivar Kreuger and was sentenced to jail for fraudulent transactions, is now doing his best to find a safe niche for himself. It is likely that he has been influenced by the boycott of *Aftonbladet* that was launched by the Swedish trade unions with their 1,023,000 members and supported by all the parties represented in the Swedish Parliament.

Today as before the war the book trade in Sweden offers a comprehensive list of new publications of contemporary world literature. Unhindered by advance censorship or ministerial decrees, the publishers determine their production according to their own judgment and

conscience. One can count on the fingers of one hand the books which the Swedish government has confiscated by virtue of its unpopular emergency powers. The more frequent government action against papers that have "offended" Berlin can be explained by the fact that the law very clearly leaves the initiative to the foreign power that feels itself aggrieved.

The year 1918, which brought victory to the labor movement, established democratic ideals in Sweden. In that year, too, appeared the first signs that the country was turning its back on the hitherto dominating German influence. The mass expulsion of outstanding intellectuals from Germany after 1933 gave further impetus to Sweden's cultural orientation westward. The present war has made it final. Sweden has taken stock of Nazism and found it wanting.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

A NEW word has appeared in the official German dictionary—*Wohnraumlentkung*—and even for ears accustomed to Nazi gibberish it has a painful sound. It may be translated roughly as regulation of living quarters. The simple fact behind it is that the air bombardments are destroying more and more houses in more and more towns, and that living quarters have to be provided for the inhabitants. In city after city living space is now being rationed. The number of square yards—it varies in different places—to which each person is entitled is determined, and anything above this is requisitioned. The rooms must then be vacated so that strangers can be moved in.

Apparently *Wohnraumlentkung* began in Düsseldorf and was quickly taken up by other cities. It is interesting to note that compulsory measures became necessary as voluntary action to meet the situation declined. Until this spring a kind of solidarity prevailed among the people of a bombed town. There were always some who without compulsion would offer a roof to their homeless fellow-citizens. In Hamburg, for example, "regulation of living quarters" was introduced only at the beginning of last April; it had not been necessary before though the town had suffered almost a hundred attacks. Apparently the people's attitude has changed. In fact, the inhabitants of the Rhenish town of Bielefeld were told very plainly by the newspaper *Rote Erde* on March 29 that the rationing system had to be set up because "so few persons showed themselves ready to share the common burden. They failed to exhibit the spirit of comradeship which is indispensable in a total war."

Little by little, as they are reflected in the press, we are learning of other results of the bombardments. Really serious damage, especially to industry, is of course

kept a close secret. But we hear, for example, of the glass problem. Inadequate as such a statement may seem, the effects of the bombardments for millions of persons are summed up in broken windows. The general hunt for window glass—and for glaziers—seems to play a not unimportant role in daily life. In heavily bombed Essen another phenomenon is to be noted. The *Essener Nationalzeitung* of March 23 informs us that "luggage shops are doing a big business because many persons who have been bombed out of their homes need trunks and bags to pack their belongings in." Naturally such a demand cannot be met, and "day after day customers stand in line for hours in front of these stores and then cannot be served." "Very unpleasant scenes," according to the newspaper account, are continually taking place in these queues, but what sort of scenes is not stated.

Is it because of the bombardments that precisely in Essen and the Ruhr "rumors" seem to flourish most luxuriantly? In any case the *Essener Nationalzeitung* combats rumors more vehemently and more tirelessly than any other German paper and refers to them more specifically. Its scoldings reached a high point in an article printed on April 7. The rumor is circulating in the Ruhr, the paper said—its proprietor is Hermann Göring—"that the Waffen-S.S. has moved into Essen to keep down the workers" and "that a state of siege is to be proclaimed." Of all the rumors of which the German press has taken notice, that went the farthest—so far as this observer can discover. And though there was apparently no truth in it, a tale of such dimensions reveals to some extent the conditions from which it sprang.

It was preceded by a succession of other local rumors. On April 2 the *Nationalzeitung* declared: "In the past weeks we have repeatedly heard rumors that a special allotment of real coffee destined for Düsseldorf was sent to Berlin." Here it should be remarked that the expression "sent to Berlin" is obviously a circumlocution. In reality the rumor must have said that the precious "real coffee" had fallen into the hands of Göring or some other high-placed gentleman. Nothing else would explain the heated rebuke that followed: "Since there are some simpletons who believe such rumors, they cannot be ignored. On the contrary, those who spread them must be energetically opposed." The newspaper then found a new way of discrediting such tales. "If rumors are traced to their source, it is always discovered that they were invented by men and women who carry less of the burden of the war than most of us, but who by their complaints wish to give the impression that they also have their troubles. That is one of their crude tricks."

"Do Not Lose Patience" was the title of the leading article of the *Völkischer Beobachter* of April 2. The virtue of the Germans, the article said, is patience; the

vice of the Jews is haste. "Patience is our weapon; it will smash Jewish haste and hurry."

A sign of the times is the sharply increasing number of small law suits in Germany. The cause is clearly the growing general nervousness and irritability. But the *Angriff*, which considered the subject on April 2, found the reason, first, in a lack of the spirit of comradeship and, second, in too much leisure. "There should really be an investigation," said Goebbels's sheet, "to see whether some people have not too much time on their hands, those, for instance who bring a suit for trifling reasons, such as a dispute between tenant and landlord or a fancied libel." The newspaper recommended a simple solution: "Every court should on principle take the position that people who have collected petty evidence against others must wait till the end of the war to be heard. And since they have apparently too much free time, they should be sent to factories, where their services can be used effectively."

Hostages

NEWS from France indicates that Himmler has changed his methods. Until a few months ago the policy of the Gestapo in occupied countries was to shoot anybody who could be considered a menace to Hitler's World Order. Now every such person is arrested, and if he is just a common man he is sent to work on the defenses of Fortress Europe. If he is a man of some standing, he is imprisoned in Germany. A list of women condemned by the Nazi tribunals in France and deported to Germany has been received here. On it are the names of Mai Politzer, wife of Professor Politzer, who was shot by the occupation authorities; Danielle Casanova, former secretary of the Union of Young Women of France; Henriette Mauvais, wife of the recently arrested Communist leader; and Hélène Langevin-Salomon, daughter of the great doctor Paul Langevin (Nobel prize-winner) and wife of the young mathematician Jacques Salomon, who was delivered by the Vichy government to the Nazis and executed by them.

In the light of these facts, the deportation to Königsberg of Léon Blum, Edouard Daladier, and Paul Reynaud appears to be more than a casual act. One is inclined to think that these political deportations are the Nazi reply to the Allied announcement that Nazis guilty of war crimes will be punished. Himmler is building up a mass of hostages as part of the terrorist plan to be carried out when the moment arrives for the Reich to "slam the door so hard that the universe will shake and mankind will stand back in stupefaction."

Last week there were rumors of the deportation to Germany of Francisco Largo Caballero, the former Spanish Prime Minister and labor leader. There seems to be no doubt that he has been arrested again by the Vichy authorities. But the question is whether he is being held for delivery to Franco or whether he is part of the hostage group that the chief of the Gestapo is collecting.

BOOKS and the ARTS

THE LIMITATIONS OF DICKENS

BY HENRY JAMES

[This review first appeared in *The Nation* of December 21, 1865. It is reprinted in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Henry James.]

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND* is, to our perception, the poorest of Mr. Dickens's works. And it is poor with the poverty not of momentary embarrassment but of permanent exhaustion. It is wanting in inspiration. For the last ten years it has seemed to us that Mr. Dickens has been unmistakably forcing himself. "Bleak House" was forced; "Little Dorrit" was labored; the present work is dug out as with a spade and pickaxe. Of course—to anticipate the usual argument—who but Dickens could have written it? Who, indeed? Who else would have established a lady in business in a novel on the admirably solid basis of her always putting on gloves and tying a handkerchief round her head in moments of grief, and of her habitually addressing her family with "Peace! hold!" It is needless to say that Mrs. Reginald Wilfer is first and last the occasion of considerable true humor. When, after conducting her daughter to Mrs. Boffin's carriage, in sight of all the envious neighbors, she is described as enjoying her triumph during the next quarter of an hour by airing herself on the doorstep "in a kind of splendidly serene trance," we laugh with as uncritical a laugh as could be desired of us. We pay the same tribute to her assertions, as she narrates the glories of the society she enjoyed at her father's table, that she has known as many as three copperplate engravers exchanging the most exquisite sallies and retorts there at one time. But when to these we have added a dozen more happy examples of the humor which was exhaled from every line of Mr. Dickens's earlier writings, we shall have closed the list of the merits of the work before us. To say that the conduct of the story, with all its complications, betrays a long-practiced hand, is to pay no compliment worthy the author. If this were, indeed, a compliment, we should be inclined to carry it further, and congratulate him on his success in what we should call the manufacture of fiction; for in so doing we should express a feeling that has attended us throughout the book. Seldom, we reflected, had we read a book so intensely *written*, so little seen, known, or felt.

In all Mr. Dickens's works the fantastic has been his great resource; and while his fancy was lively and vigorous it accomplished great things. But the fantastic, when the fancy is dead, is a very poor business. The movement of Mr. Dickens's fancy in Mrs. Wilfer and Mr. Boffin and Lady Tippins, and the Lammles and Miss Wren, and even in Eugene Wrayburn, is, to our mind, a movement lifeless, forced, mechanical. It is the letter of his old humor without the spirit. It is hardly too much to say that every character here put before us is a mere

bundle of eccentricities, animated by no principle of nature whatever. In former days there reigned in Mr. Dickens's extravagances a comparative consistency; they were exaggerated statements of types that really existed. We had, perhaps, never known a Newman Noggs, nor a Pecksniff, nor a Micawber; but we had known persons of whom these figures were but the strictly logical consummation. But among the grotesque creatures who occupy the pages before us, there is not one whom we can refer to as an existing type. In all Mr. Dickens's satires, indeed, the reader has been called upon, and has willingly consented, to accept a certain number of figures or creatures of pure fancy, for this was the author's poetry. He was, moreover, always repaid for his concession by a peculiar beauty or power in these exceptional characters. But he is now expected to make the same concession with a very inadequate reward. What do we get in return for accepting Miss Jenny Wren as a possible person? This young lady is the type of a certain class of characters of which Mr. Dickens has made a specialty, and with which he has been accustomed to draw alternate smiles and tears, according as he pressed one spring or another. But this is very cheap merriment and very cheap pathos. Miss Jenny Wren is a poor little dwarf, afflicted, as she constantly reiterates, with a "bad back," and "queer legs," who makes doll's dresses, and is for ever pricking at those with whom she converses, in the air, with her needle, and assuring them that she knows their "tricks and their manners." Like all Mr. Dickens's pathetic characters, she is a little monster; she is deformed, unhealthy, unnatural; she belongs to the troop of hunchbacks, imbeciles, and precocious children who have carried on the sentimental business in all Mr. Dickens's novels: the little Nells, the Smikes, the Paul Dombeyes.

Mr. Dickens goes as far out of the way for his wicked people as he does for his good ones. Rogue Riderhood, indeed, in the present story, is villainous with a sufficiently natural villainy; he belongs to that quarter of society in which the author is most at his ease. But was there ever such wickedness as that of the Lammles and Mr. Fledgeby? Not that people have not been as mischievous as they; but was anyone ever mischievous in that singular fashion? Did a couple of elegant swindlers ever take such particular pains to be aggressively inhuman?—for we can find no other word for the gratuitous distortions to which they are subjected. The word "humanity" strikes us as strangely discordant, in the midst of these pages; for, let us boldly declare it, there is no humanity here. Humanity is nearer home than the Boffins, and the Lammles, and the Wilfers, and the Veneerings. It is in what men have in common with each other, and not in what they have in distinction. The people just named have nothing in common with mankind at large. What a world were this

*"Our Mutual Friend." By Charles Dickens. New York: Harper Brothers. 1865.

world if the world of "Our Mutual Friend" were an honest reflection of it! But a community of eccentrics is impossible. Rules alone are consistent with each other; exceptions are inconsistent. Society is maintained by natural sense and natural feeling. We cannot conceive a society in which these principles are not in some manner represented. Where in these pages are the depositaries of that intelligence without which the movement of life would cease? Who represents nature? Accepting half of Mr. Dickens's persons as intentionally grotesque, where are those exemplars of sound humanity who should afford us the proper measure of their companions' variations? We ought not, in justice to the author, to seek them among his weaker—that is, his mere conventional—characters: in John Harmon, Lizzie Hexam, or Mortimer Lightwood; but we assuredly cannot find them among his stronger—that is, his artificial—creations.

Suppose we take Eugene Wrayburn and Bradley Headstone. They occupy a halfway position between the habitual probable of nature and the habitual impossible of Mr. Dickens. A large portion of the story rests upon the enmity borne by Headstone to Wrayburn, both being in love with the same woman. Wrayburn is a gentleman, and Headstone is one of the people. Wrayburn is well-bred, careless, elegant, skeptical, and idle; Headstone is a high-tempered, hard-working, ambitious young schoolmaster. There lay in the opposition of these two characters a very good story. But the prime requisite was that they should be characters: Mr. Dickens, according to his usual plan, has made them simply figures, and between them the story that was to be, the story that should have been, has evaporated. Wrayburn lounges about with his hands in his pockets, smoking a cigar and talking nonsense. Headstone strides about, clenching his fists and biting his lips and grasping his stick. There is one scene in which Wrayburn chaffs the schoolmaster with easy insolence, while the latter writhes impotently under his well-bred sarcasm. This scene is very clever, but it is very insufficient. If the majority of readers were not so very timid in the use of words we should call it vulgar. By this we do not mean to indicate the conventional impropriety of two gentlemen exchanging lively personalities; we mean to emphasize the essentially small character of these personalities. In other words, the moment, dramatically, is great, while the author's conception is weak. The friction of two men, of two characters, of two passions, produces stronger sparks than Wrayburn's boyish repartees and Headstone's melodramatic commonplaces.

Such scenes as this are useful in fixing the limits of Mr. Dickens's insight. Insight is, perhaps, too strong a word; for we are convinced that it is one of the chief conditions of his genius not to see beneath the surface of things. If we might hazard a definition of his literary character, we should, accordingly, call him the greatest of superficial novelists. We are aware that this definition confines him to an inferior rank in the department of letters which he adorns; but we accept this consequence of our proposition. It were, in our opinion, an offense against humanity to place Mr. Dickens among the greatest novelists. For, to repeat what we have already intimated, he has created nothing but figure. He has added nothing to our understanding of human character. He is master

of but two alternatives: he reconciles us to what is commonplace, and he reconciles us to what is odd. The value of the former service is questionable; and the manner in which Mr. Dickens performs it sometimes conveys a certain impression of charlatanism. The value of the latter service is incontestable, and here Mr. Dickens is an honest, an admirable artist. But what is the condition of the truly great novelist? For him there are no alternatives, for him there are no oddities, for him there is nothing outside of humanity. He cannot shirk it; it imposes itself upon him. For him alone, therefore, there is a true and a false; for him alone it is possible to be right, because it is possible to be wrong. Mr. Dickens is a great observer and a great humorist, but he is nothing of a philosopher. Some people may hereupon say, so much the better; we say, so much the worse. For a novelist very soon has need of a little philosophy. In treating of Micawber, and Boffin, and Pickwick, *et hoc genus omne*, he can, indeed, dispense with it, for this—we say it with all deference—is not serious writing. But when he comes to tell the story of a passion, a story like that of Headstone and Wrayburn, he becomes a moralist as well as an artist. He must know *man* as well as *men*, and to know man is to be a philosopher. The writer who knows men alone, if he have Mr. Dickens's humor and fancy, will give us figures and pictures for which we cannot be too grateful, for he will enlarge our knowledge of the world. But when he introduces men and women whose interest is preconceived to lie not in the poverty, the weakness, the drollery of their natures, but in their complete and unconscious subjection to ordinary and healthy human emotions, all his humor, all his fancy, will avail him nothing if, out of the fulness of his sympathy, he is unable to prosecute those generalizations in which alone consists the real greatness of a work of art. This may sound like very subtle talk about a very simple matter; it is rather very simple talk about a very subtle matter. A story based upon these elementary passions in which alone we seek the true and final manifestation of character must be told in a spirit of intellectual superiority to those passions. That is, the author must understand what he is talking about. The perusal of a story so told is one of the most elevating experiences within the reach of the human mind. The perusal of a story which is not so told is infinitely depressing and unprofitable.

"Henry James Place"

I WONDER whether, among the homages paid to William James and Henry James on the centenaries of their births, New York City itself is going to do anything to honor two of its greatest sons. William was born in the old Astor House on January 11, 1842; Henry at 2 Washington Place on April 15, 1843. I know of no mark or sign, anywhere in the city, to commemorate these events. The lack is particularly lamentable in the case of Henry, who left some of the most memorable images of New York in our literature. The old city of the 1840's and '50's was a memory so vivid throughout his life that he summoned it up for exquisite commemoration, after seventy years, in the books of his old age, "A Small Boy and Others" and "Notes of a Son and Brother." It served him from his beginnings in fiction: his first fine

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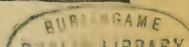
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novel, "Washington Square," centers in the childhood world that stretched between the Square and Fourteenth Street:

. . . the Square, containing a considerable quantity of inexpensive vegetation, inclosed by a wooden paling, which increased its rural and accessible appearance; and round the corner was the more august precinct of the Fifth Avenue, taking its origin at this point with a spacious and confident air which already marked it for high destinies. I know not whether it is owing to the tenderness of early associations, but this portion of New York appears to many persons the most delectable. . . . It was here, as you might have been informed on good authority, that you had come into a world which appeared to offer a variety of sources of interest; it was here that your grandmother lived, in venerable solitude, and dispensed a hospitality which commended itself alike to the infant imagination and the infant palate; it was here that you took your first walks abroad, following the nursery-maid with unequal step and sniffing up the strange odor of the alanthus trees which at that time formed the principal umbrage of the Square, and diffused an aroma that you were not yet critical enough to dislike as it deserved; it was here, finally, that your first school, kept by a broad-bosomed, broad-based old lady with a ferule, who was always having tea in a blue cup, with a saucer that didn't match, enlarged the circle both of your observations and your sensations.

Later "those spacious, sociable Arcadian days that we flattered ourselves we filled with the modern fever" were succeeded by the "loud longitudinal New York" of the following decades—the city of "the long, the perpendicular rattle, as of buckets, forever thirsty, in the bottomless well of fortune"; of "the fantastic skeleton of the Elevated Railway, overhanging the transverse longitudinal street, which it darkened and smothered with the immeasurable spinal column and myriad clutching paws of an antediluvian monster"; of the tall meridians of its avenues and the numbered latitudes of its streets—"Good heavens!" exclaims a later character, "what a nomenclature! The city of New York is like a tall sum in addition, and the streets are like columns of figures. What a place for me to live, who hate arithmetic!"

Which brings us to the point. New York's street arithmetic, however convenient, allows few of the charms we encounter in the other great towns of the world—the pleasure of being reminded of the great who once were born and lived in them. George Washington is honored plentifully; so plentifully indeed—by square, arch, street, place, mews, bridge, heights, and not only in New York City but all over the rest of America as well—that he can easily spare one of his shrines. My suggestion is that Washington Place be renamed Henry James Place. (Or, if the family is to be honored, let it be James Place. But Henry James Place is on all counts more appropriate.) Thus a great family and a great man would be restored to the daily memory of their fellow-townsmen. Number 2 should be equipped with a marker to remind the hauntings of the Square of an ancestor of theirs for whom the place was a shrine—"the good easy Square, known in childhood, and as if the light were yellower there from that small accident, bristled with reminders as vague as they were sweet." Washington Place is a short street; few people would be inconvenienced by a change of name; they would acquire a more distinctive address. Perhaps when another hundred years have elapsed, this vestige of a respectful

generation of 1943 will stir the Americans and New Yorkers of 2043 to admit that the day is ripe for another and even better memorial—a complete cheap edition of the fiction of Henry James, accessible to everybody who wants to read it; this to be followed in 2143 by a complete reprinting of his non-fiction, which by that time should be sufficiently distant and classic to warrant the outlay of cash and care now so munificently lavished on the secret coffers and waste-baskets of James Boswell, the wash-lists of Mrs. Thrale, and the understandably "lost" plays of Broadway.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Notes by the Way

HENRY JAMES was born a hundred years ago this month. His first published writings appeared in 1864 and 1865, and some of them were written for the new weekly magazine *The Nation*, which was launched in the latter year by E. L. Godkin. Though James was only twenty-two when he first contributed reviews to *The Nation's* literary section, his essays on then-current books were brilliant; today they still shine brightly. In honor of James's hundredth anniversary, his criticism of "Our Mutual Friend" by Charles Dickens, first published in these pages in 1865, is presented as the leading review in this Spring Book Issue of 1943.

I HOPE that Mayor LaGuardia and other New York City Fathers will look with favor on Mr. Zabel's suggestion that Washington Place be renamed Henry James Place in honor of a great American writer who has too often been dismissed as an "expatriate" because he settled in another country and actually became a British subject. Such superficial patriots will never read James in any case, I suppose; and without reading him they will hardly discover that his perennial subject was the American character, or that, as Constance Rourke points out in "American Humor," "the international scene became a great American scene" in the decades when James was coming into maturity as a writer. "There is, irony in the circumstance," she says at another point, "that the American character should first have been fully realized [by James] within the European scene." There has been another irony, long drawn out, in the persistent refusal of Americans to recognize James's achievement.

SUCH RECOGNITION as he has had in his native country has been, so to speak, the refraction of his reputation in Europe. He has been most appreciated by those Americans preoccupied with Europe. His work has given rise to dozens of excellent but often rather forbidding essays—which have thrown up still another barrier between the intelligent, non-academic American reader and our finest novelist. His admirers have thus unwittingly cooperated with his detractors to make James appear not only as remote and alien but as a "writer's writer" too difficult for ordinary mortals to understand. Some of his later books are difficult—I admit not having read the very last ones. And in an age when "digests" pass for books, when reading time is measured with stop-watches, when the act of reading is regarded as a species of "freewheeling" in which the mind is *disengaged*, even "The

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Ambassadors" and "The Golden Bowl," casually undertaken, may seem slow; approached by way of the luminous, less dense, and charming earlier books—"Washington Square," "The American," "The Portrait of a Lady"—they appear as the flowering, inevitably more and more complex, of a great talent; the journey through James takes on an exhilarating suspense; and once experienced, his books set up a taste that the "easy" contemporary novel cannot satisfy.

FULL CIRCLE: A front-page headline in the *New York Times* of April 11 read as follows: "U. S. Now Planning to Educate Europe."

On page 15 the *Times* printed further outraged comments on how little Americans know of their own history.

MARGARET MARSHALL

The Lower Depths

MEN FROM NOWHERE. By Jean Malaquais. L. B. Fischer. \$2.50.

DARK WEDDING. By Ramón J. Sender. Translated from the Spanish by Eleanor Clark. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

JEAN MALAQUAIS'S "Men from Nowhere" first appeared under the formidable sponsorship of André Gide. In France, where it was awarded a prize called the Renaudot Prize, it is said to have been "enormously successful." And certainly it is a work of considerable talent. Yet when we have reckoned with the portentous but not very complex irony of its tone and with certain scenes of quasi-significant madness, this story of the foreign and stateless men who work an exhausted mine on the Riviera turns out to be merely another piece of information about the Lower Depths.

And I find it increasingly hard to understand what books of this sort are supposed to do. Their presence in our literature is of course one of our most important cultural characteristics—for about two centuries the angle of literary vision has moved slowly downward, the old upward gaze to the eminent tragic hero dropping to the eye-level view of the bourgeois hero, then farther downward to take in people of lower social position but equal human quality (the working people of the Victorian novels), then downward still farther to focus on people, like most of those in "Men from Nowhere," whose emotional and intellectual organization is so much less complex than the reader's as to make them seem almost a different species. We commonly regard the writing and reading of books like "Men from Nowhere" with considerable moral complacency; they indicate the social goodwill of author and reader. But more and more I read them with a kind of bewildered frustration.

My confusion is literary, not political. I am sure that the great fact for the modern consciousness is the insupportable and inhuman existence of the larger part of humanity. Sometimes this fact seems challenging, sometimes desperately depressing, but I never find it confusing in the way that I find literature's response to it confusing.

For example, almost every novel that tells me about poverty and degradation asks me to pity the people it describes. But

April 24, 1943

I am enough of a Spinozist and Freudian to believe that pity is an emotion much to be suspected. Then some books—for example, "The Grapes of Wrath"—complicate the matter by telling me that the people I am to pity are, exactly because of their pitiable condition, a great deal more decent than I am. Then I find it disconcerting to have novels imply that I live on the heights of moral freedom from which I am to look down toward people who are wholly in the toils of necessity; these novels endow me with god-like emotions but not with god-like powers. Again, it is worth considering whether stories of social horror do not inure us to social horror, making us glib about it and acceptant of it—if we suffer enough in a literary way, perhaps we have done all that can be expected of us! Literature, no matter what we say about its "social function," must in some way give us pleasure, and it is to be considered whether social literature as we know it has not been an elaborate hoax of ourselves; perhaps it gives us not the moral stimulus we think we are getting but a kind of circuitous, cheap, and illegitimate satisfaction. "Facing the facts" may be the newest and subtlest way of "escaping reality." Perhaps we have become connoisseurs of misery, with a fine taste in suffering.

Is literature, then, to ignore the terrible facts of social injustice? No, but literature must evolve new sensibilities to deal with them, for the ways of the old sensibilities eventually falsify what they represent. Like continual melodrama, they debase the emotions; and they do not permit thought and therefore they check and limit the emotions. The limits of Malraux's emotional range are a case in point. This author does not find real significance in his pitiable miners or any real sense of human connection with them—they are for him merely the objects of his highly trained humanitarian feelings. All his novelistic interest centers in his three educated characters and in the love of a sensitive prostitute for one of them, and this interest is at best a sentimental one. To me the lack of any plot or development or ideas in the story and the complete reliance on isolated incident and on "poetry" indicate the inadequacy of the author's perception of misery.

In "Dark Wedding" Ramón Sender does not succeed in solving the problem of how to deal with misery and the brutalization that results from it, but at least he makes a considerable and admirable effort. He has chosen the method of fantasy and symbolism. His story begins in sober and rather brilliant realism and tells of the director of a Latin American penal island who returns to the colony with his new young bride and, after a more than usually brutal display of authority, is murdered on his wedding night. From here, by gradual stages, the story moves into fantasy as the convicts, insane to a man, struggle for the political control of the island and the possession of the virgin widow. The fantasy is wild and sometimes obscure, but the ideational intention of the book is always kept clear—it is that the horrible past crimes of the convicts and their present lust for the girl are, despite all appearances, actually perversions of love and twisted manifestations of the ideal; and this idea is of sufficient scope to require that the mind keep pace with the emotions as we read; and it effectually keeps us from condescending to the almost inhuman creatures we are reading about.

Andre Gide

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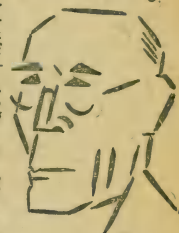
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Perhaps the comparison will seem extravagant and certainly it is bitterly unfair to an admirable if not wholly successful book, but there are many elements in "Dark Wedding" which brought "King Lear" to my mind. Both works are concerned to show man as naked as possible; both have a plethora of madness, by which they achieve their largest effects; both are pervaded by the themes of justice and both involve justice with sexuality; in both there is a dominant sense of the horror of nature (of creeping, crawling, and decaying things) as well as of the terror of nature, and both constantly question whether nature is good or bad; in both love in its perfection (Cordelia; the virgin widow) is true salvation, in its perversion (Goneril, Regan; the mad convicts) the source of evil.

"King Lear" is the greatest comment on human misery ever uttered; it puts the fact of misery under the greatest possible intellectual and emotional pressure to extract its meaning; it makes the universe rock, turns everything upside down, uses the loudest possible noise and the tenderest possible reticence to make us know what misery really is. It seems to me that this is the only way for literature to deal with the subject; anything less had better be no more than a sociological report. And Sender, in so far as he succeeds, uses Shakespeare's method of terrible, fantastic pressure.

But eventually Sender does not succeed. The pressure turns out to be insufficient. The symbols cease to work, the language becomes false—and Sender can write remarkably well, and Eleanor Clark has made one of the best modern translations I know—because eventually Sender's moral sensibility does not support them. His moral sensibility is modern: like all of us, he wants to hope, and since hope is hard to come by these days, he descends to facile optimism. Throughout the book

I had the uncomfortable awareness that even a gifted modern man cannot discourse about "love" without making it seem disconcertingly squashy. When the young hero, the school teacher Dario, begins to think of himself as "Lord of the Dawn," the débacle of sensibility begins; and when the hitherto sinister convicts begin showering the young lovers with the thousand-peso bills of the stolen fortune, the fantasy begins to deflate to the dimensions of a René Clair picture or even—what with the quaint Indians of the island—to the scale of "Peter and Wendy." This collapse is dispiriting, but it does not negate the energy and the rightness of the book's intention.

LIONEL TRILLING

Mr. Willkie's Two Odysseys

ONE WORLD. By Wendell Willkie. Simon and Schuster. \$2.

MR. WILLKIE has been engaged in two great pilgrimages. The one took him around the world. The other carried him from the presidency of a public-utility corporation through a Presidential campaign to the position of an honored tribune in the nation. The fact that he has gained in moral stature since his defeat in the election has made thinking Americans look forward particularly to this report of his trip around the world. They had reason to expect that it would be a report of the two odysseys, though it would ostensibly be a record of only the more obvious one. It is possible to report gratefully that these expectations have not been disappointed. The more spiritual pilgrimage is fairly well indicated in the process of recording the trip around the globe. There are some tantalizing lacunae in the statement of his growth in political maturity. But it is fairly clear in outline. Furthermore, the indirect account of the one pilgrimage contributes to the value of the other. For Mr. Willkie is a keen observer, and some of his most casual reflections on men and events betray a remarkable grasp of the essential realities.

The book is worth reading, in other words, merely as a travelogue. His estimates of both personalities and social forces strike one as true, even when given in briefest terms. He speaks of some of the colonial officials of the Middle East as derived from "Rudyard Kipling untainted even with the liberalism of Cecil Rhodes," and thinks that "only new men and new ideas in the machinery of our relations with the East can win the victory without which any peace will be only an armistice." He records his conversion to the Zionist idea in Palestine after a single conference with Miss Henrietta Szold, the founder of Hadassah, and yet makes his position convincing. His estimate of Stalin is worth recording: "When we talked of the causes of the war and the economic and political conditions that would face the world after it was over, his comprehension was broad, his detailed information exact, and the cold reality of his thinking apparent. Stalin is a hard man, perhaps even a cruel man, but a very able one. He has few illusions." In his account of General de Gaulle Mr. Willkie allows one to suspect that the leader of the Fighting French takes himself rather seriously, comparing himself a little too obviously with Joan of Arc. Of all the people he met, Chiang

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International Police?
Union with Britain?**

POST-WAR WORLDS

By PERCY CORBETT

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Index. \$2.00 at all bookstores or from

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Kai-shek and the leader of the Siberian republic of Yakutsk seem to have impressed him most. One must resist the temptation to quote indefinitely from his succinct and vivid accounts of men and events in order to come to the real message of the book.

It is of course not news that Mr. Willkie believes that the world is one and that America cannot find its rightful place in it if it does not become fully aware of the vast interdependence which a technical civilization has achieved. He wants neither isolationism nor isolationist imperialism. He deprecates the present policy of the State Department and observes that expediency, calculated to save a few lives, may lose many more in the end. He is convinced that Russia must be brought into any post-war system of mutual security and believes that the fear of Russia is a sign of weakness because the "best answer to communism is a living, vibrant, fearless democracy, economic, social, and political." His appreciation of the necessity of a generous relation with China, in which present disproportions of power will not be allowed to prompt policies which will cause future embarrassment, is as sound as his advice on Russia.

In general Mr. Willkie seems a little too much of a Wilsonian libertarian, emphasizing the necessity of granting freedom to all the nations without giving a full statement of how this liberty is to be kept from becoming suicidal in an interdependent world. It must be admitted, however, that he has a broad program for world order. He wants a United Nations Council now; and he wisely observes that "nothing much of importance can be won in peace which has not already been won in the war itself." This recognition of the organic character of historical processes would, if more fully developed, surely modify his more abstract libertarian conceptions. On the question of colonial policy he allows himself some rather sweeping condemnations without offering any specific suggestions for administering the affairs of peoples not yet capable of self-government.

Mr. Willkie, in short, substantiates the general impression of him as a proponent of a wise internationalism. The trip around the world may have sharpened his perceptions and matured his convictions. But he would not have seen what he did see if he had not brought a considerable wisdom to his adventure.

Unfortunately Mr. Willkie does not answer the one question about his development which many of us have found most intriguing. Has he learned anything about economic life which would prompt him to disavow the *laissez faire* nonsense which he talked in the Presidential campaign? Has his knowledge that the world is interdependent and that its international processes must be "managed" dissuaded him from his previous fear that any form of domestic management of economic life must lead to communism? It is hardly conceivable that some of the pages of this book are written by the same man who insisted during the campaign that we must defeat Hitler but must do it in the "American way" without any restrictions upon "free enterprise." Nevertheless, Mr. Willkie neither disavows any previous convictions nor yet gives any clear indication of present views. He does seem tremendously impressed by the fact that able men do rise to the top in the Soviet scheme.

The closest he comes to baring his heart is in an account

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of a conversation with a Russian factory superintendent. He presses the Russian official to reveal the sources of his zeal and the driving force of his ambition. For once Mr. Willkie seems to be again the president of a public-utility corporation as he seeks to persuade the Russian that he is not really free if he cannot give expression to the economic or commercial motive. But the Russian remains adamant in his insistence that the Soviet system gives him both the required security and the incentive. What is really significant about this interview is that Mr. Willkie concludes the record of it with the following statement:

As I turned to go I overheard Major Knight, our amazingly skilful and intelligent pilot, say to Joe Barnes, "Listen, don't let's get away before you explain to that fellow that Mr. Willkie was just trying to get him to talk. Sure, we in America like what money can buy and want to get ahead a bit. . . . But at the same time I got this piece of ribbon here," pointing to the ribbon of the Distinguished Flying Cross, "and that didn't bring me a cent. You tell him that I'd give the rank and the pay rise back for nothing, but I wouldn't give away the ribbon for a million dollars."

I may be wrong but I think the old Mr. Willkie conducted that debate with the Russian superintendent, while the new Mr. Willkie found it necessary to add his pilot's refutation of his commercial creed. It was probably the political and circumspect Mr. Willkie who allowed his pilot rather than himself to give expression to sentiments which the traditional devotees of the "American way of life" must regard as rank heresy.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

The Growth of Cities

THE CITY: ITS GROWTH, ITS DECAY, ITS FUTURE.

By Eliel Saarinen. Reinhold Publishing Corporation.
\$3.50.

WE ARE looking forward to a great Renaissance in which mankind will again be moved by other purposes than fear and greed. In this Renaissance the rebuilding of cities will have a prominent place; and I know of no single book on the subject so comprehensive, so free from crotchets and pedantries, so generous and yet so practical, as Eliel Saarinen's.

Saarinen does not spurn the city planning which is merely good housekeeping; but he looks beyond immediate needs. His field is *city building*, which, he claims, is "three-dimensional." May I put in a plea for the fourth dimension, *time*? In a historical city the preservation of traditional values is the essential rule. In a new city—and Saarinen recognizes it explicitly—we should "think of the future"; not merely in terms of increased traffic, but also in terms of style. We should not clutter up the next generation with buildings which represent merely a passing vogue.

Saarinen's keyword is "organic growth." An admirable principle, but taken as a shibboleth, as it was in the nineteenth century, it would be the negation of planning. Organic growth is unconscious. "It is foolishness," quoth the Organicist, "to create a city, write a constitution, plan an economy, invent a language." Joseph de Maistre wagered that the proposed city of Washington would never come into being. Voltaire would cap this reasoning: "It is absurd to believe that you can build a bridge across the Golden Gate by the radical and utopian method of first drawing blueprints. The bridge must grow organically." The truth is that we must conquer nature according to her own laws. Our method should be a rational and purposive evolution. And such is the gist of Saarinen's thought.

Saarinen considers the medieval city the perfection of organic growth. He is right, if we remember that a growth may be malignant. The medieval city was the result of a disease—fear. It was cramped, stunted, starved for air and light, by its defensive armor. A poignant beauty often was the result. In the same way, the twin disease, greed, is responsible for the cañons and towers of our modern Megalopolis. There also the result may be undeniably impressive. But impressiveness is no criterion. A Nazi mass-meeting or a battlefield may possess the dramatic power that we are seeking to destroy.

The other kind of city goes back to the Roman camp, and to the "free" towns deliberately created in the Middle Ages. Usually the checkerboard plan was adopted; it is not an American invention. In rare cases that least imaginative of all patterns is the most adequate. Nothing could have worked better in an elongated island like Manhattan. Broadway, the sole exception, creates a bad traffic problem at each intersection with an avenue. When the checkerboard plan is imposed upon a hilly site, with no regard for contours, as in San Francisco, it is an abomination. But the planned city is not necessarily quadrilateral. It developed in the classical age from the avenues traced in the royal forests. At Versailles, at Karlsruhe, the city plan is almost the replica of the *pare*

The City
ITS GROWTH
ITS DECAY
ITS FUTURE
By ELIEL SAARINEN

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Saarinen clearly appreciates the influence of environment on man's cultural and social development. To him—slum clearance, decent living and working conditions for the city's working population offer a challenge that cannot go unheeded. He therefore sets forth the physical and economic causes for urban decadence—and then calls for action—with a logical, vigorous, corrective plan based on urban rehabilitation and decentralization.

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layout. The Invalides, Ecole Militaire, and Etoile districts in Paris were conceived in the same spirit. The standard example is our own Washington.

Saarinén contrasts the Informal Revival, of which the best theorist was Camillo Sitte, and the Formal Continuance, the Louis XIV and Haussmann tradition. With these schools of planning, as a rule, went certain styles: Gothic and Renaissance when the goal was picturesqueness; and when the grandiose was desired, the classical, with a touch of the baroque, leading to the banal elegance of the Beaux-Arts. Saarinen deprecates "styles." Our own age should evolve, and is evolving, organically, a style of its own. Banks that ape the Parthenon or the Palazzo Vecchio are as absurd as Gothic railway stations. This has now become so obvious that a plea for the defeated side may be needed. We do not discard from our speech ancient words which still serve our purpose. We even go into deliberate archaism, as Lincoln did, when the occasion warrants a particular solemnity of tone. In the same way, there are architectural idioms which are best able to express thoughts that are still with us. A Gothic cathedral is not absurd if the doctrine and ritual of the thirteenth century are kept alive under its vault. The colonial and early republican styles are not dead: like the Constitution, they stand for a way of life which we still cherish. I should like to meet my friends in a Louis Quinze salon, if only we could live up to our furniture. But for the bulk of our architecture—public buildings, offices, stores, apartments, and most private dwellings—Saarinen is manifestly right.

He has no love for what is most distinctive and modern about American cities—the skyscraper and blatant advertising. He condemns both, not so much in the name of beauty as in that of efficiency. Both are self-defeating. They start a spiral—ever higher, ever louder—which must lose itself in the absurd.

The compact Megalopolis is doomed. Many remedies have been proposed. Saarinen's is "organic decentralization." Split up the big city into self-contained units, separated by vast open spaces, if possible by forest belts. Prost adopted the idea for the development of the Paris region: instead of expecting new rings to grow solidly round the old core, he would have the satellite cities remain separate. Los Angeles offers an adumbration of that method—a hundred suburbs in search of a city. The formula might be very successful. Saarinen offers sketches of decentralization patterns for Tallin, Helsinki, Athens, and even Chicago and Detroit.

All this is right: but is it feasible? Saarinen proves, conclusively, I believe, that values, in real terms, would be increased and stabilized through his method. But will he ever convince the realtors, for whom the city is first of all a roulette table? Even if the city as a whole should gain by the reform, the realtors and their clients will not easily forfeit the "incentive" of fabulous wealth. Our political and legal system is geared to the defense of private interests; and the greatest of these, the palladium of our economic liberty, is the right to buy a lottery ticket. Saarinen's admirable proposals, although conceived in a truly conservative spirit, demand a revolution in thought. Cooperation must be substituted for scramble; or—why mince the words?—socialism in all social matters, collectivism in all collective enterprises,

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Welcome, Stranger!

THE HILL. By David Greenwood. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.75.

IT IS a great temptation to endow Mr. Greenwood's first book with all the tokens of a critical desideratum. But that would be to consume an unpretentious, a warm, a really blooming book in the critical oven, to bury it, in fact, under the cinders. The reason for the temptation is simply that Mr. Greenwood has written about small-town life as if it were his first exciting visit. (Welcome, stranger!) The story begins when a writer, having lost his way in a fog, stumbles on the ghost town of Wabash Hill, a derelict of the California gold-rush days. The writer discovers the small town. And it is his general air of wonder, his fresh point of view, and his gradual understanding of the inhabitants that infuse a stale theme with new life. The characters are presented naturally; we understand them through their understanding of each other. The humor too is their own, the unconscious humor of the inarticulate, as in the enormously funny account of the fight over a gift fishing reel; or the conscious humor of mock seriousness in the delightful legend of the moon dog. Both types spill over into poetry. The conversation is especially good; Mr. Greenwood seems to have located the essential and unbroken connection between native American speech and revelation of character.

It is significant that both town and characters are imaginary, which is to say they are created, "written," not recalled in passive retrospection. The small town has become the deadliest of subjects, although as a basic American theme it contains perhaps a greater concentration of the traditional elements of American culture than any other single theme. The trouble has been that novelists have not been aware of these elements as a tradition which must necessarily be expressed in terms of the present if both tradition and expression are to have meaning. Novelists have been content merely to use the small town as an emotional escape, to relive the past by projecting into the present feelings that belong to the past and no longer have a living source. This sentimental archaeology is a dead end; emotion becomes glamour, characters become frustrated, and writing becomes academic. Mr. Greenwood's method is better. He chose his setting, as he says in his preface, "as one well suited to highlight certain human values which in American life are indestructible." He has succeeded in realizing that intention in a series of sketches of extraordinary vitality. He has made a beginning. It remains to be seen whether he can carry over his knowledge of American character and its modes of expression into the more hazardous form of the novel. H. P. LAZARUS

"Manners, Morals, and Mistakes"

FANTASTIC INTERIM. By Henry Morton Robinson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

MR. ROBINSON deals with America's course from Versailles to Pearl Harbor in terms of our "manners, morals, and mistakes." Being the author of "Private Virtue—Public Gain" (1938), a thumping defense of private enterprise, he quite properly acknowledges that his is a hindsight view of our past quarter of a century. But since it is so very necessary for us to understand just what happened to us during the interval between the two wars—what our mistakes were, what alternatives we had—we cannot follow him too hastily, even when he is castigating the most brazen scoundrels and national follies. His method, admittedly borrowed from Frederick Lewis Allen, has its dangers. Mr. Allen, in "Only Yesterday" and "Since Yesterday," recounted the interesting events, personalities, and "national temper" of the 1920's and 1930's. But this is a vastly different thing from discovering our "mistakes" in national policy, separating causes from effects, and laying responsibility squarely before the right people.

Mr. Robinson paints a picture of the 1920's which, so far as it goes, will be generally accepted. He writes sharply about our failure to include the League of Nations in our plans. He is duly disgusted with "normalcy" under Harding, "prosperity" under Coolidge, and Hoover's unbending ineffectiveness. But the real question is *why* we shirked our international and domestic obligations, and *who* it was precisely that did the shirking. Mr. Robinson is no analyst. He never looks back of 1919, and he treats Europe solely in terms of its war debt to us. He describes with indignation and detail how "we" patronized speakeasies, entered flag-pole-sitting contests, and played Mah Jong. But his accounts of the La Follette Presidential campaign of 1924, Sacco and Vanzetti, the Gastonia strike, and similar issues are superficial even when not brief.

Mr. Robinson, of course, reviews our foreign policy with an eye on Pearl Harbor. But granting the fatuity of the Washington Conference on Naval Disarmament, and our—to say the least—muddled relations with Germany, Japan, and other nations, the author does not formulate anything that approximates a philosophy, hindsight or otherwise. For example, he contends that Japan and Germany studied the art of war, and that we should have done likewise. He does not tell us what forms a military program might have taken under the reactionary politicians he describes, and under the "brass hats" who broke "Billy" Mitchell; or what forms it did take in the field of dollar diplomacy. He pours scorn on the peace societies; but he never considers how peace is to be achieved, and what role peace organizations—the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, let us say—can play in the question.

Mr. Robinson is, in short, an exponent of private enterprise who has been busy reevaluating our "fantastic interim"; and all things considered, he has not done badly. For here we have the author of "Private Virtue—Public Gain" approving the cause of the bonus marchers and hailing the New Deal for having come to grips with the economic crisis—at one point he even takes exception to the President for having

failed to go far enough! He accepts the C. I. O. as the historical agent of the unorganized and unskilled workers, and he upbraids private enterprise—which in his earlier book he defended against what he called "federal socialism"—for having failed to rise to its tasks either during prosperity or depression. He is all out for the war. He condemns the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey for its well-known dealings with I. G. Farbenindustrie, and business in general for having, as he angrily underscores, put its private interests first and our war needs second.

It is interesting to have so earnest a business moralist as the author concerned with the possibilities of another post-war cycle of "normalcy," prosperity, and depression, and to read his anxious recommendations for sound education, economic security for the masses, and private industry run on social lines. Is Mr. Robinson's book symptomatic of a new attitude developing in the circles of formerly rugged individualists? One would like to think so.

LOUIS FILLER

Fiction in Review

TO SAY that Mark Aldanov's "The Fifth Seal" (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$3) is one of the most disappointing novels I have read this year is of course not to suggest even an oblique compliment to the novels which failed to disappoint me simply because they never promised anything. Rather, I mean it as a compliment to the fine opening chapters of Mr. Aldanov's book and as profound regret that a novel which starts so handsomely should turn out, finally, to be so much less than successful. For in its first pages, or even on any given page throughout its length, "The Fifth Seal" is stamped with the signs of a first-rank talent: here are the relaxation and discipline of style, the sense of space and air, the energetic eye, the proud intelligence, all the virtues which we associate with novels in the great Continental tradition and miss in contemporary fiction. (Mr. Aldanov, by the way, wrote "The Fifth Seal" in Russian; it is beautifully translated by Nicholas Wreden.) But if Mr. Aldanov's novel has one foot, its stylistic foot, in the great tradition, its other foot is in modern politics—slippery ground for any writer, but especially for a moralist; and Mr. Aldanov is above all a moralist. Indeed, the story of "The Fifth Seal" is all a matter of moral-political problems; or, to put it more precisely, its story is a counterpoint of characters (somewhat à la Jules Romains), and its characters are moral-political symbols. The author is therefore in the position of having to solve modern politics in order to control his plot. It is a bad situation for a novelist to contrive for himself. And since Mr. Aldanov has no political answer, his story is confused and, long before its end, merely dull.

Mr. Aldanov works with two sets of characters, a group of Soviet diplomats and government specialists which includes an ambassador, an Old Bolshevik, an Old Guard general, and a girl interpreter, and a group of Frenchmen which includes a famous writer, a pair of aristocrats, a murderer, and a Socialist lawyer. Because of its treatment of the Soviet contingent, "The Fifth Seal" has been attacked even before publication as anti-Soviet propaganda. Well, if such attacks

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can ever be said to be justified, I suppose there are grounds for this one. Certainly, concerned as he is with political morality, Mr. Aldanov has not spared the Soviet Union. What all the Russian characters have in common is their awful insecurity, and Mr. Aldanov is profoundly critical of a regime that can make fear the dominant factor in the lives even of people who are so many miles away from GPU headquarters. And, a Kerenskyist himself, he is also at some pains to go behind the present regime, if not to destroy the historical and personal picture of Lenin, at least to assign to the father of the Russian Revolution his due responsibility for what has happened in Russia since his death. (Communists, however, can take what comfort they will from Mr. Aldanov's obvious lack of partisanship for Trotsky.) But the important point about "The Fifth Seal" is that it is quite as severe with

its Frenchmen as it is with its Russians; indeed, there is no one in this novel, living or dead, whatever his party or country, who really earns its author's approval. It is the price, evidently, that Mr. Aldanov must pay for making political symbols out of people: what begins as political pessimism ends up as misanthropy. "The Fifth Seal" not only deprives us of a hero—that most elementary gratification of fiction—but treats all its characters with an ironic superiority and as if they deserved their fates.

And even misanthropy must be under the author's full control if it is to have stature. But a large part of "The Fifth Seal" reminds one of a collection of stills taken at random from a moving picture, a series of isolated views which may hint at connections and larger significances but never really make or state them. And even where his meaning should be clear, Mr. Aldanov's symbolism is often so weary that I doubt my reading of it. For instance, there are four old men in "The Fifth Seal" who worry about their health; the diseases from which they suffer are heart trouble and high blood pressure, and two of the characters meet at the office of the same doctor—but I can scarcely believe that Mr. Aldanov is using this hackneyed way of saying that Europe is sick and old. Or the dramatic high moment of the novel is the murder committed by Alvera; since Alvera's trial and the Moscow trials seem to take place at approximately the same time, I gather that the whole Alvera motif was introduced in order to complement the Russian political situation—but all Mr. Aldanov seems to be saying, then, is that murder is murder, whether public or private. Or again, when Alvera's Socialist lawyer arrives late at his client's execution and faints, if Mr. Aldanov is saying what I think he is saying—namely, that this is the historical role of the Socialist Party, that it always arrives too late and then collapses before the ensuing mess—what are we to make of the fact that Alvera actually committed the murder and that his execution is the meting out of justice? Nor, just by the way, is the lawyer, who defended Alvera to the best of his ability, in any way responsible for either the execution or the mess! I admit it is a sad way to read a novel, solving it like a puzzle, but here is another result of an author's treating his characters primarily as characters in a parable and only secondarily as human beings.

I could wish, in other words, that Mr. Aldanov had recognized both his intentions and his limitations and written an out-and-out satire. For certainly his clearest and best moments are his moments of satiric play. There is the scene, for example, in which the king of the unnamed country formally receives the accredited representatives of the Soviets at a formal reception, or the whole wonderful episode in which Nadia, the beautiful girl interpreter, decides to write a story and walks the chalkline between ideology and creativity so successfully that she gets hailed as the new Soviet genius. (I believe it is early in Nadia's literary career that she talks to the Russian ambassador about her plot. "Plot against whom?" asks the frightened diplomat.) Out-and-out satire, especially when it is written on the high level of the satiric passages in "The Fifth Seal," is not only an excellent medium for moral criticism but, it seems to me, much better suited to Mr. Aldanov's temperament and political point of view than the kind of novel he has attempted.

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MUSIC

A LATER performance of "Petrushka" by the Ballet Theater was even more exciting than the first. With the playing of the orchestra more secure, Stravinsky's conducting produced an even more powerful statement of the music; and the stage performance gained enormously from the vitalization and enrichment of the title role by Lazovsky. Together with his brilliance, verve, and style as a dancer Lazovsky has remarkable powers as an actor—the superb comic actor of "Three Virgins and a Devil," the deeply affecting tragic actor of "Petrushka," who achieves what nobody else is able to achieve so well: the sharpened, intensified style of movement which makes the puppet more puppet-like than any other, and its quasi-human emotions more pathetic—but always as the quasi-human emotions of a puppet.

The completed "Romeo and Juliet" strengthened some of the impressions I had got from the first, incomplete performance: Tudor's limited vocabulary makes for repetitiousness; but among the things that are repeated is the beautifully imagined invention for the scenes of the two lovers, marvelously executed by Markova and Laing; and there are interesting new things that Tudor contrives for situations and characters which he has not dealt with before, such as the brawls, and the menace and violence of Tybalt. The work is, I think, a distinguished achievement.

On Columbia's April list is Shostakovich's Piano Concerto Op. 35, played by Eileen Joyce with the Hallé Orchestra under Leslie Heward (Set 527, \$3.68). Looking to see what I had written about this work when it was first played here in 1935-36, I found this gratifyingly perceptive comment: "Shostakovich possesses great fluency, but in an acrid idiom which lends itself in fast tempo to mockery and grotesquerie and in slow tempo to a distorted lyricism; and these ends are furthered by a technical skill which knows how to produce effects that shock and amuse one with their impudence. The mockery and grotesquerie, the distorted lyricism, the amusing impudence were all prominent in . . . last night's concerto, which turned out to be for the most part arid and unrewarding." At that time I had only as much acquaintance with Shostakovich's music as warranted this restrained comment; but by now I have heard enough to say with confidence that the

concerto is merely another piece of the appalling rubbish that has come in an inexhaustible flow from this composer's mind. The performance in the Columbia set is good, and well recorded except for an overweighing of the bass.

With one superlative performance of Beethoven's First Symphony by Toscanini in the Victor catalogue, and another excellent one by Weingartner in Columbia's own catalogue, there would seem to be no need of recordings of Beethoven's First Symphony; but Columbia offers one made by Rodzinski with the Cleveland Orchestra (Set 535, \$4.75). Rodzinski's performance is faster-paced than Toscanini's, and is taut and hard-driving whereas Toscanini's has a relaxed grace and power; but in its taut and hard-driving way it is an effective statement of all but the second movement. It is well recorded, with more spaciousness than Toscanini's but with less brightness, and with the first movement spread over three sides instead of Toscanini's two.

Walton's "Scapino: A Comedy Overture" (11945-D, \$1.05) is arid stuff, excellently performed by Stock with the Chicago Symphony; the recorded sound of the performance is brilliant and spacious but not clean. Nelson Eddy's singing of "Rolling in Foaming Billows" and "Now Heaven in Fullest Glory Shone" from Haydn's "Creation"

(71450-D, \$1.05) I do not recommend.

For its April record classic Columbia has selected what is in fact one of the outstanding sets in its catalogue—the one (300, \$7.88) of Mahler's "Lied von der Erde," performed by Bruno Walter with the Vienna Philharmonic, Kerstin Thorborg, and Charles Kullman. Mahler's emotion, his musical language, his processes of thought, his gigantic forms make his works something special in music. A person who would like to acquaint himself with it will find in "Das Lied von der Erde" not only Mahler's fully matured style but a work that is more easily accessible for being in the form of a song-cycle. And in this Columbia set he will find a superb statement of it that is well recorded except for occasional shrillness.

B. H. HAGGIN

IN EARLY ISSUES OF *The Nation*

"Autobiography of a Curmudgeon," by Harold Ickes, reviewed by Eliot Janeway; "Round Trip to Russia," by Walter Graebner, reviewed by John Scott; "Physics and Philosophy," by Sir James Jeans, reviewed by Ernest Nagel; "Art and Freedom," by Horace M. Kallen, reviewed by Eliseo Vivas; "The Machiavellians," by James Burnham, reviewed by Reinhold Niebuhr; "Baudelaire the Critic," by Margaret Gilman, reviewed by Morton Dauwen Zabel.

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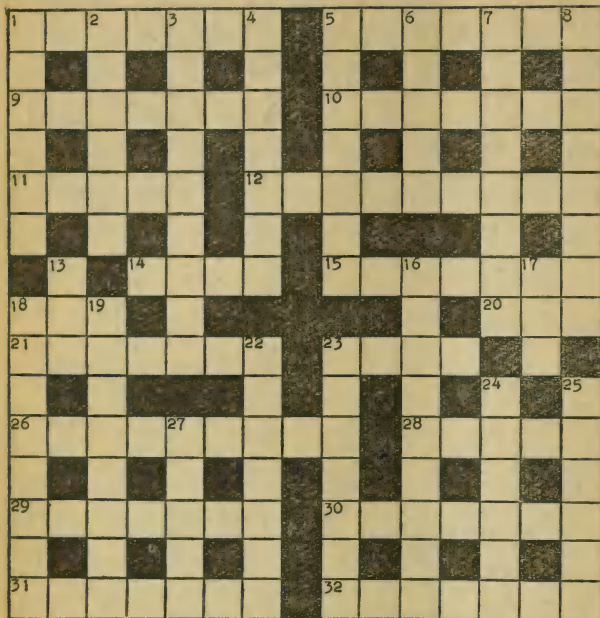
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 10

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 The boy appears to have stolen a letter from his aunt
- 5 The first syllable is what the second is not!
- 9 Part of a plant, but the size of the squad is suggested
- 10 By wearing this the Highlander is assured of cash in advance
- 11 What's cooking? Perhaps these hold the secret
- 12 A runaway match — but not on the sports field
- 14 Winston Churchill once called them "terminological inexactitudes"
- 15 The little yellow man makes a geometric reference
- 18 Last stage of lumbago
- 20 A fairy turns from wickedness
- 21 Broken English
- 23 It sounds a stable concern
- 26 Exit pater (anag.)
- 28 One of the Brontë sisters
- 29 Do these prepare children for the ups and downs of later life?
- 30 There appears to be a little trouble in Japanese currency
- 31 Is this how a Rotarian moves?
- 32 Obtains by crafty manipulation, in a manner of speaking

DOWN

- 1 Not halfway up but halfway down
- 2 Lightweight at the Zoo
- 3 There's no question but what a policeman's work is this

- 4 They let the cat out of the bag
- 5 A failure on the line
- 6 Got up like a flower
- 7 Hardy characters not found in a Hardy novel
- 8 Small additions — to the family, perhaps (two words, 4 and 4)
- 13 Exclamation evoked by a hug?
- 16 European from a wan region
- 17 It's a pinch!
- 18 One doesn't mind getting a good rating from him!
- 19 Simple Susie felt the druggist had gypped her when she found no fly in it
- 22 Passes, and pleases in a way
- 23 A tool from the Far West
- 24 Descriptive sometimes of lightning or slumber
- 25 They never can tell what they're laughing at
- 27 Smiling in a train

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 9

ACROSS:—1 COMMERCE; 5 RAIDER; 10 NICKS; 11 OFFENDING; 12 OARSMAN; 13 ERRATUM; 14 SHINER; 15 TREASON; 18 AIRGUNS; 21 TICKET; 24 DECLINE; 26 PIPETTE; 27 ARMY ORDER; 28 TREES; 32 DEBAMP; 30 IDOLATER.

DOWN:—1 CANNON; 2 MacARTHUR; 3 EASTMAN; 4 CROONER; 6 AINTREE; 7 DRIFT; 8 REGIMENT; 9 EFFECT; 16 SWEETMEAT; 17 HANDMAID; 19 UNIFORM; 20 STEADY; 21 TAVERNED; 22 CAPITAL; 23 LESSER; 31 COMIC.

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER'S competence to analyze the Culbertson plan rests on a career as a political observer dating back to 1921. He has covered capitals from Moscow to Madrid to Delhi and has followed closely the failures of the League of Nations. His books include "Men and Politics," "The Soviets in World Affairs," and "A Week with Gandhi."

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS

Roosevelt and Camacho
The Kerr Committee
The Tokyo Raid
Blind Date with Clío

613

ARTICLES

Findings on Bolivia *by I. F. Stone*
The Battle of MacArthur *by Donald W. Mitchell*
Shopping in 1943
by Louis Walinsky and Edward Sard
Waste on the Ways *by Selden C. Menefee*
10 Years Ago in *The Nation*
London in the Spring *by Ida Treat*
In the Wind

615
617
617
618
619
620
622
626
628
629
630

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

Europe Against Hitler *by John W. Gerber and Alfred Kantorowicz*
Wallace in Chile *by Manuel Seoane*
Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus*

631
634
635

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

In Distrust of Merits *by Marianne Moore*
Study in Cynicism *by Reinhold Niebuhr*
Hollywood View *by Marcus Duffield*
Russian Journey *by John Scott*
New Physics and Old Philosophy *by Ernest Nagel*
Drama *by Margaret Marshall*
Films *by James Agee*
Art *by Jean Connolly*
Music *by B. H. Haggin*

636
636
638
639
640
642
642
643
644

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

645

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 11 *by Jack Barretts*

648

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The Shape of Things

THE DAYS OF THE AXIS IN TUNISIA ARE numbered, but will the number be high or low? The course of the whole 1943 campaign of the United Nations in Europe hangs on the answer General Eisenhower's command is able to give to that question. For it is improbable that any other major operation will be attempted by the Anglo-American forces until this nest of Nazis is cleaned out. Thus every day that the Axis can gain in Africa is a day saved for the strengthening of the European fortress and for preparations for the one last offensive which most military observers expect Hitler to launch this summer. If the battle can be prolonged for weeks, a new and powerful drive against Russia seems likely. But if the Allies can push von Arnim, or whoever now commands the Axis army in Tunisia, into the Mediterranean by mid-May, Hitler may be compelled to concentrate on the defense of his fortress, which then can be threatened from many different points. In the past week the progress of the Allies measured in miles has not been great, but the Axis defenses in the mountains surrounding the Tunis-Bizerte triangle are being steadily ground down. As we write, a great battle is being fought for the key position of Pont du Fahs, to defend which most of the remaining *Panzers* seem to have been concentrated. If the enemy line can be breached at this point, the Allies should be able to swing into the plains before Tunis and turn the left flank of the Axis, against which the British Eighth Army is now pressing. Since Tunis itself does not appear to be an easily defensible position once the outlying mountain wall is pierced, the Axis forces are likely to be crowded into a small area around Bizerte for their final stand.

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SCORE A BULL'S EYE FOR DOCTOR GOEBBELS.

With his tale of 12,000 Polish officers massacred near Smolensk, he has succeeded in snapping the already taut relations between the U. S. S. R. and Poland and producing the first break in the front of the United Nations. Both governments involved reacted blindly to the manipulations of the Wilhelmstrasse. We can understand the anger of the Russians but still regret their adoption of a remedy which plays into the hands of the enemy.

The suicidal eagerness with which the Poles jumped into the Nazi trap is almost beyond belief. The German report of the alleged atrocity, first broadcast from Berlin on April 12, had all the earmarks of a phony. As William Shirer has pointed out in the New York *Herald Tribune*, it started by talking of 3,000 murdered officers, but before the end of the broadcast the total had been hoisted to 10,000. Two days later the German press and radio had added on an extra 2,000 for good measure. Another doubtful point about the tale is the fact that, although the Germans have occupied Smolensk for nearly two years, they have only just turned up this gruesome evidence. The coincidence between their "discovery" and the Russo-Polish friction over the border question is just a little too perfect. Nevertheless, the Polish government quickly seconded a German proposal that the International Red Cross should be asked to investigate and help identify the bodies in the mass grave that is supposed to have been uncovered. Of course, the Nazis can easily produce 12,000 Polish corpses for inspection; their own victims in Poland total more than one hundred times that number. But surprisingly enough the Polish government has not asked the International Red Cross to take this opportunity to investigate German atrocities in Poland. In its agitation about the possible loss of its eastern provinces if the United Nations win the war, the Polish government seems to have forgotten that there will not be any Poland at all if Germany wins and that the best way of promoting a German victory is to split the Allied front.

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THE SUDDEN WITHDRAWAL FROM HELSINKI of the whole United States legation staff, with the exception of the chargé d'affaires and one clerk, seems to indicate that we are on the eve of a break with Finland. It is true that the State Department, with its usual anxiety not to commit itself, has explained the move as merely "administrative," but the effect of the action is to administer a strong rebuke to the Finnish government. According to some reports, our representatives in Finland recently communicated an informal offer, on behalf of the United States government, to act as go-between in initiating peace negotiations with Russia. The Finnish government is said to have returned an evasive reply and to have consulted the Nazis, who took the occasion to demand that Finland should stop thinking about peace and launch an offensive against the Murmansk Railway—one of the chief routes by which lease-lend supplies reach the Soviets. Whatever the truth of these stories, the fact is that the time has come for Finland to get off the fence. It can no longer hope to continue as a *de facto* ally of Germany while retaining American friendship as an ace in the hole to be turned up on the day that Germany is defeated. The position of Finland is

admittedly desperate. It is dependent on Germany for most of its food supplies, and should it attempt to make a separate peace, it would probably find its allies turning into invaders. But if it wishes to retain any shreds of Western esteem, it must take the risks which many other small countries accepted when they refused to accommodate themselves to Nazi demands.

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THE NEW TAX BILL REPORTED OUT BY THE House Ways and Means Committee is better designed to appease the vociferous supporters of the Ruml plan than to meet the urgent inflationary crisis facing the country. If 1941 tax rates are applied to 1942 incomes, as suggested by the committee, a large number of taxpayers will escape the necessity of paying anything on their 1942 incomes and a larger group—including most of the so-called middle income groups—will have their tax liability cut by more than half. This may seem unimportant in view of the fact that a similar tax on 1943 incomes is to be collected this year. But in practice what has happened is that the committee has abandoned all plans to increase the 1943 income-tax rates, and the liability of the remaining 1942 tax has been spread over a three-year interval beginning March 15, 1944. The President's urgent request of last January for \$16,000,000,000 additional revenue during 1943 to absorb the huge reservoir of war-created excess spending power has been ignored as far as the income-tax payer is concerned. The committee is reported to be considering seeking additional revenue from the lowest income groups through a sales tax. But apparently no effort will be made to collect the whole \$16,000,000,000. This, of course, fits in exactly with Republican strategy. While the Republicans would like to go a little farther and get complete forgiveness of the 1942 tax liability, they have apparently already succeeded in their purpose of shifting the burden of taxation from the higher to the lower income groups and in preventing the drafting of dollars on the same basis as men. The price of their success must ultimately be a complete breakdown of the government's anti-inflation program.

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A STRIKE OF 450,000 BITUMINOUS COAL miners is likely unless the National War Labor Board is more successful than the Conciliation Service in obtaining the agreement of the mine operators to a reasonable basis for compromise. In their desire to destroy John L. Lewis once and for all, the operators seem determined to precipitate a strike which they hope will be broken by the government. Every fair-minded observer has been convinced from the beginning that the miners had a case for increased wages. Several ways of granting their demand without violating the spirit of the President's hold-the-line anti-inflation order have been suggested. All these proposals have been turned down

by the operators. Lewis is, of course, playing a dangerous and unpatriotic game in defying the WLB; but there can be no doubt that he has the full support of the miners in his action. If Presidential intervention is necessary to settle the dispute, it is to be hoped that it will come before a strike actually gets under way.

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LIKE AN ALLEY CAT CAMPAIGNING FOR "Union Now" with a canary, Colonel McCormick has taken the stump for "Union Now" with Britain and its dominions. "States Across the Sea" is the theme of the plan put forward in all solemnity by the reformed isolationist, and it envisions six more stars for Old Glory—one each for England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and Canada, and one for Australia and New Zealand combined. As the Colonel sees it, the problem is simply one of sovereignty. Naturally we can't surrender any part of ours, he points out, "without repealing the Constitution." Since that is out of the question, all that remains is for Britain and the dominions to surrender theirs. Like all great ideas, the McCormick plan is so simple that its author marvels at the failure of his fellow-internationalists to advance it. "Certainly," he writes, "it is the one that would be most readily acceptable to the American people." Then, with a delicacy of feeling for the *amour propre* of the nations he would entice into statehood, the Colonel suggests what they would gain in acquiring the status of North Dakota. Australia should be delighted because it is "now aware of the inability of the British Empire to furnish protection." The British themselves, aside from gaining access to American manpower and gold reserves, would rid themselves "of the incubus of their nobility and aristocratic system." Other states of Western Europe may also join the union in time, provided they display an "aptitude for constitutional government." We hope the Colonel won't be jolted by the rudeness of the London *Sunday Observer*, which professes to trace the plan back to "The Apple Cart" by Bernard Shaw. And did the *Observer* have to add that "The Apple Cart" was voted "quite good comedy"?

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THE RECENT VISIT TO MONTEVIDEO OF TWO prominent Spanish Republicans has led to a slight conflict between the Franco administration and the Uruguayan government. Invited by Uruguayan and Spanish liberal groups, Señor Martínez Barrio, president of the Spanish Parliament until 1939, and General José Miaja, famous for his defense of Madrid, arrived in the Uruguayan capital to celebrate April 14, anniversary of the Spanish Republic. There were several impressive demonstrations of sympathy for the Republican cause, whereupon the Franco legation presented a protest to the Uruguayan government based on three points: that the "Sodre," the official radio station of Uruguay, had

broadcast the speeches of the two Republican leaders; that the president of the Uruguayan House of Representatives, Señor Luis Batlle Berres, was present at the dinner given in their honor; and, finally, that General Miaja had worn the uniform of a full general at some of the ceremonies. The Uruguayan reply was bold and prompt. It said, first, that Uruguay is a democratic country and its government not only has no right to interfere in any manifestation of public opinion but is eager to promote the greatest possible freedom of speech. It pointed out, secondly, that in the case of Señor Batlle Berres, only the Uruguayan Parliament could decide about the use its members made of their special prerogatives—and added, rather ironically, that the government could anticipate the reaction of the House since the House had already officially welcomed the two Republican leaders in a special session held in their honor. It said, thirdly, that in the opinion of the Uruguayan government the uniform worn by an officer who had distinguished himself in the defense of Madrid was as much an honor to the Spanish army as to the Uruguayans who welcomed him.

Roosevelt and Camacho

THE President showed himself at his best when he crossed the border into Monterrey to meet the people of Mexico. If Mexico is a black spot to a handful of oil magnates and to that part of the press which is in the service of big business, every progressive American looks on it as the most socially advanced country of the continent. There are subtle and interesting implications in the fact that the President chose Mexico for his first official visit to Latin America during the war.

Mexico's foreign policy during the past ten years has been exemplary. President Camacho could well say that "Mexico has not had to change her course to be in the forefront of nations fighting Nazi-Fascist world domination." Mexico, in fact, condemned Japanese aggression in Manchuria. Mexico was one of the first to vote sanctions against Italy at the beginning of the attack on Ethiopia. The Mexican delegates walked out of the council room of the League of Nations in protest against the Laval-Hoare move, which by lifting the sanctions delivered a terrible blow to the Geneva institution. Mexico was firm in its policy in regard to Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. It was opposed to the Munich agreement. It was not only firm but splendid in its Spanish policy. Openly and officially supporting the Loyalists in the war, it has never recognized Franco. After having taken some 25,000 refugees from Hitler under its protection, Mexico opened its doors to Spaniards when the problem of the Spanish prisoners in North Africa arose.

Now, Mexico appears at the head of a strong move-

ment favoring greater Latin American participation in the war as well as in the organization of peace. It believes that more must be done to help the United Nations' effort against fascism. At the same time it believes that the Latin American countries must sit at the peace table with equal rights; that their clamor for social justice and fair international treatment must be taken into consideration. President Roosevelt was very concrete when he said, "We know that the day of the exploitation of the resources of one country for the benefit of any group in another country is definitely over." That statement and his reaffirmation of "unconditional surrender," an answer to the pro-Nazi peace offer of Franco's Foreign Minister, Count Jordana, were the most important points of the President's speech. After the gesture of his appearance in Monterrey, there was nothing more to be said.

The fact that the meeting of the two Presidents on Mexican soil occurred just at the end of Vice-President Wallace's tour through South America is significant. In Buenos Aires, where Wallace's careful avoidance of Argentina was duly noted, President Roosevelt's visit to Mexico has made a deep impression. It has given a weapon to the liberal opposition, which is already taking advantage of the fact that Argentina, despite its stores of meat and grain, has not been invited to the Food Conference at Hot Springs, Virginia. It underlines the unfavorable national consequences of the pro-Nazi policy of the Castillo regime.

But if all this is encouraging, the warning that Manuel Seoane offers elsewhere in this issue must not be forgotten. Referring to the Wallace tour, and to the hopes it has awakened in Latin America, he says very bluntly that should these hopes be extinguished "nothing will restore the mutual confidence" upon which real inter-American cooperation must be based.

Nor can it be forgotten, at this moment of self-congratulation, that certain aspects of our foreign policy are regarded with deep mistrust in Latin America. One of the most unhappy elements in the State Department's international program is its constant self-humiliation before the hated Franco regime. Ambassador Hayes's speech offering El Caudillo the most benevolent treatment after the war has aroused a veritable tempest of indignation in Latin America. We could cite dozens of editorials, articles, and cartoons to illustrate it. The most representative men of Latin American democracy—former presidents and ministers, scientists, writers, and artists—have signed statements denouncing Ambassador Hayes's new version of non-intervention.

President Avila Camacho could have told President Roosevelt many interesting things. We are not sure that he did not. He could have told him, for instance, of the great dinner held in Mexico not many weeks ago, when the Mexican President appeared before 2,000 Span-

ish refugees gathered in his honor and told them that "aggression began in Spain" and that "you are the only Spain we recognize and esteem." A strong movement for the reestablishment of the Spanish Republic is spreading throughout Latin America. Our Department of State would do well to remember that fact in the prosecution of its inter-American policy.

Great as the resentment may be against the State Department, resentment is even greater against the way the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs approaches the problem of relations between the United States and Latin America. We have heard frequent complaints from important Latin American visitors, some of them in this country on the invitation of Nelson Rockefeller's office. They stress their personal gratitude for the courtesy shown them, but they believe that the policy of the Coordinator's Office, under the guise of cultural activity, actually supports the interests of American companies in Latin America. "The United States," one of these visitors said, "approaches Latin America from the same angle that the British approach India. The Rockefeller committee is transforming itself into the Colonial Office of the United States."

The complaints of our Latin American friends are not all of a general character. They can be quite specific. For instance, they resent the fact that the majority of executive positions in the Coordinator's Office are gradually coming under the control of representatives of American businesses which operate in South America. Another complaint is that Latin Americans working in the office have been relegated to secondary positions; that they are used only for reediting or for Spanish translation. The few advisers who remain, like Maria Rosa Oliver, an Argentine, Rose Ugarte, a Peruvian, and José Antonio Arce, a Bolivian, are constantly sent away from Washington to lecture or to take part in round tables. They are not allowed to exercise effective influence on the work of the Coordinator's Office.

All this resentment, which seems to be well founded, reveals a dangerous American attitude, one in open contradiction to the policy inherent in President Roosevelt's visit to Mexico and Vice-President Wallace's tour. The office of Nelson Rockefeller has successfully struggled to maintain complete control over inter-American affairs. The Office of Strategic Services and the Office of War Information have frequently had to curtail their activities because the Coordinator's Office claimed an infringement of its territory. Perhaps the Coordinator can justify himself by maintaining that he prevents disturbing interference. But he can maintain that position only on condition that his authority is used to promote the cause of the United Nations in Latin America, to secure genuine cooperation between the United Nations and Latin American democracy, and not to promote the interests of big business.

The Kerr Committee

THE Kerr committee, named by the House of Representatives to check on the Dies committee, has gone beyond the latter in unfairness. In Volume X of the Dies hearings it is stated, "The committee is not charging that government employees affiliated with the League for Peace and Democracy are members of the Communist Party. There is no evidence to this effect." But the Kerr committee, in declaring Goodwin Watson and William E. Dodd unfit for government office, seeks to establish the principle that membership in a so-called "front" organization is proof of subversive activity.

In arriving at this conclusion the Kerr committee tries to give the appearance of relying upon the opinion of the Attorney General. But inquiry at the office of the Attorney General in Washington disclosed that the Department of Justice has never gone beyond the principle that membership in a "front" organization warrants investigation under the Hatch Act barring from government employment persons who believe in the overthrow of the government by force and violence. Mere membership has never been held evidence of subversive activity, since it is well known that most persons in so-called "front" organizations are not members of the Communist Party. The Kerr committee, we are informed by the Attorney General's office, was also wrong in stating that the Washington cooperative bookshop, to which many government employees belong, had been branded a "front" organization by the Attorney General.

The Kerr committee also established another new low in political persecution and unfairness. We agree with Dr. Watson that it "represents the first instance in American history when Congress has held hearings involving the removal of a public official without affording him the usual constitutional safeguards, such as legal counsel, rules of evidence, and the right to summon witnesses." Dr. Watson added that while the committee had asked him to submit samples of his writing, "they did not even wait for the collection of the evidence which they themselves requested." Dodd's "conviction" is a similar combination of star-chamber procedure and "evidence" little better than gossip. The main counts against the son of our former ambassador to Germany were that he gave a cocktail party for Harry Bridges, that he wrote a greeting for the twentieth-anniversary issue of *Soviet Russia Today* in 1937, and that he belonged to the cooperative bookshop and the League for Peace and Democracy. Conduct of this kind, by a committee of Congress, is far more subversive of faith in our institutions than anything any revolutionary could say.

We are glad to hear that the Federal Communications Commission, which employs Watson and Dodd, will take no steps against them but will let Congress assume the responsibility for any action on the basis of this re-

port. The FCC, notably Chairman James L. Fly and Commissioner Clifford J. Durr, has exhibited more courage in such cases than any other agency in Washington. It deserves the full support of the New Deal, which has been entirely too flabby in its relations with such groups as the Dies committee. The definition of "subversive activity" which the Kerr committee lays down will, if established, provide basis for an attack on most New Dealers. For this definition covers even "subtle and indirect" activity designed, in the opinion of the nearest snooper, "to undermine its [the government's] institutions, or to distort its functions, or to impede its projects, or to lessen its efforts, the ultimate aim being to overthrow it all."

We ask members of Congress: Has there ever been a time, since the earliest days of this Republic, when in the heat of political controversy men did not accuse their political opponents of engaging in conduct which would ultimately alter or overturn our system of government? Would there not have been endless civil strife and bloodshed if, instead of preserving freedom of opinion, our fathers had allowed the "ins" to proscribe the "outs" or vice versa on any such flimsy standards? Is it not shameful that as we celebrate the memory of Jefferson, the revolutionist, we permit a committee of Congress to trample under foot the principles of free discussion and fair procedure he did his best to establish?

The Tokyo Raid

A YEAR after the event we have at last learned the full details of the spectacular raid on Tokyo carried out by General Doolittle and his fliers in April, 1942. At first sight it may appear that we paid an extraordinarily heavy price for what the *Herald Tribune* describes as only a "brilliant stunt." All of the sixteen planes participating in the raid were lost except the one that landed in Siberia, and even that one may be grounded for the duration. Yet our losses in personnel were surprisingly small for such an audacious undertaking, and the raid seems to have accomplished results, quite aside from the actual damage inflicted, that may have an important bearing on the course of the war.

We can assume that the material damage wrought by the bombings was considerable although not decisive. All the bombs appear to have fallen on important military objectives, but the bombs were not heavy ones and the objectives were widely dispersed. The damage was probably more serious than a similar bombing of German war plants because Japan's recuperative power is undoubtedly lower than Germany's. It is fairly clear, however, that the bombings had a deleterious effect on Japanese morale. There was every evidence of panic in the early stories broadcast by the Tokyo radio, and there is good reason to believe that the Japanese High

Command was forced to shift a large portion of its limited supply of fighter planes and anti-aircraft guns to the defense of the home base. We do not know the degree to which this may have upset the Japanese military time-table, but it is significant that the Tokyo raid came at the high-water mark of Japanese expansion. From that time until a few weeks ago the Japanese have never enjoyed aerial superiority on an important battle front.

The violence of the Japanese reaction to the raid is perhaps the best evidence we have of its success. After recovering from its bewilderment, the High Command's first action was to order a large-scale and costly drive against the section of China where it believed the raid had originated. Although the Japanese at first captured the airfields, they were ultimately driven back with heavy losses. Possibly because of their failure to retain control of these fields, from which future bombing operations might be conducted, they resorted, a few weeks later, to the extreme measure of executing some of the captured American airmen as "punishment" for the raid on Tokyo. The hypocrisy of this action beggars description. It was the Japanese who first introduced into modern warfare the ghastly practice of indiscriminate mass bombing of civilian populations. Their attacks on the helpless inhabitants of Canton in 1938, and on those of Chungking and Yunnanfu in the following years, still stand as the most destructive of human life of any air raids in history. There was no pretense that these raids were against military objectives. They were launched against defenseless cities solely for the purpose of terrifying the population into giving up. Our raid on Japan, on the other hand, was in no sense indiscriminate and was undertaken with purely military objectives. The fact that the Japanese have now committed the further barbarity of killing prisoners of war in direct contravention of international law can only increase the determination of every American to see Japan thoroughly and completely defeated.

Blind Date with Clio

THE New York *Times*, in conjunction with the Committee on American History, recently arranged a blind date with Clio for 7,000 undergraduates. Socially the occasion proved a colossal flop, for it seemed to show that the younger generation of Americans had a very slight acquaintance with the muse and no desire to improve it. The trouble, according to Hugh Russell Fraser, chairman of the Committee on American History, is that they have been taught the wrong approach. They have been encouraged to sidle up to the lady casually instead of advancing upon her in well-drilled chronological order; they have been introduced to her in company with ladies of less respectable lineage in-

stead of being allowed to court her in decent privacy; and they have come away with only a very foggy idea of her figure and features.

In our letter pages this week Mr. Fraser pins the responsibility for this state of affairs on the Teachers College methods and at the same time voices a grievance against I. F. Stone, who, in *The Nation* of April 17 damned the New York *Times* history test as an attempt to divert attention from the federal Aid-to-Education bill and lumped Mr. Fraser with the reactionaries. We, of course, accept Mr. Fraser's assertion that he is a progressive, but we must point out that his attacks on the men who have been endeavoring to teach history with some social content play into the hands of the Tories and ultra-nationalists. There are all too many people who believe that memorizing facts is the equivalent of receiving an education and who are ready to seize on any argument for a return to "the good old methods."

The results of the *Times* survey, which is the basis of Mr. Fraser's wholesale attack on history teaching in American schools, would, if taken at their face value, suggest that something is very wrong indeed. But as an attempt to assay the quality of particular methods of history instruction the tests lacked scientific precision. No attempt was made to classify the students taking the examination into two groups—those taught on chronological lines and those subjected to the Teachers College "social studies" method. Mr. Fraser has admitted (in *PM*) that he has no idea how the students were, in fact, taught, but he had no difficulty in concluding that the ignorance they displayed was the result of a form of instruction which he condemns.

Again, there is good reason to believe that a considerable number of the students tested did not take the examination seriously. The fact that 1,500 out of 7,000 students called upon to name three famous railroad men wrote down "Casey Jones" may serve as a criterion of collegiate humor; it hardly permits generalizations about collegiate knowledge of American history. Moreover, as such flippancies remind us, the students taking the tests were aware that no credits were involved.

Here is a really significant fact which may help us to put a finger on one of the major weaknesses of American education—the emphasis on utilitarian standards. Whatever method they employ, teachers of history and other cultural subjects are persistently handicapped by the implications of such questions as, What's the use of it? Will it help me in getting a job? How many credits will it give me? We cannot blame students for taking this attitude, for it is simply a reflection of a social system which considers a good football coach to be worth far more than a good history professor. As long as this scale of values persists, Terpsichore is the only one of the muses likely to make much of a hit with the younger generation as a whole.

Findings on Bolivia

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 23

I HOPE I will not be thought too unkind if I suggest that the long-awaited report on Bolivia makes me think of a physician who advises an underpaid sick worker to drink three quarts of milk a day and spend his winters in Florida. No humane person will dispute the recommendations turned in by the Joint United States Bolivian Commission. Their findings, all things considered, are courageous; their proposals, progressive. If adopted, these proposals would give Bolivia a modern system of education, strong trade unions, good housing, a complete system of social insurance, and scientific (no less) nutrition. But these things, as is well known, cost money, and more revenue can be obtained only from the great companies which exploit Bolivia's natural riches and from the governments at present buying their products. This means principally the United States.

The American delegation, under Judge Calvert Magruder of the United States Circuit Court, was progressive and included representatives of the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. But it was hampered by its instructions from the State Department and was bound in advance to turn in a unanimous report. On the basic question of obtaining more revenue for social welfare, the rule of unanimity was nevertheless broken by the Bolivians, leaving the Americans in an unhappy position. In the Addenda the Bolivian members point out that the solution of the country's social problems depends "on a sound economic base" and suggest that the first step would be a better price for Bolivian raw materials. The American delegation no doubt agreed but was forced to reply that it had been instructed in advance "not to deal with the question of the adequacy of present mineral or rubber prices." These Addenda cause the report to end with an anticlimactic *um ph*.

The Bolivian contingent on the commission was headed by the Minister of Labor, His Excellency, as he is described, Dr. Juan Manuel Balcázar. By some technicality Dr. Balcázar managed, despite the unanimity rule, to avoid signing the report. His principal contribution seems to have been a last-minute proposal for an increase in the price of tin, and his reluctance to sign the report is understandable in view of the quiet severity with which it criticizes the enforcement of the labor laws of Bolivia. Since the four other Bolivian members are government officials, their participation in these criticisms was courageous and commendable. By contrast, the American delegation was ignominiously, though

reluctantly, silent where it might have been similarly critical of some agencies of our own government and their representatives in Bolivia.

While the Bolivian members joined in describing the contrast between the advanced laws on the statute books of their country and the backward conditions in its mines, workshops, and plantations, they relapsed at the end into an expression of the very thesis put forward in Washington by the tin kings. They expressed "the conviction that a better price for Bolivia's raw-material exports would automatically lead to an improvement in the living conditions of the working classes. . . ." This is also the thesis of those who, like the dominant faction in the State Department, Jesse Jones, and most of the business men at the BEW, oppose the inclusion of labor clauses in supply contracts. These clauses, which have the support of both Vice-President Wallace and Milo Perkins, would make sure that additional funds made available by the American government for mining and other enterprises go directly toward raising the living standards of their workers.

The report itself presents evidence which refutes the view that higher prices "would automatically" improve the condition of the workers. "So far," the report says, "it appears that the rubber workers have derived little or no benefit from the increased price of rubber due to the war boom." There is also a war boom for tin, tungsten, and antimony; yet the report informs us that "real wages of mine workers have declined in spite of substantial increases of cash wages." Had the commission not been fettered by the unanimity rule, some members at least might have developed the further crucial point that mere increases in price will also fail to increase production "automatically." But this would run directly athwart the philosophy of the tin kings and their friends in the RFC and the State Department.

The close relationship between greater productivity and better working conditions is, indeed, implicit on virtually every page of the report. "Mines are clamoring for additional labor"; yet "there is not a single safety engineer employed in all Bolivia." During the past seven years one worker out of five has been temporarily or permanently incapacitated—7,000 a year permanently "with a loss of 60,000 work shifts." Occupational diseases, primarily silicosis and tuberculosis, end the working careers of from 8 to 9 per cent of the miners annually. Though a law passed in 1920 requires every mine company with 500 or more workers to maintain a hospital,

only ten do so, and in the country as a whole there is only one hospital bed for every thousand persons. Malnutrition and undernourishment reduce the Bolivian worker's output, and many substitute the narcotic coca leaf for the food they find it hard to get. At least 75 per cent of the population is illiterate.

These conditions, plus the severe restrictions on collective bargaining, are hardly calculated to put Bolivia's workers in the proper frame of mind to turn out more of the metals and rubber we need so desperately in our war effort. We who speak with such superiority of slave labor in the Nazi economy cannot fail to recognize that decent treatment of workers is the first step to better output and to better hemispheric cooperation. Much that is good in the report may be overlooked by critics because the commission was forced, between the pressures of the State Department and the Bolivian government, to make no mention of the recent "Nazi-inspired" strike in the tin mines. Thus it was required to skirt the actual reason for its appointment. Messrs. Patino, Aramayo, and Hochschild must be gratified by the gaping hiatus where one would expect an investigation and an account of the strike and its causes.

More serious even than this omission is the fact that the Bolivian Minister of Labor succeeded in preventing the commission from talking with leaders of the strike, who are still in jail. At least two members of the American group, Robert E. Mathews of the BEW and Martin C. Kyne of the United Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Employees of America, tried until the very last to see these labor leaders, but without success. So long as these men remain in jail, the commission's report will earn less credit than it deserves. Nor can much improvement be expected without pressure for the recall from La Paz of our anti-labor ambassador, Pierre de Lagarde Boal, and a change in the dominant policy at the State Department and the RFC. It is up to the American labor movement to work for the release of the strike leaders and to support the fight for labor clauses in the contracts for Bolivian metal and rubber.

I am happy to report that Ernesto Galarza, Mexican-born chief of the Division of Labor and Social Information of the Pan-American Union, who started the battle to help Bolivian labor, has been reinstated in his job. Chief credit for this goes to Dr. Leo S. Rowe, head of the Pan-American Union.

The Battle of MacArthur

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE recent airing of conflicting opinions regarding our policy in the Southwest Pacific merely opens an old sore that has existed under cover since the early days of the war. Though certain important matters of strategy were long ago settled in Washington, the decisions have never been accepted in some quarters. The contradictory statements recently issued by General MacArthur and Secretary Knox about the imminence of a Japanese offensive in the Pacific, the divergent assertions of such high officials as Admiral Halsey and Elmer Davis of the OWI, and the general disagreement between Halsey and MacArthur regarding the entire war outlook are symptoms of conflict so basic that it is bound to hinder the efficient prosecution of the war.

After Pearl Harbor the President and his advisers were confronted with the choice of concentrating our energies against either Germany or Japan. Among those in favor of bending every effort to beat Japan first were most American naval officers, a faction in the army which realized it was not then in condition to tackle Hitler, many Americans whose thought processes had been affected by Pearl Harbor, and most of the ex-isolationists. The same opinion was held by the British Dominions of New Zealand and Australia, China, and of course

the Philippines, whose most popular and influential spokesman was General MacArthur. Balancing the calls for a Pacific offensive were the cries from occupied Europe, the established war needs of the British and the Soviets, and the unquestionably greater military and industrial might of Nazi Germany.

It is doubtful whether a more difficult choice ever faced a commander-in-chief. Neglect of either enemy while energies were concentrated exclusively on the other could easily mean that the one overlooked might extend its conquests so greatly as to be unbeatable at a later date. On the other hand, if we divided our strength equally, we should probably be unable to bring a large enough concentration against either antagonist to defeat it. In short, any choice had to be made with the knowledge that it might later prove to be the wrong one.

The announced decision to "beat Hitler first," whether wise or foolish, settled only the most fundamental of our military problems. In Europe we appear to have a definite military policy which is being steadily implemented by ever-increasing force, but in the Pacific the few steps we have taken give no sign of having behind them a well-thought-out strategy. "Hold the line and wait for the breaks" about sums up the situation.

The logical corollary to the decision to concentrate our force against Germany is the employment of enough strength in the Pacific to prevent Japan from organizing attempts at further conquests and to compel it to expend large amounts of material in holding its gains. That we have recently been able to keep it in check is due mainly to the fine quality of our men and material. Our raids have not been followed by positive action, and nine months have elapsed since we opened the Solomons campaign without our making a single further move. Meanwhile the Japanese have had plenty of time to perfect their defenses.

The position of MacArthur in Australia is one of especial futility. After his retirement from the Philippines he issued a press statement to the effect that he understood his removal was for the purpose of organizing a relief expedition to expel the invader from the islands which had played so large a part in his own and his father's life. Whether any communication from Washington justified this expectation is a question which we are naturally not in a position to answer.

Geography emphatically did not justify it. Without major bases in the north, adequate interior communications, or sufficient industrial resources to support a major offensive by itself, Australia, situated as it is at the end of fantastically long lines of communication and distant also from Japan itself, seems cut out to be a military backwater. It is strategically vital only to Australians, and the decision to dispatch major aid there rather than to China, whatever its sentimental justification, was highly unsound. The launching of a full-scale offensive from so unfavorable an initial position would require a far larger expenditure of war materials, especially of shipping, than is consistent with our declared purpose of beating Hitler first. While there may come a day when even the unfavorably situated Australian base can support a campaign which will ultimately reach Tokyo, no such attempt could be made at present without a disastrous revamping of our entire war strategy.

The facts of geography and the chosen strategy rather than any sinister plot are what confines MacArthur to nibbling at the fringes of the Japanese conquests. In this undramatic role he has performed brilliantly considering the limited forces at his disposal. His handling of air power in particular has done much to redeem our earlier sorry record in the Philippines. The substantial gains achieved under difficult circumstances are peculiarly MacArthur's, and they have justly earned him the reputation of being our ablest general. It is probably inevitable that so able and self-conscious a man should be disappointed at not being able to carry out his dream. But use of the anniversary of Bataan to express this chagrin was in questionable taste.

Far worse are the crocodile tears now being shed by certain portions of the American press over the alleged

neglect of MacArthur and his plans. We are glibly told by some that the dispatch of 1,000 planes would enable him to carry his campaign to Tokyo itself. A more ridiculous misreading of the lessons of the Pacific war would be hard to imagine. Here as elsewhere, air, sea, and land branches are interdependent, and the winning of new territory depends on the harmonious working together of all three, not on solo performance by any one.

If we changed our whole future policy as some of the more lurid newspapers would have us do, we should be forced to abandon the plan of knocking out Hitler first just as the possibilities were beginning to shape up favorably, and turn to supplying the materials for a Pacific offensive. Our preliminary work in Europe would then be largely wasted. Furthermore, we should be substituting the views of one commander in a specific area, who may be "playing the old army game" of spreading scare stories to get more men and weapons, for those of a group of persons having a more detached position and more comprehensive knowledge of all factors involved in our global war. This would be sheer military lunacy. The very nature of military organization necessitates compliance all down the line with the decisions made at the top, and in this respect General MacArthur's position is no different from that of the newest buck private.

It is quite possible, of course, that the recent scare stories issuing from Australia but denied by the navy have already served a useful purpose. One of the essentials of our war in the Pacific is that we hold Japanese conquests within their present limits. In the island-studded seas above Australia this can be done most easily through air power. Our present aerial margin, based on enormously better pilots and planes, must not be allowed to lapse, and the reinforcement of our air squadrons, promised by Stimson, is about the cheapest type of military insurance available.

But conflicting statements by responsible officials are in themselves serious in a country supposedly united in the cause of total war. Not only do they tend to accentuate whatever inter-service squabbles exist at the moment, but they give the public a confused and distorted picture which is no aid to national morale.

The differences between the services shown in their public utterances also exist in the field of command, though the situation here has been greatly improved since the outbreak of war. The arbitrary line which separates the domain of Admiral Nimitz in the South Pacific from that of General MacArthur in Australia and which originally cut directly through Guadalcanal Island is no promoter of military efficiency. The generals and admirals in the area are said to have worked well together, but cooperation is a poor second choice compared with a unified command. This we have not yet achieved, though it would have lessened the difficulties encountered by the navy at Guadalcanal and by MacArthur in New Guinea.

For success in the Pacific war it is vitally necessary that our High Command abandon once and for all our present opportunism and adopt a definite policy on how to beat Japan. The early raids, the bombing of Tokyo, the surprise achieved in the Solomons were isolated gestures not followed by any later acts which would give them coherence and meaning. That many of our more recent battles against the Japanese have been well managed is hardly a point at issue. Unless various raids were undertaken merely to give our men experience in attacking—they also gave the Japanese valuable practice in defensive actions—their purpose has not become manifest.

As long as a "beat Japan now" campaign is impossible because of lack of materials and concentration of our energies in Europe, we have a choice of two basic policies. We can remain passively on the defensive, trusting in superior air power as France depended upon the Maginot Line to turn back an attack; or we can fight an active war by carrying out along the perimeter of Japan's conquests

numerous small actions which, without imperiling our own main war effort, will compel the Japanese to risk their forces in defense of an area too widespread to be protected conveniently and allow them no period of rest in which to consolidate their gains. The main purpose of such a strategy is to inflict the largest possible losses on Japan while Hitler is being liquidated. The tragedy of our Pacific fighting has been that we have not consistently followed either of these possible lines of action. If we choose to run the enormous risks of defeat involved in an exclusively defensive policy, the occasional offensive gestures in which we have engaged are quite meaningless. If we decide to fight an active war, then such ventures as the Solomons campaign must be made part of a far-reaching war strategy, and we must be ready to follow up our advantages by taking further steps in a planned offensive. In any case our policy must be so well understood by the generals and admirals concerned that there is unity of thought and action among them.

Shopping in 1943

BY LOUIS WALINSKY and EDWARD SARD

CONSIDERING the dire warnings and forecasts of the last two years, the war hasn't hurt us very much as consumers so far. True, shortages have developed; rationing has been introduced; prices have risen considerably. On the other hand, money incomes, for the most part, have kept ahead of rising prices. And what is more important, 1941 and 1942 saw prevalent in the United States the highest living levels ever attained in this country. This seeming miracle, of course, is easily explained. The tremendous expansion of total production (gross national product rose from \$88.6 billion in 1939 to \$151.6 billion in 1942) was large enough to permit war expenditures to rise from \$1.4 billion to \$49.1 billion, and still permit a considerable increase in the total of civilian goods and services produced (from \$61.7 billion in 1939 to \$81.9 billion in 1942). It is this expansion which has made possible our well-being as consumers thus far. But 1942 marked the turning-point, and from now on the trend can be in only one direction—down. American consumers got 2 per cent less for the \$81.9 billion they spent in 1942 than for the \$74.6 billion they spent in 1941. In 1943, no matter how much American consumers spend, they will get 15 per cent less goods for their money than they got in 1942.

How is this figure arrived at? What does it mean? In what new consumption areas will shortages appear this year? What will consumers be able to buy for their decreasingly valuable dollars?

Let us consider first the over-all picture, especially as it shapes up in the foreground of the coming months. From present indications, 1943 civilian production will decline some 20 to 25 per cent from 1942 levels. This decline will not be evenly distributed, of course. Civilian food production will drop at least 12 per cent; other fields will see declines of more than 30 per cent. This does not mean, however, that civilians will be proportionately restricted in their consumption. We shall be able to draw upon fairly substantial inventories to cushion the drop in production. We dipped into those inventories to the tune of \$2.5 billion in 1942, and there was still \$14 billion worth left. Production, then, may drop 20 to 25 per cent; consumption need not drop much more than 15 per cent. The over-all picture, in fact, indicates 1943 civilian consumption levels almost equivalent to those of 1939. So far, so good.

But while the prospects with regard to our total consumption are not threatening, in specific consumption areas the picture is a very mixed one. The shortages which have already appeared, and the inconveniences incident to them, are but a prelude to others which lie ahead. An examination of the latest governmental studies in the field makes possible the following forecasts:

FOOD

Early in April fifteen writers resigned from the Office of War Information. The immediate cause was a report which the OWI issued on the 1943 civilian food situa-

tion. Their own report had been rejected as "too depressing." In return they charged that high officials in the agency preferred "slick salesmanship to honest information," and that these "promoters" had turned the Office of War Information into an "office of war ballyhoo."

This conflict in the OWI could not have arisen if the forecasts of the Department of Agriculture itself were not both tentative and optimistic. These forecasts are based on certain assumptions: that weather will be favorable, that labor will be available, that there will be no shortage of farm machinery, that farmers will plant in accordance with government food-production quotas. Once production is estimated, military and lend-lease demands, which are not always predictable, must be allowed for. Estimates of the civilian food supply, therefore, while they may occasionally have to be revised upward, are much more likely to need revision downward as the year goes by.

To some extent, that is what has been happening. Food-production goals, originally set 7 per cent higher than 1942 production levels, will not be met. The latest reports indicate an over-all increase of only 3 per cent. And whereas last year military and lend-lease demands took 12 per cent of our total food production, this year at least 25 per cent will have to be set aside to satisfy these demands. The OWI report said that civilian food supplies would drop only 6 per cent from last year's levels, but this figure must now be doubled. Nor can we be sure that this revision will be the last.

The figures that follow are subject to the hazards already mentioned and should be read with them in mind.

Meat, Fish, Poultry. The latest estimates indicate that meat supplies available for consumer purchase will decline 12 per cent in 1943, averaging less than two and one-half pounds weekly per person. This prediction is based on the assumptions previously stated, plus the additional assumption that meat rationing will eliminate the black market and permit the lifting of present orders which limit meat supplies for the first quarter of 1943 to 70 per cent of the supply available for civilian use in the same quarter of 1941. A weekly ration of two pounds per person would mean a decline in 1943 of almost 25 per cent. This is a possible figure.

Fish supplies declined 23 per cent in 1942 and will decline another 23 per cent this year. This statement covers all types—fresh, frozen, and canned. Canned fish, of course, will experience the greatest decline.

Poultry provides the relief in this picture. The 1942 supply reached a record annual figure of 22.8 pounds per capita. The supply for 1943 should exceed that by 20 per cent, rising to 28.4 pounds. Turkeys too will be more plentiful, with supplies estimated at 14 per cent above 1942 levels. And although the government will take from 25 to 30 per cent of all egg production, the average

consumer will have to curtail his consumption very little—not more than from 317 eggs in 1942 to 306 eggs in 1943.

Dairy Products. The total amount of milk available will drop 9 per cent, butter at least 21 per cent, cheese 25 per cent, condensed and evaporated milk 18 per cent, ice cream 35 per cent, and dried skim milk 27 per cent. The amount of fluid milk and cream, however, will increase 7 per cent. Caution: a continued black market in meat, resulting in slaughter of dairy herds, would change this forecast considerably.

Fats and Oils. No shortage here is anticipated. The total supply, excluding butter, should be about the same as that of 1942. Margarine supplies will increase by 20 per cent.

Fruits. Total production will remain near record levels. Military demands will probably increase from 30 per cent of the total in 1942 to 50 per cent this year. A decline of 48 per cent in civilian supplies of canned fruits and of 24 per cent in canned juices must be anticipated. We may expect 20 per cent less citrus fruit and a small decline in apples.

Vegetables. All forecasts indicate significant declines this year, running in some cases as high as 35 per cent. Leafy, green, and yellow vegetables will drop 18 per cent, canned vegetables at least 20 per cent. A potentially huge Victory Garden output may well offset this decline.

Other Foods. The grains show every indication of holding up, with the exception of rice, in which a decline of 21 per cent must be expected. Cereals and cereal products will undoubtedly find a larger place in the average American's diet. Government demands for domestic sugar are still increasing, and a tight sugar situation for civilians is forecast, with available supplies some 22 per cent smaller than last year. Coffee supplies will decrease 29 per cent below 1942 levels, cocoa 18 per cent, and tea 60 per cent.

This brief summary is bound to have a sobering effect, but the situation is still not a grim one. Our dietary habits will have to change somewhat, but no one should starve. The prospect is for additional rationing, rather than relaxation of present rationing. Unfortunately, averages are deceptive. Food supplies may equal, or nearly equal, those of the 1935-39 period. But black markets, transportation difficulties, concentration of population in war-production centers, and regional price differentials will certainly cause maldistribution of what we have. If, in addition, unfavorable weather, labor shortages, scarcity of farm equipment, or the discouragement of farmers should bring about still further declines in production, the situation might truly become grim. Some farm authorities are already predicting a decline of 30 per cent in civilian food supplies in 1943.

HOW WE SPENT OUR MONEY IN 1942

DOLLARS PER CAPITA



 1939 EXPENDITURE

 DECREASE SINCE 1939

 INCREASE OVER 1939

GRAPHIC BY PICK-S

Americans haven't fared so badly these past two years. From now on we shall eat less, wear less, ride less, but even so we are not likely to run into real hardship this year. In 1941 and 1942 our standard of living reached its highest level. A 15 per cent drop is likely, which would put us back on the level of 1939. The drop will not, however, be distributed evenly among all goods and services. In some it will be less than 15 per cent, in others more.

CLOTHING

Shoes. Production for civilians in 1943 will decline to a maximum of 350,000,000 pairs—not quite three pairs per person. Quality also will decline, since the top five grades of sole leather are now reserved for the armed forces. Rubber will not be available for soles.

Textiles. Here the situation is very unclear. There is no great shortage of cotton goods, or even of wool, at the moment. But military demands are constantly increasing and may take as much as one-third of all our clothing production this year. There will be no silk or nylon available for civilian production. Quality standards will continue to deteriorate. Production of all articles of clothing using rubber will decrease sharply.

HOUSEHOLD EQUIPMENT

Most things in this category are durable goods made largely of metals. Their production has been either completely halted or drastically reduced.

Heating Equipment. Because this is an essential, production will be continued, but on a very small scale. The figures that follow give estimated 1943 production as a percentage of 1940 production: cooking stoves, 25 per cent; heating stoves, 35 per cent; hot-water heaters, 45 per cent; hot-water tanks, 64 per cent; oil burners, no production; fuel-oil tanks, 12 per cent; furnaces, 16 per cent; radiators, 10 per cent. The inference is plain. Take good care of such equipment if you are a home owner; it is precious and cannot easily be replaced.

Coal production will remain high, although increasing conversion from oil to coal may strain our supplies. Civilian fuel-oil supplies will fail by 30 per cent to meet demand. This indicates another cold winter. In spite of the construction of new pipe lines, fuel oil will certainly remain rationed.

Furniture, Furnishings, and Household Utensils. Shortages of lumber and other raw materials, plus the continued drain of man-power from these industries, indicate a continuation of the declines which set in last year. Consumer expenditures in this field amounted to \$3 billion in 1939, \$3.3 billion in 1940, \$4 billion in 1941, but fell back to \$3.3 in 1942. (These figures do not compensate for constantly increasing price levels.) In 1943 production will fall below 1939 levels. Furniture production will be 75 per cent of 1940 production, and there is considerable inventory on hand; cooking utensils, only 10 per cent, with considerable inventory; electrical appliances, 2 per cent, with negligible inventory; incandescent bulbs, 75 per cent, insufficient inventory; radio tubes, 28 per cent, negligible inventory; flashlight-battery cells, 25 per cent, small inventory.

Production of the following items has been completely stopped: mechanical refrigerators, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, sewing machines, portable electric lamps and shades, radio receiving sets, and phonographs. Inventories of these items are either non-existent or very

small. The prospect of rationing for some or all of these articles is by no means excluded.

SELECTED PERSONAL ITEMS

Tobacco, wines, and liquors will remain abundant, though declining from 1942's record levels. The same is true for cosmetics, most toilet articles, beauty aids, and medical supplies. Items utilizing rubber will, of course, tend to disappear; but the development of plastics and other substitutes will prevent a serious decline in the consumption of such articles.

Personal items requiring the use of metal will be increasingly hard to buy. No safety razors will be made in 1943, and the inventory on hand is dangerously small. Razor-blade production, however, will remain at 86 per cent of the 1940 level, with a good inventory to supplement it. A shortage of hairpins and bobby pins will trouble the ladies. Production will decline 75 per cent from 1942 levels, and there is little inventory on hand. Baby-carriage manufacture will hold up fairly well, but most of the metal has been eliminated.

No watches will be made in 1943, although alarm clocks, previously eliminated, will be back to some extent. Portable-typewriter production will be nil, and safety pins will decline to 50 per cent of the 1941 figure.

TRANSPORTATION

Gasoline will remain scarce, but some relief is in sight for car owners in the shape of more tires. Tire supplies for 1942 were but 10 per cent of those for 1941, but the new Victory tire, production of which was halted at the end of March, will soon begin to reach the market in large quantities. Qualified motorists will become eligible for top-grade tires next week.

Railroad travel will become increasingly difficult. Rolling stock is being utilized to its fullest capacity now; deterioration is becoming rapid; and little replacement is in prospect. As industrial production increases and a larger army gets on the move, civilians must experience greater difficulty in securing either freight or passenger accommodation. Travel priorities have already been instituted. They may be extended.

SERVICES

We all depend for our well-being upon various service and professional occupations. Laundry, domestic service, shoe repair, barber and beauty service, medical and dental aid, and the like provide a large avenue for consumer expenditures. Forecasts here must be very tentative. Yet it is clear that the draft, the high wages prevalent in war industry, fuel shortages, and other factors will make increasing inroads upon our consumption of these services. It is already almost impossible to get full-time domestic help. Laundries may have to curtail their services very seriously because of man-power and fuel shortages. The demands of the armed forces will continue markedly to reduce the number of doctors and dentists serving the public.

A few additional factors which might throw this entire set of forecasts out of gear should be pointed out. First, the opening of new fronts, the occupation of new territories, and our responsibilities to the people in them will make increasing and unpredictable demands upon civilian supplies. At the same time domestic supplies may be supplemented by "back hauls," such as cork, manganese, horsehides, sheep and lamb skins from North Africa. Secondly, a great deal will depend on how well our transportation system stands up under the increased strains to which it must be subjected in the latter part of this year. Thirdly, and most important, there remains the inflationary danger: 81.9 billion of consumer dollars

bought in 1942 only as much as \$69.7 billion would have bought in 1939. This year, in spite of reduced supplies, consumers, unless checked by radical tax increases and forced savings, will have even more billions to spend. In the face of this inflationary pressure, shall we be able to "hold the line"? As the total of goods and services available to consumers declines, it is vital to health, productive efficiency, and morale that they be more fairly shared. But rising prices will make it impossible for millions of families to subsist on anything better than a semi-starvation level. Higher prices, rather than shortages, constitute the greatest threat to consumers in 1943 and afterward.

Waste on the Ways

BY SELDEN MENEFEE

LAST year the nation's shipyards reached their goal of eight million tons of merchant ships. This year they must build eighteen million tons to keep pace with our war program. For the tanks, fighter planes, guns, and shells produced in this arsenal of democracy are useless unless they can be transported to the fronts.

In March the industry produced 146 ships aggregating 1,516,000 tons. This record will have to be beaten in coming months if the 1943 quota is to be attained. But there is danger that the rate of production cannot even be kept up, much less increased, and for two reasons—inefficient utilization of the existing labor supply and low employee morale. The two are closely related.

I talked to dozens of shipyard workers and technicians early this year, mainly on the West Coast, and almost all felt frustrated and angered by the ignorance or indifference of their foremen and supervisors. They resented the waste of man-power and material, and even more they resented the attacks on the workers' patriotism heard so often during the recent hysteria over "absenteeism." They felt that absenteeism was used by the owners as an excuse for their own shortcomings.

Absenteeism in the shipyards has been a serious problem, and I do not attempt to minimize it. The loss of 16,700,000 man-hours in December alone produced a dangerous situation. The fact that shipyard absenteeism ran around 18 per cent in the First World War is beside the point; even the present 6 to 12 per cent is too high.

Portland, Oregon, has shown how the problem can be tackled sanely. Early this year a committee was set up to study the causes of absenteeism. On it were representatives of the unions, employers, government agencies, and the public. The committee found that the rate of absenteeism varied greatly from yard to yard in the Port-

land area, ranging from 3 to 17 per cent in one week in February. Since the yards employed, by and large, the same sort of workers, this spread indicated that conditions outside the workers' control were important factors. The committee concluded that too little attention had been paid to unreported sickness, often due to inadequate housing and lack of community facilities; bad transportation, causing workers to arrive at the job so late that they were denied admittance; the need to shop, go to the bank, or conduct other personal business which could only be attended to during working hours; and, finally, dissatisfaction with the job and the management.

As a result of this investigation a campaign was launched against the conditions that kept people from work. New housing was made available; stores and banks were induced to stay open nights; and perhaps most important of all, the committee recommended that the industry eliminate favoritism and nepotism in the selection of supervisors and introduce other managerial reforms. The employer representatives on the committee agreed to this program. The upshot was that absenteeism, which ran from 12 to 20 per cent in December, dropped to between 5 and 10 per cent at the end of March in Portland yards. Improved weather conditions accounted for part of this improvement, but community effort unquestionably played an important role.

Recent press reports have given belated attention to a more basic problem in the shipyards—high labor turnover. According to Admiral Emory S. Land, chairman of the Maritime Commission, at least 650,000 workers must be added in 1943 to the 1,500,000 working in shipyards at the turn of the year. In April the Maritime Commission announced that the shipbuilding industry was losing men so rapidly as to imperil the whole pro-

gram. In the first quarter of the year the turnover rate reached 11.2 per cent a month. Some 200,000 workers left the yards, and the industry suffered a deficit of 70,000 men in this period.

Labor turnover is especially high in Pacific Coast yards, which are building slightly more than half of our new ships. One Seattle yard had to hire 25,000 workers during a six months' period to achieve a net gain of 3,000 workers. Another hired 9,000 to gain 2,000. A careful analysis of the reasons for this turnover revealed the draft to be only a minor cause; inconvenient living facilities and general dissatisfaction with conditions in the yards were far more important.

In the San Francisco Bay area workers recruited for Kaiser often appear at the public housing offices and say, "Here I am; where's my house?" Discovering that no house is available, they start to hunt for one. A few get into a defense housing project, but more wind up in flop houses, furnished rooms, or trailers, often far away from the yards. Most of these workers last only a few weeks and then go home in disgust. Since few of those who stay can send for their families, they seek amusement in the beer parlors of Vallejo, Richmond, and other Bay towns. The consequent hangovers, plus disillusionment with the total situation, keep them away from the job or lead them to throw it up.

The federal government is largely responsible for the slowness in developing housing in some areas. Kaiser and the Maritime Commission have shown what is possible by the construction in a few months of the 10,000-unit "Vanport" project at Portland.

According to the workers themselves, there is no shortage of man-power; most of them complain, rather, that they are unable to put in more than four hours of good, solid work on an eight-hour shift. A Seattle electrician said to me, "It was bad enough to work under a foreman who had never seen a ship until a few months ago. But it was worse to have to waste time on the job day after day because the work hadn't been laid out right. On the day before Thanksgiving the foreman told me, 'Your crew will work tomorrow. There's a war on, you know.' I said, 'I'm not working tomorrow for you or anyone else. You know damned well we've had practically nothing to do for days and there's no rush of work tomorrow.'" This man was "absent without excuse" for several days while he contributed to the turnover rate by seeking and obtaining a job in another yard.

Symptomatic of the situation in the yards are the "funny" stories told up and down the Pacific Coast by shipyard workers. There is the tale of the man who was ordered by a foreman to carry a piece of wooden staging back and forth across the yard. After a few days he noticed that a man was following him. He told the foreman he wanted to quit because he was afraid a government inspector was shadowing him and had discov-

ered his lack of work. The foreman laughed and said, "Don't mind him—he's only your helper."

There are dozens of similar stories perhaps better founded in fact. The man whose son was among those missing on Bataan and who gave up his own business to come to work in the Kaiser shipyard at Vancouver is an actual case. After six weeks he "asked for his time," explaining to his fellow-employees with tears in his eyes that he couldn't stand any longer to be told to walk around the yard carrying a wrench, and to be bawled out when he asked for useful work.

Kaiser's Richmond, California, yard has an especially good record on the Coast largely because it has used the services of qualified marine engineers. The same is true of Kaiser's Oregon Shipyard at Portland. But in other West Coast plants, including at least one of Kaiser's, bad management is a very common complaint.

Shipyard inefficiency can be attributed in part to simple growing pains. No industry can mushroom from near zero to 102,000 workers (in the Portland area) or to 165,000 (around San Francisco Bay) without some dislocation. Furthermore, mass-production methods are still in the experimental stage in shipbuilding. In some yards the problems are gradually working themselves out. Kaiser's Oregon Shipyard has doubled its production—from nine Liberty ships last July to eighteen in March—while taking a net loss of 4,000 workers.

Faulty allocation of materials to the shipyards has held up production in some instances. The yards get their materials through the four regional construction offices of the Maritime Commission—in Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, and Oakland—over which there is little or no central control. According to one operator this has resulted in a piling up in some yards of parts which are greatly needed in others. Furthermore, the Washington staff of the Maritime Commission, from Rear Admiral Howard L. Vickery down, is made up of people with little or no experience in ship construction, and in consequence the program has lacked expert central planning.

Management, however, must bear the major responsibility for the waste of man-power and materials. Under the cost-plus system the operators have no particular incentive to keep costs down. Poor supervision is therefore tolerated. In many yards labor, skilled and unskilled, has been "hoarded" against possible future needs, with a disastrous effect on employee morale.

Under present conditions yards working on navy contracts must use the cost-plus system because of the frequent changes in specifications. But companies building cargo ships are in a different category. Though the operators vociferously deny it, their employees insist that cost-plus contracts and labor hoarding go together. As proof, they cite the case of one California yard which, when it shifted from cost-plus work to building oil tankers on a contract basis, immediately fired 2,500 of its 20,000

hands, offering the lame excuse that it had been planning to weed out "inefficient workers" for some time.

A final contributing factor in inefficiency is the failure of some shipyard unions to go all out for war. On the West Coast the A. F. of L. boilermakers' union has become chiefly a dues-collecting agency; its members have no real sense of participation in its affairs. The boilermakers got a closed-shop contract in Portland when the yards employed only about 200 workers; since then 100,000 men have been added to the rolls. Yet when the C. I. O. shipworkers' union recently asked for an NLRB election in Kaiser's Portland yards, Tom Ray, business agent for the boilermakers, asserted that such a move would "create disaster" and damage the war effort. The C. I. O. petition has now been granted, and if an election is held, the A. F. of L. will probably be defeated, since most shipyard workers resent its large fees and high-handed policies.

The high wage standards in the industry set by the unions are good for employee morale. On the other hand, the boilermakers' refusal to accept Negroes into full membership has dampened the enthusiasm of colored workers, who are not allowed to rise above the status of helpers. Both A. F. of L. and C. I. O. unions have been guilty of craft-union practices which should be modified in the interest of war-time efficiency. One Wilmington, Delaware, shipfitter told me that his crew was often idle for two hours at a time, waiting for the rigging crew to do a minor job. He could do the job himself in five minutes, he said, but if he touched anything in the rigging line the riggers would walk out.

To sum up: to obtain the speedier ship construction which is vital for the war effort the following steps are clearly indicated:

1. Government agencies should quickly provide more community facilities near the yards—not only housing and transportation, but also facilities for recreation, shopping, rationing, banking, and the care of children. With this being done, the yards should intensify the recruiting of women workers, who will eventually have to take over most of the lighter jobs.

2. Government control over shipbuilding should be placed in the hands of an expert in ship construction. Someone should be made responsible for bringing order into shipbuilding. Inspections should be more frequent and more painstaking to prevent wastage of labor and materials.

3. Cost-plus contracts should be done away with wherever possible. Where this is not possible, the contracts should contain a penalty clause providing that the operators' profits will be lowered as construction costs rise.

4. Labor should participate more whole-heartedly in employee-management plans, adopt more democratic methods within the unions, and abandon craft-union disputes for the duration.

10 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE BROWN SHIRTS constitute the newest and most serious menace to the peace of Europe, particularly since the German people are now completely insulated against learning the truth, not only about their own land, but concerning public opinion abroad. . . . Hitler, Goebbels, and Göring are again training the German nation as an army for "the day."—May 3, 1933.

TO THE EDITORS of *The Nation*: I am amazed at the stand you are taking toward the new German government. . . . For twenty years I have read *The Nation* and I have admired it for its decency and fairness, but you can consider my relation with it ended when my subscription has run out.—THEODORE J. SCHERZ, May 3, 1933.

VERY SOON Adolf Hitler will emerge as a bulwark of European equilibrium, a bellicose leader for peace, a pet child of international capitalism, and a staunch defender of Western civilization against the Soviets.—OSCAR JASZI, May 17, 1933.

TO THE EDITORS of *The Nation*: Your misconception of contemporary affairs is astonishing. Through the Hitler party a new German nation, a young Germany, has been born. . . . Please cancel my subscription.—C. BARCK, May 24, 1933.

PEARL BUCK has quietly resigned from the missionary service of the Presbyterian Church. By so doing she has deprived us of the entertaining spectacle which a heresy trial would certainly have provided. . . . By now she is again en route to China, no longer as a missionary. . . . Probably she feels that a place where "the heathen rage" is preferable to one where the theologians rant.—May 17, 1933.

UNEMPLOYMENT is the overshadowing fact in our economic crisis. Approximately one-third of our wage-earning population is jobless. Moreover, thousands technically employed receive no pay. . . . Except for the emergency bank legislation of the first days of March, all else is of secondary importance to reemploying our citizenry. A five-billion-dollar public-construction program is imperative.—May 17, 1933.

THE UTTER CALLOUSNESS with which the average public official views crime in high places was reflected by the testimony of John W. Pole, former Comptroller of the Currency, before the Senate committee investigating the Harriman bank fraud. Explaining that the Harriman case was only a "routine affair," Pole said that "defalcations are common matters in the Comptroller's office, you know." When Senator Robinson of Indiana asked him if defalcations by bank presidents were common, Pole calmly replied, "Yes," as if it were a matter of no importance whatever.—May 24, 1933.

BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE, at dawn of the day when Hitler was having Germany purged of everything Marxist, modern, and Jewish in its literature, the Rivera murals at Radio City were nailed into what may turn out to be a coffin.—May 24, 1933.

London in the Spring

BY IDA TREAT

London, April 5

IN THE sun this morning I discovered that London has a color—and that the color is red. Paris would be gray under any sun: stone-gray that pales out at mid-day and takes on a greenish tinge in the fading light. London's brick needs mornings like this to come alive. Through the film of varnish that coats the window panes—a guaranty against flying glass which I first mistook for grime—I looked out on a city like a reflected sunrise.

Leaning out through the round window that looks across the roofs of Mayfair, I hunted in vain for yesterday's ruins. Down in the mews brick walls—Victorian rather than Georgian—ran trim and parallel without a break. Across the street the paper strips pasted on unshattered panes might have passed for a wooden lattice. The glass of our own house is intact. "Not a pane cracked during all the blitz," our porter says and is proud of the fact. It could not be said of many houses in the neighborhood. L—, whose flat I share, declares she never will forget the edgy, scrappy, tinkly sound of glass being swept up in the street. She heard it every morning while the blitz was on.

Today, Monday, is ration day. Our grocer must get up early on Monday mornings. When I call at nine, my week's rations are ready on the counter, one little pile among many: butter, margarine, lard, bacon, cheese. He has only to cut the coupons and take in the money. "Marketing" in these days of ration books is little more than a figure of speech. The only thrill comes at the first of the month when with twenty virgin points I feel as rich and excited as a child with a Christmas dollar. Last month I lost my head and squandered the whole twenty on prunes—prunes having appeared, though not for long, on the grocer's shelves. This time I was more circumspect: one tin of American pears, twelve points; one tin of third-grade salmon, four; which left me four to spare on things like breakfast-food at three points the package, or rice at one point the pound.

Today the green-grocer made it clear that he has accepted me as a regular customer. From a basket covered with burlap he produced one pound of apples and another pound of rhubarb stalks. I put them in the bottom of my bag—feelings divided between sneaking pride at being singled out for preference and shame at taking things of which there is not enough for everyone.

As I walked home with my bag of vegetables, half my brain was busy with the query: would melted margarine make a good substitute for salad oil? while the other half

kept nagging me to see about my gas mask—just in case Hitler should think up another nasty trick to celebrate the spring. The mask I own is too tight; I can breathe in, but not out—it swells up like a balloon and chokes me.

The first noisy alert London had known for months was timed almost to a day with my arrival. That evening when the sirens started I went down to the hotel lounge, where guests sat unperturbed over their coffee, no one making any comment beyond, "Well, this sounds like old times." I joined two American Red Cross workers, newcomers like myself, and we sat and smoked while the guns racketed outside and a frail-looking woman in a tin hat drifted in and out through the swinging doors from the hall to the street, where falling shrapnel tinkled on the pavement like rain. We flattered ourselves we looked like the others—old hands at that sort of thing—until someone remarked kindly, "If you feel nervous, you can always go down into the Tube."

During one of the next alerts I investigated the Tube. Many of the three-tiered bunks were full of working folk who wanted a night's sleep out of sound of the guns, and mothers with young children. There was also a sprinkling of fur-coated ladies who said the blitz had done something to their nerves. One woman with shaky, cigarette-stained fingers complained that the blitz had forced her to sleep "alongside people covered with vermin." "It's the fault of the politicians," she said mysteriously. "This is what the politicians have brought us to." She stands out as the one jittery Londoner I have met so far.

The average Londoner's reaction to the type of alerts we have been getting seems to be like L—'s. She spent the noisiest alert of the series dictating to her secretary. Only once she stopped—when a thundering crash drowned out her voice—and then only long enough to remark, "That sounds like a bomb." The secretary looked sidewise from her typing, and without missing a letter, "No, Madam, it couldn't be. There wasn't any jar."

This afternoon, with the spring air drifting through the jointed panes of my round window, London basked in the sun like a peace-time city. In the warm sky the barrage balloons flew low; bulbous creatures with wide-spread ears and blunted snout dipped earthward, grotesque in the soft spring light as the thought of war.

The pianist in the next room limbered her fingers with staccato scales that pursued me down the elevator shaft like showers of cool pebbles. The porter stood sunning himself on the well-scrubbed steps. "Fine afternoon for

■ walk, Madam." His son is overseas with the forces; his own decorations date from the last war. On his coat lapel he wears an A. R. P. button.

Over in Hyde Park the new grass had the sharp acid green of winter wheat. Crocuses and daffodils were pricking up under the trees, and gulls flocked like pigeons along the rim of the Serpentine. Spaniels and Scotties whisked over the lawns—the well-behaved London dogs that need no leash and come to heel at a whistle. Along the path Londoners strolled and sat. All the benches and iron chairs held occupants.

I stopped to watch a Land Army girl—sturdy legs in woollen socks and stout boots—spading a plot of one of the Ministry of Agriculture's model gardens. The flat prongs of her fork bit deep in the compact soil: a wrench, ■ heave, a swing, then the fork dug down again. She had ■ nice rhythm of back and arms—no peasant woman could have done better.

On the green across the path American soldiers were playing baseball, while a fringe of interested Britishers looked on, silently respectful of a sport not their own. On the sidelines a pitcher and his catcher practiced, serious and absorbed—and a London papa gave his young son (who wanted to know: "Why does the chap lift his leg when he throws the ball?") ■ highly technical explanation about levers and catapults.

Farther on men in green fatigue uniforms were doing what I took to be setting-up exercises slowed down to a spring tempo. From a distance it looked like a slow-motion ballet—a war ballet, with anti-aircraft batteries poking up above earthworks on the back drop and ■ machine-gun trained on the audience in the foreground.

Away off in the distance something jarred. The air quivered—it was more a sensation than a sound. A faraway siren cleared its throat and burst into thin wailing. A second spoke, ■ third. They were all at it, filling the sky with their clamor.

The baseball game broke off. The pitcher's arm dropped to his side; the catcher got up from his heels. The ballet stiffened to attention. Scuff, scuff—the ballet and ball team were soldiers marching. The sirens wailed out. On the path Londoners still strolled. The Land Army girl went on spading her garden. Buses and taxis streamed along Park Lane. I slowed down my pace, suddenly aware I was the only one in the street walking fast. Wardens stood here and there in doorways, alert and watchful. Two soldiers came out from an American canteen with cartons of cigarettes under their arms. They squinted up at the sky and set off down the street.

"A nice walk, Madam?" inquired the porter from the doorway. Then in the hearty paternal tone of the shelter warden, he added: "It won't be anything this time. No guns. We'll soon hear the all-clear."

Above stairs the pianist was still at her scales. L—called to me from the kitchen, "Back so soon?"

"I thought I'd better come in," I said.

"Oh, the alert? That's so, I did think I heard something, but I wasn't sure."

Under my window the brick and tile of Mayfair glowed sootily in the sun like ■ fire of Cardiff coal. The barrage balloons were flying high. Winged mammoths no longer—they looked like tiny silver fish up there, nibbling the clouds.

In the Wind

THE KU KLUX KLAN in the highly industrialized state of Florida is circulating a leaflet of quotations from Rickenbacker's speech. After the quotations the leaflet adds, "Are You on the Job? The Ku Klux Klan is Watching!"

THE OPENING of the movie "Mission to Moscow" on April 29 was preceded by an unusually large advance guard of rumors. First it was said that the movie would be postponed because of the hostile tone of pre-release press comment, and that Warner Brothers' top publicity man was in New York "buttering up" the reviewers; a current rumor is that the film was shown to the diplomatic corps in Washington and cut so as not to offend any country—fascist, communist, or democratic.

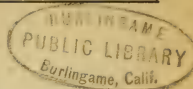
RIGORS OF WAR: Recent advertisements in the New York Times offer an ashtray for \$14 and ■ ring-and-pin set, "the pin ■ buttercup of gold holding in its gold cage center a treasure of aquamarines. On them, as if attracted by their blue beauty and brilliance, a baby butterfly of rubies and a diamond. The pin, \$235; the matching ring, \$320."

IN HATTIESBURG, MISSISSIPPI, the federal government is trying five men on lynching charges. A committee of prominent citizens has been formed to raise a defense fund. Contributions may be sent to two bankers or to the mayor of one of the communities in the area.

FESTUNG EUROPA: In July, 1940, there were 484,000 radios in Norway. There are now 7,100, all owned by Quisling party members and Nazi officials. . . . Because he refused to surrender his seat on ■ street car to a Nazi officer, ■ Norwegian worker has been sentenced to two years in prison; fourteen passengers who testified that the officer had behaved in ■ brutal and offensive manner were each sentenced to one month in prison. . . . In 1939 and 1940 Germany's birth rate was 20.4 per thousand; in 1941 it was 18.8, and in 1942 it dropped to 15.2. . . . A large number of German workers in Halle have been jailed for mingling with French workers in the same factory. Two women who introduced French workers to their friends have been sentenced to six years at hard labor.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Europe Against Hitler



I. HOW STRONG IS THE UNDERGROUND?

BY JOHN W. GERBER AND ALFRED KANTOROWICZ

A GREAT historical irony is overtaking Hitler. He planned to rule Europe by dividing it, by playing age-old antagonisms one against the other, by creating new ones as he went along. He planned, ultimately, to create a world of subservient peoples, united under a black cross of terror. He has succeeded in creating a different kind of unity—a unity of the peoples against himself, a unity of resistance to Nazi domination.

But as days pass and the United Nations open no campaign in Western Europe, that resistance grows weaker. Men who might have led an anti-Nazi uprising have been imprisoned or killed. The masses are now so ill-fed that they scarcely have the strength to participate in uprisings. At least four million of the ablest members of Europe's potential army of resistance have been deported to Germany for forced labor, in addition to the three million prisoners of war. And Dr. Goebbels's propaganda machine never rests; it is continually hammering in the fact that nothing can be expected from the United Nations.

Nazi methods of suppression, however, have still not touched the core of opposition. It is our purpose to appraise the people's capacity to resist in each country of Europe and to determine, roughly, the amount of aid the United Nations can expect when they launch their attack upon Hitler's Fortress. But the attack must come quickly—or our conclusions will have been invalidated.

The two chief forms that resistance now takes are underground work and guerrilla warfare. The experienced underground leader is most useful when teaching factory workers to wreck valuable machines by throwing sand or salt into their bearings or to produce shells that won't go off, or when showing peasants the best ways of hiding their food from the Nazis, or when influencing officials to sabotage Nazi orders or teachers to indoctrinate children with the ideal of liberty and the determination to achieve it. Haphazard assassinations and bombings have little place in efficient underground work. They lead to too costly reprisals.

Guerrilla warfare—another thing entirely—is one kind of open war. It is effective in countries where forests are thick, communications bad, and mountains impenetrable—countries such as Slovakia, Yugoslavia, parts of Poland and Russia. It is carried on by small groups of men with such good liaison that a force of 50 or 60, or even of

500 or 600, can be brought together at short notice. The task of such a force is to infiltrate to the rear of the Nazis and perform some act—like blowing up a railway junction or highway bridge—which will make the local occupation commander feel so insecure that he will disperse his forces to guard against a similar attack somewhere else. The guerrillas can then deal with the separate troop units individually. A guerrilla force never makes a frontal assault; it avoids a pitched battle; and when the Nazis make things too hot, it evaporates into the little groups out of which it grew. When the invasion comes, the guerrillas will mobilize their maximum strength to aid the armies of liberation. For the present, they try to inflict as much damage as possible while conserving their manpower for the decisive battle.

The countries in which resistance is expressed by underground work are in the main those subject to Western, that is Anglo-American, influence—Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, and Greece. The countries where guerrilla warfare is waged are generally those under Eastern, or Russian, influence, an influence not due to a political philosophy but rather to geography and common Slavic characteristics. A third group, the Germans and their willing and unwilling satellites, must be considered separately.

When the Nazis occupied the Western countries they tried in every case to establish a Quisling government which would give the decrees of the conquerors the appearance of legality and to win the inhabitants to the Nazi cause by persuasion. They failed in this purpose partly because of the strong democratic ideals and national pride of the peoples, partly because the requirements of the ever-expanding Nazi war machine imposed hardships which aroused discontent and hatred.

The first requirement was food, for the army and for the German people. It was made clear by General Göring that whatever the consequences to the occupied countries the Germans would be the last to feel the pinch. Dr. Ley, the German Labor Minister, put it another way: "A lower race needs less room, less clothing, less food, and less culture than a higher race." Since no country in Europe was completely self-sufficient—although France came close to it—shortages made themselves felt almost immediately. The most acute was in meat and fats, lack of which is well-nigh disastrous during a cold winter. The Germans instituted rigid rationing, but more often than

not even the slim official rations have not been available. The food crisis has been aggravated by widespread black markets, from which the Germans are usually the biggest profiteers. On the Belgian black market, for instance, butter costs \$6 a pound, flour ("practically white"), \$1.70 a pound, a bar of soap \$2.

There can be no doubt that the resulting physical deterioration has weakened both the will and the ability to resist. Prince Karl of Sweden, head of the Swedish Red Cross, recently reported an alarming increase of sickness and epidemics in Norway, and other sources tell of the prevalence of intestinal and skin diseases. In France, Belgium, and Holland the ration's caloric content is as much as 60 per cent below the minimum-subsistence standard of 2,500 calories a day established by the League of Nations. In Greece the official ration is one-tenth of the minimum-subsistence standard.

The workers sent to Germany for slave labor are invariably those who are physically most fit, and their deportation has weakened the forces of resistance; the more so since in many cases they are members of trade unions, around which underground work is organized. The Belgians, Dutch, and French have been hit particularly hard

in this way. Three hundred thousand of Belgium's million and a half industrial workers have been deported.

No country has escaped German reprisal killings. Scarcely a day goes by that the Nazis themselves do not announce the execution of one or more "saboteurs," "Communists," or "Jews." More terrible is the killing of hostages. During the last three months of 1941, 250 French hostages were executed. Since staunch anti-Nazis die in every mass execution, organized resistance is continually losing its leading spirits.

Such, in brief, are the factors everywhere militating against resistance. In addition, conditions peculiar to the various countries make the efforts of the underground worker more productive in some than in others.

France is the only great power under complete Nazi domination, and except for the unique Danish experiment it is the only occupied country whose pre-war government has not gone into exile. Although the French people are actually ruled by the Nazis, the Pétain government was put into power by the Nazis, a smoothly executed maneuver that the majority of the people were persuaded they were ruled by their own legally constituted govern-



Inside Hitler's Fortress

Drawing by Hoffmeister

ment. The Germans did everything possible to encourage that belief, and the treacherous propaganda put out by the Pétain government increased the general confusion of mind. To a great extent the French people now appear to be disillusioned with the Vichy government, particularly with Pierre Laval, but the fact of its existence and the divided loyalties it has created add greatly to the difficulties of the underground worker. His activities must be considered revolutionary, since in seeking to overthrow the Nazis he is undermining Vichy.

If the contest for power between De Gaulle and Giraud has not increased further the confusion in France, it is not the fault of Vichy and German propaganda. André Philip, the French Socialist leader, claims that five-sixths of the population back General de Gaulle.

Belgium was demoralized by the completeness of the German victory and the surrender of King Leopold, who has been portrayed by German propaganda as giving at least tacit approval to the occupation. According to all reports, conditions are more difficult here than anywhere else in Western Europe, and there is little hope that Belgians will have the strength to mobilize any considerable assistance for the United Nations.

The Netherlands undoubtedly has closer liaison with London than any other country. The tortuous Dutch coastline is impossible to patrol, and the British regularly receive information about activities in Holland. The story has been told that when the Nazis were building a submarine in a Dutch port, the R. A. F. made several raids on the shipyard but never scored a hit on the submarine. On the day it was completed, however, the R. A. F. appeared and demolished it.

Norway appears to be tightly united against the invader. Before the war a large proportion of the population belonged to trade unions, employer associations, consumer cooperatives, and sport clubs. The Nazis at first tried to woo those organizations with gentleness. When they failed they obtained control of them by trickery and force, but they found then they had the façade but not the membership. The Norwegians still appear to have the chief requisite of effective resistance—organization. This advantage, however, is to some extent offset by the Nazi grip on food distribution and communications. In the country, where there is still adequate food, houses are so far apart that coordinated action is next to impossible. In the cities, where men might act in concert, there is insufficient food to sustain their energies.

There are at least two guerrilla groups fighting in Norway. The Moscow radio frequently reports the activities of a unit in the Far North headed by a man named Larson and said to consist of four or five hundred men. The Germans have recently expressed alarm about another group, said to number more than a thousand, on the Hardangar Vidda plateau.

The Nazis have always pointed to Denmark as the

example of a democratic country which, because it "cooperated," was able to live in peace, without interference in its internal affairs from Germany. But although the Danes are still relatively well fed and well treated by the Nazis, there are indications that the honeymoon is ending. Using what freedom they have left, Danish workers have organized one strike after another in factories working for the Nazi war machine. When such tactics are ineffective, they turn to underground work. Major General Hermann von Hanneken, commander of the occupation forces, recently threatened to institute death penalties, round-ups of hostages, and communal fines unless sabotage and patriotic demonstrations ceased.

The spirit of Greece has not been broken by hunger, though a great part of the Greek nation will starve to death unless help arrives soon. After the military defeat by a tenfold superior enemy, the people developed a tremendous pride in their army's heroic resistance and a deep consciousness of what a small nation can achieve through sheer determination. Much of the terrain of Greece is adapted to guerrilla warfare, and a number of guerrilla groups are active. A Turkish paper recently compared—doubtless over-optimistically—the achievements of a group led by a certain General Mantakas with those of General Mihailovich.

Only in France have the Nazis been able to bring to heel any considerable number of intellectuals. Nowhere have they been able to get teachers to include a serious study of National Socialism in their curriculums, though hundreds of teachers in every country have been sent to concentration camps. Because the Nazis pretend to be the defenders of Christian culture, it is more difficult for them to take open measures against clergymen, but they have not shrunk from arresting some of the less prominent. In the Netherlands, particularly, the church is becoming a rallying-point for anti-Nazis, and the fight of Norway's Bishop Bergaav is well known.

Passive resistance among the workers and peasants cannot, of course, be so easily detected. But the fact that, according to all reports, country districts are better fed than cities indicates that the peasants are becoming increasingly skilful at withholding food from the Nazis. And from British sources comes word that the slow-down campaign in factories has reached such proportions that in Belgium, for instance, industrial production has fallen off 30 per cent despite longer working hours.

Scattered news items reveal the general temper of the people of occupied Europe. A Nazi officer is shot in Rouen. A freight train bound for Germany is blown up at Albert. A clothing factory in Schaerbeek, Belgium, is damaged at night by three unidentified men. Four Nazi guards are wounded in the bombing of several German garages. In Denmark seventeen strikes have been reported since January 1. In Greece two German guards

are killed when an ammunition storehouse in Salonika is blown up. Four Dutch Quislings are shot in one week.

When we engage the occupation forces on the European continent the people will want to help us, and certainly they will try. But they are too unorganized and too undernourished to be of any great assistance. We may count on small groups to take an airfield or a headquarters behind the enemy lines while we make a frontal assault, but we cannot expect much else from them.

[This is the first of a series of three articles. The second, to appear next week, will deal with guerrilla resistance in Central Europe.]

Wallace in Chile

BY MANUEL SEOANE

Santiago, Chile, April 10

THE Vice-President's visit was a great event for Chileans—not only for the well-informed minority which is familiar with the personality of Henry Wallace but for the millions who saw in him the second highest official of the richest and most powerful country on earth. They were pleasantly surprised to see him alight from his plane, simply dressed, his hair in disorder, smiling, and announcing that he wanted to visit the houses of workers and to find out about the life of the poorest peasants on Chilean farms.

For the first time a prominent North American was among them, speaking a language of humanity and sincerity. His words were in strange contrast to the florid eloquence of Latin Americans. During his whole stay in Chile he delivered seven speeches, totaling 882 words. But he made every word count. Before the Parliament of Chile he said, in Spanish:

The people continue their thousand-year march, a revolutionary march in the purest sense, whose aim is to affirm, here on earth, the dignity of the human spirit. This march must go on until mankind is free from the oppression of hunger.

A few days later, speaking before hundreds of workers in the coal-mining district of Lota, he said:

Therefore, and even if some people go on talking about the American Century, I insist that we are entering the Century of the Common Man. And I say that there is no place in that century for any nation which, under any pretext, considers itself rightfully able to dominate or exploit any other nation. The old nations, the stronger nations, may have the privilege of helping the youngest ones to develop their economic resources, but not under the shadow of economic or military imperialism.

Some people knew that Wallace had already expressed those ideas in his own country. But it was different to hear them directly from him. Looking at him, the miners



Drawing by Romero

Courtesy of Mundo Libre

did not feel that they were listening to an expression of diplomacy or politics. Those straightforward words came from the heart, from strong inner convictions.

I know whereof I speak when I say that the sympathetic personality of Wallace, his conception of the world of tomorrow, his evident hatred of injustice have done more to strengthen Chilean friendship for the United States than the hundreds of phrases disseminated in Latin America through the channels of official propaganda. There is in Chile, as in many other parts of Latin America, a great skepticism about the foreign policy of the United States. Henry Wallace has cleared the atmosphere of bitter memories, of distrust and resentment.

The fact that Mr. Wallace did not visit all the republics of South America has not been overlooked. He did not go to Argentina, where the reactionary dictator Castillo fights against the powerful democratic feeling of a traditionally democratic nation. He did not go to Brazil, whose government, though at war with the Axis, is a dictatorial regime. But before he returns to the United States he will cross countries where democracy is a mask worn by unscrupulous dictators seeking money and international prestige and ready to simulate support of the democratic cause of the United Nations in order to escape the difficulties of the hour.

One may hope that Mr. Wallace's good judgment will enable him to avoid the dangers inherent in such a heterogeneous tour. The most important thing for him to do is to convey to the government and the people of the United States, as he undoubtedly will, the sentiments of the men and women of Latin America—that they view this war as a death struggle against fascism, that they pray that the United Nations may remain loyal to their promises to the peoples of the earth.

Henry Wallace has renewed our faith in the pro-

gressive policy of President Roosevelt and of the men who surround him. He has awakened enormous hope—and thereby incurred a great responsibility. If that hope is extinguished, nothing will restore the mutual confidence upon which real inter-American cooperation in war and in peace must be based.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

THE Stockholm *Aftonbladet* is pro-Nazi, and so is its Berlin correspondent, Gunnar Müllern. Nevertheless, Mr. Müllern wrote in the *Aftonbladet* of May 7, "There is general unrest in Germany, caused chiefly by the 'total mobilization.'" He added that the wave of disorders had recently resulted in some arrests, "among them that of former Chancellor Luther, whose Nazi sympathies are well known."

We do not know why Dr. Luther was apprehended, but the source of the unrest which has been brought to a head by the total mobilization is perfectly clear. It is the threatened extinction of the middle class, with all the social changes that would imply. The fate of the middle class is at present the dominant—and the most agitating—theme in Germany, the focal point of the wave of unrest. Since this column first referred to the matter two weeks ago, the explanations, reassurances, warnings, and polemics on the subject have become more and more numerous and vehement—proof enough that the bitterness of the millions affected has mounted rather than subsided.

The official line remains the same: the stores and businesses and handicraft shops that have now been closed will be reopened after the war. We are no Bolsheviks, say the Nazi chiefs, wanting to liquidate a class, least of all the middle class. On the contrary, National Socialism always has been and always will be the best friend and protector of the middle class. And therefore, declared Gauleiter Rainer of Carinthia, "I demand of business men that they be more reasonable and farsighted. I demand that they maintain discipline."

But on April 8 the *Schwarze Korps* published a brutal outbreak which ran astonishingly athwart the official line. This paper is the organ of the S. S. and the mighty Himmler and therefore is not subject to the directions of a little man named Goebbels. It breathes the very spirit of that cold, fanatical troop whose members have severed all social relationships. The *Schwarze Korps* asserted that people must stop speaking up for the middle class. The middle class, it said, is a fossil—"a mere catchword left over from democratic days"—and belongs in a museum. "After the war we must completely reconstruct our economic life. The ghost of the middle class must be packed away in mothballs. The middle class is dead, and

the German nation, for that reason, is all the more alive."

As you see, even in a dictatorship there is not 100 per cent uniformity. Indeed, the recklessness with which Himmler's department went counter to Goebbels's in this matter is sensational. Serious conflicts must lie behind this public difference of opinion on a question which is agitating the whole nation.

The leading Bavarian newspaper, the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, carried this paragraph on March 20:

Who does not know that omniscient man with the sorrowful expression on his face who possesses innumerable first-class sources of information and is always looking for an audience, which he finds only too often. If he is right once, then of course his associates consider him infallible. . . . In this serious hour we beg our people to do things differently from in 1918 and not to listen to the sly treacherous whisperings, the evil bleatings, of political charlatans, traitors, and scoundrels. These creatures always act the worried patriot, hiding their envy and hatred of the leading personalities of the state and party behind the mask of "experience and reading" and a lot of other intellectual trash. . . . Punish them mercilessly! When they repeat a rumor, ask them which enemy radio they got it from, and report them to the police.

The North German *Hannoversche Zeitung* of March 26 discussed the same topic.

At all times enemy propaganda has been favored by the fact that nothing seems to be too impossible or too stupid to be believed, at least in part, by some people. The prohibition against listening to foreign broadcasts is a quarantine against moral bacteria which have been let loose by the enemy. But through some stupidity smaller foci occasionally develop within the country. They too must be watched.

And Gauleiter Rainer of Carinthia spoke as follows on April 4:

There are some scoundrels among us who whisper, "If Adolf Hitler had not come to power, there would be no war today." I say, neither would there be a German Reich and people, but only a Jewish colony where the hate instincts of subhuman beings would rage. We shall not hasten the end of the war by being disloyal to our Führer. . . . The enemy tries to undermine the German people's firmness, seeking for some inner weakness, some way of separating us from the Führer. The enemy calculates on finding representatives of the old parties still among us. He is mistaken.

No comment.

According to the Stockholm Veckojournalen, the latest popular joke in Berlin is in question-and-answer form: "What is the briefest German joke? We shall win the war."

BOOKS and the ARTS

In Distrust of Merits

Strengthened to live, strengthened to die for
medals and positioned victories?

They're fighting, fighting, fighting the blind
man who thinks he sees,—

who cannot see that the enslaver is
enslaved; the hater, harmed. O shining O

firm star, O tumultuous
ocean lashed till small things go

■ they will, the mountainous
wave makes us who look, know

depth. Lost at sea before they fought! O

star of David, star of Bethlehem,

O black imperial lion

of the Lord—emblem

of a risen world—be joined at last, be

joined. There is hate's crown beneath which all is
death; there's love's without which none

is king; the blessed deeds bless

the halo. As contagion

of sickness makes sickness,

contagion of trust can make trust. They're

fighting in deserts and caves, one by

one, in battalions and squadrons;

they're fighting that I

may yet recover from the disease, My

Self; some have it lightly, some will die. "Man's

wolf to man? And we devour

ourselves? The enemy could not

have made a greater breach in our

defenses. One pilot-

ing ■ blind man can escape him, but

Job disheartened by false comfort knew,
that nothing is so defeating

as a blind man who

can see. O alive who are dead, who are

proud not to see, O small dust of the earth

that walks so arrogantly,

trust begets power and faith is

an affectionate thing. We

vow, we make this promise

to the fighting—it's a promise—"We'll

never hate black, white, red, yellow, Jew,

Gentile, Untouchable." We are

not competent to

make our vows. With set jaw they are fighting,

fighting, fighting,—some we love whom we know,

some we love but know not—that

hearts may feel and not be numb.

It cures me; or am I what

I can't believe in? Some

in snow, some on crags, some in quicksands,

little by little, much by much, they
are fighting fighting fighting that where

there was death there may

be life. "When a man is prey to anger,

he is moved by outside things; when he holds

his ground in patience patience

patience, that is action or

beauty," the soldier's defense

and hardest armor for

the fight. The world's an orphans' home. Shall

we never have peace without sorrow?

without pleas of the dying for

help that won't come? O

quiet form upon the dust, I cannot

look and yet I must. If these great patient

dyings—all these agonies

and woundbearings and blood shed—

can teach us how to live, these

dyings were not wasted.

Hate-hardened heart, O heart of iron,

iron is iron till it is rust.

There never was a war that was

not inward; I must

fight till I have conquered in myself what

causes war, but I would not believe it.

I inwardly did nothing.

O Iscariotlike crime!

Beauty is everlasting

and dust is for a time.

MARIANNE MOORE

Study in Cynicism

THE MACHIAVELLIANS: DEFENDERS OF FREEDOM.

By James Burnham. The John Day Company. \$2.50.

THERE is a kind of historical inevitability about James Burnham's new book. Both his own history and the history of our age demanded that it be written. He had to write it because he had previously produced "The Managerial Revolution" and in analyzing the rise of a new technical oligarchy had betrayed a degree of political cynicism which required further elaboration. The history of our age demanded it because our whole bourgeois era, now drawing to a tragic close, has been so filled with political and moral sentimentality that a realistic reaction was inevitable; it was probably just as inevitable that the realistic movement should overstep the mark and fall into the abyss of cynicism.

Mr. Burnham is a very able man, and he explores the abyss into which he has fallen with great skill; but he cannot finally hide the fact that it is an abyss. The sentimentality against which Mr. Burnham protests is the uncritical accept-

ance of the professed goals of politics and aims of politicians as the real ones. A proper realism would know how to discount the element of pretension in man's political life, as indeed in his whole life, and how to discriminate between truth and pretense. Cynicism becomes so obsessed with the dishonesty of human behavior, particularly the dishonesty of political leaders, that it proceeds to disavow all normative principles of political life. This is what Mr. Burnham calls scientific politics. He hails Machiavelli as the founder of this school of science and presents Mosca, Michels, Sorel, and Pareto as its most noted exemplars and himself as its contemporary exponent.

Let us be quite clear what is at stake in the issue which Mr. Burnham raises. It is the question whether men are totally depraved. Mr. Burnham thinks they are. Sometimes he allows slight qualifications and declares that "the *primary* subject matter of political science is the struggle for social power" and that "the *primary* object of every élite or ruling class is to maintain its own power and privilege." But the actual argument of the book rests upon the assumption that the primary object is the *only* one. At least no word suggests that men might have a significant mixture of motives and that the disinterested motives may play a real role in life and not be mere pretension.

Mr. Burnham begins with a comparison between Dante and Machiavelli. In this comparison he assumes that Dante's "De Monarchia" is in reality nothing but a Ghibelline propaganda tract and that Dante's ostensible interest in a universal political order is nothing but eyewash. Naturally he finds Machiavelli's brutally honest analysis of political motives much more acceptable by comparison. Mr. Burnham is quite right in insisting that Machiavelli's bad reputation in Western history is not altogether to his discredit but to ours; for men do not like to be reminded of their dishonesties and pretensions. But he does not realize that the normative principles of universal justice which Dante seeks to elaborate are something more than eyewash; even though Dante, in common with most moralists, whether religious or secular, fails to realize the degree to which historical circumstance and egoistic interest color the statement of these ideals.

Mr. Burnham is convinced that what Marxists call "ideology" and what in the jargon of Pareto is known as "derivation"—that is, the pretended ideal reason which we (particularly, however, the rulers) give for our interested action—is nothing but a lie. This is his doctrine of total depravity. One may question whether a cynical reaction to the moral sentimentality of our culture is much more mature than the sentimentality.

Though Mr. Burnham believes that a genuinely "scientific" political science must reject normative principles and merely describe what is and what works, he does have, in common with some though not all of his Machiavellians, an interest in justice. He believes that justice is best served if rulers are resisted. He wants to make his realism available to the people as well as the rulers in order that tyranny may be avoided. But if his account of human nature is correct, it is difficult to understand how anyone below the level of the élite can profit from this science. Nor is it plausible to call upon the élite to be more farsighted, for rational foresight implies a freedom from the immediate operation of the power impulse

which his theory denies. Furthermore, the conclusions of the political scientist should be as suspect as the pretensions of the ruler. If his account of human nature is correct, why should we not discount anything he has to say about the operation of political forces, on the ground that his conclusions are nothing else than dishonest pretensions which hide the power impulses of the social scientist? To be sure, Mr. Burnham ostensibly confines his study to human nature as it expresses itself in political life, and disavows the study of human nature in general. But his affirmations about political man rest upon inferences and conclusions about man himself. If political rulers are as void of a mixture of disinterested and interested motives as he thinks, there is no reason to believe that political scientists are any more capable of a disinterested devotion to the truth.

The depth of the abyss into which Mr. Burnham has fallen is well illustrated by his speculation upon whether "rulers" can be "scientific." Rulers must deceive, he argues, but they must not be deceived by their own lies or "believe in their own myths. When this happens they are no longer scientific. Sincerity is bought at the price of truth." The man who tells a lie knowingly is truthful, in other words, but the self-deceived man is not. This is Nietzsche's creed of the honest lie. (For some reason Mr. Burnham has left Nietzsche out of his galaxy of Machiavellians, though Nietzsche knew a great deal about the self-deceptions of the bourgeois world.) The difficulty with this theory of the honest lie is apparent in our contemporary history. The democracies are not as devoted to the cause of justice as they say they are. National self-interest is a more powerful motive than the democracies admit. About that Mr. Burnham is quite right. But the Nazi propaganda proves the futility of escape from these partly unconscious and partly conscious dishonesties by making the lie more conscious and explicit. By disavowing the standard of honesty to which a decent man is partly loyal, though not as loyal as he pretends or believes, nothing is gained but a new standard of dishonesty.

His hope of making the ruling class more farsighted and willing to "open its ranks to able and ambitious newcomers from below" means that he thinks political "science" can be used not merely to direct the power impulse of the rulers but to check it in the interest of long-range objectives. But why should a selfish oligarch restrict his power impulse, or imperil the interest of his family by taking in ambitious newcomers from below? He could do it only if the dominance of the power impulse is interpreted in collective rather than individual terms. The primary concern of the ruler would have to be not his rule but the rule of his class. But if it is the collective power impulse which is dominant, why may not the collective egotism of the community rather than that of the oligarchy be the dominant force? In that case a ruler might be persuaded to invigorate the oligarchy not primarily in order to maintain it but because he regards the reinvigoration from below as good for the community. But if such considerations ever enter the minds of the rulers, the absolute distinction between the ruler and the community is lost. Why may not Mr. Churchill have proved to be a better ruler than the "Munich men" precisely because his primary interest was the preservation of the British Empire and not the preservation of a class? One might go farther and assume that in

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the future they will be the best leaders of a nation whose primary interest is not the pride of a nation but the mutual security of all nations. Such farsightedness may serve the nation best. But it is possible only if there is more transcendence over the narrow power impulse than Mr. Burnham suggests. If it does not exist, our whole civilization is doomed in any event.

Mr. Burnham understands that even democracies have oligarchies. But here again he is led astray by the depth of his cynicism. He assumes an absolute distinction between the élite and the people even in a democracy. But he does not recognize that in a democracy, despite its imperfections, there is such a constant shift in the oligarchy, both in the political and economic sphere, through pressure from below that the oligarchy is kept fluid. It is kept so fluid in fact that his concept of élite does not really apply. Furthermore, such justice as a democracy has is achieved not only by pressure from below but by tension between various oligarchies. We actually possess—despite the pretension and hypocrisy of bourgeois democracy—much more of what Mr. Burnham desires than could be achieved by his cynicism. The idea that the people rule is actually a normative principle in our life and not a mere pretension. If cynicism reduces it to a mere pretension it will lose its normative force.

Even Mr. Burnham's cynicism in regard to the ignorance of the masses is too extravagant. It is quite true that the masses lack the knowledge to survey all the intricacies of government. But the wearer of a shoe always knows better than the most expert cobbler whether or not the shoe pinches. That is a form of wisdom which Mr. Burnham has left out of account in his reckoning.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Hollywood View

TUNIS EXPEDITION. By Colonel Darryl F. Zanuck.

Random House. \$2.

COLONEL ZANUCK supervised the taking of motion pictures of the Tunisian campaign and got right into the thick of things. With sure Hollywood instinct he sensed immediately that this war was one of the most superb scenarios ever produced. When he landed at the African airfield, he looked about him and saw R. A. F. pilots, French aviators, exhausted American soldiers, dazed Nazi prisoners, and he exclaimed, "What a cast!" The next night he saw a column of doughboys advancing in the moonlight, and they looked for all the world, he says, like "that great scene from 'The Big Parade.'" He describes a British major as looking "like a younger version of George Arliss." He particularly admired General Giraud, who "stands out among the others like a twenty-four sheet."

Although Colonel Zanuck was very busy "contacting" people, he found time also for psychological observations. He noticed that when the bombs were dropping he had a tendency to flatten out behind some obstruction, any obstruction, and he explained the phenomenon this way: "But the fact that you run for cover and duck and hold your breath and hug the dirt and say a quick silent prayer at the very moment of acute danger has nothing whatever to do with fear." Aside from the bombs, there were other hard-

ships. At one point he records that his "foot goes to sleep painfully." And he is constantly plagued by the lack of cigars. "I am now down to cigarettes," he notes, "and anybody can tell you that for a cigar smoker that is next to the kiss of death."

Damon Runyon, in his introduction, says Colonel Zanuck should have been a newspaperman himself, because he combines the features of Richard Harding Davis and Floyd Gibbons. Mr. Runyon does not say whether he means the best features. The Zanuck work is indispensable for anyone who feels the need of a Hollywood view of the war.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

Russian Journey

ROUND TRIP TO RUSSIA. By Walter Graebner. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.

WALTER GRAEBNER has done something almost unprecedented; he was in Russia for only four months and he has produced a first-class book about it. He makes more sense than many who spent years in the country. His success is due to his absence of pretension and the simplicity and objectivity of his approach.

Graebner made up for not knowing Russian by trying at every opportunity to talk to Russians through interpreters, or in the case of the better-educated, in German or English. In the midst of the Battle of Stalingrad, when sentiments in Russia were tense, when Muscovites pointed to the five first rows at the ballet nightly filled with foreigners with sarcastic remarks like "Is that the second front?" Graebner went through the Moscow Park of Culture and Rest and stopped people at random, talked with them, asked them what they thought of their regime, of the war, of their allies.

Several profound but often-missed truths about the Russian people Graebner discovered in this way, and he expounds them simply and clearly: (1) Though the Soviet people believe in their system, they have no intention of forcing it on others. Their attention is concentrated mainly on the development of their own vast, immeasurably rich country. (2) Russians are not preoccupied with making money. Their standard of living, though low in relation to that in the United States, is secure. (3) While pressure and discipline are used to make the Russians fight, "the government could not force men to be brave . . . [nor could it] sustain the spirit of a people if the people were spiritually opposed to it. There seems every likelihood, therefore, that the Russians are working and fighting so magnificently more because they love their country, have faith in their system and in their leaders, than because they have been forced to accept the ruthless dictates of the Kremlin." (4) "Russians seem to get along with one another better under socialism than Americans do under capitalism." This is due largely to the absence of competitive spirit.

The author's travels in Russia took him up through Iran, across the Caspian to Baku, up the Volga past Stalingrad on the eve of its siege, and on to Moscow; back to Iran by plane. While traveling and while working in Moscow in the Metro-pole Hotel, Graebner kept his eyes and ears open and tells what he saw and heard like the good reporter he is. His book lacks the heroics of Caldwell, the flippancies of Alice Moats,

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the mature rumination of Russian-born Alexander Werth. But it surpasses all other books about war-time Russia in clear thinking and good reporting, with the possible exception of "We're in This War with Russia" by Wallace Carroll.

In one important respect I believe Graebner missed the truth. He overstates the position of the bureaucracy in the Soviet Union. Possibly one reason was that he did not stay long enough, or know enough bureaucrats to find out how precarious their position is, how hard they work, and how high is the mortality among them. In one place he implies that educational opportunities for the children of bureaucrats are greater than for the ordinary citizen. This is not so. Admission into all educational institutions in Russia is granted on the basis of competitive examinations, plus physical prerequisites in the case of aviation or other special schools, and party membership for entry into party schools, which train functionaries for the country's all-powerful Communist Party. The bureaucracy in Russia is powerful, but it is very fluid, and so far there are no indications that it has moved in the direction of its self-perpetuation unto the second generation.

Graebner's remarks on religion in Russia are sound. It may be that "as the Soviet Union grows older it is taking a less stern attitude toward religion. . . . Many, however, feel that the changed attitude is more a war-time expedient than the real thing." Graebner himself believes that the Kremlin is probably just as anti-religious as it ever was. I would agree with him if religion were defined in terms of the Moslem, Orthodox, Roman, or other leading churches. I would add, however, that a new religion of a sort is growing up rapidly

in Russia. Certain philosophical and sociological ideas are believed instead of studied. They are ossifying into a credo which people do not thoroughly understand but in which they have faith. In a decade, or two or three, this will, I believe, crystallize into a new religion which will replace the old Orthodox Church in Russia, and in the hearts and souls of Russians, just as at many times in history new religions have arisen and replaced older ones which no longer satisfied the needs of the people.

A small number of minor errors have crept into the book. For example, half the people in Russia do not speak German; far more than one oil well in ten in Baku is in operation. The forty-nine photographs are well chosen and give a very good glimpse of war-time Russia. The book reads well and makes sense, and is to be highly recommended.

JOHN SCOTT

New Physics and Old Philosophy

PHYSICS AND PHILOSOPHY. By Sir James Jeans. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

IT IS fortunate that clear ideas as to the nature and import of the method of science are not a prerequisite for using it successfully. Those who engage in scientific research develop habits of good workmanship through the force of example and tradition; they are usually too busy to acquire those disciplined habits of mind indispensable for a just estimate of the logic of their procedure. In consequence, even eminent scientists can make unholy spectacles of themselves when they don the mantle of philosophy and attempt to discuss the broad implications of their specialized labors. They then frequently adopt, with a show of argument, the interpretations of science and nature sanctioned by the uncriticized heritage of their local culture. But like a chaplain's prayer at the end of a political convention, the philosophies ceremonially professed by most men of science are largely irrelevant to the accredited body of scientific knowledge.

Sir James Jeans's latest book offers fresh evidence for these observations. In it he aims to determine the bearing of recent developments in physics upon certain large questions of knowledge and reality. Although he now offers his conclusions with an air of hesitation, neither his conclusions nor his arguments are essentially different from those contained in his earlier "The Mysterious Universe." Jeans continues to find the universe around him mysterious. For according to him, physics can at best discover only the pattern of events; since our minds cannot step outside their prison-house of the body, we can never hope to understand the "real nature of things." Theoretical physics is construed as describing only "our observations on nature" and not nature itself. The moral of the fable seems to be that the more physics succeeds in disentangling the structure of events the less we really "know" what the world is like.

However, consistency is not one of the failings of Jeans's philosophy, and such a solipsistic skepticism is not his final word. He dissents vigorously from views such as those of Eddington, according to which the laws of nature can be deduced from the constitution of the human mind. He maintains, surely to his reader's surprise, that if we wish to dis-

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cover the truth about nature, "the only sound method is to go out into the world and question nature directly." To be sure, the events in our daily life are rigorously determined in an "inaccessible substratum of nature," a substratum whose existence is said to be implied by the formulas of mathematical physics. On the other hand, although inaccessible, the processes which go on in it are at bottom only our "mental constructions." In the end, therefore, "reality" can be better described as mental rather than as material. The mystery of the universe, at least for Jeans, is thus simply the impenetrable mystery of his own mind.

This unusually incoherent philosophy, though claiming the support of modern physics, in fact rests upon a systematic use of dubious figures of speech and bad puns. Some illustrations will make this evident. Jeans's conviction that the real nature of things must forever elude our grasp is based on the image of human minds locked behind the opaque walls of their bodies. But such a picture of the mind makes nonsense of everything he reports about the progress of science, and when he is off his guard it is rejected by Jeans himself. When he asserts that nature consists of our "perceptions," he is surely playing upon the double meaning of the word, which may denote the *objects* of our sensory apprehensions as well as our *apprehensions* of objects. In any case, it is the planet Venus which revolves around the sun, and not our perceptions of Venus around our perceptions of the sun. Similarly, when Jeans declares that the relativity theory deals with the measures of things and not with things themselves, he is taking advantage of the ambiguity of the term "measure," which may signify a *relational property* of a thing as well as the process or record of *estimating* that property. Only in the first sense of the term is the relativity theory concerned with the measures of things; but only by substituting the second sense for the first can Jeans find support for his "mentalistic" interpretation of nature. Again, when Jeans maintains that as a consequence of the atomicity of radiation a precise knowledge of the outer world becomes impossible, he is misleading his readers. For the highly specialized sense in which "precision" is excluded by quantum mechanics does not imply, as Jeans declares, that the notion of causal determination must be abandoned for the familiar world of daily affairs. As for his final conclusion that the "material universe" is little else than our "mental construct," he himself recognizes the worth of such a transsubstantiation when he remarks: "Being hit by a golf ball hurts just as much now that we know that it is little more than empty space."

The present book can therefore be taken only as a model of what popular science should *not* be. Its accounts of technical matters, although intended for the layman, are so perversely obscure that several professional physicists have found parts of the exposition unintelligible; and its statements of views which have been held in the history of philosophic thought distort those views almost beyond recognition. Neither colorful pictorial representations of the conclusions of physics nor irresponsible philosophical speculations concerning them are a substitute for a sober description of the way modern theories of physics function and of what they achieve. The world seems full enough of bewilderment and genuine puzzles without the confusions introduced by inadequate popularizations of science.

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DRAMA

TOMORROW THE WORLD*

(Ethel Barrymore Theater) is a tract for the times. It poses the question whether the children of Nazi Germany can be reeducated and how. The writing is earnest, obvious, and on the whole pedestrian. The situation, however—that of a Nazi boy of twelve set down in a Middle Western American household—is dramatic and provocative. And the acting of every member of the cast is so very good, the direction so expert, that the play in performance takes on an emotional force and subtlety which the lines lack—and often indeed interfere with.

A great deal of the emotional charge, interestingly enough, is contributed by the spectators, who become so personally involved in the situation on the stage that when the easygoing, lovable professor (Ralph Bellamy) is roused to such fury by the behavior of the Nazi brat (Skippy Homeier) that he tries to strangle him, the sense of pleasurable participation on the part of the audience becomes positively frightening. (In one of the few subtle lines of the piece the point is made—and alarmingly demonstrated by the audience—that the Nazi

boy brings out the worst in everyone with whom he comes in contact.) At that point the play becomes more than a play. One has the feeling that a public attitude is being set up—and one sighs with relief when in the dénouement the scales tip to the decent, human conclusion that the Nazi brat, in spite of everything, including his attempt to kill Nancy Nugent, can be reclaimed. Then one is grateful for the earnestness and good-will of the authors of what might so easily have been a hymn of hate and extermination.

Only after the curtain goes down does one realize that it is a child actor, Skippy Homeier, who has created—and saved—a highly explosive situation. Certainly he has excellent support, but he is nevertheless the crucial figure in this contemporary morality play. And what a tense, skinny little figure he is. With the unwitting cooperation of the audience he makes real what is today perhaps the most tragic character in the world—the German child who has been corrupted by Goebbels, who is capable of being “saved” but whose salvation depends on the rest of us and the degree to which we resist a still incipient but basically similar corruption.

MARGARET MARSHALL

FILMS

DESERT VICTORY” is the first completely admirable combat film, and if only film makers and their bosses can learn the simple lessons it so vigorously teaches, its service to the immediate future and to history will be incalculably great. The most heartening thing about it is that its lessons are learnable. It takes something approaching great talent to learn from great talent, but the men who made this film are not men of great talent. They are simply men of intelligence, courage, and aesthetic honor who have been given a chance to use their abilities in the recording of a worthy theme. That they were given the apparently unhindered chance is as important as the fact that they knew how to use it; on both counts, the makers of American films have virtually everything to learn.

It is so good, and so simply good, that it is hard to do more than urge that you see it. In the camera work, the cutting, the music and sound, the commentary, it is a clean, simple demonstration that creative imagination is the only possible substitute for the plainest sort of good sense—and is, after all,

merely an intensification of good sense to the point of incandescence. There is hardly one moment in the collaboration of cameras that implies a truly creative eye, that makes a subject be itself with the intensity of a diamond; but on the other hand there is hardly a shot which by any sort of dramatizing, prearrangement, or sentimentalization gets in the way of the high honest average chance for magnificence which any face or machine or light or terrain possesses, left to its own devices. The captured German film hits a similar level.

The cutting—here I include the broad scenario—is a shade or two more perceptive, though again it gets along, proudly and well, with plain sense and sensitiveness instead of brilliance. It is distinguished from most cutting simply in being the work of men who have thought, felt, and cared a great deal about the power and honesty of given film images, in themselves simply, in juxtaposition and careful series, in rhythm, and in a rhythmic and spatial whole. The results of this sort of thought and feeling, carved out without compromise, are inevitable. Whereas the average non-fiction film, even if the material is well photographed—which it seldom is—moves in great blotches of ill-punctuated gabble, filled with uh’s, ah’s, and as-I-say-sayings, this moves at worst in clean, resonant sentences, which construct irreducible paragraphs, and develops, at discreet intervals, the small fine poems of which honesty without inspiration is capable. Very notable, I think, is the fact that here, for the first time in a strictly record film, record has been used without abuse to create an organized whole rather than a gifted, spotty sprawl. (The camera work in “June 13th,” for instance, is more sophisticated, but overall, “June 13th” is diffuse and a little posterish, without anything like the solidity and internal rhyming of the British film.)

Sound and music commentary follow, here, the same pattern: that is, they are used when and as they should be. The music goes a little vulgar at the end, but there are two movements—the industrial build-up and the build-up of the barrage—which almost for the first time are made in intelligent relations to natural sound, and which spike rather than water the screen’s images. The commentary is especially worth American study. The normal native commentary, well measuring our loss of cinematic instinct, heckles and humiliates the screen image, and pounds it, like the nagging of a

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shrew, a salesman, a preacher, a demagogue, a pimp, or all five combined; we use films to illustrate the rotten words we worship. Here, for once, the words really illuminate when they are used at all; and here, for once, the voice is right which speaks them. The natural sound rises, in one scene, to a solid attempt to annihilate the audience which a friend of mine has properly compared with Beethoven. The second time I heard it, it was muted into a defeat of this intention. I urge that by every means possible you require that it be given full blast. It is the first serious attempt to make an audience participate in the war. No audience should be spared it.

These men have taken painful care with every foot of this film. The attitude of the average American film maker—and his boss—will, of course, be conditioned by the fact that neither knows much about moving pictures, about care and honesty, or about the great potential sensitiveness of the general audience, toward which they have been acting like house-broken Nazis for the past twenty years. But that even they must suspect that the general audience is capable of receiving better than they know how to give is suggested by the mere rumor that Darryl Zanuck has refused to see this film, and that its release was delayed in favor of his own shorn lamb.

"Desert Victory" is a stunning textbook on how to make a non-fiction war film. "Hangmen Also Die," "This Land Is Mine," and "The Moon Is Down" open the question whether serious fiction films on the subject had better be made at all. I would believe that plain melodramas, through their innate artificiality and unpretentiousness, have a good right to exist and may even, within their special formalism, give a remote but decent echo of the truth. I can even respectfully conceive of the attempt at a head-on-embodiment of the truth. But that would be a much more difficult and serious job than the makers of these three films realize. It would require a sensitiveness which they totally lack to the speed with which the noblest reported actions and principles can become the most vulgar sentiment, especially as served to civilians at a comfortable remove. It would require an ingenuity which they seem never to have conceived of in finding and developing kinds of acting, setting, and lighting which might render an audience incapable of feeling, first, that all they are seeing is, after all, only a picture, and second—and still worse—

that the occupied nations are filled, not with the terrific human and historical chemistry which is in fact at work in them, but with a pack of posturing Donlevys and Laughtons and Traverses spouting inhuman lines like "You cannot keel de speerit off a free pipples." Seriously, I think such shows can create a dulness of heart, a schizophrasia, from which we might never recover. Whether I am right or wrong about that, I find this sort of stodgy heroism, about such subjects, incredibly indecent.

Of the three films, Lang and Bert Brecht's "Hangmen" is the most interesting. They have chosen to use brutality, American gangster idiom, and Middle High German cinematic style to get it across, and it is rich with clever melodrama, over-maestoso directional touches, and the sort of *Querschnitt* sophistication for detail which Lang always has. It is most interesting as a memory album. There's a heroine straight out of the Berlin of the middle twenties, and the Nazis are also archaic, nicely presented types: the swaggering homosexual, the cannonball-headed plainclothesman, the tittering, torturing androgyne who, one can imagine, is a revenge on some boyhood misery of Lang's in a Teutonic school. They are all conceivable, as Nazis; but they are all old-fashioned. The New Order has produced men of a new kind, and it would be more to the point to show some of them.

"This Land Is Mine" eschews physical terror in favor of mental, and tries to give an exposition of the obligations of free men under those circumstances. That is a courageous but foredoomed idea. I doubt, first, whether physical and mental terror and obligation can in this context be separated. You cannot afford to dislocate or internationalize your occupied country; or to try to sell it to Americans by making your citizens as well-fed, well-dressed, and comfortably idiomatic as Americans; or to treat the show to the corrupted virtuosity of studio lighting and heavy-ballet composition. This film, like Lang's, is filled with bitter, anachronistic, interesting talent under pressures, but it is a question where the pressure begins and the self-deception ends.

"The Moon Is Down" is a stale quarrel by now which I see no point in reheating. I respect Steinbeck's insistence that both the Nazis and their enemies are human beings, but too many things get in the way of any proof of the fact. Colonel Lanser, as written and played, is very intelligent, but poorly

representative. The sort of Nazi Steinbeck must have intended is post-humanistic and unprecedented, as Walter Slezak brilliantly suggests, with far less to use, in "This Land Is Mine." Irony, I am told, comes from *eironeia*, which could be translated as false naivete. Steinbeck's "little people" use it so much that they become false and naive out of all conscious proportions. So the irony itself becomes unpalatable, and the people become dehumanized victims of a well-intended, unconscious patronage. Worse still, they become stagey—in the worst recent (Group Theater) tradition—with their bursts of song during executions and their scornful smiles, which so falsely dismay Nazi soldiers. To state frankly your deep fear of torture or death ought to be an advance over the traditional false-heroics. Instead, it becomes its own kind of vulgar boast and takes its place in that growing, already over-ripe vocabulary of democratic claptrap which all but destroys our realization that modest heroism is possible, constant, and implicit in this war.

I have inadequate room left to regret an ill-directed nastiness, in my review of "The Human Comedy," which should have been more accurately directed. I think of Clarence Brown, who directed it, in the most praiseworthy and respectful terms, as the man who piloted Garbo's best films and who, before that, made the excellent and bold films "Smoldering Fires" and "The Signal Tower." I have still to insist that he has become a dope, and to offer the negligences in "The Human Comedy" as proof. But he is a sympathetic and likable casualty rather than the sort of born star-spangled Judas I directed that review against.

JAMES AGEE

ART

EXHIBITION OF COLLAGE. At Art of This Century, 30 West Fifty-seventh Street, until May 15.

This is a very amusing exhibition, but except for Laurence Vail's lovely screen and the works of Max Ernst it is rather *papiers collés* than *collages*, that is, bits of paper stuck on paintings instead of entire pictures made of cut-out shapes. The nice thing about *collages* is that they make you feel you could have done them yourself; the trouble with *papiers collés* is that you have to be Picasso. There are some fine examples by him here, and also some nice ones by Bazziotes, Pollack, and Reinhard, but where are Braque and Gypsy Rose Lee?

EVSA MODEL. At the Pinacotheca, 20 West Fifty-seventh Street, until May 1.

Evsa Model is a gay uninteresting painter bearing very little relation to Chirico in spite of the blurb in the catalogue.

JULIO DE DIEGO. At the Nierendorf Gallery, 53 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 1.

Paintings called *Desastres del Alma* which live up to their name.

SALVADOR DALI. At M. Knoedler and Company, 14 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 15.

Dali paints with the most exquisite delicacy the most vulgar subjects. It is a pity; he is so much better than the audience he paints down to. The tiny portrait of his wife is beautiful. His technique is both breathtaking and comfortably familiar, reminding one of those smooth Italian paintings hung always in the dining-rooms of grand English country houses. It is a fascinating question how he can be so good without being great.

JEAN CONNOLLY

MUSIC

THE New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society, which began its season with one extraordinary event, the performances of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" conducted by Toscanini, ended it with another, the performances of Bach's St. Matthew Passion conducted by Bruno Walter. At those performances of "Romeo and Juliet" I was left shaken and inarticulate by the first experience of this extraordinary work, and by the manifestation, in what I was hearing, of great human powers—the powers of the composer who had originally created the work in his mind and written down the blueprint for its recreation in living sound, and the powers of the conductor who from this blueprint was producing the living work as I now heard it. I felt the same impact recently again at Toscanini's broadcast performance of Debussy's "La Mer" with the N. B. C. Symphony: the impact of the renewed impression of the unique form and unique effect which the work has as Toscanini conducts it, and the impact of the human powers that had originally imagined the work, the human powers that had now created this living sound of it (and that had moved the orchestra

itself to burst into applause at the end of the final rehearsal). At the performance of the St. Matthew Passion, on the other hand, I heard music which was familiar—some of it wonderfully moving, some of it quite dull; and a colourless, characterless performance which had none of the revelatory force of Toscanini's 1934 performances of the Kyrie of the B minor Mass and the closing chorus of the St. Matthew Passion. "I knew the Kyrie," I wrote on that occasion, "only as urged along by Mr. Stoessel, possibly with the thought of four hours to go at the back of his mind. The effect of Toscanini's slow tempo was first shock, then revelation: I was hearing the sounds for the first time in their proper relations of time. And for the first time, also, in proper relations of volume: in place of unrelieved mass there was sensitive moulding of beautiful tone. But also there was this revelation: by the time Bach was saying what he had to say for the seventh or whatever time it was, I knew it was six too many. And I had the same feeling about the closing chorus of the St. Matthew Passion."

I am sure that Tudor's "Dark Elegies" to the music of Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder," which I saw again a couple of years, has some idea behind it; but that idea doesn't come through the choreography to make sense of what appears to be nonsense—at moments painfully embarrassing nonsense. The work tells no story; it is a formal construction which, according to the note in the program, "mirror[s] the ideas of the songs in the movements of the dancers." But the movements that are effective in relation to situations and actions like those of "Lilac Garden" and "Pillar of Fire" turn out to be inadequate and even absurd in purely formal relations, and very often intrude into the formal construction the connotations they had in those other ballets; and I have yet to see movements and patterns as unrelated to the music's meaning and quality as the ones in "Dark Elegies."

On the other hand I wonder that Tudor is himself not embarrassed by "Gala Performance" to the point of withdrawing it. Ballerinas are vain, jealous creatures; but what should be ridiculed is the truth—that is, the real ways in which they show their vanity and jealousy; and what Tudor ridicules is as false as the lecherous long-haired artists whom the cartoons in Soviet Russian newspapers pictured as opposing the 1936 anti-abortion laws.

I have spoken of Nora Kaye's superb performance in "Pillar of Fire," but not of her beautiful work in classical style, which I have seen in "Giselle" and "Pas de Quatre." In "Les Sylphides" there has been beautiful work also by Rosella Hightower. And Annabelle Lyon is charming both in a classical ballet like "Pas de Quatre" and in things like "Three Virgins and a Devil."

At a performance of "Aida" at the Metropolitan in 1936-37 I had as my guest a lady newly arrived from Europe; and I spent the evening writhing in embarrassment over the singing of the thrown-together odds and ends of a cast, the conducting of a Papi thrown in at the last minute, the shabby rags of palaces and temples that rippled in the Metropolitan's back-stage breezes, the confusion of costumes, the absurdities of stage-management. "All my life," said my guest, "I have waited to hear an opera at the world-famous Metropolitan; at last the day arrives; and I hear a performance which one would not hear even in Paretola"—this being a little place outside Florence, and apparently the archetype of the Italian provincial town.

A few weeks ago I attended a post-season performance of "Aida" at the Metropolitan. In the intervening years the Metropolitan's standards of performance had risen: great works had been carefully prepared, intelligently staged, well sung, conducted by distinguished men. But in "Aida" there were still the rags of palaces and temples rippling in the breezes, the confusion of costumes, the absurdities of stage-management; there were, in the cast, two first-rate singing actors, Pinza and Thorborg, but also Baum, Warren, Roman: Baum, singing well, but rocking on his feet a couple of times as he assumed an attitude of benevolent interest in the goings-on about him, and funnier when he expressed agitation with a few quick staggers and a clutch at the heart; Warren, driving his fine voice and lunging about the stage darkly; Roman—her arms and dumpy figure in a constant state of awkward motion—singing with recently acquired freedom and steadiness, with beauty and fullness of tone, but without much concern for beginning a phrase at the same time as the orchestra, and with outspreading arms calling on the galleries to witness how her voice opened up on high C in the middle of a phrase and held it—while Pelletier held the orchestra until she let go.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

And This, Too, Is a Part of the Record

Dear Sirs: When men who have been fighting on your side for years attack you as one of the "enemy"—as an enemy of progressive ideas—it is, to say the least, rather startling.

Seven years ago I wrote the first nationally syndicated series of newspaper articles on the plight of the Southern share-cropper. Since that time I have contributed to *The Nation* and written a book on Jackson's amazing and thrilling war against the Bank of the United States ("Democracy in the Making"), a book that had the emphatic indorsement of such enemies of "progressive ideas" as Herbert Agar, Claude Bowers, Charles A. Beard, and the *New Republic*. And yet in the face of my long record of championship of the lowly, the humble, the dispossessed and disinherited of the earth, I. F. Stone in *The Nation* of April 17 quotes Senator Guffey as saying he would have the students in our schools know of Jackson's magnificent fight on the powerful Bank of the United States, and then adds: "That is all to the good, but isn't it the very kind of social history attacked by Hugh Russell Fraser and the *New York Times*?" (my italics).

In other words, it would be possible for me to write a book revealing new and startling material on the tremendous odds Jackson faced in his fight on the corrupt and arrogant Biddle monopoly and yet, for some obscure reason, not want the students in our schools to get this kind of story!

This question of American history-teaching is not what it appears to be on the surface. Max Lerner in *PM* takes a look at it and says the Committee on American History does not appear to be interested in the "battle of the people." Nonsense. The Sons of the American Revolution take a look at it and say, "Ah, communism in the schools! We must stop that!" Both are wrong. Neither have the slightest conception of what is being taught in the bulk of our schools.

Communism, via American history, is not being taught in our schools, nor is socialism—nor, now get this, is the philosophy of the National Association of Manufacturers. Until this one elemen-

tary principle can be grasped, it is utterly impossible to approach the situation intelligently. The truth is that very little—and in some schools *nothing*—is being taught about American history. Half our high-school students do not get an organized course in American history at all.

This is due to the fact that (1) according to Emory Foster, statistician for the United States Office of Education, about 30 per cent of those graduating from senior or junior high schools do not have a course in American history at all, and (2) about half drop out before finishing. Now that statement does not begin to reveal the shocking nature of the problem. The real significance of it lies in the fact that those who do get a course in American history get, too often, a mere course in contemporary problems, plus a generalized discussion of social forces, plus a discussion of a few arbitrarily selected topics in American history. And all this passes for "American history."

Do you suppose that students in such courses get any concept of Jackson's magnificent fight on Nicholas Biddle's monopoly? They do not. The matter generally is not even mentioned. The story of such a thrilling fight smacks too much of mere "facts," and facts are not what Teachers College of Columbia University wants. I put the question about Nicholas Biddle in the questionnaire deliberately. And I found that only 6 per cent of the 7,000 students could even tell who Nicholas Biddle was, or had any idea about him. Yet 71 per cent knew who John D. Rockefeller was. Teachers College has given its indorsement to instruction in current events. And as for Walt Whitman, is it surprising that hundreds of students thought he was Paul Whiteman?

It is the *method* of teaching American history that I am complaining about. And the method of instruction is one adopted by the educational psychologists at Teachers College in the early 20's. It is sometimes referred to as "teaching history backward." That is, you start in the present and work backward. But in some of the pet schools of the experimentalists the method has degenerated into starting in the present and staying in the present, with only an occasional glance backward.

You cannot teach history that way and

learn anything about the revolutionary philosophy of Jefferson or the bourbon viewpoint of Alexander Hamilton; nor can you learn anything about the robber barons of the 1870's, or about John Tyler or Abraham Lincoln or Andrew Johnson or even James Madison—and the reason is that when the Social Studies extremists finish with discussing current events they have no time for the events and the individual philosophies of the men who made America. No wonder, therefore, that not one out of four students could identify two contributions to the nation of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln.

There were a few questions for which, if the test was being given again, Dr. Nevins and myself would want to substitute others, but I can assure you one of them would not be the year of the passage of the Homestead Act (1862) or the minimum price of the public lands (\$1.25).

For thirty years prior to the passage of the Homestead Act the whole question was the subject of bitter controversy in the United States. And in the last ten years of the fight millions of people looked forward to the year when Congress would give them a stake in the public lands. The passage of the act was really a tremendous event, and if the Civil War had not overshadowed it, the climax of the great battle in Congress would have been celebrated in succeeding years. And likewise it would be impossible for anyone to know anything about the causes of the great depression of 1837 and the frenzied speculation in the public lands without knowing also the minimum price of the public lands, namely, \$1.25 an acre. Indeed, it was the cheapness of the lands that made it possible for bootblacks and coachmen and all sorts of people to speculate in them.

Now I ask you in all fairness: is it too much to say that anyone who knows the nature of the public-land question would know these two simple facts?

And finally we come to Mr. Stone's amazing statement that "Fraser's resignation shows that those who run the *Times* survey are not interested in providing more education." This is, of course, nonsense. I am for more education, and so is Dr. Nevins, and I would

I lay a thousand dollars to one that so also is the New York Times. But the thing we are all opposed to is mis-education, and this is a very serious matter. The opposition would like to draw a red herring across the trail and say: "Oh, yes, Fraser is right. We are not teaching American history adequately, but this is due to the low pay of teachers. Bring on the federal Aid-to-Education bill!" Now I am for this bill, but it does not constitute the answer to the present defective methods of teaching American history. And as for "progressive methods of teaching," if it is "progressive" to teach American history with only the most casual mention of Thomas Jefferson or Andrew Jackson (only 12 per cent knew who Jackson was), then I am the damndest reactionary you ever saw. For I have known the inspiration of Jackson's courage and devotion to the cause of the people!

HUGH RUSSELL FRASER, Chairman
Committee on American History
Washington, April 16

"Grossly Unfair"

Dear Sirs: The article by Mr. Davenport entitled Sikorski's Opposition in your issue of January 30 was grossly unfair and libelous, and I therefore think it would be only fair that you give publicity in the columns of *The Nation* to the following important facts:

1. The *Amerikai Magyar Nepszava* is a responsible Hungarian-language publication which has been published continuously for over forty years.

2. In domestic affairs this newspaper has supported consistently the Roosevelt New Deal since 1932.

3. In foreign policy this newspaper has steadfastly opposed Hitlerism and fascism in every form, ever since the menace reared its ugly head. We fought against isolationism even before December 7 and before June 22, 1941. On the Danubian question we have advocated the defeat of Hitler, to be followed by a Democratic Federation, with borders of the individual states based upon the democratic principle of self-determination.

4. The hue and cry against this publication was raised and carried on chiefly by three elements: (a) the Communists, with whom we differed before June 22, because we favored an all-out war against Hitler, whereas they insisted that it was an "imperialist" war; (b) certain Czech propagandists, who prefer to see the reconstruction of the Danubian area on pre-war lines with

the restoration of the Little Entente and power politics; (c) a small group of Hungarian Nazis, who disapproved of our vigorous fight against Hitlerism and Hungarian collaboration with the Axis.

I know how difficult it is for you, who cannot read the Hungarian language, to be fully acquainted with the situation affecting the general problem and this newspaper, but in the name of fairness and freedom of the press, I do think no responsible publication, certainly not *The Nation*, has a right to give space to such unfounded accusations as Mr. Davenport levels against the *Amerikai Magyar Nepszava*, which enjoys the respect of a large public and which never transgressed either the laws or the spirit of our great country.

M. KAUFMAN, Publisher
Amerikai Magyar Nepszava
New York, March 11

Mr. Davenport Replies

Dear Sirs: The *Amerikai Magyar Nepszava* may have "supported consistently the Roosevelt New Deal since 1932." This still does not prove that the paper advocated a democratic solution of the Central European problem. I happen to have a concept of democracy in Central Europe which imperatively excludes revisionist programs (which are the essence of the causes of this war) and any whitewashing of Horthy's regime (which is an ally of Hitler's Germany).

I could write pages on this issue, but it would not serve any good purpose. Instead, let me merely call attention to the following typical passages from the *Nepszava*:

1. "It is undeniable that Bethlen was always anti-Nazi, hated the totalitarian systems, and it is unquestionable that Bethlen's dream was always to bring Hungary into a close friendship with the Anglo-Saxon democracies" (February 1, 1943). May I remind the reader that it was Bethlen who made the pact with Mussolini and who lectured in Hitler's Germany? I wonder whether this was bringing Hungary "into close friendship with the Anglo-Saxon democracies."

2. In an article, *Is There any Difference?* (March 18, 1943), an attempt is made to exculpate the Hungarian government for its anti-Jewish laws. "It isn't exactly the same whether one's relatives are taken to Lublin or only deprived of their livelihood" . . . "Between the Nürnberg laws and the

Hungarian anti-Semitic laws the difference is precisely that between unemployment and Hitler's gas chamber." Need I mention the 25,000 Jews who, according to official reports, were sent from Hungary to Poland?

PETER DAVENPORT

[Accepting the *Nepszava's* contention that it is not pro-Nazi, we wish to recognize responsibility, and to express regret, for a typographical error in Mr. Davenport's article as a result of which it might have been implied that the *Nepszava* was an ally of Nazi Germany. Such an accusation was not intended.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

From a Prisoner of War

[This interesting communication, recently received, was written on a card beaded Poste Italiane, Carlolina Postale, per prigionieri de guerra. We assume that books sent to the address given by Mr. Williams will be delivered.]

Dear Sirs: May I impose upon your generosity and that of your readers on behalf of our library? Books on social and political affairs of the last twenty years are sadly lacking, also United States writers of the caliber of Steinbeck and Hemingway, and if you could send me such books they would be welcome indeed. Such books would be a balance between the very light stuff and the technical books we are receiving.

IVOR WILLIAMS,
Italy
Bombardier 861060
Campo P. G. 78, Posta Militare 3300

Where Are the Champions?

Dear Sirs: According to the Washington Merry-Go-Round of April 10, 1943, "Postmaster General Walker's censorship hearings to bar magazines from second-class privileges are absolutely secret. The press cannot attend. For years all hearings of this kind have been open to the public. . . ."

Here is an excellent opportunity for those members of the American press who have been hysterical about the threats to the free press to demonstrate their sincerity. There are many who suspect that this hysteria is a bit of artificial camouflage to conceal their special economic interests. It has been successful for years in protecting them from child-labor legislation. It was used as a weapon against the organization of their reporters. It is now dragged out to preserve their monopoly control of news services.

If the Patterson-McCormick-Hearst-Gannett-Howard press fails to scream to high heaven about this flagrant violation of the principle of the free press, many more will suspect their sincerity. This will be tragic. This suspicion may well breed cynicism not only about the press but about the ideal itself. If ever America should lose its free press, American newspaper publishers can thank themselves and their own cynical exploitation of the ideal to their special interests.

GEORGE E. AXTELL

Washington, D. C., April 10

In New York, Too

Dear Sirs: I was immensely interested in Mr. Stone's article on the difficulty of taking a Negro—no matter how distinguished—to dinner in Washington. I admired him very much for resigning from his club. It is a great pity that the mores of the South should so completely prevail in our national capital.

But here in New York we are not without culpability. A few nights ago a superb testimonial dinner was given to a great Negro preacher on his retirement from his church and his acceptance of the presidency of a Southern college for Negroes. I tried to get an adequate account of it into two of our most-read papers. I was sent in each case the inch and a half of space which had been dedicated to it, and the refusal to print my letter. I retorted that so far as I could see there was plenty of space in these papers for Negro crimes, but when an occasion arose to do honor to a Negro, the papers were singularly reticent.

The white president of the Union Theological Seminary called the Reverend Lloyd Imes one of the most brilliant scholars who had ever graduated from the seminary; he also reported that the white alumni had elected Dr. Imes president of their Alumni Association. There were many warm tributes given eloquently and sincerely by both white and black speakers. In the audience were Negroes who had risen to eminence in many fields. At my small table there were two Negro judges, a Negro editor, a Negro woman lawyer, and a Negro social worker. The only white people were myself and my guest, a Czechoslovakian editor—a woman.

I count on you to print this. Unfortunately, however, your readers are too liberal to learn anything from it. Such facts need to appear in precisely the places where they never do!

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

New York, April 10

Why Be Precise?

Dear Sirs: Your heading, "Is It an Error?" over the letter of John W. Follette of New Paltz, New York (April 3), would indicate some editorial doubt as to the correctness of Mr. Follette's criticism of Frank Jones for saying "Liben feels badly" instead of "feels bad." My own reaction is that Mr. Follette is correct and that he has stated the rule with precision.

But after all, why be precise? Language may have been invented to conceal our thoughts, but we use it very largely to communicate them; and in the given case we knew that Mr. Jones was not referring to mutilated fingertips but to that general sense of the body we call feeling. So there was no misunderstanding of what Mr. Jones meant, even if he used an adjective as an adverb.

CHARLES Q. DE FRANCE

Lincoln, Neb., April 4

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS WALINSKY teaches economics in a New York City high school, and is president of the New York City Association of Teachers of Economics. EDWARD SARD was formerly an economics teacher, but is now on leave and working for the government.

ALFRED KANTOROWICZ, before Hitler came to power, was a foreign correspondent for the *Vossische Zeitung*. JOHN W. GERBER runs the short-wave listening station of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MANUEL SEOANE, former leader of the Aprista Party in Peru, is now living in exile in Chile.

MARIANNE MOORE is one of the most distinguished American poets. Her books include "What Are Years," "Observations," and "The Pangolin and Other Verse."

JOHN SCOTT is the author of "Behind the Urals: An American Worker in Russia's City of Steel," which is based on his experiences as a welder in Magnitogorsk.

ERNEST NAGEL is associate professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

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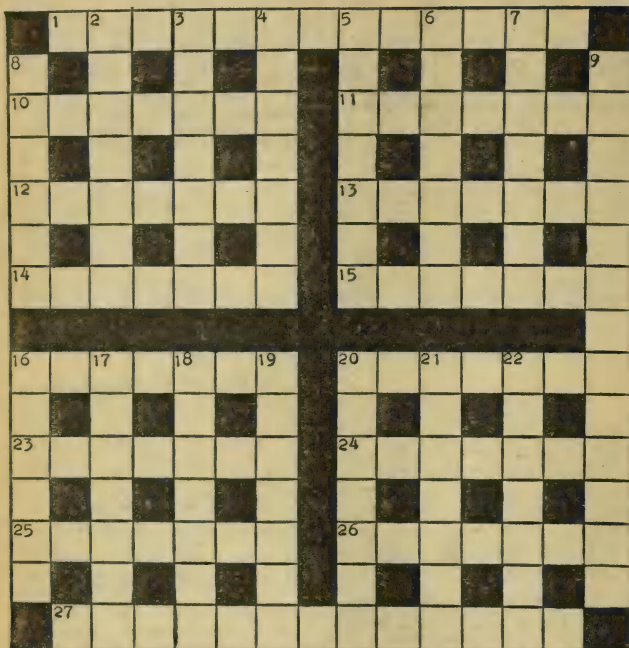
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 11

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 Warship of the first rank in the days of sail (four words, 4, 2, 3 and 4)
 10 Girl eager for Chinese cloth
 11 Might one call his place of business a site for sore eyes?
 12 State of the feather-headed ones?
 13 Serve white wines, but not red, at this temperature (two words, 3 and 4)
 14 This would be the horse for our money if it were ever a starter
 15 A Scottish shire set this European composer going
 16 A sick pet is hard to convince
 20 There's something decidedly Irish in this prominent German
 23 Goes out after tea in light fabrics
 24 Give the simpleton a milk pudding for some Swiss cheese
 25 Italian statesman of World War I
 26 They are more advanced than other men — or should be
 27 This biblical formula for vengeance would not have worried Argus overmuch (five words, 2, 3, 3, 2 and 3)

DOWN

- 2 Low fellow with a sneaking look
 3 Foolish people perhaps, but it cannot be said today that we want no part of them
 4 Irish secret society owing its origin apparently to a Scot in a low district of England

- 5 Wendell Willkie, for example
 6 Sure all these go to the winner
 7 Town of East Africa, complete with black magic
 8 Sambo describes how he reclined in illness
 9 Device known to hunters and politicians — beheaded it's a conversational animal (hyphen, 8 and 5)
 17 A Congressional lame duck? (hyphen, 2 and 5)
 18 Form of absenteeism of which most of us were guilty in our younger days
 19 Like a worn-out glove, maybe (hyphen, 4 and 3)
 20 William Tell bumped him off in the Rossini opera
 21 Don't try to this a quarrel, said Sheridan; you only spoil it
 22 Figures of speech and such like rhetorical decoration

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 10

ACROSS — 1 RUOYANT; 2 WHATNOT; 3 TENDRIL; 10 SPORRAN; 11 OVENS; 12 ELOPEMENT; 14 LIES; 15 TANGENT; 18 AGO; 20 NIS; 21 SHINGLE; 23 FIRM; 28 EXTRIPATE; 29 EMILY; 29 SEESAW; 30 STIFFEN; 31 ROTATES; 32 WANGLES.
 DOWN — 1 BUTTON; 2 OUNCES; 3 ARRESTING; 4 TELLERS; 5 WASHOUT; 6 AROSE; 7 NORSEMAN; 8 TINY TOTS; 13 UGH; 16 NORWEGIAN; 17 NIP; 18 ASSASSOR; 19 OINTMENT; 22 ELAPSES; 23 PIETSAW; 24 FITFUL; 25 HYENAS; 27 RIAN.

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Travels in Afghanistan, 1937-1938. By Ernest F. Fox. Macmillan. \$4.
The Fighting South. By John Temple Graves. Putnam's. \$2.75.
Liberty Through Power. A Study of the United Nations. By Eduard Heimann. Union for Democratic Action Educational Fund. 10 cents.
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THE *Nation*



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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

650

EDITORIALS

The Russo-Polish Wound

653

Prices, Wages, and Taxes

654

Actual and Possible

654

ARTICLES

Fiasco at Willow Run *by William H. Jordy*

655

Myths Can Wreck the Peace *by Maxwell S. Stewart*

658

75 Years Ago in *The Nation*

661

The FCC Holds Fast *by I. F. Stone*

662

North African Triangle *by Claude McKay*

663

In the Wind

665

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

Europe Against Hitler. II. The Guerrilla Fighters

666

by John W. Gerber and Alfred Kantorowicz

666

Oil for Franco *by Selden C. Menefee*

669

Goebbels in Katyn

670

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

New Guinea *by Karl J. Shapiro*

671

I Am the Lord High Executioner *by Eliot Janeway*

671

Africa, Past and Future *by C. Hartley Grattan*

673

When the Armistice Comes *by M. W. Fodor*

674

Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling*

675

In Brief

677

Music *by B. H. Haggin*

677

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

679

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 12 *by Jack Barrett*

682

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We Render an Accounting

THIS week it is my pleasant duty to report the results of the campaign for funds initiated in February in a letter addressed by me to our regular full-term subscribers. That letter described *The Nation's* current financial difficulties arising from war-time increases in production costs. It urged subscribers to help create a sustaining fund by becoming members of The Nation Associates, the various classes of membership calling for contributions of from \$10 to \$100 or more. The letter went to some 12,000 persons. Although the subscription list totals more than 25,000, the remainder is made up of short-term subscribers, libraries, organizations, newspapers, college classes, and other groups to whom it seemed unsuitable to appeal.

The response was so prompt and so generous that within a few weeks it became clear that the \$25,000 necessary to clear off the deficit and insure *The Nation's* existence would undoubtedly come in. And so in the issue of March 27 I reported that reassuring fact. Along with the contributions came a flood of letters expressing the warmth of feeling with which its readers regard *The Nation* and their determination not to allow this organ of democratic opinion to become a casualty of the war for democratic survival. The letters seemed to us almost as good an insurance for *The Nation's* future as the money itself.

But not even the encouraging early returns prepared us for the present total count. And the final results are not in yet. Every day brings a few additional checks, so that a further report will be necessary later on. Of the 12,637 subscribers who received letters, more than 26 per cent answered and more than 22 per cent contributed to the fund. The grand total reached by the last day of April was \$36,351.19. The expense of the campaign, for typing, postage, mailing, and clerical help, has amounted to \$3,489.70.

So *The Nation's* sustaining fund, contributed by some 2,867 subscribers, stands today at \$32,861.49. I believe this result represents something like a record for mail campaigns to raise money.

This figure includes, however, only contributions made as a direct response to the letter to subscribers. Other

gifts have come in, some spontaneously from friends who knew of our need for funds, some as the result of special requests to individuals. Such contributions amount to \$2,145 more and bring the net total up to \$35,006.49.

The editors of *The Nation* are deeply grateful to the subscribers and other friends who contributed to this formidable result. Our readers have saved the life of their journal and set it on solid ground. We give our particular thanks to the many who contributed more than they could easily afford, believing *The Nation* more important than their own comforts. We hope they will feel an even closer sense of identification with the journal they have helped through the crisis that threatened its existence.

Now for the future. It is only because of our newly-won security in the present that we are able to plan for a better *Nation* in the months and years to come. They offer this fighting journal its greatest challenge. The struggle against reaction in domestic and foreign affairs is *The Nation's* particular job. It is essential that we wage that fight with all the ability we can command and on the widest possible front.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

The Shape of Things

BEFORE THE TWO WEEKS' COAL TRUCE ENDS an agreement is likely to be negotiated which will give John L. Lewis enough of his demands to enable him to claim a victory. Once again the miners' leader has outlasted and outsmarted the government and he has been able to do so primarily because the members of his union were solidly behind him. Believing as we do that Mr. Lewis is an evil influence in the labor movement, we deplore the fact that he should have been allowed to triumph but we recognize that the alternative, at this late date, was a disastrous stoppage of work and a strong probability of bloodshed in the coalfields. Newspapers such as the *New York Times* are disappointed by the armistice which Mr. Ickes has arranged. The interests they represent were anxious for a showdown, no matter what the cost, and so too it appears were some left-wingers in the Administration. But a fight to a finish would have permanently weakened both the New Deal and the unions and we believe that Mr. Ickes made a wise decision when he sought a basis for a compromise.

✱

THE SETTLEMENT IS LIKELY TO FOLLOW THE lines of the annual wage proposal put forward by Dr. John Steelman during the negotiations between the U. M. W. and the operators. There will be no increase in hourly rates but the miners will be guaranteed a six-day week throughout the coming year with one day paid at overtime rates. According to the operators 90 to 95 per cent of the miners are already working six days a

week regularly and, if this is true, the additional cash paid out as the result of a guaranteed annual wage will not be a very formidable sum. Moreover, the owners have already been granted an extra payment on every ton of coal mined to enable them to meet the increased cost of a six-day week. The *New York Times*, however, in an exaggerated attack on the annual wage proposals points out that the average pre-war working year was 182 days so that 312 days of guaranteed work or wages would increase annual mine wages by about 70 per cent without allowing for the effect of overtime rates. But the other side of the medal is that the system of part-time labor, which the operators maintained so as to take off their shoulders the burden of fluctuating demand, means that a far greater labor force than was really needed was kept under-employed. If the wartime demand for coal is insufficient to keep all the miners fully employed it is intolerable that a surplus should be maintained in the mining villages while elsewhere manpower is at a premium. Thus an annual wage should serve to increase total productive capacity as well as to satisfy the miners.

✱

ADMIRAL ROBERT—NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—does not love us. He has been trying to convey that fact in every possible way for two and a half years, but the American State Department until last week appears to have gone on the assumption that he was just being coy. After the fall of France the little tyrant of Martinique, designated by Vichy as High Commissioner of all French possessions in the Americas, rounded up Allied sympathizers, ruthlessly suppressed De Gaulle activity of any sort, and by short wave unloosed a barrage of pro-Axis propaganda, including warm congratulations to the Japanese on their accomplishments at Pearl Harbor. While the Admiral was so engaged the State Department undertook and continued a series of endless conversations with him, affecting to treat him as a sovereign ruler despite the fact that he openly relayed all American proposals to Vichy for the approval of Pierre Laval. When we moved into North Africa, Robert called on the people of his domains to obey Marshal Pétain and denounced Darlan for "exceeding his powers." All this we forgave. But now the Admiral has gone too far. He chides us for the unkind treatment we have meted out to Frenchmen who came over to our side in the past and makes his own switch to the United Nations dependent on a kind of De Gaulle-Giraud union which appeals to De Gaulle more than it does to Giraud. This is no doubt an uncharitable view of last week's break with Robert and the cancellation of the hard-won agreements. Actually the State Department's belated discovery of the Admiral's subservience to Vichy is a hopeful augury. Any week now we may have official word that General Franco is a Fascist.

SWEDISH AND GERMAN RELATIONS, LONG decidedly frigid, have recently been reduced to a still lower temperature by Nazi violations of Swedish neutrality. The most serious incident has been the attack made by the armed German merchant ship *Altkirch* on the Swedish submarine *Draken* while both were in Swedish territorial waters. In the course of investigations it was discovered that German mines had been sown inside the three-mile limit and it is suspected that these may have been responsible for the unexplained disappearance of another Swedish submarine, the *Ulven*. A sharp note was dispatched from Stockholm on April 19 protesting against these German actions and asking for immediate steps to prevent their repetition. The German reply admitted that the *Altkirch* had fired on the *Draken* but asserted that the incident had occurred outside Swedish waters. Disclaiming all responsibility, the Nazi note declared that the *Draken* should not have been operating submerged and requested the Swedish government to give instructions to its submarines so as to prevent any similar occurrence. Terming this answer unsatisfactory, Stockholm retorted with a second note which included a warning that Swedish warships had been instructed to take action against any foreign ship committing belligerent acts in territorial waters. In the Swedish press there has been severe condemnation of the insolent tone of the German reply, which seems well calculated to increase the dislike of the Swedes for their government's policy of giving transit rights to Nazi soldiers on furlough from Norway. Recently several meetings of the small Swedish Nazi party have been violently disrupted. Such breaches of the well-known political decorum of the Swedes suggest that democratic patience is wearing thin.

✱

MEETING IN ANNUAL SESSION, WITH AN impressive show of strength, the All-India Moslem League has come close to justifying England's wartime policy in India. The British have contended primarily that full self-government now would result in civil war, which, with Japan at the gates, is hardly to be encouraged. The stock answer of the Congress Party has been that the Moslems, with their demands for a separate nation, are merely jockeying for a good bargaining position and that, given freedom, Congress and Moslem League would quickly iron out their differences within the framework of a united country. Short of firing in the streets, the Moslems who met at New Delhi last week under the leadership of Mohammed Ali Jinnah went as far as they could go to repudiate that comfortable interpretation. Six thousand of them, including 1,200 delegates, four provincial premiers, and two members of the Viceroy's Council, listened to Jinnah heap insults on Mohandas K. Gandhi, whom he described as the worst enemy of Indian freedom. "I'm not holding any brief

for this wretched British government," he told them, "but it serves no purpose to say that the British prevent an agreement." On the contrary, the real issue, according to Jinnah, is the prospective attempt by the British to force Moslems and Hindus into a common federation. Should that happen, the delegates unanimously resolved, the move "will be resisted by Moslem India with all its might, which will inevitably result in strife, bloodshed, and misery." With due allowance for the oratorical flourishes appropriate to such occasions, it is difficult to take issue with the modest conclusion of Herbert L. Matthews, reporting the session for the *New York Times*. The resolution, writes Mr. Matthews, "immensely strengthens the British contention that the peoples of India cannot seem to get together."

✱

WHITEWASH, WE ARE CONVINCED, MAKES A poor cement for the United Nations; it positively invites the throwing of mud. And that we fear may be the effect of the film version of ex-Ambassador Joseph Davies's "Mission to Moscow," which, with the aid of a technically brilliant production, undertakes a complete exculpation of Soviet policies in the years just preceding the war. On the purges, the Russo-German Pact, and the first Finnish war it offers the straight party line. This may prove good propaganda for unsophisticated audiences but we suspect that it will stir up old controversies in a way that can only damage our relations with Russia. While we are allied with the Soviets in a joint struggle against aggression it is but good sense to stress the interests which bind us together rather than the ideas that divide us. But friendship can only be strained by asking Americans to give a blanket indorsement to all Soviet actions past and present. In the matter of the "purges" *The Nation* has always held that the evidence on which the alleged Trotskyist conspirators were convicted was unconvincing and the film version of the trials does nothing to change this opinion. Moreover, we note that the film takes some extraordinary liberties with recorded fact. For example, the "Radek trial" of January, 1936, and the "Bukharin trial" of March, 1936, are telescoped into one and Marshal Tukhachevsky, who actually was not arrested and shot until June of that year, is made to appear as one of the accused. Still worse, he is given lines to speak which, properly, according to Mr. Davies's own book, belong to Muralov. This casual manipulation of history in what is, *a priori*, a documentary film does not inspire confidence.

✱

THAT IT IS MUCH TOO EARLY TO BEGIN TO talk of resuming non-essential civilian production was the main burden of the address made to the United States Chamber of Commerce last week by Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, chief of the Army Service Forces.

The same view was put forward at a press conference in Washington several days earlier by Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson. These two authoritative statements fully confirm the misgivings expressed in our Washington letter of two weeks ago, *Relaxing Too Soon*. General Somervell revealed that we do not always have enough essential cargo for our shipping and decried rumors that we have vast stocks of arms and ammunition: "The enemy could implant no more subtle propaganda in the minds of our people." The propaganda in this case is coming from circles anxious to resume "business as usual" at the expense of the war effort. "Any notion," Under Secretary Patterson said, "that the work of equipping the armed forces is nearly done, and that we can resume normal peacetime production of goods for general use, instead of equipment for the Army and Navy, shows that the people who believe that just don't understand war."

✱

THE RUBBER PATENTS OFFERED ROYALTY free by Standard Oil of New Jersey were taken over by the Alien Property Custodian in March of 1942 as the enemy-owned property of I. G. Farben. The A. P. C. has neither approved nor been consulted about the current offer, and there are signs that both the Custodian and the Department of Justice are examining this gift horse. To obtain the patents, an inventor must show his own to Rubber Reserve Company, which has been Standard Oil's ally in the past. If Rubber Reserve thinks his ideas worth while, he will be allowed to take a license under Standard's patents and in return to give Standard free licenses on his own. Since Standard claims that the old I. G. Farben patents it is now offering are the basic patents of the Buna synthetic rubber field, the man who takes a license under them will be acknowledging their validity, which has yet to be tested in the courts. Once having accepted the basic patents, a rubber company will need the improvements on them and these after the war will be obtainable only on Standard's terms. Under this setup, the Buna S synthetic tire industry would become a non-competitive pool dominated by Standard Oil. Standard is not offering licenses, royalty free or otherwise, on its patents for butadiene, the raw material of buna rubber. Nor is it offering patents on butyl, a cheaper synthetic rubber which Standard is holding back as its own private ace-in-the-hole.

✱

THIS SUSPICIOUSLY MAGNANIMOUS OFFER by a company never before conspicuous for generosity to business rivals calls for investigation. We hope the Truman or the Kilgore committee will look into it. An inquiry is made especially important by indications that Standard would like to resume its old cartel relationship with I. G. Farben after the war. Standard management

has tried to dissuade a minority stockholder group headed by William Floyd II and Amos S. Basel from offering an anti-cartel resolution in the proxy statements being sent out this year to shareholders in preparation for the annual election in June. The management has already put out "feelers" to the Justice Department for some method whereby cartels could be reestablished legally after the war is over. So far these have met with the cold shoulder they deserve. If the present "free royalty" offer is successful and later the cartel is resumed, I. G. would again dominate the American synthetic rubber industry. Under the Hague agreement of 1939, I. G. would resume a majority in the Buna patents should they be returned by the Alien Property Custodian either to I. G. or Standard. Fortunately President Roosevelt has given his word that this time we will not let patents of this kind slip back under alien influence. We look to the Alien Property Custodian to stop the current offer and honor that pledge. The A. P. C. holds title to these patents and can make them part of the public domain.

✱

GRADE LABELING OF ALL PRODUCTS FOR which quality standards can be established is essential for the full protection of consumers in peacetime. In wartime it is doubly important for price ceilings cannot possibly be effective so long as they can be evaded by tampering with quality. Nevertheless after weeks of wobbling on this subject Price Administrator Prentiss Brown has ordered the elimination from OPA Order MPR-306 of a requirement that certain canned foods packed in 1943 be labeled A, B, or C according to quality. Instead, suppliers of these goods are ordered to state the grade on invoices to retailers who will then be able to pass on the information to inquisitive consumers. This move is announced as a "compromise," which is itself a fine example of misleading labeling. It gives the vested interests who have been fighting honest grading all they want but it will not and should not be accepted by the consumer organizations. Inside the OPA the fight against grade labeling was led by Dan Gerber and Norman Sorenson—both closely associated with canning companies. They have now resigned their official positions but they passed the torch to Lou B. Maxon, a Detroit advertising man brought into the OPA by Mr. Brown. His agency handles the H. J. Heinz account. Mr. Maxon has gone on record as saying that grade labeling is "a reform that should not be attempted in wartime." The best comment on this statement has been made in the official publication of the canning industry which is by no means unanimously opposed to honest labeling. "That this is a reform measure," says an editorial in the *Canning Trade*, "is absolutely true, a reform for the betterment of the whole industry and particularly for the canners."

The Russo-Polish Wound

STALIN'S May Day declaration with its stern insistence on unconditional surrender of the Axis and its friendly references to the American and British forces should serve to dampen Nazi hopes of enlarging the breach in the United Nations opened by the quarrel between Russia and the Polish government-in-exile. Furthermore it should encourage the American and British governments to persevere in their efforts to liquidate this deplorable affair. But we should not deceive ourselves into believing that this end can be accomplished by polite diplomatic formulas, for it is a very ancient wound that Goebbels has inflamed with his propagandist poison.

If we were to attempt to outline the pathological history of this case, we would have to go back at least as far as the eighteenth century. But a rapid review of the last twenty-five years is sufficient to suggest the difficulty of any permanent cure. When Poland was resurrected in 1918 it discarded none of the illusions of grandeur which had helped to sustain it through long years of alien rule. Encouraged by western diplomacy, which sought to build up barriers against both Russia and Germany, it attempted to play the role of a great power although it had not the material equipment for the part. This led to numerous aggressive ventures such as the seizure of Vilna from Lithuania.

At home, during these years, Poland sought to graft a modern industrial economy onto a feudal base with results fatal to any growth of democracy. Behind a constitutional facade the country was ruled by a practical dictatorship in the interests of an oligarchy. And this fact helped to keep the old Polish-Russian wound open for in the eastern provinces the great landlords were mainly Polish while the peasants were Ukrainian. There was constant friction between these two elements and, at times, savage suppression of Ukrainian institutions and organizations.

It is the future of these eastern provinces which is the basic cause of the present impasse. The original border settlement between reborn Poland and the U. S. S. R. gave most of them to the latter. But Poland regained these disputed lands, with their largely non-Polish population, after defeating Russia with the aid of France in 1921. When the Russians marched into Poland in September, 1939, and negotiated a partition agreement with Hitler they proceeded to incorporate Polish Ukraine and White Russia within the Soviet Union. With its two gigantic enemies digesting its territories in apparent amity, Poland once again ceased to exist except as a cadre of officials and a small army.

The invasion of Russia by the Nazis in June, 1941, seemed to make possible a rapprochement between Poland and its old enemy. General Sikorski, head of the

government-in-exile, was statesman enough to seize the opportunity. He quickly negotiated an agreement with the Soviet government which apparently left the difficult frontier question in abeyance until after the war. Meanwhile Polish prisoners in Russia were released and a Polish army organized on Russian soil with the announced purpose of helping to repel the invaders. Unhappily General Sikorski's efforts were not fully backed by his colleagues. The signing of the treaty led to a crisis in the government-in-exile and the resignation of three of its members. Thereafter reactionary elements among the émigrés—and for the most part it was the reactionaries, landlords, army officers and diplomats who had been able to escape—began an increasingly bitter propaganda campaign against Russia. General Sikorski, as Professor Oscar Lange, formerly of the University of Cracow, has pointed out in a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune*, tried to meet this situation by appeasement. He has succeeded only in inflaming the "nationalist hysteria" of the anti-Soviet agitators.

Relations between the Poles and Russians have also been embittered by certain concrete acts on the part of both governments. For instance, the Polish Army in Russia was transferred at the request of the Polish government to the Near East. The Russian government let it go but it clearly considered that it might have been better employed helping the Red Army repel the invader. Another cause of friction was the plan formulated by the Poles for a Central European Federation which, in view of the record and interests of its authors, was regarded in Moscow as an effort to construct an anti-Soviet bloc. The interest displayed in some American quarters in the idea of a *cordon sanitaire* served both to encourage the Poles and to heighten Russian suspicion.

The Kremlin, for its part, enraged the Poles by indicating plainly that it regarded the disputed eastern provinces as definitely part of the U. S. S. R. and by issuing passports to all the inhabitants of this territory exiled in Russia. Finally it committed an appalling blunder by executing Alter and Ehrlich, thus throwing Polish labor elements into the arms of the reactionaries and alienating western liberals. By this time the wound was fully ready for Goebbels's skilled attention.

In the letter already mentioned, Professor Lange makes it clear that the situation demands a new and different government-in-exile. It must be a government prepared to find a basis for good-neighborly relations with Russia, for Poland cannot hope to survive while it remains on bad terms with the two powerful nations which border it. The landlords and militarists who dominate the present government are no more capable of the mental adjustment necessary to implement such a policy than they are of giving effect to the radical political and economic program which has been formulated by the Polish underground movement. While they remain in control there can be little hope for Poland.

Prices, Wages, and Taxes

UNLIKE John L. Lewis's United Mine Workers, organized labor as a whole has accepted the principle of President Roosevelt's hold-the-line anti-inflation order. But while accepting the necessity for over-all control, both the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. are up in arms against certain features of the present controls which they hold to be inequitable. Resentment is particularly strong against the fact that under the order wages are frozen to the level of September 15, 1942, while prices have been allowed to rise well beyond that level. The situation is made even worse by the inability of the War Labor Board, under the prevailing interpretation of the order, to correct "inequities" in prevailing wage rates in face of wide variation of wages for similar work.

To meet the problem several of the C. I. O. unions have launched a campaign urging that prices be rolled back to the level of September 15, 1942, and that the War Labor Board's power to correct inequities be restored. The justice of these demands cannot be denied. Of all the groups in the population, the wage and salary workers have undoubtedly borne the heaviest burden in the national economic stabilization program. Workers are concerned primarily by the fact that their wages seem to be frozen completely, while the cost of living continues to mount despite the so-called price ceilings. If the freezing of wages is essential as an anti-inflation measure, then, labor argues, the least that the government can do is to roll back prices to the same level.

From a realistic point of view, however, the wisdom of the demand for a roll back in prices is open to serious question. There is an abundance of evidence to show that the OPA more than has its hands full trying to enforce present ceilings. The growth in black markets is not due primarily, as many people seem to believe, to any slackness in OPA enforcement. With its limited powers and staff, it has done a man-sized job, but experience with price restrictions the world over has shown that if prices are pegged too low supplies either are withheld or flow into a black market. Some of the price rises recently authorized by the OPA have been forced upon it by the threat of black market operation. A roll back in prices such as the C. I. O. suggests might be accomplished successfully with some goods, but with others it would inevitably encourage the black market with all of its attendant evils. Politically, it would be extremely difficult to achieve even in those commodities where no black market threat exists.

If prices cannot be rolled back, something must obviously be done about wages. There are various ways in which this can be done without impairing the President's hold-the-line order. Perhaps the most satisfactory approach would be through a system of guaranteed annual

wages as discussed in a recent issue of *The Nation*. Another possibility is the equalization of wage rates for similar work in various sections of the country. Equal pay for equal work is a principle that cannot be violated without causing endless trouble. There is also an unassailable case for making the Little Steel formula flexible enough to cover past and future changes in the cost of living. Canada has met this problem successfully by providing for an automatic increase in wages whenever the cost-of-living index rises by 5 per cent.

The chief objection to such an orderly method of wage and price adjustment is, of course, that it leaves a loophole for inflation. As long as any element in the price-wage structure is permitted to rise, a constant upward trend is to be expected. This trend cannot, however, be checked by wage and price restrictions alone. While additional purchasing power is being created by credit expansion and war production and the supply of goods is limited by WPB restrictions, either prices will rise or goods will be driven into the black markets. In the final analysis, the only effective way of dealing with this inflationary pressure is by increased taxes and forced savings. If, as there seems every reason to believe, organized labor is really serious in its desire to get behind the President's anti-inflation program, it should throw its mass support behind a drive to force Congress to adopt the Administration's tax recommendations. A good stiff tax program, based on the principle of capacity to pay, would do more than anything else to eliminate the nightmare of rising prices and static wages.

Actual and Possible

THE National Resources Development Report for 1943 throws a good deal of light on the course of war production during the past year and on its possibilities this year. Its most interesting revelation is that, while the war production program has been scaled downward, its cost has gone up. "War expenditures," the report says, "were forecast in 1943 budget as 55 billion dollars for the fiscal year ending June, 1943. Because of speeding up of contracts and subsequent increases in cost, actual expenditures in fiscal 1943 will approximate 76 billion dollars." A much greater inflation in costs than appears at first glance is indicated by these figures. The 1942 budget estimates were based on the President's Victory Program of January, 1942. One of the largest items in that program, the total for Army supply, as revealed by our Washington editor in *The Nation* two weeks ago, was cut in half between January and November of 1942. All other programs except shipbuilding have also been reduced. Obviously armament costs have been tremendously swollen. The average increase, moderately estimated, must be at least 75 per cent.

The increase in prices for armament and munitions, the report indicates, was far greater than for civilian goods. "Of the total expenditures of \$82 billion," the report says of civilian purchases, "\$10 billion was represented by payments due to higher prices." The difference in the magnitude of price increases on civilian goods, as compared with war goods, may be attributable to the fact that the OPA has had no authority whatever over arms and many of the components of arms. Included in the category of war goods on which the sky has been the limit are such crucial items as aviation gas and synthetic rubber components. Obviously a great deal of profiteering is going on and there is no indication that renegotiation of contracts is doing more than skimming the surface of the cream.

The report shows that we are still some distance from an all-out effort. The consumption of goods and services by civilians continued to rise during 1942 and did not

begin to show a decline until the last quarter. We spent a third of our income on war during 1942, but in the last quarter the rate had risen to 44 per cent. Expenditures, however, as the report points out, are no real index of war production since many payments were payments in advance and prices were rising sharply. In 1942, as in 1941, we enjoyed guns *and* butter. We cannot hope to do so much longer.

The report finds that under conditions of equal distribution of foods and essential civilian goods, we could produce two and a half times as much this year as last and 42 per cent more than the highest forecast for this year. An effort of this kind would insure victory and shorten the war but is possible only under strict rationing, wise allocation of basic materials, and efficient utilization of plant and labor. These possibilities are a challenge to the capacity of business, government, and labor. Can we realize them?

Fiasco at Willow Run

BY WILLIAM H. JORDY

SO EXCITING are the blueprints for Bomber City, the war-housing development planned for Henry Ford's Willow Run bomber plant, that the restrained editors of *Architectural Forum* have described it as "the most workable and most human guide to the integrated community produced to date." But Bomber City exists only on paper. It will never be built.

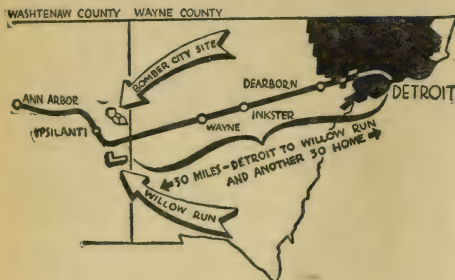
There were early indications that things were not going well—surveyors' stakes pulled up and Ford's lawyers threatening to fight Bomber City "with every legal means"—but the excuse of military secrecy was invoked to avoid answering questions. Persistent rumors of a labor shortage at Willow Run have been met by persistent company claims that "the condition of labor has improved." OWI charges that no bombers were leaving the assembly line brought the retort, "Bomber output on schedule." In February the Truman committee visited Willow Run—its second trip—and there was hope that some information would be forthcoming. Newspaper reports of the visit were vague, but they did show that bomber output was far behind schedule, that the principal reason for the lag was a serious labor shortage, and that Edsel Ford, with magnificent effrontery, had implored the committee to speak to the War Manpower Commission. Another reason advanced for the small output was the necessity for changes in design. Senators were said to have gone away much impressed with the "activity" they had witnessed.

It is now more than two months since the Truman

committee left Willow Run, and the *Detroit Free Press* still publishes the reasons workers give for quitting Ford's employ. On many days the Ford Company loses more labor than it hires. In addition, the absentee rate tops 7 per cent, as compared with an average of 2 to 4 per cent for all industries, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Today 35,000 are employed at Willow Run; 88,000 are needed. The secretary of the United Automobile Workers in a report to the Truman committee characterized employment of 88,000 as a "fantastic impossibility." The reason? An extreme shortage in housing and transportation facilities which the abortive Bomber City project was designed to correct.

To realize why Willow Run can obtain so little labor it is necessary to understand the plant's location. Willow Run is about four miles from Ypsilanti, a university town of 12,000 people. Ann Arbor, twelve miles away, has fewer than 30,000. Willow Run is therefore thirty miles from the nearest good-sized source of labor, namely, Detroit. Last summer, U. A. W. statistics showed that 70 per cent of Willow Run's labor commuted more than thirty miles each way every day. Or, as the Detroit worker reckons it, he loses two hours' pay daily in commuting, with the choice of driving his own car along crowded Michigan Avenue or squeezing into a painfully over-crowded bus or train and paying daily fares in excess of a dollar. With every edition of the *Detroit papers* carrying six to eight pages of help-wanted pleas, he can do better elsewhere.

Willow Run is situated (see diagram) just within Washtenaw County, its eastern end not more than twenty-five feet from the Wayne County boundary. Ford explains this careful tailoring as an effort to simplify his tax structure and protective services; of course these benefits,



Willow Run—Close to Conservative Courts and Post-War Soy Beans, but Far from Labor.

plus added accessibility to labor, could have been obtained by locating the plant entirely within Wayne County. But the Washtenaw site has other advantages. In the first place, he has been steadily acquiring land in Washtenaw County for soy-bean cultivation after the war. It is to his advantage to have amid his bean rows a government-financed factory which can later be converted to the manufacture of plastic planes. Secondly, as the largest landowner in a predominantly rural county, Ford dominates Washtenaw politics and thereby enjoys judicial sanction for his anti-labor practices, which would not be the case in labor-dominated Wayne County. Thirdly, by forcing his workers to travel long distances he makes labor organization extremely difficult.

The government yielded to Ford's preference as to location, in what was to prove the first in a whole series of appeasements. The choice was made before Pearl Harbor, when few thought about gasoline and tires. After we had entered the war, the War Production Board surveyed the site with misgivings. Having made the initial mistake, the government tried to rectify it by authorizing the Federal Public Housing Authority to erect a town about three miles from the plant to accommodate 32,000 residents who would depend upon the immense factory for their livelihood after the war.

Apparently, the thought of 32,000 potential union members blighting his garden paradise worried Ford, and he proceeded at once to undermine the project. First he attempted to arrange extensive transportation to Willow Run to obviate the necessity for Bomber City, but, because of already insuperable transportation difficulties within the Detroit area, he met with little success. Next he announced that there was no water on the proposed site, but soon afterward the first well was dug. Then occurred the much-publicized stake-pulling where a corner of Bomber City encroached on his land.

In alliance with local political, banking, and real-estate interests, Ford clamored for a Congressional investigation, and all plans were suspended for weeks last summer while the Truman committee held its first hearings. Ford's lawyers introduced the bogey of a "ghost town"—perhaps the Ford Company would abandon Willow Run after the war—though earlier Ford himself had boasted: "When the war is over we are going to retain the building . . . and construct airplanes on a mass-production scale." At the same time Washtenaw's Republican politicians speedily conjured up a population for the potential "ghost town": "the flotsam and jetsam of humanity . . . a source of public attention both as to law enforcement, social work, and public assistance." Finally, the Detroit realtors, piously deploring the needless extension of sewer lines, offered to erect houses on their lots, where public-utilities lines were already at hand. Conveniently ignoring the existing housing shortage in the Detroit area—estimated to reach 12,000 units by next summer—the distance from the plant, and the undesirability of most of the available lots for residential purposes, they bolstered their arguments with the appeal, "Every home sold to a war worker gives him a stake in the America we are fighting to preserve."

Largely as a result of the Truman investigation, plans for Bomber City shrank from 6,000 permanent dwellings to 2,500. This tapering would save critical materials and comply with downward revisions in labor requirements made by the Ford Company. Still dissatisfied, however, and thwarted in its attempts to shelve all plans for Bomber City, the Ford alliance proceeded to agitate for 2,500 temporary houses, to be demolished after the war.

Meanwhile the FPHA continued work on what has justifiably been heralded as America's best town planning to date. As originally designed for 6,000 families, Bomber City would have comprised a town center surrounded by five neighborhood subtowns, each with 1,200 dwellings. The reduced plan called for a town center and three subtowns of 700 dwellings each. Developed according to the ideas of Clarence Perry of the Russell Sage Foundation, each subtown was planned to support a centrally located public school, which would serve for all community purposes during the war. Other community buildings and shops were to be erected later, so that the subtowns would eventually become self-contained units. In contrast both to the inflexibility of a gridiron pattern and to the haphazard ribbon roadways of the usual high-priced suburban development, small lanes within the subtowns were arranged so as to provide informal yet sociable groupings of individual families. These lanes were subordinate to circulating roads which brought the subtowns together and provided direct and safe routes to the town center. The center was to contain a shopping district, municipal buildings, a clinic, a high school, and a bus terminal, all facing a central prome-

nade, with parking areas behind. A mile-wide green belt, surrounding and infiltrating the town, emphasized the spacious conception which inspired all the planning.

Contracts for the subtowns were awarded to three outstanding progressive architectural firms. Eliel Saarinen, the brilliant Finnish modernist, was to plan the town center. The United Automobile Workers, whose housing committee has been one of the most farsighted planning agencies in Detroit, was appointed consultant.

By September, 1942, FPAA engineers had prepared the sites and laid out the roadway system, and architects had designed the subtowns. Everything was ready for erection. Then—word from Washington that there would be no Bomber City after all. The 2,500 permanent units suddenly were to be 2,500 temporary units.

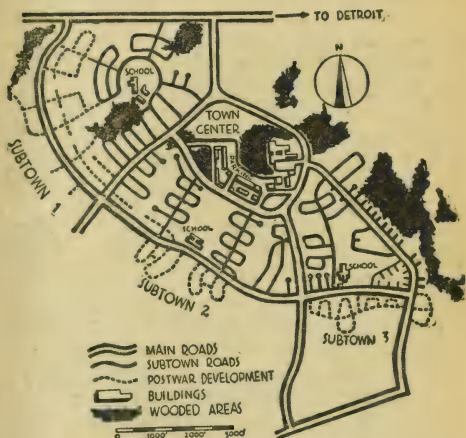
Precisely what happened at this point is known only to those directly involved. But it is certain that the opponents of Bomber City had been gaining influence in Washington, particularly since the National Housing Agency shifted its favor to temporary rather than permanent dwellings in order to halve both the time required for building and the consumption of critical materials. Faced with being labeled "unpatriotic," and fearful that no housing at all would be erected, the U. A. W., which had been the only organized group in Detroit consistently favoring a permanent city at Willow Run, abruptly switched to the official view. In doing so it knocked the last prop from Bomber City, sending thousands of dollars' worth of planning down the skids which private interests had so long been greasing.

Has the shift to temporary housing actually saved time? Despite the fact that standard plans, used for housing projects all over the country, are now to be used at Willow Run, more than six months have elapsed since the decision, and building has only now been started. Has it saved materials? Very little. Because sewer, electric, and telephone lines require large amounts of critical materials, temporary housing erected near already existing facilities *does* conserve materials; but even temporary housing at Bomber City necessitates an extensive new utility system. Moreover, permanent buildings could have been erected, as is being done in many localities, with the installation of fixtures requiring critical materials postponed until after the war. In any case, the few tons of critical materials that might be gained for bombers by leaving Bomber City unbuilt are far more than offset by the loss of thousands of equally critical workers who refuse to travel to Willow Run.

Today a skeleton of partially completed, muddy roadways remains as Bomber City's only memorial. In one corner of the site are 3,000 crudely furnished temporary dormitory units for single workers, with 2,000 more planned. The 2,500 temporary family units, to be squeezed into one of the subtown sites originally planned

for 1,200 units, will not be ready before midsummer. About 2,000 trailers for childless couples—900 now ready, and the rest promised within two months—will complete Bomber City. Meanwhile, realtors are hacking the open land around Ypsilanti, Wayne, and Inkster into tiny plots on which "minimal-standard" houses—the only kind permitted by the WPB—are being erected. Well-planned permanent housing by the government would have been unpatriotic; these substandard *permanent* houses, which will blight Michigan communities long after the war, presumably represent the apogee of the American Way.

At best this makeshift housing will afford minimal living requirements for the 30,000 people now working at the plant, though both the union and the Army Air Corps predict 88,000 will be needed, and even Ford's estimates are pegged at 58,000. The Manpower Commission expects that one-third of these people will find quarters in nearby towns, but the Detroit housing shortage is already serious, and a survey by the Detroit *Free Press* unearthed no more than 300 vacancies in Ann Arbor. The town council of Grosse Pointe, a swank Detroit suburb, recently informed a woman that she was



*Bomber City—Designed for Living.
It Will Never Be Built.*

violating a local law by renting rooms to war workers, and ordered her to evict them. The council was upheld by most of the residents.

The worst of the story is that even the meager federal projects now being planned will literally be islands in a sea of tarpaper shacks, tents, and trailers, with some families living underground in abandoned foundations covered by temporary roofs. Bomber City's sewer system is fairly adequate, and its water supply is pure, but the federal townsite is encircled by thousands of unapproved privies and shallow wells. Dysentery is rife,

and the Washtenaw Board of Health warns against a typhoid epidemic. The forty-bed hospital in Ypsilanti is pitifully inadequate. Schools are so overcrowded that they offer three hours of classes a day in three shifts, and government-built schools and nurseries will not be available before September; as a result delinquency is increasing at an alarming rate. There is no shopping center, no recreational facilities—and gasoline rationing keeps workers tied to their desolate quarters. Small wonder that Ford loses workers as fast as he takes them on; small wonder that Ford agents are desperately inveigling single women workers from points as far away as New York and Texas.

The U. A. W. has suggested to the Truman committee five palliatives: (1) Along with an immediate expansion of the present housing program, the entire area around Willow Run should be commandeered for war

workers, and all houses standing vacant for sale should be rented for the duration. (2) Willow Run should subcontract to available plant space in Detroit, Flint, and Pontiac. (3) The Ford Company should abandon its discrimination against hiring Negro women—hundreds being available in the Ypsilanti area. (4) Shuttle train service should be established between Detroit and Willow Run. (5) Perhaps most important, the government should immediately set up a federal agency with uniform control over housing, health, recreation, and education within the area.

This program, far from being a cure, is merely the least salvage operation to which the American people are entitled. The production which has been lost—and is yet to be lost—can be measured only in reference to the battlefield, wherever another bomber would have brought us just that much closer to victory.

Myths Can Wreck the Peace

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

DURING the past two or three years a great deal of work has been done in Washington and elsewhere preparatory to laying the foundations of the post-war world. Some of the results may be seen in both the domestic and the international field, and their significance should not be minimized. Yet despite all this valuable spade work, the American people are clearly not ready for peace. Technically, we have made much progress. Our experts have the knowledge that should enable us to avoid the blunders of 1919. But no scheme worked out by the experts, however sound in theory, can succeed without the backing of American public opinion. And on the basis of such samplings of public opinion as have been made, the conclusion is inescapable that the American people are still unprepared to support any scheme that goes far enough to be likely to bring about lasting peace.

Three prominent, exceptionally well-informed Americans from three widely separated sections of the country were recently asked to tell what the people of their regions thought about post-war reconstruction. Despite sectional differences, their accounts disclosed little disagreement on fundamentals. Apparently most Americans are prepared to have the United States exercise some responsibility in international affairs, and most of them recognize that we must cooperate more effectively for peace than we did before the war. But all three observers testified to the fact, as one stated it, that there is "almost no understanding of the economic implications of an effective international organization." All the evidence

indicates a tremendous gap between the plans being worked out by the experts and the views of the man in the street. This gap should be a matter of grave concern. In some respects American public opinion is not even so advanced as it was in 1918. It has no concrete symbol around which it can rally such as it had after the last war. Most of us have forgotten how popular the League idea was at that time. Headed by ex-President William Howard Taft, the League to Enforce Peace succeeded in getting a great deal of support for a league that would prevent war. It enlisted some 350,000 volunteer speakers and persuaded twenty-six state legislatures and hundreds of chambers of commerce to back the idea. Yet America rejected the League of Nations in 1920.

Nor does America today appear willing to make the concessions in national sovereignty that must be made before an international organization can be expected to succeed. This reluctance is not due to any lack of vision or courage on the part of our leaders. Both President Roosevelt and Vice-President Wallace fully understand the need for American initiative in planning for the period that lies ahead. But after the last war we also had a President with courage and understanding. Woodrow Wilson failed, not through lack of imagination or leadership, but because American public opinion was not really behind him.

Many more people are giving thought to post-war problems now than in those years. There is a good deal of recognition of the seriousness of the situation. But there is also confusion, uncertainty, misunderstanding,

This confusion in the mind of the public is due partly to lack of information and partly to persisting pre-war prejudices. There is a dusty jumble of myths and bugaboos that must be cleared away before our statesmen can make a frontal attack on post-war problems.

One of the most stubborn misconceptions is that Uncle Sam is a benevolent simpleton in a world of smooth shysters plotting to take advantage of him at every turn. Perhaps some historical basis for this view exists; before the war of 1812 the young republic of the United States had substantial difficulty in making the European powers respect its rights. But it is hard to recall any occasion in the last century on which the United States was outsmarted by a foreign country. On the other hand, many instances could be cited of our being led through fear of the "wily foreigner" to adopt policies which hurt us more than anyone else.

Far more dangerous than this vague distrust of foreigners, which has its counterpart in every nation, are the prejudices that have developed regarding our three great allies—Great Britain, China, and Russia. Suspicion of "perfidious Albion" is deep-seated in this country. To some extent it is semi-rational in that it is nourished by our large population of Irish descent. But a great deal of it apparently rests on nothing better than the biased treatment of the Revolutionary War in many of our school textbooks.

Strangely enough, we seem to feel more friendly toward China at the moment than toward either England or Russia. But underneath this superficial friendliness the myth of the "yellow peril" persists and is applied to the Chinese as well as to the Japanese. Not only are the Chinese subject to the same humiliating restrictions with regard to immigration as the Japanese, but before the war they actually faced greater obstacles in seeking entry to this country. Recent efforts to have the immigration laws eased as a gesture of United Nations solidarity have run up against a stone wall of opposition in Congress.

Suspicion of Russia is of course extremely widespread. It stands as the most serious obstacle to the creation of an all-out United Nations war strategy and to the immediate formulation of post-war plans for the world. The sources of this feeling are complex. Undoubtedly it is in part the outgrowth of a systematic campaign of misrepresentation long carried on by people who regarded communism as a threat to their status in life. But the Soviet government itself contributed to this suspicion by making it difficult for newspapermen and scholars to obtain undoctored and complete information on many aspects of Soviet life. For a long period after the revolution few newspapers maintained regular correspondents in the Soviet Union itself. The men who were supposed to cover Russia were stationed in Riga and Warsaw, and these cities became regular rumor factories,

turning out a never-ending succession of stories of starvation, revolts, and massacres—stories that were usually either gross exaggerations or sheer fabrications. These tales have left a mark on American thinking that makes post-war cooperation difficult.

With a view to dividing the Allies, the Nazis have sought to perpetuate old misunderstandings and to create new ones. We have all heard whispers to the effect that the British were holding back; that China was ready to make a deal with Japan; that Russia was either too weak to hold out against Hitler and would end by making peace with the Axis, or that it was getting too strong and might overrun Europe. If stories of this sort can circulate when our very lives depend on the strength and unity of the United Nations, what can we expect after the struggle has been won and the danger removed?

Some of the myths which have influenced our thinking are not truly myths at all; they are lies that have been consciously perpetrated for political purposes. But they are really no more dangerous than the outworn economic ideas which most of us carry around as excess baggage. These ideas are not the result of foreign machinations. They are good old American ideas which many of us have had all of our lives. The grandfather of them all is the assumption that our prosperity as a nation depends on gold. This seems like a harmless enough idea, but because we allowed it to dominate our thinking in the 1920's we have nearly three-fourths of the world's gold supply stored away today at Fort Knox and elsewhere. The fact that this gold is completely useless to us unless we wish to exchange it for goods—which we don't—is immaterial. What really matters is that our lust for gold forced every nation in the world off the gold standard and contributed materially to the spread of economic nationalism that culminated in Nazi aggression and World War II.

A companion belief to faith in the mystic properties of gold is the widespread conviction that our national well-being depends on selling more than we buy abroad. This was true as long as the United States was a debtor country. But after World War I this country ceased to be a debtor and became one of the world's two great creditor nations. The inevitable result of our refusal to buy increased amounts of the goods and services of other countries was the collapse of their ability to pay their debts and to buy American goods.

Secretary Hull endeavored to break the log jam of trade restrictions by his reciprocal-trade program. But his efforts uncovered another queer kink in our thinking that may give us no end of trouble when we tackle the problems of reconstruction after the war. We seem to have the notion that trade concessions to other countries are a sign of weakness and that we have somehow scored a victory when we force other countries to make greater

concessions than we are willing to grant ourselves. This idea is probably an outgrowth of the belief that all foreign nations are constantly trying to put something over on Uncle Sam. Also many Americans like to think of trade negotiations as a game in which the object is to pile up a score against the opponent. Anyone who tries to point out that the real purpose of negotiation is to increase trade is spoiling the fun. He risks the kind of abuse that would be heaped on a Brooklyn umpire who called a game in the last of the ninth, with the home team up, the bases full, none out, and the Dodgers trailing by one run. This misplaced sporting concept affects more than just trade negotiations. It crops up whenever the terms of an international agreement are announced. The latest example may be found in the press commentary on the relative merits of the Keynes and the American plan for currency stabilization.

Another, somewhat more subtle, form of this same idea is the assumption that we shall be the losers if we advance large sums of money for reconstruction in Europe and Africa without demanding full repayment. This seems so obvious to most people that few even stop

to give it a second thought. Yet economists have repeatedly pointed out that it was the demand for repayment of money owed us rather than the money advanced that brought on the great depression of 1929. It is an interesting paradox that the three periods in which the United States has prospered most, 1915-19, 1924-29, and 1939-42, were in each instance periods in which we were shipping abroad vast quantities of goods for which payment was never and will never be received. The key to that paradox lies in the fact that a large part of our industry and agriculture is geared to export trade. During the 20's our exports were supported by large-scale foreign investments. More recently they have been supported by the government—which means the taxpayers. But the country as a whole is better off, regardless of ultimate repayment, because millions of jobs have been created. There is a limit, of course, to the amount of supplies that we can ship abroad without sacrifice by our own population. That limit has been reached during war, but it has never been reached in peace time. We have never succeeded in even approaching full employment without a large export trade.



Nearly all the foregoing kinks are present in our thinking because our minds are still largely conditioned by the world as it existed before the last war. Sociologists have pointed out that it usually takes the better part of a generation for ideas to catch up with a sudden change in circumstances, and they regard this "cultural lag" as inevitable. Unfortunately, the cultural lag in this case seems unduly prolonged. A new generation has grown up since 1918, and its thinking, generally speaking, is not much better adjusted to the responsibilities of American leadership than that of the older generation. Moreover, it is doubtful whether the American people were ever more hardened against some forms of international cooperation than they are today. As individuals Americans respond favorably to the idea of international collaboration, either in the political or the economic sphere, but there has always been powerful group opposition to specific proposals for furthering that cooperation. The soil in which such opposition flourishes has been prepared by our press, a large portion of which, including daily newspapers and weekly magazines, has deliberately sought through the years to confuse public opinion on essentials of our foreign policy.

There is no necessity for designating the papers and magazines that have consistently distorted news and resorted to shameless flag-waving in order to influence public opinion on vital international issues. At least four of the country's largest newspaper chains have indulged in such practices, together with at least two weeklies of huge circulation. Although this highly organized press has thrice failed to swing a Presidential election, its ability to befog popular thinking on relatively technical matters is beyond dispute. And it seems to be still powerful, despite Pearl Harbor and despite repeated disclosures of the deadly parallel between the war-time editorial policies of some of these papers and the Nazi propaganda line as revealed in the short-wave broadcasts from Berlin.

No one can say exactly what obligations the United States will have to assume after this war. But it is clear that they will be much heavier than any we were willing to assume in 1919. If World War III is to be prevented, some form of international organization will have to be set up. If it is to succeed, the United States must not only join but assume a position of leadership proportionate to its financial, military, and commercial strength. The heads of both parties are prepared to accept the responsibility. But they risk the same repudiation that the leadership of Wilson and Taft met with a quarter of a century ago unless the pre-1914 cobwebs in American thinking can be cleared away.

[This is the first of a number of articles planned to explore the fundamental problems of the peace. In coming issues Mr. Stewart will develop his ideas on international reconstruction, and Stuart Chase will examine the economic problems that lie in wait for us.]

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

MR. BROWNING'S letter to a London evening journal, informing it that Mrs. Browning's father was not a "retired merchant," but, on the contrary, was a "private gentleman," has called out among us some comments not wholly favorable to the writer. . . . We may well enough concede that our fine clay is clay. . . . But it is to be thought of, too, that everything relative to Mrs. Browning is matter of literary history. . . . A mistake of fact was to be corrected. —May 7, 1868.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE . . . upholds extreme Radical opinions with logic, decency, moderation, and thoughtfulness, and proves that yelling, hallooing, extravagance, and vituperation are not necessary either to pecuniary success or great influence. —May 14, 1868.

GOOD NEWS for the boys: "Ragged Dick; or, Street Life in New York with the Bootblacks," by Horatio Alger, Jr., is for sale this morning. . . . Price \$1.25. (Advt.)—May 14, 1868.

ABOUT THE ONLY THING accomplished by Congress in the past week has been the passage by the House of the joint resolution restoring [to statehood] North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Alabama, . . . after one day's debate, by 108 to 35. —May 21, 1868.

THE IMPEACHMENT [of President Andrew Johnson] ended—we presume it is safe to say so—on Saturday, in the defeat of the eleventh article by a vote of 19 to 35. The eleventh article was considered the strongest, and was therefore submitted first as a test. . . . This vote is generally considered as settling the fate of impeachment, although the court has only adjourned until the 26th . . . and the other articles are still pending. —May 21, 1868.

THE MAJORITY of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs have reported in favor of the appropriation to pay for Alaska. . . . The minority of the committee have also reported, alleging that . . . Alaska is a worthless and troublesome acquisition. —May 21, 1868.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION has met, and the nomination of Grant seems, at this writing, a foregone conclusion. —May 21, 1868.

ISSUED THIS DAY, the June number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. . . . This number contains a new poem, of 324 lines, by Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Advt.)—May 21, 1868.

THE NEWS from Germany indicates increasing uneasiness in the relations between Prussia and France. . . . Bismarck begins to be suspected . . . of desiring to goad France into taking the initiative in hostilities by marked manifestations of affection for Italy. —May 28, 1868.

The FCC Holds Fast

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 30

THE Federal Communications Commission, though by the narrow margin of four votes to three, has decided to defy the Kerr committee. It is important that the basis of the commission's action be thoroughly understood. Under Section 9-a of the Hatch Act, the commission, like all federal agencies, is forbidden to employ persons holding "membership in any political party or organization which advocates the overthrow of our constitutional form of government in the United States." The appropriation acts of 1942 and 1943 reinforce this by barring from public office "any person who advocates, or is a member of an organization that advocates, the overthrow of the government of the United States by force or violence." Under the law, however, the responsibility for enforcing these statutes and for finally determining the qualifications of employees rests with the commission, as with other federal agencies.

The Kerr committee, a special subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee, was set up to check the findings of the Dies committee. The first three cases on which the Kerr committee passed were those of FCC employees. On one, though negatively and as though reluctantly, it returned a verdict of acquittal. In the case of Frederick L. Schuman it found there was not sufficient evidence "to support a recommendation of unfitness to service in the employment of the government at this time." In the case of Goodwin Watson and William E. Dodd, Jr., the finding was "unfit for the present to continue in government service." But this is not the standard set by the law. "Nowhere," the Federal Communications Commissions points out, "does the subcommittee report charge that these employees 'have membership in any political party or organization which advocates the overthrow of our constitutional form of government,' . . . nor does the subcommittee report find that any of them 'advocates, or . . . is a member of an organization that advocates, the overthrow of the government of the United States by force or violence.' Nor does the subcommittee report set forth any other reason in law, in fairness, or arising out of the exigencies of the present war for the dismissal of these employees at this time."

The Kerr committee did, indeed, lay down its own law, centering around its own definitions of "subversive activity." "Subversive activity in this country," it said, "derives from conduct intentionally destructive of or inimical to the government of the United States—that which seeks to undermine its institutions, or to distort

its functions, or to impede its projects, or to lessen its efforts, the ultimate end being to overturn it all. Such activity may be open and direct as by effort to overthrow, or subtle and indirect as by sabotage." But the Kerr committee fails to meet its own comfortably broad standard. "The general comments contained in the subcommittee's report," the commission's ruling states, "fail to specify wherein Watson and Dodd have run afoul of this definition, or wherein Schuman has avoided its bans. Was Watson's and Dodd's conduct 'destructive . . . or was it on the other hand inimical to the government. . . ' ? Did they 'seek to undermine its institutions'? Or did they seek to 'distort its functions'? Was their activity 'open and direct. . . ' ? Or was it on the contrary 'subtle and indirect. . . ' ? No answer to these questions is afforded by the subcommittee."

The most specific finding made by the Kerr committee was that Watson had "for several years past . . . associated himself on many and frequent occasions with men . . . whose aims and purposes were subversive to this government, and has associated with men who advocated the overthrow of this government." But the commission complains that "these men are nowhere named, nor is his relation to them stated." The Kerr committee seems to have gone several steps farther than the Dies committee in the direction of star-chamber procedure. "We have been unable," the FCC reports, "to determine with any precision the grounds for the subcommittee's findings. Our general counsel was directed to attend the hearings before the subcommittee as an observer for the commission; but permission to attend was refused him by the subcommittee."

Watson, Schuman, and Dodd are employed in the commission's Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service. Their reports, as the commission points out, "come under the daily scrutiny . . . of responsible officials of Military Intelligence, Naval Intelligence, Office of Strategic Services, State Department, OWI, Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, BEW, Lend-Lease, Department of Justice, etc. It is inconceivable that any bias, distortion or subversion could escape the attention of these agencies." The FCC, on the contrary, brings forward letters of commendation from Military Intelligence, Nelson Rockefeller, the OSS, and the War Shipping Administration, which testify to the good work of these men.

That this is so is not surprising, for all three are men of ability, strongly anti-fascist, and genuinely devoted. The anti-fascism which makes them suspect to political

cretins and unpopular with proto-fascists is of course one source of their usefulness. "All three," as the commission points out, "by reason of their close contact and exhaustive study of world affairs, perceived earlier than many of their countrymen the rising menace of the Nazis, Fascists, and Japanese. Spurred on by this insight, they sought by speech, by writing, and by cooperation with others working toward similar ends to awaken their countrymen to the peril which became manifest to all Americans at Pearl Harbor." Their only crime is that they were "farsighted and aggressive in opposing Nazism and Fascism."

For some time, perhaps more out of fear of a rabid minority than out of conviction, Congress has been carrying on this kind of war against anti-fascists. The result, by inverse selection, has been to cull from government those who feel most deeply about the basic issues of the war and are therefore prepared to work hardest for it. The policy of retreat before these attacks has only

encouraged reaction. Last year, when the office of Facts and Figures let Malcolm Cowley resign, it strengthened Dies. The effect of Vice-President Wallace's vigorous attack upon the Dies committee last April was spoiled when Milo Perkins forced the resignations of C. Hartley Grattan and Maurice Parmelee, thus by implication admitting charges the Vice-President had refuted. Men of decency and good-will could have been mobilized at that time in Congress; they would have defended the BEW if the BEW had defended itself. They can be appealed to again. The FCC by standing up courageously to reaction has provided a strong point around which the wavering can be rallied. A victory for the FCC would help clear the air of the capital, which has become noxious and unhealthy. Progressive officials have grown afraid, and try to hire men without political pasts, which often means without political convictions. These do not make the most militant anti-fascists. The fight to back the FCC is a fight to invigorate the war effort.

North African Triangle

BY CLAUDE MCKAY

AS SOON as you reach North Africa, if your eyes and perceptions are good, you are aware of the struggle for a living among three clearly defined groups—Christian, Jew, Moslem. But you also observe that the struggle has reached a certain balance, with each group held within its limits.

The Moslem natives form the largest group, but in the modern social and political set-up in North Africa they have been pushed down to the bottom. They are in the position of a subject people, with no voice in the affairs of state. The Europeans declare that the Moslems are naturally medieval-minded and backward, that they are in their present position because they refused to accept the French civil code, and that the real reason for their refusal was their polygamy. But to accept the French civil code a Moslem would have to abjure not only polygamy but the main tenets of his religion. Moreover, about three-fourths of the North African native population consists of peasants, shepherds, and hired workers so poverty-stricken that a man can barely afford one wife. Even the new middle class of native functionaries created by the French, who have been educated in the Franco-Arab schools, cannot maintain more than one wife decently. The Moslem wife is an expensive luxury. She can do no outside work to help her husband as the Christian and Jewish women can, and when the Moslem marries he must pay a good sum, the amount dependent on his

means, to the parents of the bride. Only the very wealthy—pashas, caids, cadis, and other notables—can indulge in polygamy.

It is not polygamy that hinders the North African native from adopting the French civil code but his whole way of life, which is an integral, perhaps the most important, part of his religion. In a Moslem country you are born a Moslem and remain one all your life even if you never enter a mosque. Your birth and marriage, divorce and death are recorded under Koranic law. Your property is regulated according to the laws of the Koran. (Moslems think that their own code is superior to the French in some respects: for example, when a Moslem woman marries, she retains control over her own property, as the Frenchwoman does not.)

The Moslems have remained imprisoned behind the ancient social-economic-religious system of Islam. And though they groan and complain of oppression in their medieval prison, they seem to prefer it to the modern way of life. Banking is the mainstay of modern society, but no true Moslem can operate a bank and charge interest. He will, however, place his money in a Christian or Jewish bank and accept the interest paid on it. In North Africa the French have built new towns of striking neo-Moorish architecture. But Moslems do not live in them, although some of the wealthy ones own houses in the new towns. It is not merely that houses in the inacces-

sible and mysterious native quarters are cheaper; custom also holds the Moslems in their antique setting. Because the Moslem wife, except on special occasions, cannot go outdoors, she practically lives on the roof top. There in the daytime she lolls unveiled and visits with other women across the roofs. During those hours no man may go up to the roof or even look up from the street.

All Jews in North Africa have the status of Europeans. Under the French regime they have been so rapidly Europeanized—the Cremieux decrees conferred French citizenship on all Algerian Jews as far back as 1870—that their way of life is closer to the European pattern than is that of many Spanish and Portuguese immigrants. Jews throughout North Africa wear only European clothes. Their schooling is so thoroughly European that many of the younger generation do not know the Arabic language. No casual observer can tell them from the Spanish and French.

The French writer Henry de Montherlant said some years ago that Jews were the torch-bearers of European civilization in North Africa. Certainly they are the modern ferment in North African life. As a group they appear to be more in harmony with their environment than other Europeans. No one knows how many Jews there are in Algeria since they have not been counted as such for many generations, but it is known that they outnumber the French and other Europeans, as they do in Tunisia and Morocco.

In competition with Europeans, the Jews have pushed steadily ahead. They have in their favor a close-knit community life and a knowledge of Arabic. Also they have an understanding of the character of the Moslems, which the French apparently lack. And because the Jews know the needs of the Moslems and are familiar with their way of trading, the Moslems prefer to trade with the Jews. The Jews are the middlemen, *par excellence*, of North Africa. With the desperate crisis of French finance at the beginning of the nineteen thirties, the competition between Frenchmen and Jews became acute.

Since North African production is in the hands of big business using cheap native labor, it undersold on the French market the production of the French peasantry. Governments rose and fell in Paris, but all agreed that Frenchmen must be protected from the threat of cheap African importations. A cartel plan was set up for the French colonies, and North Africa was required to supply commodities to France on the quota system. Goods piled up in the warehouses of Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco—wheat and barley corn and wine.

In their predicament the North African French vented their wrath on the left parties in the French parliament and on the Jews. Many openly declared that the mass naturalization of Jews in Algeria had been a capital mistake and that a quota system should be applied to Jews in the professions,

In North Africa the French mentality is conservative to the point of reaction. A visitor to the colonies gets the impression that it is there that the powerful rightist tendency in the French nation is most securely entrenched. The spirit of free criticism which used to exert its influence over the press, the theater, and all intellectual life in France has been absent. In extenuation of the French colonists it should be said that as rulers and large-scale exploiters they must constantly consider the native population, whose dominant class has a feudal outlook on life and holds ideas incomprehensible to the modern mind.

During the economic crisis of the nineteen thirties the native North Africans were stirred for the first time by agitation for social reform. This was not an independence movement, but an attempt to get the natives a better deal within the framework of the French administration. Its leaders were mainly young North Africans who had been educated in France. They were aided by their co-religionists in France, thousands of whom had settled there after the First World War. These Moslems in France had joined the Radical Socialist or the Socialist Party. Hence the efforts of the French civil and military authorities in North Africa to suppress the movement were nullified by the support given to it by the leftists in France. Though they possessed no organized power in North Africa, the left parties could bring pressure on the French government to compel the North African administrations to permit legal propaganda and a free native press. Simultaneously a movement was started for closer relations between Jewish and Moslem youth; Jewish opinion was always moderate or leftist, because the privileges the Jews had acquired in North Africa were won with the help of liberal elements in France. This faint portent of a political understanding between Moslems and Jews infuriated the French colonists even more than the growing native movement, which the French press was inclined to treat with amused condescension.

Strangely enough, just at this time a wave of unfortunate incidents between Moslems and Jews spread all over North Africa. Arab hoodlums attacked Jews on the street, usually singling out wealthy and prominent men. The attacks were generally attributed to Nazi propaganda, but the Moslem leaders denied this and said they were instigated by members of the Croix de Feu and the Camelots du Roy. In fact, the native press published the sensational news that in some instances French officers were actually discovered inciting the Moslem rabble to riot against the Jews.

In Spanish North Africa, where the Jews and Moslems have remarkably cordial relations, the peace was not disturbed. When news of the violence between Moslems and Jews in French North Africa reached the Spanish Republican administration in Tetuan, it issued a proclamation calling upon both peoples to remember

their long association and to respect each other's rights and customs. This proclamation was read in the mosques and synagogues, prominently affixed to walls, and published in the Spanish newspapers. But it was not reported in any French newspaper. It was printed only by the radical native newspaper *l'Action Marocaine*.

Even the reactionary Spanish monarchy was more liberal toward the subject natives than the French Republic. The Spanish regime permitted nationalist publications from Egypt and Syria to enter the country; the French barred them. It allowed the natives some semblance of freedom of speech, which was denied in the French zone. The Spanish permitted circulation of the native Hassani silver money; the French compelled the use of paper money which was often in a state of fluctuation. Even the Spanish Catholic church enjoys more prestige than the French Catholic church among the Moslems. Out of the wisdom of long experience or perhaps because of their Spanish national pride, Spanish priests show no desire to proselytize Moslems.

The French clergy has been accused by the Moslems of exercising religious influence through the administration. Whether this is true or not, the most serious crisis in French-Moslem relations occurred in the nineteen thirties when the French Moroccan administration promulgated the *Dahir Berbère*. For some reason which remains obscure to the neutral observer, the French desired to bring the Berbers living in the Souss and beyond the Atlas Mountains under the French civil code and eventually to make citizens of them. The Berbers are monogamists, their women go unveiled, and their local councils are not strictly based on Koranic law. So the French sought to detach the Berbers from the Arabs by forbidding Moslem teachers and preachers to penetrate into the interior. Not only North Africa but the entire Moslem world protested against the French decree. To demonstrate solidarity with the rude Berbers the young agitators discarded the red fez and silk burnoose for the coarse woolen burnoose and turban of the Berbers. Their organs carried on an incessant campaign against the new law, and they were supported by the publications of their leftist friends in France. The Spaniards too rallied to the side of the Moslems and declared that Morocco possessed a spiritual unity which the nations should respect.

As relations between the conservative North African administrations and the native leaders drifted from bad to worse, France itself turned more sharply to the left. When Spain installed a republican government, the natives rejoiced, but the French colonists were cold to the new turn of events. By the time the Popular Front government came to power in France, military and colonial opinion in North Africa was belligerently opposed to it. The North African militarists not only threatened to march to the aid of General Franco; they ordered the

Popular Front government to cease its support of the native propagandists and consent to the dissolution of their organizations in North Africa. Finally, just before the government fell, it yielded. The native organizations were proscribed and their leaders arrested and jailed. Thus the native movements and their leaders were the first casualties of the reinforced French fascists.

In the Wind

SENATOR C. WAYLAND BROOKS of Illinois spoke as a fellow-sufferer when he addressed a recent Chicago mass-meeting to protest Nazi atrocities against the Jews. He proclaimed himself a defender of minorities because he was himself a member of a minority. The treatment of Republicans under the New Deal, he said, is comparable to that of Jews under Hitler.

THE CHARLESTON *News and Courier* finds President Roosevelt socially acceptable. "Mr. Roosevelt," it says, "is a pleasant gentleman, well born and well to do, and we would welcome another visit from him. With regard to helping along the war, the *News and Courier* does not believe the President's personal tours do any appreciable amount of good, but he apparently enjoys them hugely, and they give the crowds something to shout about."

TECHNOCRACY, INC., announces in its current literature that it welcomes the participation of "all types of people," but "aliens, Asiatics, and politicians are barred."

IT SEEMS there has been some misunderstanding about the treatment of anti-fascist prisoners in Spain. The Brooklyn *Tablet* clears it up. "No citizen of Russia," it reports, "is allowed to enjoy what prisoners in Spain enjoy."

THE NEVER AGAIN ASSOCIATION, in England, has worked out a post-war program for Germany. Among other things, Germany would be broken up into "its component parts," and England would expel all Axis nationals "and all refugees with very few exceptions."

FESTUNG EUROPA: A Czech waitress forty-one years old has been sentenced to two years in prison for inefficient service to a group of Nazi soldiers. . . . Crime is increasing in Norway too: before Germany took over, the average number of criminal prosecutions was 120 to 150 per year; in 1942 it was 1,800, and this year it is already more than 500. . . . At a Norwegian factory some 250 men were herded into a large room to listen to a Quisling orator. In the middle of his speech their interest increased visibly. A large placard reading "Long Live the King" had been raised through an opening in the floor behind the speaker. The perpetrator of the disturbance could not be found.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.]

Europe Against Hitler

II. THE GUERRILLA FIGHTERS

BY JOHN W. GERBER AND ALFRED KANTOROWICZ

THE peoples of the occupied Slavic countries—Poland, Yugoslavia, Czecho-Slovakia—have suffered such inconceivable miseries and hardships that they look forward to an Allied invasion even more eagerly than the peoples of Western Europe. The Nazis were indifferent to Quislings in these regions, and with the exception of Slovakia and Croatia, which were set up as "independent" puppet states, the Slavic countries were directly incorporated, territorially and economically, into the German "living space."

Nazi oppression here has been particularly cruel. "Summary courts" have power to sentence suspects without even the pretense of a trial. Heydrich's summary courts executed 394 Czech citizens in the course of a few weeks and ordered 1,300 others handed over to the Gestapo. In Yugoslavia the shooting of 50 or more citizens for the death of one German soldier was at one time almost a daily occurrence. The Belgrade paper *Oras* says that up to November, 1941, 2,100 persons were executed in Shabac, 2,540 in Kraljevo, and 4,576 in Kragujevac. The massacres in Poland are beyond belief. At least two million Polish Jews have been murdered, and an indeterminate number have died in concentration camps. In one concentration camp, Oswiecim, to which 85,840 prisoners had been admitted up to the middle of 1942, it is known that at least 57,000 have died. Such oppression has seriously reduced the number of those who can offer opposition, to say nothing of its effect on their spirit. Deportations for slave labor in Germany—1,200,000 Poles, 300,000 Czechs, 135,000 Yugoslavs (the numbers may be higher, but those are the best available estimates)—have further diminished the manpower of resistance.

Severe labor measures have been imposed on all the Slavic peoples by the Nazi conquerors. The work week is from sixty to seventy-two hours, and the wage rates are generally reckoned to be about half those of German workers doing similar jobs. But the wage rate and what is actually left in the pay envelope are very different things, owing to deductions for the many Nazi rackets. The bad working conditions, in addition to the food scarcity, have greatly weakened the population in all this region.

Poland appears to have the most flourishing underground in Europe, perhaps because an underground movement has been in almost continuous operation there

for decades, first against czarist Russia and then against fascist regimes in Poland. More than a hundred underground papers are printed regularly.

The two parts of Czecho-Slovakia—Bohemia-Moravia and Slovakia—must be considered separately. Bohemia-Moravia comprises the industrial part of Czecho-Slovakia, which was formerly the fifth-ranking industrial country of Europe. It has been incorporated into the Reich as a "protectorate" and is subject to all the laws in force for Germans. Nowhere else in Europe has industrial sabotage been so efficiently organized. A recent British report said that there are now 30,000 workers in the Skoda arms factory—the 20,000 original workers and 10,000 shipped in to make up for loss of production caused by the slowdown. There are innumerable stories of ingenious Czech workers who ship goods to the wrong address, fill grenades with sawdust, spoil steel for guns by adding foreign matter.

Slovakia is an "independent" state ruled by a puppet government and is officially an ally of Germany in the war against Russia. But whatever enthusiasm the Slovaks had for the war was dampened when 19,000 of 30,000 soldiers sent to the front were reported casualties. (Many of them, it is believed, deserted to the Russians.) Slovakian troops cannot be depended on to fight guerrillas; two battalions sent out for that purpose sold their weapons to the people they were sent to suppress.

Yugoslavia, like Czecho-Slovakia, has been totally dismembered. Bulgaria took the Macedonian part of the country, Hungary the northern provinces, Italy the Dalmatian coast. The rest was split into a so-called "autonomous" Croatia under Italian influence—the Quisling of which is Ante Pavelich, the ex-terrorist—and Serbia, occupied by the Nazis and ruled by them through a puppet government headed by General Milan Nedic.

Yugoslavia's lead, zinc, and copper mines, the largest in Europe, are now producing for the Nazis. The working conditions of the miners, never good, have been made more unbearable by the lengthened hours and increased pressure.

With German domination of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Yugoslavia so complete, it may seem surprising that vigorous resistance still goes on. Very little guerrilla warfare is waged in Poland or the Bohemian Protectorate, but in Yugoslavia and Slovakia it has become a serious

problem for Germany and its satellites. The fighting attained such proportions recently that the Nazis launched a full-scale military campaign, the results of which were reported in the German war communiqués.

The guerrillas hold large sections of the country, publish their own newspapers, operate their own radio stations, and have been issuing their own war communiqués since they began operations. A typical one read: "In fights against German, Hungarian, and Ustachi troops in Bosnia seven towns have been captured. When Djibiljin on the Una was taken, important factories and coal mines fell into the patriots' hands. Fourteen hundred officers and men were killed and over a thousand taken prisoner. Nine important railway lines have been blown up, numerous stations completely demolished. The destruction of telephone and telegraph lines has also been very effective. On the road from Banjakula, the new capital designate for Croatia, to Prijedor, for the second time 500 telegraph lines and poles have been carried off."

One should not be too elated over such a communiqué. The fact that the guerrillas have taken seven towns, including factories and coal mines, indicates neither that

they will hold them nor that they have any intention of holding them. At the approach of a superior enemy force the guerrillas simply pull out. But neither should one be discouraged by German communiqués on similar actions. After describing the difficulties of the terrain and the cunning of the patriots, they often say that "organized resistance has been broken," which indicates merely that the guerrillas have broken off the fight and dispersed, to gather again when the Nazis divide or withdraw their forces.

Of the two major Yugoslav guerrilla groups, that headed by General Mihailovich has Anglo-American support and the so-called "partisan" group has Soviet support. The Yugoslav government-in-exile recognizes both, but recognizes the "partisans" only to oppose them. There are also small local groups.

It must be borne in mind that the guerrillas are overwhelmingly outnumbered in every area in which they operate. At the moment their usefulness is confined to tying up large contingents of troops which would otherwise be fighting in Russia or Africa, forcing the Nazis to use material badly needed for their major campaigns, and disrupting communications. With insufficient arms



"I SEE DER BRITISH TALK OF PUTTING ON AN OFFENSIVE"

and no air power whatever, the guerrillas cannot carry on any decisive action, but when liberating forces approach their zone of operations, it will be another story. Since their effective numbers are determined largely by the available equipment, they will be able to mobilize much larger forces as soon as supplies can be dropped to them by United Nations planes. They will then offer a constant threat to the enemy rear, and if their activities are well-coordinated with ours, they may be an important factor in the struggle.

Germany's satellites, including Italy, are in scarcely any better position than the occupied countries. They receive consideration only in the degree of their willingness to work for a Nazi victory. Finland is willing because of its fear and hatred of the Soviet Union. The leaders of Hungary and Bulgaria are willing because they have gained big slices of territory. Rumania hopes to be compensated, at the cost of Russia, for what it has lost to Hungary. Italy had German backing in its earlier territorial aspirations, but can hardly be looking for further conquests. Although the satellite countries are presumably independent, they are under indirect Nazi domination. The Nazis interfere in their internal administration only as military and economic reasons require, but Gestapo agents and military and economic "counselors" keep careful watch over all activities.

Nazi troops in these countries are not present as occupational forces but as allies of the government, sent to guard strategic frontiers and communications centers. Though they are, of course, available to put down any large-scale rebellions, the suppression of isolated resistance, or potential resistance, is left to the police forces and armies of the nation concerned. They go about it vigorously, for they know that if German troops went into action a German military dictatorship would probably follow. Resistance in the satellite countries, therefore, is revolutionary and not, as in the occupied countries, simply war for national independence. Since local Gestapos can operate with more efficiency, underground work in the satellite countries is infinitely more difficult than in the occupied countries.

Finland and Hungary may be considered as a single problem for several reasons: they have strong racial and language ties, their recent histories are similar, and, most important, the Nazis have assigned them similar roles in their plan for the New Europe. Finland in the North and Hungary in the South are Hitler's two aces in the hole, reserved for the time when he will try to line up Britain and the United States against Russia. Finland and Hungary evoke similar emotional responses in certain circles in Britain and America. Hungary carried on its first "crusade against Bolshevism" in 1919, against Bela Kun. Finland fought the Bolsheviks during the same period, and again more recently. Americans and Britons worked

up strong sympathies for both, which makes them ideal gambits in Hitler's game.

Finland had the aid of General von der Goltz and a German expeditionary corps when Marshal Mannerheim and his White Guards seized control from the Russians in 1918, and Germany has ever since maintained its influence in Finnish military circles. The Social Democratic Party that subsequently grew into Finland's leading political party has never been noted for whole-hearted advocacy of democratic action. In 1930, when militant members of the party split away and won twenty-three seats in the Diet, the party leaders applauded the fascist Lapua movement's proposal to jail the militants and suppress their party. What organization remained as a basis for resistance to Finland's current participation in the war—trade-union membership has declined about 45 per cent during the past twenty years—has apparently been further weakened by government propaganda, which stoutly maintains that Finland is fighting only for its "independence and integrity" and has no obligations to any "great power."

Finland's recent elections are not to be confused with democratic processes. Popular participation was suspended, and the electoral college that voted Risto Ryti into power two years ago was simply reconvened to repeat the performance. The "new" government promptly concluded a commercial treaty with Germany that bound the economies of the two countries indissolubly together. If there is any sentiment in the country for joining the United Nations—including Russia—it has not the strength to make itself felt.

Hungary, the first fascist state in Europe, has been the chief beneficiary of the Nazi conquest of Europe. In the dismemberment of Czecho-Slovakia in 1938 Hungary got the southeastern strip of Slovakia and a part of sub-Carpathian Russia. Later it took over the rest of sub-Carpathian Russia, a strip of territory in eastern Slovakia, half of Rumania's Transylvanian provinces, parts of Serbia, and other bits and pieces. Hungary's area and population were thereby approximately doubled. As a natural consequence, anti-fascist propaganda was not viewed favorably by most Hungarians during the days of the German army's invincibility.

With the revisionists in the saddle, delighted to cooperate with Germany, Hungary was controlled with a relatively light hand. Whereas hundreds of thousands of Finnish and Rumanian soldiers were sent to the eastern front, and Bulgaria was overrun with Nazi troops, Hungary contributed only a small force to the war, and the Nazis limited their occupation forces to Gestapo men and "counselors" in key administrative positions.

There have recently been rumors of peace feelers from high places in Hungary. Prime Minister Kallay is said to have been directing inquiries to the Vatican, and Count Bethlen, the prospective Darlan, was reported on a myste-

rious tour of Europe to line up support. In addition, leaders of Hungary's Social Democratic Party have been making speeches and writing articles increasingly pro-United Nations in tone. It must be remembered, however, that the real democratic forces in Hungary were pretty well crushed when White Guards under Admiral Horthy wiped out the Bela Kun regime in 1919. It is significant that the Social Democratic Party was allowed to live even after the Nazis came in.

The genuine democratic forces of resistance in Hungary still appear to be underground. Early this year Radio Berlin announced the arrest of 664 persons "accused of having tried to overthrow the state by force." Reports of sabotage are becoming more frequent. It is likely that the "peace" talk in Hungary is designed to check the increasing disillusionment of the people with Germany. The Hungarian peasants may not play a big role in winning a United Nations victory, but they will be a big factor in establishing a democratic peace. After hundreds of years of subjection to a variety of oppressors they will be skeptical about any new set of rulers. But they will welcome a government which will take the land from the pro-German aristocracy which controls about three-quarters of it and give it into their hands.

[The concluding article of this series, on the forces of resistance in the other satellite countries and in Germany itself, will appear next week.]

Oil for Franco

BY SELDEN C. MENEFE

THE State Department assumes full responsibility for the latest shipment of American oil to Spain. "A Spanish vessel," runs an official statement, "took as cargo from Philadelphia a shipment of lubricating oil, of a type required for certain essential industrial and transportation purposes and which under present conditions can be obtained only in the United States."

Secretary of the Interior and Petroleum Administrator Ickes "knows nothing about these shipments." Nor, it seems, do the Spanish people, whose favor is so earnestly sought by certain Washington circles. The domestic broadcasts of Franco's Falange, as monitored by the Federal Communications Commission and made available by the Office of War Information, have contained no reference in recent weeks to the arrival of American goods in Spain.

One Señor Riega, lately returned from Spain, offers a possible explanation for Franco's silence. In a broadcast from Venezuela, Radio Caracas quotes Riega as saying: "If the recent observations of the North American ambassador to Madrid were true, it is certain that the North American gasoline in Spain is evaporating. Three months ago, when I left Madrid, the gasoline that had gone to



Spain was either delivered to the Axis or stored."

The Nazis applaud our Spanish policy. Early in March a Transocean dispatch to North America with a Madrid date line called attention to the fact that American oil shipments were coming from Venezuela and Aruba in Spanish tankers and therefore were not depriving America of any oil. Another Nazi commentator argued that Germany had helped Spain more than America had. He implied, of course, that further American shipments to Spain would not disturb Germany, that, in fact, if Germany occupied Spain, it would be well pleased to find large stocks of American supplies.

The State Department is complacent: "The purposes to which these oils are to be put in Spain have been carefully examined by United States officials."

In his domestic broadcasts Franco attacks the United Nations with increasing vigor. "The Jewish banks of New York and London," screams the Falange station at Valladolid, "in concert with Bolshevism, unleashed this war. Should it really be their hour, it would pass down as the end of Europe. But like a brilliant ray of hope Hitler's voice has assured us that this fight will not finish as the Jews wish, with the extermination of the Aryan race. It will finish with the destruction of European Jewry." The same station frankly points out that "the Caudillo has never hidden the fact that his sympathies in the present war cannot be with the enemies of the Axis." The Barcelona radio warns that "new sacrifices and new struggles are required. Today a few Spanish volunteers assert on Russian soil the will to final victory. We must be ready for the future, when Spain's

imperial routes will unfold under our eyes as a tangible reality, thanks to the blood of those who fell for Spain." The Seville radio says: "In time of peace we must prepare for war. Our armies on their eternal watch in Europe and Africa remain on the alert." "Spain is a nation in readiness for combat," asserts a Barcelona commentator. "We have fully realized that pacifism is the attitude of sheep, and we in our own flesh have more of the fury of wolves and bulls."

This new belligerence might be interpreted as preparation for an attack on our forces in North Africa. A more plausible hypothesis is that Franco, under Nazi direction, has been trying, by the mere threat of attack, to immobilize a considerable Allied force on the border of Spanish Morocco. United States supplies will be useful in carrying out either purpose.

Goebbels in Katyn

[If Hitler fought and won the political Battle of Munich, it was because he was fully aware that the democracies would make no real stand. He knew the strength of the reactionary forces, of the appeasers, of the capitulars in most of the European Cabinets and Foreign Offices. If today Hitler has launched a new political offensive in the international field—whose first result has been the Soviet-Polish break—it is because he sees how the United Nations have been weakened by their lack of a strong, united, genuinely democratic leadership. We are only at the beginning of Hitler's Second Political War. The excerpts given below show how it is carried on by means of the Axis radio.]

BERLIN RADIO: A foreign agency reported last month that the Soviet Union had prohibited Poles from leaving the Soviet Union. In connection with the mass graves of Katyn this news caused much concern among the Poles living in other foreign countries. According to the *Basler Nachrichten*, the above-mentioned foreign agency's report has been confirmed by competent authorities. The Swiss paper makes the following statement in this connection: "The Polish troops which were evacuated from Soviet Russia to the Near East and to Scotland are greatly perturbed by the news that all Polish citizens who were deported to Soviet Russia or happened to be in that country are now considered citizens of the Soviet Union! There are thousands of women and children and parents of Polish soldiers among the Polish citizens in the Soviet Union. At the time of their departure the Polish soldiers were assured that their families would soon be permitted to follow them. This change of attitude on the part of the Soviet Union reveals remarkable future perspectives. Every Pole recalls the mass graves of Katyn when he thinks about the fate of his relatives in Soviet Russia."

Berlin Radio: The papers in Argentina point out that Moscow's step did not come as a surprise to the Argentine

people, for the latter had been currently informed of the developments in the forest of Katyn. [Apparently, President Castillo had his Chief of Cabinet there, spending his spring holiday.] Political circles in Buenos Aires are of the opinion that the British and United States governments will now have to face the alternatives of backing the Bolsheviks, thus morally approving of the crimes committed by Moscow, or of moving away from the Kremlin in a more or less concealed manner.

Rome Radio: We in the Axis countries have never connected the British and the Americans with the horrible practice which the BBC called the Smolensk crime. All we have said in this connection is that we fail to understand how nations which call themselves civilized and wear the trappings of liberty and freedom can stoop to side with the sworn enemies of civilization and freedom.

Tokyo Radio: The severance of diplomatic relations between the Soviet Union and the Polish émigré government in London is further proof of the lack of unity among the anti-Axis powers. This latest incident should shatter the confidence the smaller nations are placing in the unity of their so-called protectors.

Paris Radio: The reasons given by Molotov for the severance of relations are considered by competent circles in France as a confession that Moscow was guilty of the mass murder in the forest of Katyn. The same circles add that it is in the line of Soviet policy first to exploit its allies as far as possible and then to drop them.

Madrid Radio: Three Spanish physicians were en route to Russia by invitation today to take part in the International Red Cross investigation of the reported slaughter of 10,000 Poles in the Smolensk area. The newspaper *ABC* published a dispatch by a special correspondent which said the Germans were continuing the work of unearthing bodies from the common grave in Katyn Forest near Smolensk. The dispatch said that some Red Cross delegates already had arrived on the scene, and that additional discoveries of similar mass burials had been reported from other parts of Russia, such as the Odessa area, where the bodies were said to be those of Rumanian civilians. [Previous to this broadcast, the International Red Cross had announced that it would not undertake an investigation without the consent of the Soviet Union.]

Vichy Radio: One of the members of the United Nations who recently visited the scene of the mass murders at Katyn was Dr. Kozlovski, former Prime Minister of Poland. He emphasized that the Polish officers were the victims of barbarism based on Bolshevik terror. After inspecting the documents, incriminating evidence, he said that there was not the least doubt that the Katyn forests were the scene of a mass murder by the GPU.

Behind the Enemy Line, by Argus, was unavoidably omitted from this issue, but will appear next week as usual.

BOOKS and the ARTS

New Guinea

And see thou hurt not the oil and the wine

Geography was violently dead,
Hairline and parallel, Mercator, torn,
Brushed by a finger from the finespun map
As one might desecrate a spider's web;

And now like Moses was our will again
To part the sea and push all distance back
To cross the dry land of your wavy roads
In plotted days exuberantly home;

Witness like him our enemy engulfed,
Churned hideous-eyed in coiling ocean-troughs,
Sucked down and drowned and beaten to the floor,
To justify the praises of our war.

We lived upon this chart, traded and sailed,
Made strong the latitudes with sailor's sail,
Our cables mossy under deafening depths
And words in air. A world lay in your net.

And children learned a land shaped like a bird,
Impenetrable black. Here savages
Made shrunken heads of corpses, poison darts
Pricked sudden death, no man had crossed their hills.

It fell from Asia, severed from the East;
It was the last Unknown. Only the fringe
Was nervous to the touch of voyagers.
Business and boys looked close and would have come.

In war did come, crashing the gifts of iron
Crated on crazy trails where by our blood
The rat-toothed enemy is backward inched,
And forests bulldozed, busted into streets,

Morning I rise and marvel at the laden
Lush-abandoned branch and brush of soaked
Laocoons of trees in throes of ser-
Pent-tightening tendrils and air-clambering roots.

Awake, the largest snowiest butterfly
Floating with eyes of lavender between
The men strung heavily like weighted bats
And finishing, from tree to tree, their rest.

And soon awake the split-wing congeries
Of fliers driving in a line like bees
Shake loose the warming silences and storm
From every sleeper his last easy dream.

Surely, the frontage of the world is up
When on the old cosmography and stars,
Mercator, we inscribe our whirl of wings
To roads instinctive as the climbing god's.

Presume our purpose high as flight, like yours,
Or charity in every gain implied,
Or joy of settlement for reason's sake;
See us confute logistics like a map,

Our space be balanced in the scales of light,
No longer his whose hideous horse he spurs
Into the dream of common man, and prove
World-wide the knowledge heart of peace.

What happens to the dark primordial law
Of those whose home this is, happens to us,
Seeing the preternatural fall of fire
Strike from the sky witchdoctors, villages;

Their desolation see us deeply trust
And never hurt their oil and their wine:
Peace to the science of these fevered woods,
Their attributes, their language and their gods.

KARL J. SHAPIRO

I Am the Lord High Executioner

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CURMUDGEON. By
Harold L. Ickes. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3.

FOR years everyone has been looking for the polite and expressive word to describe the incumbent Secretary of the Interior. But it has taken Philologist Ickes himself to dig up "curmudgeon" as the right one for "Bluebeard and Danton and Samuel Johnson and Morgan the Pirate and Henry VIII and Billy the Kid"—and himself. Ickes not only informs us he is a curmudgeon: he claims he is a self-made one. His mother, he tells us, had hoped to see him become a Man of God. But, as he says, he would have been foredoomed to failure. "Far better to be a highly successful curmudgeon than an indifferent preacher."

Until this book was published, one assumed that the press could do nothing more to Ickes. But apparently he has been right all along in damning the papers for their diabolical ingenuity. For having failed to get either him or his goat by strong-arm methods, they seem to have worked out a new technique for discrediting him. They are receiving his autobiography as though all the talk about his being a curmudgeon were just a gag, as though old Harold were just another sentimental stuffed shirt. This is the ultimate outrage. Just because the executioner can laugh at himself as well as assassinate others, just because he can write, the press is not justified in remaking him into a Sunday School teacher. No, Ickes, the self-made, hard-working curmudgeon is not a fraud. He is what everybody knows a curmudgeon is; for the good of the country he must keep on being one; and we may be sure that he will answer the press's latest campaign to discredit him with a new declaration of war against it. No soft answer can really turn away a curmudgeon's wrath.

Ickes's predictable reaction to a recent editorial convert was as follows:

I had a lot of fun reading this. I was struck by the good English, too, and the twists and turns to make a point more effective. I understand, of course, as do you, that this represents only a hiatus of probably short duration because I shall never cease to set the newspapers by their ears again when I can. Perhaps I was only putting a fast one over on you. . . . (Signed) HAROLD L. ICKES.

As a bona fide curmudgeon, Ickes wants the press to hate him, not to remake him into a genial old character actor. In self-defense, he may even have to refuse to accept his latest victory—the trade's admission at long last that he really was a newspaperman in the old days!

Harold Ickes is not only Secretary of the Interior and oil czar. He is also one of the most effective leaders of the opposition to the Administration. The reason for this apparent paradox is that he is the only New Dealer of any consequence left in office. The men who are running Washington—above all Harry Hopkins—believe that the New Deal is both unpopular with the country and detrimental to the conduct of the war: one of the few thoroughly efficient jobs ever pulled off by the Hopkins junta has been the burying of the New Deal and the isolation of the New Dealers.

Before the 1940 election, when the New Deal was still alive, Ickes was in the government as well as in the Interior building. As the Republicans now acknowledge, he was one of those most instrumental in persuading the people that the President had to be reelected, and in persuading the President in May, 1940, that he could be reelected. Ickes ended Tom Dewey's candidacy when he said that Dewey had thrown his diaper into the ring. His calling Willkie "the bare-foot Wall Street lawyer," as well as his baiting Willkie into running part of the time against Ickes instead of against the Commander-in-Chief, helped cut Willkie's clear pre-Elwood majority down to the 23,000,000 votes he had left in November. Before Willkie had talked himself out of the lead, Hopkins was saying that Roosevelt would carry forty-six states without making a speech. But Ickes led the group which in the nick of time frightened the President into fighting. Nothing is more characteristic of the workings of this Administration than that Hopkins—who will get more votes for the Republicans in 1944 than any Republican nominee in sight—should be the real power in the White House while Ickes is humored, mocked, and kicked as the court jester. And now that this unnecessary coal crisis has been allowed to explode in the country's face, the thankless job of averting tragedy has been thrust upon Ickes, the clown and scapegoat—and he has saved the situation.

Ickes's war record has been as good as his political record—although since 1940 it has been infinitely more difficult for him to get action or even to see the President. As one chapter of this book relates, his war record goes back to 1933, when most people thought that our regeneration was a purely national problem but when Public Works Administrator Ickes was spending the first \$237,000,000 of his unprecedented appropriation for the navy. Since 1940 his war record has been made fighting his better-placed anti-New Deal colleagues and correcting their blunders.

In the spring of 1941, when Ickes became oil czar, the

Administration did not realize that the only way the people would enter the war was against Japan. Instead, it was trying to bribe Japan with oil to let this be a one-ocean war. Although Ickes's jurisdiction over oil was purely domestic, he immediately seized on a temporary local shortage to stop a cargo leaving for Japan. No public beating he has taken from his enemies compares with what he then received in private. He came closer to being fired than Jesse Jones ever has. But he took his beating in silence, waited while the congratulatory letters poured in from all over the country, and simply packed them into two trunks which he sent over to the Secretary of State.

Today, if we have enough gasoline to keep our bombers in the air over Germany, if England has enough gasoline in storage to keep the offensive going this year, if all our tankers have not been knocked off like clay pigeons on the Atlantic Coast, if pipe lines have finally been built (Donald Nelson's first use of his authority was to veto them), we can thank Harold Ickes. If we have an aluminum and a magnesium program, if we have begun using our precious Western metals, if some bunglers have been fired out of Washington, and if the public knows about others, we can thank Ickes and what is left of his team. As a matter of fact, we wouldn't have Henry Kaiser or many of our other West Coast miracles if it had not been for the Interior Department's monumental water-power program in the West.

Victories so prodigious never come easily to a curmudgeon. Ickes bought every one of them with his iron fist, thick skin, and poison pen. He bought it with his letters of resignation to the President and with his letters of accusation to his colleagues. Whereas this Congress is crucifying every agency set up to appease it, Ickes is the only man in the government whose word it takes and out of whose way it stays.

This book is the story of how Ickes learned to be a curmudgeon. It does not include the incredible story of how he made the country hate and respect him. Nevertheless, its careful analysis of a generation of Progressive Republican politics, in Illinois and in the nation, sheds a good deal of light on the genesis of the coalition which made the Democratic Party the vehicle for the New Deal in 1932, as well as on the nature of the present coalition which has replaced it.

The book makes grand reading. It is full of unforgettable stories. Item, when Ickes asked Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis to run against Big Bill Thompson, Landis said, "Ickes, I would just as soon have you ask me to clean a back-house." It is spiced with Ickesisms like "Hats off to Frank B. Kellogg who 'outlawed' war in so many words." And it abounds with invective worthy of the classical curmudgeon tradition:

The miserable machinations that went on in that [Republican] convention [of 1920] were stomach-turning. They made me feel as if I had a mouth full of alum. They gripe me still when I think of them. They were poison ivy even to a curmudgeon. Medill McCormick, thumbing his nose at the people, was happily hopping hither and yon as one of the inside group determined upon carrying out the will of the notorious machine which he and I both had fought, sincerely as I thought, and with conviction, in the good old days. Boies Penrose lay as his deathbed in Philadelphia, while his safety-deposit box was bursting with banknotes of large denominations—dying but not yet ready to be shriven before delivering himself up to judgment.

Penrose joined by telephone in the conspiracy that was being brewed in the "small smoke-filled room" where an evil candidate was to emerge from the witch's caldron.

The curmudgeon is not free now to write and speak as he pleases. But when he returns to his journalistic trade and is again free to permit himself the luxury of dealing in personalities, we may be sure that in Volume II of his autobiography—and in his papers—we shall find no such moderation as he forced upon himself in this prologue to the second greatest story of the Roosevelt era.

ELIOT JANEWAY

Africa, Past and Future

AFRICA: FACTS AND FORECASTS. By Albert M. Maisel. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.75.

MR. MAISEL had the excellent idea of compiling a popular politico-economic guide to Africa, the necessary facts to be spiced with a running commentary on their significance. Africa deserves such a handbook. It deserves far more, for it is in many ways one of the world's great problems—and will remain so after the war.

The problems of progress in Africa—human, economic, political—are of a magnitude to stagger the imagination. They parallel, and perhaps exceed in complexity, those of Southeast Asia and Latin America, not entirely because Africa is mostly a colonial continent. For while in all these areas the basic task is to raise the productivity of labor to provide the tax base from which to raise funds for the educational, medical, and scientific services which are indispensable preliminaries to political progress, in Africa the psycho-cultural resistance to change is perhaps more intense than elsewhere. African progress, such as it has been in modern times, has been an incidental by-product of the exploitation of the resources, human and physical, by Europeans for the primary benefit of Europe. Mr. Maisel is so keen—and properly—to emphasize the small sums allotted to the social services in colonial budgets, that he fails to make entirely clear that even these pittances are chiefly derived from taxes on European enterprises. The taxes levied on the natives, correctly described as designed to force them to take employment in white enterprises, would not, if diverted in their entirety, support adequate services. It is for this reason that the British have advanced a scheme for subsidizing colonial development, providing the sums in the United Kingdom budget. To begin to solve the African problem, it would be necessary to redesign the African economy from the ground up.

Mr. Maisel sees this clearly enough, but instead of dwelling on complexities as a realist would, he writes a whole section on Africa and the Atlantic Charter. It is full of goodwill, but it sums up to an extension of New Dealism into Africa, though not with tax funds derived from African sources. It contains an overdose of what James T. Shotwell calls "slogan thinking." It is very loosely reasoned. It is based on the notion that international control of colonial areas is certain to be a post-war policy, an approach already thrown into the discard as far as the British are concerned by Messrs. Winston Churchill and Oliver Stanley. And as Mr. Maisel knows, subsidizing public works, etc., etc., without political

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control of their use is very risky business, in Africa and elsewhere. Mr. Maisel is on the side of the angels, but like so many angels he pays too little attention to the machinations of the devils of status quo. Even within his limitations he is careless. He says that the funds for his African Development Commission should come "for the most part" from the United States, Britain, Russia, and China. It is to be doubted that Russia will have capital funds for African development. It is certain that China will have none. British publicists have said time and again that the United Kingdom simply cannot afford to bring the African social services up to a reasonably satisfactory level. That leaves the United States to carry the heft of the burden. Will it do so?

Moreover, Mr. Maisel, like all too many writers on the world's depressed areas, is so beguiled by technological possibilities that he fails to place Africa in the context of the world's future markets. To be sure he points out how small a proportion of world trade Africa now claims, but the only way Africa can profit by an increase in its export production, is through an increase in the total volume of that trade. A mere struggle, even though subsidized, to increase its fraction of existing trade will get Africa no place. Africa's future in world trade therefore turns upon the condition of the post-war world market for its produce. Mr. Maisel has nothing to say on the point.

He might profitably have employed some of the space he devotes to the North African military and political campaigns to placing Africa in the world context. In fact, by hewing all too closely to the news, Mr. Maisel makes his whole book far more topical than a handbook should be.

In pages 171 to 304 he really gets down to his job as a compiler. He there reviews the political divisions of Africa seriatim. In general he does a useful job. He tells the reader a great deal about Africa, more or less painlessly. If he had enlarged this section and reduced the topical material, he would really have achieved his general purpose. He sometimes fails to state important matters fully. He is unfair to the Portuguese for example, for he does not make it clear that labor employers are as open to criticism as labor exporters—that the British mining magnates are as much to be censured as the Portuguese colonial administrators; he fails to state the British interest in the railways running to the coast through Mozambique; and his reference to Lourenco Marques is hardly an adequate statement of the significance of that important port. Small errors creep in. Sir Henry Morton Stanley was an Englishman, not an American; the Anglo-Egyptian condominium is not a unique political institution, for the same form is used to control the New Hebrides and Canton Island; and the High Commission Territories pre-date the evolution of the Union of South Africa's native policy into its present depressing shape.

In his bibliography, generally useful, Mr. Maisel omits any references to J. M. Tinley's careful "Native Problem of South Africa" (1942), which is that rare thing, a good book on Africa by an American academician; W. K. Hancock's survey of British African affairs, "Survey of British Commonwealth Affairs, Volume II, Problems of Economic Policy, 1918-39, Part 2" (1942); and the useful compilation "An Economic Survey of the Colonial Empire," published periodically by the Colonial Office, London. Had he consulted the last he

might well have worked out a revealing table showing just where British colonial income does go, including the sizable item in every colony devoted to paying pensions to retired civil servants resident in England. But Mr. Maisel does make Africa better known and that is a very useful service.

G. HARTLEY GRATTAN

When the Armistice Comes

THE PEACE WE FIGHT FOR. By Hiram Motherwell.

Harper and Brothers. \$3.

THIS review is written in Chicago, the city which, according to her enemies, has only two seasons—winter and August. But as I write these lines, after a long and hard winter, warm spring sunshine peeps through the window. Likewise Hiram Motherwell's new book comes as a refreshing episode after a long, hardly bearable succession of superficial books on reconstruction and post-war problems.

I certainly do not agree altogether with what Motherwell suggests. I don't know whether I agree with 50 per cent of what he writes and proposes. But I know that the book was written by a man who knows Europe, who has an idealistic outlook and a practical mind, and thus is fitted to deal with the complicated problems of a cockeyed post-war world. Hiram Motherwell learned his lesson in the hard way. For ten years he was correspondent in Europe; seven of them he spent, for the *Chicago Daily News*, in Berlin and Rome.

Once upon a time only persons who thoroughly knew their subject were considered experts. Then suddenly any young man with six months' experience as a radio commentator or as a cub reporter in Berlin was hailed as an expert after writing a book on his fleeting experiences.

Hiram Motherwell belongs to the class of experts who know what they are talking about. The 224 pages of his book which constitute the actual analysis and the concrete proposals of reconstruction are full of facts or of deductions based on clear thinking. The analysis of Europe on "armistice day" is a magnificent piece of work, even if it is unduly depressing. I think Motherwell in this chapter is unduly pessimistic because he does not take sufficiently into account the apathy and tiredness the average European will feel after this war. Still, it is better to be prepared for the worst than to entertain false illusions concerning the shape of things to come. In Motherwell's picture empty shops, reticent farmers, broken-down trains, collapsed currencies complicate the existing political chaos. Wages no longer mean anything in purchasing power. On the other hand, according to Motherwell, there will be plenty of arms for the masses of Europe, including those hidden and now unearthed by people no longer fearing the revenge of the Gestapo.

Pessimistic as Motherwell's description of the post-war period may be, he believes that all these problems can be solved if enough good-will and common sense are used to unravel the tangle. Motherwell has sensible proposals as to the distribution of food in Europe. Also he proposes a "European dollar" currency as a solution for the financial problems of Europe. Since Motherwell wrote his book, England's unorthodox but brilliant John Maynard Keynes has come out with a surprisingly similar proposition.

Motherwell proposes the establishment of an interim super-government of Europe, which will slowly yield power to the various regional federations. This sounds somewhat utopian, but, again, Motherwell has a good argument. If the Anglo-Saxon countries wish European federation, this time such an objective can be achieved, because there will be no armies left in Europe except those of Russia. The writer also warns against too much wishful thinking, and in the chapter on "super-government" he insists that the United Nations will not be able to "impose" democratic governments on all nations but must encourage them to choose governments which best fit their form of life. Those who witnessed the problems of the last post-war period know how realistic Motherwell's observations are. Already at this juncture he points out the need of friendship between Russia and the other United Nations. "If this should be sabotaged," he says, "by factional groups within the United Nations governments or by red-hot revolutionists in the U. S. S. R., then we may as well get ready for World War III."

Sometimes, however, Motherwell becomes too "practical." He advises, for example, that Hjalmar Schacht, who rehabilitated the German mark after the 1923 inflation, be used by the super-government as a financial expert. Motherwell remembers only the Schacht who rehabilitated the mark. But I remember the Schacht who in 1935 tied up the Balkan countries in Germany's service as sources of raw material for Germany's coming war effort.

His chapter on the balance of power is a brilliant analysis. Motherwell, in fact, proposes a new balance of power: England and Russia combining to keep Europe disarmed and peaceful, and the American and English navies cooperating as the necessary counterpoise to this balance. Because in Motherwell's mind Europe cannot offer sufficient markets to American trade, great efforts should be made to keep the "open-door" policy in Asia, but in *all* Asia, including the British and Dutch possessions.

The author believes that a people's peace has now become feasible because for the first time in the history of the world it is technologically possible to see that all people get enough to eat, as Vice-President Wallace has already pointed out.

Motherwell's book is provoking and disarming. It is the challenge of a practical idealist who knows his subject and whose thinking is crystal-clear.

M. W. FODOR

Fiction in Review

WHILE I have never been of the majority that considers Sinclair Lewis, even the Sinclair Lewis of "Main Street" and "Babbitt," a great novelist, I feel sad to have to report of "Gideon Planish" (Random House, \$2.50) that I found it unimportant, sloppy, and even dull. There is something personally endearing about Mr. Lewis as a writer that checks a completely objective estimate of his recent work—a sweetness of temper, perhaps, that comes through everything he writes, or his boyish idealism of which he is so boyishly ashamed. Or perhaps it is merely because his fictional creations seem so clearly to be aspects of his own many-faceted personality that one feels that to turn and attack him is to take unfair advantage of what he has been naive

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enough to tell us about himself. For obviously Mr. Lewis is all the leading characters in his novels, the admirable and the not so admirable—Carol Kennicott and Babbitt and Martin Arrowsmith and Elmer Gantry and now Gideon Planish; this is certainly part of his fictional energy, this constant bubbling-over of his own potentialities, on the one hand, and on the other hand the incessant desire to show himself up. And when an author is showing himself up, it makes a nice problem to decide how much the reader should spare him the censure or satire he has not spared himself.

And in "Gideon Planish," which is in the satiric, debunking tradition of "Elmer Gantry," Mr. Lewis is showing-up for all he is worth. His hero-villain is a young man who rises from a highly questionable professorship in a small Western college to become the "organizer" of a series of highly questionable philanthropic and educational institutions; almost inevitably the present war finds him associated with a group of plain and fancy fascists operating under the name of the *Dynamos of Democratic Direction*. Gideon Planish is only a soft, dopy, go-getting do-gooder of easy virtue who is in love with the sound of his own words, but with the encouragement of his wife Peony—whose rosy ruthlessness makes her the most attractive character in the book—he makes a fairly good thing of this country's aptitude for organizations. But significantly, long before Gideon has achieved his dubious destiny, Mr. Lewis has become much more interested in his associations than in Gideon himself: in love with the sound of *his* own words, Mr. Lewis can no more resist the comic-euphonious possibilities of a racket called the Citizens Conference on Constitutional Crises in the Commonwealth, or the muck-raking possibilities of an organization called the Every Man a Priest Fraternity, than Planish can resist spewing forth his balderdash. I am afraid, in fact, that Mr. Lewis is a little like the drawing-room lady who will sacrifice anyone's character for a good story; he will sacrifice any characterization or situation for some good satiric fun, and consequently "Gideon Planish" is full of abstractions—abstractions of people called Bultitude and Blizzard and even Zeke Bittery and Bonnie Popick, and abstractions of situations between his abstractions of people. When he occasionally remembers that he is writing a novel and that a novel, being concerned with human beings, must be concerned with emotion and that emotion exists in conflict, he sets a conflict on top of a character like an undersized hat ready to be blown off by the first breeze; then he himself supplies a gale.

The result of such methods is that, no more than Elmer Gantry won a place for himself in our mythology as the type of religious racketeer, will Gideon Planish win a place for himself as the folk-type of philanthropic racketeer. The muck-raking of character is no substitute for creating character, and if we say of someone "He's a Babbitt," as we never say of anyone, "He's an Elmer Gantry," and as I suspect we shall never say of anyone, "He's a Gideon Planish," it is because there was once a time when Mr. Lewis himself knew that weakness or even villainy must be shown in its full humanity to do its job as literature and grip the popular imagination.

But at least "Gideon Planish," whatever its faults, is on the side of the material and rational and positivistic, which is something to be grateful for in these days of increasing

mysticism and mystification. Lion Feuchtwanger's new novel, "Double, Double, Toil and Trouble" (Viking, \$2.75), while it professes to cast the non-rational into the clear revealing light of historical analysis, is itself sufficiently rooted in mysticism to be rather disturbing. It tells the story of one Oscar Lautensack (he had his counterpart in real life), a German practitioner of the dark sciences whose gift for mind-reading and foretelling the future brings him into the service of the Nazis at the time of their rise to power. So long as he is kept in rein, Lautensack is useful to the Nazis not only as an adviser to individual leaders, including Hitler, but as public exemplification of the mystical element in the Nazi philosophy and as a public symbol of the supernal powers of the party. So far, so good for even the crassest materialist. But Mr. Feuchtwanger believes in Lautensack's telepathic gifts and makes a sharp distinction between their proper use and their prostitution to Nazism; he gives what seems to me to be disproportionate, actually dangerous, stature to his mind-reader as a mind-reader; so that, if I understand him correctly, he would appear to be saying that the powers of telepathy should be preserved incorruptible for the service of a good political ideal—a discrimination that worries me considerably for the future of his good political ideal. At any rate there seems to be a fellow-novelist whom Upton Sinclair can count on for company when the next democratic convention adjourns for a seance.

Profoundly antipathetic to historical novels, I still can heartily recommend the historical novels of Howard Fast. The first of his books I read was "The Unvanquished," about George Washington; now Mr. Fast has an excellent new novel called "Citizen Tom Paine" (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, \$2.75); perhaps the book about Tom Paine is a bit self-conscious and a little flossier than the Washington book, but certainly not enough so to spoil it. And it is very timely, not alone for its subject but for its method. For what I keep recalling, in all the fuss over how badly history is taught in the high schools, is not so much the confusion or lack of facts which distinguished my own history education but the sense with which I grew up of there being no conceivable connection between history and my own present; by the lights of my training—which I hope was special—there was once an eighteenth century, and it had wars and treaties and things, and then a couple of hundred years passed and along came the nineteenth century, and it had wars and treaties and things, and then thousands of years passed and finally it was the twentieth century, but thank heaven we didn't have to worry about that because it wasn't yet past, and therefore wasn't in the books! Between this so distant past and the present there was certainly no human connection. Well, I am obviously not suggesting that Howard Fast's novels will change our subhuman tendency to teach and live as if no one ever taught or lived before or after us, but they may help. At least, Mr. Fast is the only contemporary historical novelist I know who works on the premise that even people who were born two hundred years ago were really people. And if there is still a long way to go between his re-creation, say, of Tom Paine and what a really great novelist might do with so appealing and revolting and compelling a character, nevertheless among historical novelists Mr. Fast is at this moment in a class by himself for taste and talent, DIANA TRILLING

IN BRIEF

TILDA. By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

Against the background of the war as it touches the lives of an ordinary family, Mr. Van Doren has written a warm, simple, tender love story. The characters are completely natural, so natural that they seem capable of walking out of the pages of the book and continuing where their author left off. And the nicest thing about it is the way the reader becomes gradually involved in the unfolding of the plot. His objective interest on the Monday morning when the story opens develops into affectionate congratulation at the close a few days later when Tilda bids goodbye to her soldier at the station. Finally, it is no more than one's duty—considering the season—to mention the especially delightful scene at the ball game between the Giants and the Cards. The Giants win.

OVERCOMING ANTI-SEMITISM.

By Solomon A. Fineberg. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

This book may be regarded as an extensive exposition of the maxim: "A soft answer turneth away wrath." The author, who has evidently had a wide experience in directing social relations, illumines his thesis with many concrete examples of the efficacy of meeting anti-Semitic prejudice with dignified and unemotional resistance. The book is primarily intended for Jews. Gentiles might read it with profit to discover what kind of spiritual suffering is caused by various forms of discrimination. The study does not pretend to be a profound analysis of the whole racial issue. It seeks only to deal with the immediate problems of Gentile-Jew relations.

REDISCOVERING SOUTH AMERICA.

ICA. By Harry A. Franck. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$5.

CHILE. By Erna Fergusson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

Here are two travelers' accounts of South America, both written with engaging directness, and both published with plenty of illustrations. Erna Fergusson has long since shown herself a happy traveling companion in Spanish America. She sees, thinks, and writes with an honest feeling of responsibility, she enjoys herself, and she makes you understand that Chileans are real and worth-while people, pretty much like North Americans. Harry Franck,

who has traveled more widely and written more books, reports more informally and with fewer quotation marks. He says plainly that he is interested only in what strikes his fancy, and proceeds without a breath of official pan-Americanism. There is a great deal to be said for such books, which offer us the immediacy of direct experience without the physical pangs of cold, hunger, and exhaustion that go with real travel. They are not far enough removed from the event to be great books, but they are probably more valuable as a foundation for understanding the lands and the people they tell of than are the compendiums of professional reporters who interview Presidents and Cabinet members and draw on the "Encyclopedia Britannica" for statistics.

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS.

By John MacCormac. The Viking Press. \$2.

John MacCormac is an astute observer of contemporary history and a wise guide into the future. What he has to say about the problems of the war and the issues of the post-war period is always on the side of the angels. "There are two ways," he declares, "in which we can lose the peace after winning the war. The one is to pretend that this is a soldiers' war in which a military victory is all that matters. The other would be to allow the setting up of reactionary governments in Europe as barriers to bolshevism." His advice in regard to the treatment of the defeated nations is equally prudent. MacCormac is the kind of person who could write a great book on war and peace. But this is not it. Its chapters are too occasional and disjointed, and the book lacks real unity. A part of it is devoted to a very interesting description of "what the army teaches the soldier," drawn from the author's own experience as a teacher in the army orientation courses. The information is somewhat reassuring, though he admits that the "army does not see that this is an ideological war in which some of the most important weapons are intellectual ones."

THE CHILEAN POPULAR FRONT.

By John Reese Stevenson. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$1.50.

Here is an able and a much-needed contribution to the political literature of the Americas. Chile is an important country to watch because, like Mexico, it stands somewhat ahead of its neighbors and suggests the way others will go. Because the forces at work there—economic, social, and political—are curiously exposed

and clear, the evolution of government in Chile is of great general interest as well. Any student of political history will profit by this demonstration of democracy trying to realize itself. The various roads to dictatorship, the danger of "congressional anarchy," the futility of social reform without a reliable political basis, the kind of class solidarity upon which democracy will function—and the kind which is its negation—such situations are of universal import. Mr. Stevenson's account, though it suffers somewhat from the indecisiveness and didacticism of the thesis, is a serious and honest report. It is not a book to pick up for entertainment, but it affords the basis of knowledge upon which any fruitful contact with the Latin American countries must be founded.

ANGLO-AMERICAN LITERARY RELATIONS.

By George Stuart Gordon. Oxford University Press. \$1.50.

The late George Gordon, Merton professor of English literature, president of Magdalen College, and professor of poetry in the University of Oxford, was one of the most popular and stimulating lecturers among English scholars. Since he published little it is fortunate that Dr. R. W. Chapman has made a book out of this material, originally delivered as lectures on the Sulgrave Manor Foundation at University College, London, and later at the Royal Institution. Few writers have spoken with more real appreciation of early American literature, or, among foreigners (one hesitates to use the word, though Gordon was never in this country), with deeper understanding of America's aspirations for a literature of her own growth.

MUSIC

THE Ballet Theater has added to its repertory a work of George Balanchine—his "Apollo," to music by Stravinsky. And no weasel words in the *Times* will change the fact that it brought Balanchine—for the first time, as far as I know—a triumphant success with the general public; that the huge Sunday night audience packed into the Metropolitan that warmly applauded Tudor's "Romeo and Juliet" later burst into applause at several points during "Apollo," roared its approval at the end, continued to applaud the dancers and then Stravinsky, and did not stop until Balanchine appeared, when it burst into another roar and compelled

him to appear again; and that it behaved this way about "Apollo" for the same reason as it had applauded "Romeo," and for the same reason as impelled my guest to exclaim after Balanchine's piece: "That was lovely; that was as pure and refreshing as the *pas de deux* in 'Billy the Kid.'" The audience, that is, expressed its pleasure over what it had seen: the flow of movement in a classical style altered, extended, enriched into a medium for one of the most exciting of imaginations—an imagination that made of the classical solo variation of the male dancer a touching expression of a young Apollo's delight in his powers, and that conveyed other such implications in the other classical ballet situations. The audience's response was the more gratifying since the quality and implications of the movement were only partly achieved by the performance: the two lesser women's roles were well done by Rosella Hightower and especially by Nora Kaye, whose dancing had brilliance, style, and intensity; but there were no brilliance and style in Zorina's dancing of the chief woman's role; and handsomeness and agility were all that Eglevsky had of the equipment of an Apollo. And Balanchine's achievement is the more remarkable for the aridity of much of the music—though a few passages are quite fine.

The next night, for the first time in a number of years, I saw Massine's "Three-Cornered Hat," which had grown rather dim in my memory. And I was delighted all over again by Picasso's setting and costumes, by Massine's choreographic invention, by his own dancing, and by the dancing of Argentinina.

Victor has replaced Schnabel's old recording of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 with the new one (Set 939, \$5.78) that he made with the Chicago Symphony under Stock last summer, at the same time as he made the one of the Concerto No. 4 that Victor issued in December. The year that Schnabel took out for meditation and lecturing and writing has been paid for in the lessened precision of execution that has been evident in his playing since then. His performance of the Concerto No. 5 is more nearly perfect in execution than the one of No. 4—in addition to being as incomparably great in its conception of the work; and it is reproduced with a life-like clarity and distinctness—though I must add that, as in the case of No. 4, the sound of the piano is too

bright and clangy. The orchestra is reproduced with impressive richness and spaciousness. And the set is one of the great events of the year.

In another Victor set (927, \$3.68) are the arias "With Verdure Clad" and "On Mighty Pens" (with their recitatives) from Haydn's "Creation," and "Rejoice Greatly, O Daughter of Zion!" and "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" from Handel's "Messiah," sung by Eleanor Steber, soprano, with the Victor Symphony under Charles O'Connell. Most of the music is very beautiful; and in some of it—in "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" and "On Mighty Pens"—one hears a fine voice, used with excellent musicianship, but a little harshly metallic as reproduced by the records; while in the rest the voice is clouded by a strong tremolo, and the harshly metallic quality is more pronounced and disturbing. The orchestral accompaniments are rhythmically flabby and sometimes unsteady in pace; and they too are not well recorded, with the sound that is clear and bright at the beginning of some sides getting muffled and dull at the end.

In place of its old records of Stokowski's feverishly and glitteringly sensationalized performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's fine "Russian Easter" Overture with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Victor has issued a set (937, \$2.63) containing Stokowski's even more feverishly and glitteringly sensationalized performance of the work with the N.B.C. Symphony, recorded with up-to-the-minute fidelity, brilliance, and spaciousness. Having performed less effectively with wind instruments passages in "Tristan" that Wagner wrote for voices, Stokowski now has a voice sing less effectively a chant-like passage in the Overture that Rimsky-Korsakov wrote for the trombone. I am not unaware of the grim humor in Stokowski's knowing better than Rimsky-Korsakov, who himself acted on his belief that he knew better than Mussorgsky how "Boris Godunov" should have been written.

Debussy's Sonata No. 3 for violin and piano (Set 938, \$2.63), a late exercise of Debussy's style in a vacuum, is well played by Mischa Elman and Leopold Mittman; and their performance is more beautifully recorded than the Dubois-Maas performance in the old Columbia set. Weinberger's Czech Rhapsody (11-8297, \$1.05), a negligible piece of music, is well performed by Kinder with the National Symphony, and the performance is richly recorded.

B. H. HAGGIN

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- New York Plans for the Future.* By Cleo-land Rodgers. Harpers. \$3.

Letters to the Editors

Russia and the Comintern

Dear Sirs: Dr. Niebuhr, in his criticism of my review of "America, Russia, and the Communist Party in the Post War World," enthusiastically misses the point. I did not chide the authors of that dubious little book for their very reasoned criticism of the policies of the Communist Party. I have myself been a critic of those policies. I did rebuke them for their ridiculous exaggerations and pointed out the dangers inherent in the proposal to make our good relations with the U. S. S. R. depend upon Moscow's repudiation of the Comintern.

Messrs. Childs, Counts, and Niebuhr are anxious to achieve genuine collaboration with Russia in the post-war world, but they should not raise issues which one of them, Dr. Niebuhr, regards as not the real cause of disagreement between the capitalist democracies and the U. S. S. R. That Dr. Niebuhr does know that the Comintern is not the issue is suggested by his statement that the authors "are afraid that the irrelevancies of local Communists will imperil that collaboration by *seeming* to justify reactionary opposition to partnership with Russia" (my italics). Communist Party activities, that is to say, merely seem to justify capitalist hostility; yet Dr. Niebuhr thinks that those activities wholly justify liberal hatred.

And let it be restated. The tactics of the Comintern have frequently estranged the labor movement, particularly its right wing, from the U. S. S. R. But neither the existence of the Comintern nor its methods have been the cause of the ineradicable hatred felt by the old ruling classes. There was no Comintern in 1917 when intervention against the young Soviet state began. The British Communist Party was not founded until August, 1920, when the British government had been engaged in war and subvention of war against the U. S. S. R. for two years. The Labor Party in those days thoroughly understood that what the British Tories desired in attempting to destroy the Soviets was the destruction of the entire working-class movement of Europe, reformist or revolutionary. The fear of reform and revolution and the fear of the Soviet Union as a collectivist state, not dislike of the Comintern as a separate factor, was at the bottom, middle depth, and surface of

Tory hostility. It was so throughout the whole period between wars. Not the 1,400 British Communists nor the 45,000 members of the Spanish Party provided the reason for the policy of non-intervention which destroyed the Spanish Republic. The betrayal of Czecho-Slovakia was in no way the consequence of Mr. Pollitt's manners. The attempt to isolate the Soviet Union at Munich was not a result of Chamberlain's fear of the Comintern but of his fear of the millions who were growing dissatisfied with capitalist society. Experience has shown that the Comintern's practical abandonment of revolutionary policies after 1933 made not the slightest difference to the capitalist opposition. The ruling classes of Europe would have none of the U. S. S. R. This fact supports my belief that the abolition of the Comintern, while it would delight Dr. Niebuhr, would be of little interest to the realistic Tories. And, it must be said again, a Soviet Union that managed to restore itself and grow prosperous, with or without the Communist Party, will be feared by the diehards. Conversely, sound liberals, whether or not the Communist Party continues to exist, will always seek to frustrate the diehards even when those liberals disapprove of Soviet foreign policy, as this writer upon occasion has done.

With a certain lack of tactical sense I added in two lines of my review that I believed a united front desirable. And that gave Dr. Niebuhr a peg upon which to hang an all too characteristic tirade. But the question of the United Front is not really relevant to the discussion of the Modest Proposal. Nevertheless, though I would like to defer lengthy debate on the united front, Dr. Niebuhr is wrong again when he says that I urge the united front in order to bring about unity between the governments of the United Nations. The European united front I think to be necessary in the fight against Hitler and as a means of frustrating, in the post-war world, the Girauds, the Peyroutons, and the Francos who may have been established by governments which, very manifestly, liberals cannot control. Or perhaps Dr. Niebuhr can guarantee to the European masses that American liberals will deal with this problem satisfactorily?

RALPH BATES

New York, April 20

Keep the FSA

Dear Sirs: Recent news items show plainly that the Farm Security Administration has gone to bat for farmers—dairy farmers included. FSA is the *only* farm agency actually providing the *necessary skilled help* for farmers, and has already moved into New York more than 200 farmers from Kentucky and West Virginia—with more coming all through the month of April. All receive training at agricultural schools before being hired—as farming in the South is different from that in the North.

This is exactly what farmers are asking for—help that knows how to handle machinery and doesn't have to be followed around every minute. It is what the country desperately needs if there is to be enough food for civilian and military needs. How unfortunate, then, that the so-called "farm-bloc" succeeded in limiting FSA on the common-sense program. Instead, we have palmed off on us a so-called "land army" of school boys and city workers. It is nice to know that city people are ready to cooperate, but too often it will not be worth the effort. You can't put people at work they are unfamiliar with and expect much. In the long run, it is city consumers who will suffer if a lack of skilled farm help decreases food production.

The ball was started rolling when the big-business farm bloc got Congress to pass a law fixing cotton acreage at a minimum of 26,000,000 acres. As a result, cotton acreage was boosted, and the man-power, machinery, and fertilizer problems for the rest of agriculture were balled up. The farm bloc is unwilling to curtail cotton production in spite of the fact that warehouses are said to overflow with a two-year supply of cotton.

An example of the cost to the rest of agriculture, and the consuming public, of not reducing the cotton acreage: More than 2,000,000 people work at harvesting cotton, and 2,000,000 tons of fertilizer are used each year on these cotton fields; release 50 per cent of the labor and fertilizer for increased production of essential war crops and we shall take a long step toward solving food shortages.

President O'Neal of the Farm Bureau has an Alabama plantation and argues that cotton acreage must be kept up be-

cause of the oil-bearing cotton seeds! Wouldn't it make more sense to grow more peanuts, soy beans, and other oil-producing products? Since when must we grow cotton just to get oil?

The farm bloc, of which the Farm Bureau is an important part, has stood in the way of FSA too long as it is. If this interference continues, food-production goals will be sacrificed. Give to FSA the leadership it has so well earned in solving the farm labor shortage. Put the money for transportation back into the fund for the land army—let FSA, instead of the Farm Bureau, administer the funds so FSA can carry out its original intention to provide farmers with 3,500,000 skilled farm workers instead of the 3,500,000 school boys and city workers the Farm Bureau is now endeavoring to get together. We are at war—not play. We must produce to win—and each must do the job he knows best if production is to be accomplished and not bungled.

RUTH B. HILL

Jamesville, N. Y., April 15

Dr. Stoecker

Dear Sirs: Recently the metropolitan press briefly noted the death in New York City of Dr. Helene Stoecker, whom it characterized as a German feminist leader. That she was—if the phrase must still be used—but she was more truly a symbol of those, in Germany and throughout the world, whose lives have been devoted to social welfare and to peace.

She was born in 1869 in Elberfeld in the Rhineland. The care she bestowed, as the eldest child, upon her many brothers and sisters was her earliest preparation for the subsequent task of helping mothers and children. Her almost revolutionary decision to attend the University of Berlin led to the Ph.D. degree in 1901 and to the honor of being one of the first women to attain it. Later she studied at the University of Glasgow and the University of Berne.

In 1905 she founded the League for the Protection of Mothers and for Sex Reform and began publication of its periodical, the *New Generation*. Both the league and the periodical became internationally known. The National Socialists' ascent to power, ended their existence in 1933. Through the work of the league, national and international congresses, and lectures in many countries including the United States, Helene Stoecker strove to raise relationships be-

tween the sexes to a higher level where they would be freed from the hampering bonds of archaic custom and law. She believed that love and motherhood and intellectual companionship between men and women were more sacred than narrow moralistic codes of sex conduct. For years she pleaded for the removal of the stigma from illegitimate children and from the mothers who had borne them. Supporters of the rigid code of morals that she decried attacked her furiously. They saw her only as an advocate of wantonness. They never knew her as the great respecter of the dignity of human life.

Because she believed so ardently in the worth of every human being, the First World War was a shattering experience for her. The insanity of war must cease, she declared. People in every country—and mothers first of all—must be organized to end its awful menace. Thus she embarked on the second half of her life's work. "To Love or to Hate," "Psychology of Sex and War," "Humanity, Woman, and the Sanctity of Life" were among her books against war. She became an active member of societies founded for the promotion of peace—The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the League of Human Rights, the International Peace Bureau in Geneva, on whose governing board she sat, and the German League for Peace, of which she was vice-president.

Immediately upon the accession of Herr Hitler and his cohorts, she left Germany for Switzerland. Her work could no longer be done in her native country, even if the Nazis tolerated her. Thus began the ten years' exile that took her around the world. From Switzerland she went to England to await a visa for the United States. While on a professional trip to Sweden, England's declaration of war closed the door to a westward passage. Finally, however, she got to Russia, across the Soviet Union to Japan, and across a still peaceful Pacific to San Francisco.

She had reached the United States—seven years after leaving Germany. She was ready to begin her work again, in spite of her more than seventy years and a surgical operation that had succeeded only in prolonging her life briefly. Once more, for a short while, she was a speaker at conventions, a leader in the long fight. Her books, papers, and the correspondence of many decades had been burned during a German raid on the London docks. She would write an autobiography, she told herself, which

would recount the struggle for the emancipation of women and the emancipation of mankind from war. In a room overlooking the Hudson River, which she said was more beautiful than the Rhine, the autobiography grew chapter by chapter. But death overtook her. Some one else must finish the record.

PHILIPINE HANNAK

New York, March 25

Precedent

Dear Sirs: Aha! "It sometimes seems to me as if he didn't marry on purpose to make me feel badly," said Lady Agatha Chasemore, a well-educated and correct young American lady, the heroine of a story called "The Modern Warning," by Henry James.

FRANK JONES

New Haven, Conn., April 23

Brito Foucher

Dear Sirs: In the March 27 issue of *The Nation*, in your column entitled *In the Wind*, is a statement concerning the New England Institute of Inter-American Affairs which was recently held at Boston University. Two things in that statement warrant reply: In the first place, Brito Foucher was by no means the only representative from Mexico at our institute. We had five distinguished Mexicans in addition to the rector of the National University. In the second place, let me submit the following statements concerning the invitation extended to Rodolfo Brito Foucher:

1. In preparing the program we desired a number of Mexicans and South Americans. The reason for this desire is inherent in the purpose of the institute.

2. I asked the Pan-American Union in Washington to recommend a distinguished university president ("rector," as they call a university head in Latin America). Brito Foucher was recommended as the best one for us to get.

3. We invited Brito Foucher because he is the distinguished head of the National University of Mexico, the oldest university on the North American continent.

4. The first protest was received two days before he was due to arrive in Boston, presumably after he had already left Mexico City. However, I called on the telephone both the director general of the Pan-American Union and the ambassador from Mexico to the United States and made known to them the nature of the protests. They both advised us to keep Brito Foucher on our program.

CONTRIBUTORS

5. All the protests that reach me make the same charges in almost identical language. I know that they all stem from the same source—and I do not regard that source as authoritative.

6. When the invitation was extended we knew nothing about Brito Foucher's political or economic theories. After his arrival in Boston I talked with him frankly about his alleged sympathy with Nazism and fascism. He assured me that there was not a word of truth in the charges; that the allegation was a contemptible political "knifing" by certain "leftists" in Mexico who are politically ambitious and who think that Brito Foucher might expose their selfishness. Hence they seek to belittle him in the United States by calling him anti-democratic and pro-fascist, and they seek to belittle him in Mexico by calling him pro-United States. Incidentally, it should interest anybody of intelligence to note that Brito Foucher was a guest of the United States government during his visit here. I saw the letter, duly stamped and signed, written him on behalf of the State Department by Mr. Messersmith, the United States ambassador to Mexico, inviting him to be the guest of our government during his stay in this country.

7. Although I do not know that Brito Foucher has ever spoken approvingly of Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco, I cannot refrain asking: What if he did? We all know that there was a time when many Americans—even Americans in prominent positions—spoke enthusiastically of Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco, and of their works in their respective countries. But we do not now question the loyalty of such Americans. Why not exercise the same tolerance toward a Mexican?

8. I think that the spirit that would prevent the presence of the duly constituted rector of a great university on such a program as this because of dislike of his religious, political, or economic theories is more menacing to true democracy than Brito Foucher can possibly be.

DANIEL L. MARSH,

President Boston University

Boston, Mass., March 29

[We are glad to know that Brito Foucher was not the only representative from Mexico at the New England Institute of Inter-American Affairs.

We are astounded to learn that it would make no difference to the president of Boston University even if he were sure that Mr. Foucher had spoken approvingly of Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco.

We are puzzled, in view of Mr. Marsh's attitude, to find him entering so violent a protest against our statement that Mr. Foucher had given evidence of pro-fascist sympathies.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Not So Many

Dear Sirs: May I correct an erroneous impression given by Mr. Frank Jones in his review "Skilled Workers" in your issue of April 17? "Of a recent group, Masfield recurs annually, sometimes oftener; Eberhart and Flanner every two or three years." The erroneous impression is that I have published many books. That is not true, nor are the specified intervals correct. I have up to this date published three books. The London and New York dates are, respectively: 1929, 1930; 1936, 1937; 1940, 1942.

Opinions are to be respected, in some degree, as such. Misrepresentations of fact, when possible, should be jettisoned.

RICHARD EBERHART, Lieut. U. S. N. R.
Hollywood, Fla., April 24

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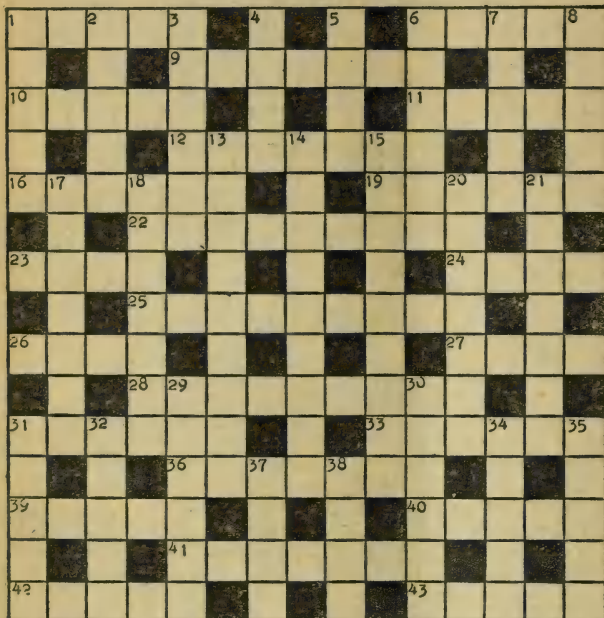
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 12

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 Name of two U. S. Presidents
- 6 Snake which inspires its anagram
- 9 Something put by for a rainy day, perhaps
- 10 One of the lower classes
- 11 If you can't increase income try to reduce this
- 12 Signified? It is not in deed
- 16 A Texan naturally displays temper if you knock his block off
- 19 Contracts
- 22 Awkwardness due to an unsuitable cape?
- 23 Shakespearean king
- 24 Pro-American British statesman (1708-1778)
- 25 A "brain truster" of Plato's day
- 26 The pursuit of pale pills by purple people
- 27 A sly look backward
- 28 Mathematical result produced by a Scot in R. A. F.
- 31 Montaigne thought it sometimes more triumphant than victory
- 33 This is always wanted
- 36 A vendetta started this writer going
- 39 A round in two senses
- 40 Wine after tea? This ought to tie you up
- 41 He prefers his own company
- 42 He managed to push them along in the old coaching days
- 43 Leads in confusion

DOWN

- 1 Change this
- 2 An outside lie
- 3 The turf in front of the lair is wet
- 4 Mackintoshes perhaps?
- 5 Lidden in: Would you risk it if you were me?

- 6 An article on poetry has electrifying results
- 7 "Our feelings we with difficulty smother, When constabulary ----- to be done" (Pirates of Penzance)
- 8 Castles in the air
- 13 A tied race (anag.)
- 14 What the virtues of consumers' goods need no longer be? (hyphen, 3 and 6)
- 15 Fisher Ames felt that biennial ones gave the people an opportunity for second thoughts
- 17 One name for a flower
- 18 Highest form of animal life?
- 20 Slander
- 21 "Virtuous and vicious every man must be, Few in the -----, but all in the degree" (Pope)
- 29 This may be over your head
- 30 Captured
- 31 Detachment with the medical officer behind
- 32 Where the fighting is thickest.
- 34 Suitable material for soldiers in training?
- 35 Pistols-for-two-coffee-for-one affairs
- 37 You can make sure of this
- 38 Seen in the eye, the sky and the garden

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 11

ACROSS: 1 SHIP OF THE LINE; 10 NAN-KEEN; 11 OCULIST; 12 INDIANA; 13 ICE COOL; 14 PEGASUS; 15 ROSSINI; 16 SKIPTIC; 20 GOERING; 23 TISSUES; 24 SAP-SAGO; 25 ORLANDO; 26 LEADERS; 27 AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

DOWN: 2 HANGDOG; 3 PECANS; 4 PENLANS; 5 HOOSIER; 6 LAURELS; 7 NAIROBI; 8 INDISPOSITION; 9 STALKING HORSE; 17 EX-SOLON; 18 TRUANCY; 19 CAST-OFF; 20 GESSLER; 21 EXPLAIN; 22 IMAGERY.

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Letters from Nation Associates

[We present here a second selection of the many letters from subscribers all over the country who have responded to *The Nation's* appeal for funds. A report of the results of the campaign appears on page 649 of this issue.]

Mr. Mencken's Conscience

Unhappily, I am forbidden by my conscience, always very tender, to put my millions behind a magazine so implacably opposed to free speech as *The Nation* is. But there are ways of hocus-ing even conscience, and my confessor, a very smart casuist, suggests one. Within is a modest check. If you will hand it over to your circulation manager, and instruct him to send *The Nation* for as long as you think fit to as many archbishops as it will cover, then I can plead Not Guilty post mortem. You are free to choose your own archbishops. If it turns out that all of them in the New Deal nations are already subscribers, then substitute bishops.

H. L. MENCKEN

Baltimore, Md.

Happy to Help

I am happy to help as much as I can to keep such a paper as *The Nation* alive. Yes, indeed, I take my hat off to *The Nation* for its vigorous stand toward preserving our liberties and fighting the monster fascism that is trying to get the whole world into its clutches.

I am sorry I can't do any better at this time, but perhaps will be able to do more later. I am only a poor farmer trying my best to get out of debt before I have to leave this hypocritical world.

JOE PINTAR

Ralph, S. D.

To the Fourth Generation

Your letter came to me this noon and I am inclosing my check.

Yes, it would be a calamity to have *The Nation* go out and a special loss to me who have read it sixty-three years—since I went as a newly married girl to live in Cleveland from my home in Detroit. My husband had started taking *The Nation* as a boy, having first seen and read it at a news counter, and though at that time pocket money was scarce, it became one of the necessities.

After his death in 1908 I of course kept on with *The Nation* and have never been without it since. Even during a period of four years when I lived in Europe it was sent to me from home.

My daughter and granddaughters read it, and I hope my great-grandson will, when he is a little older. I shall be most interested as well as anxious to know the outcome of your present undertaking.

MRS. A. L. WITHERINGTON

Medford, Ore.

Out of Italy

I am a political refugee from Italy, and here I am employed as shipping clerk and quite lucky to have this job that allows me to make a modest living. Long before I came to this country in 1939 I used to read *The Nation*, and I smuggled it into Italy every time I bought it during my frequent visits in France or Switzerland, or other free European countries.

We all know only too well how much easier it would be for a philo-fascist publication to find generous, or rather royal support, and we know also how sad this is. It would be so useful if the circulation of *The Nation* could be boosted, as the need for progressive thinking is great even in the free U. S. A.

I inclose a money order for \$2 and I will be glad if you can accept my modest contribution. With my best wishes for the future of *The Nation*, and for the success of your activity.

FRED M. SACCO

Los Angeles, Cal.

Bible

I cannot resist writing you a note to wish you success in your campaign for *The Nation*. I have read it for years. In fact, I couldn't get along without it. My father says I remind him of a lady in Louisville, Kentucky, during the Civil War who said she read only the Bible and the *Courier-Journal* and recently had given up the Bible! In our household *The Nation* is referred to as my Bible.

The inclosed check comes from my roommate and me. We both read every issue and have felt for a long while that you hit the nail squarely on the head.

DOROTHY ATKINS

Cincinnati, Ohio

From an Individual

I do not remember a time when there wasn't *The Nation*, and if I have read it fitfully during the past ten years, that has been owing more to circumstances than lack of interest. It seems to me, as I hope it will seem to everyone to whom you have appealed for help, that, on balance, *The Nation* has been consistently right in its philosophy of government even though it has often misjudged specific events and particular people. Jefferson—who is currently being quoted and misquoted by everybody—would, I believe, have found much to quarrel with in the pages of *The Nation*, and yet he would have read it straight through every week, and he would have found the time to put you straight occasionally. And he certainly would not have had you fail!

If *The Nation* in the past five or six years, has become alternately cold and querulous, hot and scolding (*cacothese carpiendi*), if it has lost its spiritual touch, if it has tended to forget what America has been like and is like by over-emphasis on what it thinks America should be like, this is after all, as Robert Frost might have said, hardly more than a lovers' quarrel that you have had with America. Or, to quote another poet, Whitman, because "America's compact is eternally with the individual," and because I believe, in the final analysis, so is *The Nation's*, it pleases this individual very much to subscribe as a Foundation member.

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

Washington, D. C.

Half a Century

I certainly hope that *The Nation* will keep on. I would be lost without it, having been a reader of the magazine for over half a century and, come next spring, a subscriber for forty years—except for the year 1915 when I felt that *The Nation* was entirely too anti-German. Not that I was pro-German, but I was against the whole war and wanted fair play for all.

Sometime early in 1904 you will find a note about George Hartwig, the Halle librarian. That was my first contribution to *The Nation*, and with the check received I started my first subscription. AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON
Mobile, Ala.

THE *Nation*



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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS

Tunisia and After	687
John L.'s Show	688
Chinese Claustrophobia	689
Bolivia—the Facts	690

ARTICLES

Capital Notes <i>by I. F. Stone</i>	691
Why China Is Worried	693
How Our Enemies Fight. I. Styles in Strategy <i>by Gordon Cooper</i>	696
Fifty Years Ago in <i>The Nation</i>	698
The Farmers Can Take It <i>by Richard E. Stockwell</i>	699
In the Wind	700

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

Undermining the Underground <i>by A. del V.</i>	701
Behind the Enemy Line <i>by Argus</i>	702
Europe Against Hitler. III. The Passive Resisters <i>by John W. Gerber and Alfred Kantorowicz</i>	704

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Unknown Army <i>A Poem by Mark van Doren</i>	707
Life on the "Obit" Page <i>by Irwin Edman</i>	707
Wrapped in Mystery <i>by Albert Guérard</i>	708
"Non-Combatants" <i>by Marcus Duffield</i>	710
Citizen of the World <i>by Hermann Kesten</i>	711
Fiction in Review <i>by Diana Trilling</i>	712
In Brief	714
Art <i>by Jean Connolly</i>	714
Drama: Over Most of These Stations <i>by Joseph Wood Krutch</i>	714
Music <i>by B. H. Haggin</i>	716

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 13 <i>by Jack Barrett</i>	720
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The Shape of Things

THE ROLLBACK OF VEGETABLE, COFFEE, AND meat prices announced last week by Price Administrator Prentiss Brown may be taken as the Administration's answer to labor's demand that prices and wages be placed on a comparable level. Unfortunately, the answer is not good enough. A 15 to 25 per cent reduction in the price of fresh vegetables at the moment when the summer crop is coming on the market is not a genuine "rollback" at all, since the seasonal decline is usually much greater. The same applies to the proposed cut in butter prices. The rollback in coffee prices is almost meaningless in view of the drastic rationing restrictions. Of greater significance is the promise to reduce meat prices by approximately 10 per cent, but even here skeptics may point to the fact that hog prices have been easing recently because of the reduced demand resulting from rationing. The sincerity of the whole rollback program is further brought into question by the publication of the new flat community-wide ceiling prices for 300 food items. While the new ceilings have the advantage of uniformity and are thus helpful in enforcement, they tend to raise the existing ceilings of all small stores to the highest level in any of them. No effort was made to take advantage of this opportunity to reduce prices even to the extent of adopting the level of the more efficient, moderate-price stores. *

THE OPA'S PROPOSAL TO USE SUBSIDIES TO protect the processor against losses in the rolling back of food prices is sound under the circumstances. Britain's success in stabilizing prices and wages is almost wholly due to the judicious use of subsidies. The government is already paying subsidies to help hold down the price of a long list of articles. These include canned tomatoes, peas, corn, and snap beans, cheddar cheese, coffee, cocoa, sugar, tea, oil seeds, petroleum products, and coal. Despite this extensive, and on the whole successful, use of subsidies, Congress is reported to be up in arms against the OPA's latest proposal. Opposition is strongest among the members of the farm bloc, which has gone whole hog for inflation. But there are others who fear that by perpetuating the illusion of low living costs the subsidies will conceal the continuing peril of inflation.

This is a well-founded objection. The payment of subsidies does not provide a new and magic way for controlling the inflationary spiral. That can be achieved only by tackling the reservoir of the excess purchasing power created by the war. But our choice at the moment, in terms of political realities, is not between taxation and subsidies but between subsidies and the chaos of an uncontrolled inflation. *

ONE OF THE STANDARD DEFENSES OF THE Darlan deal, we recall, was the asserted belief that half of North Africa had never heard of De Gaulle and the other half would have none of him. However much we might regret the unpopularity of the Free French, ran the argument, we must be "realistic" and turn the widespread Pétainist sympathy to our own ends. Events have been dealing harshly with this particular rationalization. No sooner was the Giraud regime induced to end the political persecution of the De Gaullists than the Cross of Lorraine mushroomed from Casablanca to Bizerte, and shouts of "*Vive De Gaulle!*" were raised at embarrassingly inappropriate occasions. It has taken the Allied entrance into Tunis, however, to give the myth the *coup de grâce*. It was not General Giraud who won the cheers of the French in the liberated city, but De Gaulle. In fact, according to Drew Middleton, who entered the capital with the victorious troops, Giraud is almost unknown in Tunis, while the Fighting French leader is everywhere hailed as the symbol of resistance. "In one coastal town," writes the *New York Times* correspondent, "recruiting centers for General Giraud and General de Gaulle opened side by side. The first day General de Gaulle got 412 recruits, General Giraud got 4." "When the people of Tunis asked about the French army," they meant General Leclerc's Fighting French force, not the French Nineteenth Corps under General Giraud." All of which lends point to Giraud's refusal to receive De Gaulle at Algiers, presumably for fear of the enthusiastic public demonstrations that would mark his arrival. Point or no point, however, we hope De Gaulle will not make an issue of the meeting place. The question hardly merits so much emphasis, and continued bickering over it only serves to give both principals an air of the *prima donna*. *

INTERPRETERS OF SOVIET POLICY HAVE NOT had an easy task during the past few weeks. The oracles of the Kremlin have given them plenty of material to work on, but one day's utterance has often seemed to be contradicted by that of the next. For instance, Stalin's letter to the *New York Times* correspondent, Ralph Parker, on May 5 emphasized the desire of the Soviet government for "a strong and friendly Poland" and spoke of its willingness to base relations with that country after the war either "upon the fundament of solid good-

neighborly relations" or upon an alliance of mutual assistance against Germany. Even though this statement carefully avoided the prickly boundary question, it was taken as an assurance that Russia was not seeking to reduce Poland to the status of a client state. A step seemed to have been taken toward healing the deplorable breach in relations which followed the Polish government's swallowing of Goebbels's baited hook. Two days later, however, Vice Foreign Commissar Vishinsky came out with a blasting bill of indictment against the Polish government, charging it with failure to keep agreements regarding the Polish army and with espionage under cover of relief activities. In spite of a comparatively mild Polish reply, the rift between the two governments remains as deep as ever; nor is it likely to be shrunk by the organization of a Polish legion under Russian auspices. But if the Kremlin's mood toward the Sikorski government remains unrelenting, it has been at pains to improve its relations with America and Britain. It realizes, perhaps, that its rather brutal retort to Polish blundering has produced unfavorable reactions and is anxious to mend its diplomatic fences. *

HOUSE ACTION ON THE HULL TRADE PACTS is expected to cleave closely to party lines following the filing of a vigorous Republican minority report in the Ways and Means Committee. Recognizing that the Hull trade program has general public support among most groups interested in trade policy, the Republicans have dug up several rather ingenious arguments to explain their opposition to the pacts. They contend (1) that the reciprocal program is wholly inadequate to deal with post-war trade problems; (2) that it is not truly reciprocal because of the most-favored-nation clause; and (3) that the subject of tariffs and trade policy is properly a matter for Congress. The first of these arguments is unquestionably valid. If we are to restore a sound international economy after the war, we shall need something more effective than reciprocal trade pacts to break down the elaborate restrictive devices created by economic nationalism in the past fifteen years. No one would deny this, least of all Secretary Hull. But all experience in trade policy proves beyond question the necessity for maintaining an unconditional most-favored-nation policy. Otherwise reciprocity rapidly deteriorates into haggling, and tariff negotiations become an ill-concealed form of economic warfare. The proposal to subject the agreements to Congressional review has, of course, but one object: the prevention of any reduction in tariffs by the reintroduction of log-rolling tactics. Our years of experience with Congressional tariff-making constitute the most powerful argument for keeping the details of tariff negotiation wholly in the hands of a non-political administrative body.

THE SENATE FINANCE COMMITTEE HAS added to the incredible tax muddle by rejecting the House-approved Forand bill and adopting a "modified" Ruml plan. The "modifications" consist chiefly of a series of changes designed to lighten the burden of the well-to-do income-tax payer. The new bill is expected to be passed by the Senate, and hope for salvaging some revenue from last year's war-inflated incomes appears to rest almost entirely with the House leadership—backed by the prospect of a Presidential veto. The utter inconsistency of forgiving a year's taxes—and thus releasing a huge reserve of spending power—at a time when the Administration is struggling to "hold the line" on prices and wages appears not to have dawned on the average Senator. But we can be certain that organized labor and the farm bloc will be quick to seize upon the Senate's remarkable generosity to the higher income groups—the only ones benefiting from the Finance Committee's action—to demand reconsideration of the President's wage- and price-freezing orders. It will be extraordinarily difficult to say to the miners, for example, that they are not entitled to a \$2-a-day wage boost when the government is making a gift of some \$9,500,000,000 to that part of the population that is well enough off to pay income taxes.

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THE ODYSSEY OF ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN IS a dopest's gold mine, yielding rumor at every seam. The latest story is that the Archbishop is soon to go to Moscow, where he will negotiate a concordat between the Kremlin and the Vatican, and that the project has the advance blessing of the governments of Eire and Spain. The report comes from a sober source, and several recent developments serve to give it more plausibility than it would ever have had in the past. Chief of these events is the crisis precipitated in Spanish exile circles in Mexico a few months ago by the following injunction which the Communists among them, according to the London *New Leader*, received from Moscow: "The Spanish Communist Party must envisage the suppression of Article 26 of the Spanish Republican Constitution [the separation of church and state] and consider the Catholic church as the state church in Spain." Following this same line, the Communists of Mexico have been urging an extension of the "National Front" to embrace Francoists and clerical politicians of—shall we say?—an extremely illiberal persuasion. The result is that the party in that country has suffered dissension, expulsions, and resignations. Other straws in the wind are the effort of the Axis radio to block any possible understanding by alleging that the Soviet Union is conducting a "campaign against the Pope" and the vigorous denial by the Moscow radio of these "mendacious reports . . . fabricated from beginning to end." So far the Vatican hasn't made any open overtures—unless, of course, you count

the Legion of Decency's indorsement of "Mission to Moscow" as "unobjectionable for adults." Come to think of it, that's going pretty far.

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MAYOR LAGUARDIA HAS LET DOWN THE citizens of New York once again by failing to reappoint Mrs. Johanna M. Lindlof as Queens representative on the Board of Education. While it is generally agreed that Dr. George H. Chatfield, who was appointed to replace Mrs. Lindlof, is a capable educator well qualified for the post, Mrs. Lindlof's excellent record during her seven years of unpaid service to the board should have assured her preferential treatment. The fact that Dr. Chatfield is only nominally a resident of Queens may not seem important, but it makes the Mayor's action even less defensible. And it was all the more bewildering because Mrs. Lindlof has just distinguished herself by her brilliant and courageous defense of Mark Starr during the long controversy over his appointment as director of adult education. Mayor LaGuardia had presumably favored Starr's appointment, but instead of taking advantage of the expiration of the term of Dr. Bonaschi—who opposed Starr—to bring more liberal blood into the board, he retained Bonaschi and discharged the board's ablest and most consistently liberal member. In the absence of any reasonable explanation of his capricious behavior, some weight must be given to Mrs. Lindlof's charge that the Mayor acted "for purposes of his personal political strategy." There was a time when the Mayor's personal strategy coincided with that of all groups interested in good government in New York City. But that time seems to have passed beyond recall.

Tunisia and After

IN OUR issue of May 1 we wrote: "The days of the Axis in Tunisia are numbered, but will the number be high or low?" The question has now been answered more favorably than we then dared to hope. Fighting with marvelous élan, the Allied army—the heat of battle has welded it into one grand offensive machine—burst through the mountain wall which guarded the last Axis stronghold in Africa and inflicted a total defeat on a demoralized enemy. The anticipated German stand at Bizerte, with its much-vaunted defenses, was never made, and the veterans who were to die in the last ditch are surrendering in droves. As we write, an estimated half of the Axis troops in Tunisia are prisoners, while the remnants are being driven into the Cape Bon peninsula—a bottleneck from which not many thousands are likely to escape.

After Stalingrad, "Tunisgrad." The myth of the invincibility of the *Wehrmacht* is no more. Nor can the

extent of its defeat be minimized by the explanation that it was overwhelmed by vast Allied superiority in numbers and matériel. True, there was such superiority, but in addition to being outnumbered the Axis was outfought and outgeneraled. Its soldiers fought well as long as they held their strong positions in the mountains, but once this advantage was lost they proved unable to rally. Moreover, the Axis command was fooled into believing that its biggest danger was in the south and southeast, and there its best troops and its armor were concentrated when the Allies broke through in the north and center.

It is a famous victory, for which all concerned deserve the praise that is pouring in from every quarter. But its historical significance depends on how it is followed up. The loop around *Festung Europa* has been closed, and nearly eight months of 1943 remain for the task of drawing it tighter. Hitler must now guard a vast perimeter, and he cannot be strong in all places at once. The initiative is in the hands of the United Nations, and it is they who will choose the coming battlefields. How grim the situation looks to fascist eyes is suggested by Franco's discovery that continued fighting is senseless.

At present Hitler's Europe is threatened from four major directions. In the east the Red Army remains intact and formidable. Perhaps Hitler will attempt once more to destroy it, and a German offensive in Europe starting within the next few weeks is still in the cards. But at the moment the only activity on the eastern front is in the Kuban, where it looks as if the German defenders of Novorossisk might be trapped in much the same manner as were the defenders of Tunisia. Significant, too, is the new Russian air offensive, which is taking a heavy toll of German planes. This may indicate an effort to keep the Luftwaffe occupied in the east pending some new stroke in the west.

Where might such a stroke fall? The invasion of France or the Low Countries remains the most direct route to the heart of the enemy, and it offers the fewest difficulties in communications and the greatest opportunities of aerial protection in establishing bridgeheads. But this is also the most strongly fortified coastline in Europe, as well as the region in which the Germans can concentrate most rapidly to repel attack.

Meanwhile the Nazis are indicating concern about the southeastern corner of Europe, and they are reported to be reinforcing the Balkans and the Greek islands. This activity may be a blind, but it is to be noted that a strong British army has been built up in the Near East. Its original purpose was to protect Syria, Palestine, and Egypt against a thrust from the north, but with the new situation in the Mediterranean it may be given a new role.

The victory in Tunisia, however, concentrates attention on the possibilities of an attack on Italy, for the momentum which the Allied army has gathered in Africa may well carry it across the Mediterranean. Sicily is but

ninety miles distant, and the conquest of that island is a necessary preliminary to the invasion of the Italian mainland. Besides, control of the Mediterranean, which is worth millions of tons of shipping to our side, cannot be complete while Sicily remains in Axis hands.

The morale of the Allied army in Tunisia is at zenith; its losses, while considerable, have probably been less heavy than anticipated; it is backed by tremendous air power and supported by strong reserves in Morocco and Algeria. Under the circumstances it seems probable that it will be given the chance to win fresh laurels even though the main attack on the fortress may come elsewhere. But strike somewhere we must and that quickly. For the real test of generalship is the exploitation of success.

John L.'s Show

AFTER months of oblivion and frustration, John Llewellyn Lewis is staging his long-planned war-time show. His campaign in the coal fields has already intensified unrest within the A. F. of L. and C. I. O.; his fight has been cheered at a conference of the C. I. O.'s Automobile Workers' Union; and most of his foes within the labor movement have maintained an unhappy silence. As this is written, the decisive episodes in the coal case are still ahead; the fifteen-day truce is on, and the "war of nerves" between Lewis and Franklin D. Roosevelt continues. But whatever happens, some things are abundantly clear. Lewis's performance has dramatized the irresponsibility of his war-time role. It has also revealed the incipient chaos in the nation's war-time labor program.

So far Lewis has played his hand ruthlessly, without apparent regard for the nation's production needs or the comments of the Axis radio. His timing has been astute, and his talent for creating a crisis atmosphere was never better revealed than in the past few weeks. Yet the fundamental sources of his strength in this conflict are neither his imagination nor his rhetoric. Those are supplementary tools. His real weapons are his repudiation of any responsibility for the war effort and the breakdown of the government's price-control program.

Lewis is operating free of the inhibitions which restrain other labor leaders. He has bluntly stated that he does not regard the fight against inflation as his fight, just as he had hinted in the past that he did not view the war against Hitlerism as his war. He is not a partner in the war program, and he delights in mocking those labor chiefs who have assumed the obligations he scorns. To Lewis the no-strike pledge was a momentary bargain, to be discarded when he chose, rather than a voluntary commitment for the duration. Other union leaders have clung to the pledge because they do not share his frivo-

lous attitude toward the war. Lewis has not hesitated to exploit their feelings.

This is one-half of his strength. Yet he would not appear so formidable a threat, either to the country or to rival union leaders, if his bid for a comeback had not occurred in a time of virtual collapse of the price-control system. To the men who shut the mines on April 30 the issue was the high cost of living. The same issue has been agitating thousands of other workers in other areas. And now, belatedly, and as a result of Lewis's drastic forms of pressure, the Administration has begun to acknowledge what C. I. O. and A. F. of L. leaders were saying in less bellicose tones many months ago. After a survey of prices in mining towns ordered by President Roosevelt a few days before the mine strike began, the Office of Price Administration admits that failure to enforce its own price ceilings has added 5 per cent to the cost of food. Correlating this report with earlier investigations of other commodities, the OPA sadly confesses: "The opinion was unanimous that food costs in mining communities are approximately the same as those in comparable communities." Thus in the face of Lewis's indictment, the government's only defense is that price control has been as ineffective generally as it has been in mine communities.

Simultaneously, while Lewis has been leveling his sharpest attack against the National War Labor Board, the board itself is in a state of demoralization as a result of the removal of its power to adjust "inequities." Under the terms of the executive order of April 8 it has been reduced to the role of statistician, determining whether proposed wage increases are within the 15 per cent provision of the "Little Steel" formula. Its freedom of judgment has been virtually eliminated. A. F. of L. and C. I. O. members of the board are talking of resignations at a moment when the board is engaged in a life-and-death battle with Lewis.

It is true that Lewis's *United Mine Workers' Journal* has in the past scoffed at the whole price-control idea; that the U. M. W. has done little within the mining towns to police prices; that Lewis was waging his crusade against the War Labor Board long before its powers were curbed. But Lewis makes no fetish of consistency, and the workers to whom he is appealing—in the mines and elsewhere—are not concerned about such details either. They discover that the first major Administration action to roll back prices is taken as an immediate consequence of the May 1 strike in the mines. They find that President Roosevelt orders a probe of violations of price ceilings when the U. M. W. begins to press its fight. We do not say that such actions should have been delayed longer to prevent the appearance of conceding to Lewis. We say that they should have been taken many weeks ago, before the Lewis-made crisis developed.

If Lewis persists in his defiance of the War Labor

Board and permits a strike again next week, the government will probably have no choice except to seek to break the strike, by appeals if possible, by uglier methods if necessary. In any circumstances Lewis cannot lose; he either snatches a victory or poses as martyr. There is no decent, clear-cut solution now because the situation was allowed to deteriorate so long; because so little was done by the OPA to alleviate the roots of the miners' discontent; because the "housewives' revolt" was allowed to spread until Lewis suddenly crystallized the issue; because the formulation of government labor policy is diffused through so many agencies and so many competing officials that no coherent plan to meet this situation was framed; and finally because the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O., unwilling to raise hell in the terms which Lewis employed, were ignored or turned aside when they sought undemonstratively to lay these problems before the Administration.

This country needs coal, and no labor leader has the right to stand in the way. But the editorial writers who now piously defend the War Labor Board need to recall some of their own efforts to undermine that agency; the columnists who decry Lewis's tactics should divert some of their anger to the need for drastic enforcement of price ceilings. The miners follow Lewis because he articulates their own dissatisfaction and resentment. Others will follow Lewis unless the Administration fulfils its price pledges, grants authentic recognition to the labor leaders who have remained loyal to the war effort, and establishes some centralized machinery for the handling of war-time labor problems.

Chinese Claustrophobia

IT WAS good to learn last week that *Liberator* bombers had reached China and had successfully attacked the major Japanese base on Hainan Island. We are sure that every additional plane sent to China is warmly welcomed as a token of unity with America, as well as for its military value. But effective aid to China must remain meager until some land corridor is opened, and early prospects for such a development are unpromising. The small-scale campaign in Burma undertaken by General Wavell last winter bogged down before achieving its first important objective—the port of Akyab—and now the rainy season precludes any further move in that theater until next fall.

Meanwhile, the sense of frustration in China grows. The military threat offered to the Chungking regime by Japan is not very acute, according to the distinguished Chinese scholar whose letters we publish on page 693. But the economic situation goes from bad to worse, fostering the growth of political tensions, domestic and foreign. All but isolated physically from its allies, China

feels more and more isolated psychologically. It is, in fact, suffering from political claustrophobia.

In China the decision to "beat Hitler first" is not fully understood and is bitterly resented. *The Nation* has always defended that decision, believing that from the point of view of global strategy it is entirely justified, but we deplore the fact that more has not been done to make it palatable to the Chinese, for whom it means postponement of the day of liberation. Little attempt has been made—particularly in London—to remove the fears and suspicions which our contributor reports. The agreement reached last year for the abandonment of extra-territorial privileges was a step in the right direction, but its effects have been offset by indications that Britain was not prepared to surrender its claims to Hongkong.

The imperialist pronouncements of Winston Churchill and other British ministers have also disturbed China, which contemplates with dismay the prospect of a return, after the war, to the status quo ante in the Far East. As our Chinese friend emphasizes, China has a large interest in the future of the European colonies in southeastern Asia. Millions of Chinese settled in these territories have suffered from discriminations which will seem even less tolerable in the future. Moreover, any attempt to revive unchanged the imperialist regimes of the past, which so lamentably failed to protect their subjects from invasion, must create political disaffection and offer a standing threat to the peace of Asia.

The Chinese, wrongly but understandably, tend to regard the Anglo-American program of beating Hitler first as symbolic of unwillingness to grant China equality. No responsible person suggests that this program should be modified, but it should not be beyond the resources of statesmanship to remove Chinese suspicions. A British offer to relinquish its sovereignty over Hongkong would prove as great a tonic to Chinese morale as a major victory over the Japanese. It would be a token of true partnership, a disavowal of any intention of treating China as a second-class state, now or at the peace table.

Bolivia—the Facts

THE blood of Bolivian miners is on the hands of General Enrique Penaranda, president of that country, now visiting the United States. The labor movement could make no greater contribution to genuine hemispheric solidarity than by showing its displeasure during the President's visit and demanding the release of the union leaders still held on his orders in jail and in concentration camps in remote jungles. The workers of Latin America must be made to feel by concrete measures that we are determined to make our country the Good Neighbor of the common people in their countries rather than the collaborator of tin kings and other exploiters.

For the actual facts of the Catavi massacre of last December 21 the labor movement is indebted to the courageous and outspoken report filed by Martin C. Kyne, vice-president of the United Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Employees of America, the C. I. O.'s representative on the recent commission to Bolivia. Kyne's separate report fills the gaping omissions in the official one, which skirted around the tin strike, though the strike was the actual reason for sending a commission to Bolivia at all. Workers in the rich Patino mines, averaging 70 cents a day and suffering from inflated food costs in the company stores, asked for a 100 per cent raise in wages last September. Management refused to reply, and the Ministry of Labor waited forty-five days before it even acknowledged receipt of the union's demands. The government lined up immediately with the mine owners. Under the conditions revealed by Kyne this was to be expected, for the tin kings of Bolivia are so powerful that they take it upon themselves to declare the law. "They interpret labor laws," Kyne reports, "and declare them unconstitutional when it suits their interest."

Patino officers in La Paz wired the manager of the mines at Catavi, ". . . the President of the Republic assures us that preventive measures have been taken and suggests vigilance in order to report these agitators." In December a state of siege was declared, union leaders were arrested, company stores closed. Soldiers precipitated a demonstration when they refused to let women go in search of food. At 10 a.m. on December 21 soldiers opened fire on the demonstrators, and firing continued until 3 p.m. The government admits that nineteen workers were killed and forty wounded. "How many Bolivian miners and their wives and children died . . . may never be known," Kyne writes. "One official who was on the spot declared that at least 400 dead were buried that day." This affair was represented by press dispatches from Bolivia as an uprising inspired by the Nazis.

The parallel between the arguments used against better wages in Bolivia and the instructions cabled by Hull on December 2 to our ambassador in Bolivia is striking. The argument was that wages could not be raised without interfering with Bolivia's international obligations to the United States. Exactly the opposite is true. Efficient production is impossible on the basis of the terrorism and miserable conditions revealed in the Kyne report. We assure the workers of Bolivia that the attitude taken by the State Department does not reflect the feelings of the American people, of the President, or of the Vice-President, and we call on the labor movement to unite, as Kyne suggests, in a joint council on Latin American relations to show workers below the Rio Grande that we mean what we say when we speak of the Four Freedoms.

Capital Notes

BY I. F. STONE



I SUSPECT that we shall be able to learn a good deal about the actual course of our policy as regards the shape of the post-war world by watching the foreign property holders' protective committee, organized by the National Foreign Trade Council. The head of the committee is the influential James A. Moffett, chairman of the board of the California Texas Oil Company, which has large interests in the Near East. One of his former subordinate executives in that area, Max W. Thornburg, is head of the Office of the Petroleum Adviser in the State Department. The purpose of the new committee is to recover American property in Axis-occupied countries and "to maintain close contact with the proper authorities to procure speedy protection of property rights and interests in territories occupied or reoccupied by the Allied nations." The committee is unlikely to encourage friendliness toward underground movements with leftist connections not over-sympathetic to property rights. "We are already at work," said the committee's first statement. One might have gathered as much from our coolness to De Gaulle, who is rightist enough to please the State Department but unwilling to jimmie the left in his fight for the rebirth of France.

Two basic forces are molding our policy on the future of Europe. One is the desire of American corporations to get their property back and to create the most favorable conditions possible for profitable operations. This dictates hostility not merely to communism but to more moderate socialist programs. The other is the desire to reconstitute in Axis and occupied countries those powerful opposite numbers so necessary if the cartel system is to be revived—I. G. Farben, the Comité des Forges, Mitsui, etc. Of these two motives, the second is the stronger, for "cooperation to maintain stable prices and markets" is more important financially than the property holdings. Let no one think the cartel system is dead. Powerfully and persistently the case for reviewing cartels is being pressed on every agency of government, from Justice to State, which has any authority in the matter. A principal argument put forward is that the British and Dutch intend to revive their cartels.

There must be a new crisis approaching in the War Production Board, for it is again being hinted that Chairman Donald M. Nelson is about to appoint two labor vice-chairmen. Whenever Nelson finds himself in serious conflict with the army and navy, or otherwise in danger of losing his job, there are (1) coy reports that

he is on the verge of giving labor full representation at top WPB levels, and (2) dark whispers that the country is in danger of being taken over by the military unless Nelson's hand is upheld. Once labor and liberal support has been rallied, and the danger averted, Nelson shelves both the boggy and the promises until the next crisis. He first promised to appoint two labor vice-chairmen last summer when Philip Murray of the C. I. O. and William Green of the A. F. of L. stepped in and saved him from being swallowed by the Army-Navy Munitions Board.

Nelson has been dropping the handkerchief to the labor movement for a long time. Sidney Hillman's support helped make it possible for Nelson to supersede Knudsen when the OPM became the WPB after Pearl Harbor, but Nelson did nothing to keep Hillman from being eased out of the picture shortly afterward. Labor, from a theoretical equality with capital in the OPM (Knudsen and Hillman), has been pushed steadily downward under Nelson in the WPB. The innocuous Labor Production Division was even denied jurisdiction over the drive for labor-management committees, lest it provide labor with a voice in management's problems at a level higher than the suggestion box.

"It was known," says a new story on the imminent appointment of two labor vice-chairmen, "that WPB Chairman Donald M. Nelson would insist that any labor appointee must drop his union connection completely for the period of government employment, just as management officials have been required to sever their business connections before being brought into WPB policy-making posts." They must have chuckled over that one in the privacy of the special dining-room for WPB executives on the fifth floor of the Social Security building. Many of the dollar-a-year men continue to draw salaries from their companies while serving in Washington, and some of them manage to spend a day or so a week back at the home office, handling their private business affairs.

In this connection I might report that while I know nothing of that House on R Street, I am not impressed by the recurrent hullabaloo—from Congressmen silent about more serious matters—over brokers in war-contract business. No doubt many of these brokers cut some sharp corners and a few of them may be crooks, but they have a useful function for the friendless small business man who must otherwise wear out the seat of his pants in WPB and army waiting-rooms. Big business men have

their dollar-a-year representatives in the WPB and barred, oak-leaved, or starred ones in the army: their lawyers and bankers turn up conveniently as WPB or War Department officials for the duration. A small business man is lucky if he has enough influence to get a room in a hotel. The broker is worth his fee to both the business man and the country. His job is no more reprehensible than that of any other middleman, and has the same economic justification. If the extra charge makes it possible for the business man to stay in his factory, where he is useful, instead of running around Washington, where he is a menace to his own morale, it is well paid.

Treat a man like a bootlegger, and he will oblige by being furtive; recognize his function, and he will grow more respectable in his habits. The way to curb the abuses of brokerage—I find it hard to conceal a yawn when I hear people talk of them—is to end the pretense about it. I note that the Federal Trade Commission has cited Willys-Overland for advertisements claiming credit for the jeep. The FTC says the jeep was developed by the American Bantam Car Company of Butler, Pennsylvania, "in collaboration with certain officers of the United States army." The FTC complaint fully confirms my inside story on the jeep published in *The Nation* of December 14, 1940. Ford and Willys, thanks to the strategic positions occupied by friends and dollar-a-year employees in Washington, were able to take the jeep away from the company which helped develop it, though the latter was and for all I know may still be badly in need of war work. Bantam's Washington representative, a former army officer, served a doubly useful purpose in this case. He not only obtained at least one contract for Bantam but helped G-4 sell the idea of the jeep to reluctant War Department higher-ups. Yet the RFC, which will complacently sign blank checks for Alcoa and Standard Oil, declined to recognize his salary and expenses as legitimate items on a bill presented by the Bantam Company.

Edwin W. Pauley, secretary of the Democratic National Committee, has been in Mexico trying to obtain a concession to build an aviation-gas plant. This, while improper, is not surprising, for the Democratic National Committee is quite an organization for the grinding of private axes. (Another of its notables is Oscar R. Ewing, who serves both the National Committee and the Aluminum Company of America.) Up here Pauley calls himself an "independent" oil man, but below the border Mexicans say he represents himself as a spokesman for Standard of California. In California, Pauley's home state, he is regarded with dislike by progressives, and there is a tendency to snort when his "independent" status as an oil man is mentioned. He is felt to have been a decidedly non-progressive influence at Sacramento on Governor

Olson, and he is a close friend of Ralph K. Davies, the Deputy Petroleum Administrator for War, a Standard of California man. Pauley was one of the men who sponsored Davies for the job in the Petroleum Administration.

Davies is now going to bat for Pauley behind the scenes on the ground that Pauley represents "independents" in the Mexican field while the State Department is trying to sneak the old Standard Oil companies back into Mexico. This is not too plausible, since Davies has not shown too tender a concern in the past for independents and the Mexican oil dispute is one of the few cases in which the State Department has followed a democratic policy. Davies is striking some noble attitudes. He declares that the State Department is hostile to Pauley and his "independents" and is backing the Universal Oil Products Company to build an aviation-gas plant in Mexico, and that this will enable the Standard Oil crowd to make a comeback below the border. An effort was made to plant a distorted story on this correspondent, who is known not to be fond of either the State Department or Standard Oil, in the hope that he would inadvertently do a little ax-grinding for Pauley. A State Department source I have found trustworthy in the past tells me that while the new Mexican aviation-gas plant will be financed by an Export-Import Bank loan and engineered by Universal Oil Products, it will be wholly owned by the Mexican government. I am handing in a verdict in favor of the State Department.

Though the Truman committee ducked the question in its report on the aviation-gas controversy, I am inclined to think Under Secretary of War Patterson and Secretary of the Interior Ickes right and Rubber Director William M. Jeffers wrong. From my little cubby-hole it looks as if present rubber-expansion plans call for an over-all production much in excess of essential needs while the program itself is lopsidedly given over almost entirely to Buna S. But it seems to me, from the testimony before the Truman committee, that the need for more aviation gas is overwhelming and undeniable. We could also use more ingenuity in breaking the bottlenecks in production of the components needed for both programs, though I understand that WPB Vice-Chairman C. E. Wilson is making determined and praiseworthy efforts in this crucial sector of the war program.

Coming in *The Nation*

Ely Culbertson maintains that what Louis Fischer analyzed in The Nation of April 24 was not his plan for world peace but rather "The Culbertson Plan à la Fischer." In next week's issue he promises to "take apart that plan, put it together again, and throw it at Mr. Fischer."

Why China Is Worried

[The letters that follow were written by a Chinese observer whose identity cannot be revealed but for whose reliability we can vouch. Despite the date of the first letter, we believe its intrinsic interest and the continued importance of its contents justify its publication.]

Kunming, China, December 6, 1942

THE war situation seems definitely to be turning in our favor. Hitler and Japan may yet have some great surprise in store for the United Nations, but whether it is an attack on Turkey or one on India or a renewed general offensive against us, phenomenal success is very unlikely. This being so, we are perhaps not being too sanguine in hoping for a United Nations general offensive next summer and a final victory by the following winter.

We are fully aware that in order to maintain our self-respect we must not rely on our allies to win the war for us, however handicapped we may be by the lack of planes and heavy artillery. Lately the Generalissimo has been hammering hard on this idea, and I have no doubt that he means it. But to be realistic, I doubt if unaided we can succeed in pushing a million Japanese into the sea, let alone carrying the war to their homeland. I feel that in order to enable the Chinese to maintain their self-respect and not feel inferior, supply of the things we lack is necessary.

In view of the approaching victory the Chinese are discussing the peace in earnest. Willkie's visit and the speeches he has made, both here and after his return, have heightened our interest in post-war reconstruction. The *Fortune* memorandum on peace in the Far East has been eagerly read in Chungking, and a translation of it gained wide publicity. Personally I like best the utterances of Vice-President Wallace, whose vision seems to transcend every other statesman's.

In China there have been some wild suggestions in regard to the disposal of what may be called our border areas. If they were seriously considered by responsible persons, imperialism would be a just accusation. For some months I was rather bothered by the reported existence of that sort of atmosphere in the capital. I was therefore very much relieved when I went to Chungking and found that those who hold such views are either persons of no consequence or talking only flippantly. Since considerable harm seems already to have been done—reports are coming back from both America and England that we are suspected of being imperialistic and extremely nationalistic—the government is now doing its best to discourage any loose discussion. In fact, the Gen-

eralissimo took advantage of the meeting of the People's Political Council to declare openly against assuming hegemony in Asia.

The preparation of the peace is in the hands of sane people. As far as I can learn, the stand China is likely to take will arouse little objection in any quarter except on the question of colonies and the future of Japan. Concerning colonies, the consensus is that the old system must go. The idealistically inclined planners want to see it go for obvious reasons; the realistically inclined fear it. The indebtedness of the Kuomintang to the Chinese overseas and the ill-treatment, or at least discriminatory treatment, meted out by the colonial powers to these Chinese strengthen the passion for a change. For the sake of maintaining the United Nations front, responsible Chinese are now suppressing any outcry for a change; but if the colonial powers, especially the British, should remain diehard, as has been indicated by the recent speeches of Churchill and by the London *Times* editorials in reply to Willkie's demand for an elucidation of British policy, then I believe that trouble between the Chinese and the British is inevitable when the war is over. In responsible Chinese circles there is not the slightest ambition to acquire any of the former colonies of the British, French, and Dutch empires in the Far East, with the sole exception of Hongkong. But the Chinese do want to see these colonies placed under international control, with the former colonial powers and also China itself, which has an interest in these areas because of the enormous number of Chinese emigrants settled in them, acting as dominant administrators.

Concerning the future of Japan there is a great deal of controversy here. The reasoning of one school is not very different from that of the French after the last war with respect to the Germans. The Chinese are afraid of Japan and want to prevent it from remaining a military and industrial power. The other view, to which I subscribe, is that such a repressive policy is unworkable. After disarming Japan we should let it continue as an industrial and seafaring power so that it can maintain its prosperity and live at peace with its neighbors. It would be wishful thinking to claim that this view is in the ascendancy. Nevertheless, I am confident that it will prevail if China is convinced that the Anglo-Saxon powers will not play the game of maintaining a strong Japan to serve as a check on a possible Chinese Yellow Peril.

It can readily be seen that this sort of mutual suspicion breeds all kinds of dangers. Our suspicion of the West

may make us insist on bleeding Japan white, which of course smacks a good deal of imperialism and justifies you in being on your guard. Our suspicion that you want to check us naturally leads us to insist on crippling Japan beyond a measure of recovery. That is why I think irresponsible talk in the West about our tendency to be imperialistic and equally irresponsible talk in China wildly condemning the British Empire both serve to poison the minds of the people.

As far as I can see, the first task of Chinese statesmen after the war is over will be to perfect a political system that will satisfy a major part of the Chinese people and to accelerate the industrialization of the country so as to give it in time an equality with the United States and Russia. Both democratization and industrialization are impossible unless we have stability and also unstinted help from America and Great Britain. The wild talk current in some circles of the West that after the war China will relapse into civil war is too newswise to be true. By newswise I mean imbued with the quality possessed by certain clever newspapermen in China who see so many trees here but fail to see the woods. I myself am disturbed by some recent developments, but I would be a man without any sense of balance or proportion if I permitted myself to think that the ruling class after the war will be devoid of serious intention to achieve both economic and political reforms, or that it will indulge in the suppression of all criticism at home and in caviling at other nations.

Neither the Kuomintang nor the Chinese people as a whole has had too good an opinion of Britain. In their antagonism toward that nation as an imperial power they have failed to appreciate the many admirable traits of the British in Britain. The lukewarmness of the Chamberlain government toward us in the early years of our war and the closing of the Burma Road by Churchill, accompanied by an announcement which failed to make any distinction between right and wrong, left an extremely sour taste. With this as a background you can easily imagine the fury of the Chinese when Hongkong and Singapore were so easily lost, especially in view of the rejection of an offer by the Chinese in those cities to arm themselves for civilian defense. The offer was accepted only when it was too late to be of any effective use. Making matters worse was the discrimination practiced against the natives and the Chinese in the process of evacuation.

The fury was heightened if possible by the Burma disaster, which the Chinese attributed in no small measure to British unwillingness to admit Chinese reinforcements in the beginning and to a complete lack of cooperation throughout the campaign. I used to think that these accusations were largely an attempt at Chinese face-saving. But in Chungking I had a chance to learn more details, and these squared with my earlier information.

While the disaster of the Burma campaign was still being hotly resented, the arrest of the Indian Congress leaders and the subsequent rough talk between London and Chungking made matters worse. It can now be said that Generalissimo Chiang's trip to India was not all honey. He went at the invitation of London, and London also agreed to his seeing the Indian leaders. But after his arrival the British government in India tried first to dissuade him from seeing the Congress leaders and then to insist on summoning Gandhi to New Delhi. The visitor finally won his point, but the unpleasantness remained. At the time of the Cripps mission the Chinese government made clear its support of the proposals and its disapproval of the Congress's stand. But when the arrests came, the Chinese government voiced the wish that the door for negotiations might be left open and repression discontinued. They had hoped that Washington also would do something. Instead Washington remained meticulously correct and silent, and London reacted bitterly.

The Chinese are now worried on three counts concerning British ambitions after the war. The first is that the British will want to restore their old colonial regime to the detriment of the Chinese overseas; the second, that they will insist on preserving a special status for our Manchurian provinces; the third, that they will favor letting Japan keep a large part of its military power to offset us. The third fear is largely disappearing as a result of the assurances given us by the visiting mission of the British Parliament. But the other two suspicions remain.

No doubt Chinese behavior during the war is also a factor in British-Chinese misunderstanding. In the first place it has had a tendency to be haughty and to lack a sense of reality in view of the fact that we cannot win the war without help from the Americans and British. In the early months of this year, as a result of our successes around Changsha, the press of both America and England over-praised us, and the results were harmful.

The whispering campaign recently going on in the United States that China is likely to go imperialistic and unruly has compelled the government to exert itself to counteract that impression by forbidding any open criticism of the British and by disavowing any ambitions concerning other nations' colonies or hegemony in Asia. The visiting mission from the British Parliament was given a welcome that was not equaled even by the one given to Willkie, for whom there was much genuine popular enthusiasm. I hope in return the British will do us justice, lest pent-up feelings again burst out and disrupt the healing process now going on largely on our initiative. I also hope that you in America will do your best to bring us together instead of taking sides in our past quarrel. After all, I am too sincere an admirer of things British to wish anything else.

The economic situation is as grave as ever. There has been little improvement in the administration of domestic affairs. It is a headache with us. We raise a row over these things periodically, but somehow improvement is slow and negligible. If I had no sense of proportion I should agree with some of the foreign correspondents in our midst that we are going to the dogs. But I feel we will yet muddle through, provided there is no famine in the rice-producing provinces of Hunan and Szechuan.

Improvement in the political field is also slow. The Generalissimo as chief executive and also head of the Kuomintang is devoting a large part of his energy to laying a solid foundation for local government. But in the direction of affairs he has introduced insufficient new blood. The more he tries to shoulder all the responsibilities, the more personal becomes his government.

Just now the Communists are lying low. I have no great fear of communism here, since I think post-war Moscow will not be very anxious to embroil itself in foreign quarrels merely for the sake of a few professional Communists in other countries. This, I think, applies to America as well.

March 21, 1943

I was in Chungking a few days ago. As I surveyed the whole war situation from that vantage point I got the impression that our economic position is even more serious than it appears to be on the surface. Increasingly large numbers of people in all parts of the country are being subjected to extremes of hardship. Their misery has by now reached such a state that determination alone is not sufficient to keep up a fighting morale. The government shows casual visitors from abroad nothing but the best and tries to impress upon them the determination of our people to win the war. But a more objective inquiry will disclose that the breaking-point is near. I think it will be a tragic mistake on the part of our allies if they stick to their original plan of doing nothing or little in eastern Asia during the coming months.

There are many people among us who think that if Hitler can be finished in a year's time, Japan's defeat may be accomplished before the fall of 1944. If that were the case we might well afford to wait, but with our economic life going so rapidly downhill, I doubt if we can last much longer unaided.

Aside from the possibility of an economic breakdown, there is of course the military danger. If Japan can press us from three directions at once, squeezing us at the same time from the lower Yangtze, from Sian, and from Burma and Indo-China, it can indeed crush us. But we are not quite afraid of that, for such an all-out effort would require so great a concentration of forces that Japanese strength elsewhere would have to be greatly depleted. I think Japan is far too cautious to do that. Short of an all-out effort, we are not afraid. On the

whole, the military danger is decidedly small compared with the economic one.

As far as I can judge, Japan seems to be intent, first, on perfecting the defense of Japan proper, Korea, Manchuria, and North China, and, second, on exploiting the conquered areas. Just now it is not looking for fresh gains. A year from now the United Nations will unquestionably be stronger, but Japan on the other hand will then be in a more secure position. While it is hard to say which will gain more by waiting, China will be the loser in any case, since it will be that much nearer the breaking-point in another year's time.

During the past few months there has been considerable improvement in our relations with Great Britain. The desire to be friendly is mutual. The result is naturally reassuring to both. It goes without saying that Sino-American relations remain warm and close. The departure of Mr. Gauss is leading Chungking to expect that a more active ambassador may be sent. At least I hope so.



Chiang Kai-Shek

March 27

It is very distressing to report that the Churchill speech has almost washed away the recent improvement in our relations with the British. The Chinese government considers Churchill's emphasis on finishing Hitler first—and that not earlier than 1944—to be harmful. When Dill and Arnold were in Chungking, the Generalissimo told them that Churchill's statement after Casablanca, that within the next nine months the Anglo-American powers would try to execute their plans against Hitler, had the effect of informing Japan that it need not worry about an Anglo-Saxon offensive within that period. Hence that statement was injurious to us. And now Churchill, without apparent need, is doing it all over again! It is not unnatural that the more sensitive Chinese feel now that Churchill really does not intend to concern himself with the Japanese until China is on the verge of succumbing. Then perhaps he can appear as the savior of China, thus precluding any possibility of the Chinese raising the cry of equality at the peace conference. I earnestly hope that Mr. Roosevelt can do something to dispel this dismaying picture.

How Our Enemies Fight

I. STYLES IN STRATEGY

BY GORDON COOPER

FEW Americans are not secretly convinced that with some knowledge of "basic training" they would be able to step into the shoes of the general staff and whip the tar out of the Nazis. They see themselves as fearless, cool, and resolute, and believe that with a little training and their native common sense it would be simple to solve military problems wisely and promptly at critical moments. This is what an American writer once called the "valor of ignorance." With the prevalence of this feeling that war is a matter of brute force redeemed by courage and discipline, it is not strange that only an insignificant number among us have troubled to become soundly grounded in military science. A survey conducted by the *New York Times* in the summer of 1942 showed that 82 per cent of our institutions of higher learning do not require candidates for a degree to study even history, the very gateway to an understanding of war. As for the science of strategy, it is practically unknown in the United States outside military and naval circles. In the preface to his great book on Stonewall Jackson, Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, the English authority, wrote:

Strategy is a science which repays a student, even if he has no direct concern with military affairs; for not only does a comprehension of its inimitable principles add a new interest to the records of stirring times and great achievements, but it makes him a more useful citizen. In free countries like Great Britain, her colonies, and the United States, the weight of intelligent opinion, in all matters of moment, generally turns the scales; and if it were generally understood that, in regular warfare, success depends on something more than the capacity for handling troops in battle, many far-reaching mistakes might be avoided. The campaigns of the Civil War show how much may be achieved, even with relatively feeble means, by men who have both studied strategy and have the character necessary for its successful practice; and they also show, not a whit less forcibly, what awful sacrifices may be expected from a nation ignorant that such a science exists.

Strategy is a science—the science of applying military means. In projecting and directing great military movements a commander seldom decides the extent of the means placed at his disposal, but he endeavors to employ the resources made available to him so that the objectives of his country's grand strategy will be accomplished in the most efficient manner, or, to use the military term, with economy of force. The supreme and perfect achieve-

ment of true strategy would be an operation in which such a disposition by itself caused an opponent to realize the futility of resistance and to surrender without a fight.

Until twenty years ago a commander of armed forces was generally hard put to determine his procedure in planning. The science of strategy was mostly a collection of aphorisms handed down by the artists who had preceded him, and their adoption was a matter of personal preference. Some favored the "Maxims of Napoleon" while others preferred the writings of Frederick, Clausewitz, Jomini, Moltke, Sun Tsu, or one of an endless number of practitioners of the second oldest profession. In a sense, it was mere chance whether the favored maxim of a commander happened to be suited to the job at hand. But in the last twenty years studies in various countries have attempted to distill from these collected works and from military history the principles of strategy. Substantially the same conclusions were reached in each case. While these are stated as principles, they should not be taken as scientific formulas for victory but rather as norms which as a matter of practical sense should be observed in intelligent planning. They may perhaps best be summarized by citing the seven principles laid down by the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in a monograph published in 1936: (1) offensive action, (2) concentration of combat power, (3) economy of force, (4) mobility, (5) surprise, (6) security, (7) cooperation.

Of these the prime factor has been found to be economy of force, which has been characterized by one theoretician as the "law of war." Economy of force means simply that the ends to be achieved must be determined by the means at the disposal of a general, and that the forces used in each successive step of the campaign to reach these ends must be proportioned to the value of the intermediate objective. Never send a boy to do a man's work and never send a man to do a boy's. If an intermediate objective is too costly, pass it up and try another approach. Perfection in economy of force, as in anything else, is unattainable, but any operation should be judged by the degree to which it is achieved.

The corollaries of this "law of war" are mobility and surprise. Mobility, the movement of forces over the face of the earth, can contribute markedly to the surprise of the enemy. Its problems are entirely physical and were best exemplified by the master of this principle, Stonewall Jackson, when he said, "I am forced to sweat them

[his troops] tonight that I may save their blood tomorrow." This has been shortened to the phrase dinned endlessly into the ears of Nazi troops in training: "Sweat saves blood." The sweat can be the mental, or figurative, as well as the physical variety.

The effect of surprise, which can work havoc by upsetting the psychological balance of an opposing commander as well as that of his troops, was so recently and poignantly illustrated at Pearl Harbor that it needs no further explanation. And it would be hard indeed to find a better example of both movement and surprise, for only a short time before that dreadful event a high official had stated that "unlike Singapore" our Hawaiian outpost was not menaced by sudden air attack.

To sum up, economy of force is the first principle of strategy; movement and surprise are corollaries. The other four strategic principles—offensive action, concentration of combat power, security, and cooperation—are almost self-explanatory. They are employed as their use contributes to the more important principles.

At this moment in history there are five world powers: Britain, the Soviet Union, Japan, Germany, and the United States. All five are now locked in a struggle whose outcome will decide not only their fate but that of mankind. Each of them forms a cultural unit and may be said to have a traditional style in the employment of its armed forces which is the result of many factors—the geographic make-up of the power, density of population, historical experience, and so forth. The British Empire does not arrive at the conclusions concerning concentration of combat force that Germany does; and Russia does not put the same value as Japan on the external offensive.

This, at first blush, may sound a great deal like *Geopolitik*, but it is not. *Geopolitik* is concerned with the "laws" of political geography. It attempts to set up objectives for the grand strategy of a country, but, as Moltke has pointed out, military and political objectives do not necessarily coincide. True strategy is concerned with accomplishing the military objectives of grand strategy. What might be called the "military psyche" of a country, however, puts definite limits on its military strategy. For instance, it would have been militarily advantageous to Britain and France to occupy Belgium and Holland, but Britain's long-term foreign policy called for a balance of power and the consequent fostering of nationalism on the Continent. And in planning their strategy the Allied general staffs had to accept this fact as basic.

The Germans, just as they took political geography and used it for their own ends, investigated somewhat this question of style in a pseudo-science they called geopolosophy, which concerned itself, among other things, with the effects of geography on morale. As a result of their studies they attempted to correct some of the deficiencies in German style—for instance, by condi-

tioning troops in a simulated North African environment in order to compensate for lack of experience in desert warfare. The abandonment of the Hohenzollern policy of a large navy may also have been due in part to these investigations, for German military writings are shot through with the conclusion that Germany lacks an understanding of the sea and sea power.

The degree to which a commander represents the sum total of these attributes of style and their application to his era is the degree of his strategic success. The field-service regulations of a modern military force are an attempt to dovetail this "military psyche" with the tactical developments of the age and the fundamental principles of war. Every artist in the practice of military and naval science epitomizes the "military psyche" of his country. Napoleon's knife-like thrust at the capital of the enemy, the methodical militarism of Frederick II and the elder Moltke, Kutuzov's counter to Napoleon's Russian campaign—all are illustrations of that fact. Clive, Alexander, Belisarius, Genghis Khan, Nelson, Rodney, Farragut, Washington, Gustavus Adolphus—the list of successful strategists seems endless, but it is far shorter than the list of those often equally brilliant minds that failed to win because they lacked comprehension of style.

Falkenhayn's utter misconception in the 1914-18 war and Nivelles's misapplication of the French dictum "*toujours l'attaque*" afford two modern examples of failure to understand and correctly apply this knowledge. Falkenhayn's belief that a decision could not be reached in either the east or the west, and his consequent plan of committing Germany to a war of attrition, showed a complete lack of understanding of his country's geographical position and its proper use. Nivelles, on the other hand, failed to realize the serious obstacles which massed artillery and machine-guns had placed in the path of the attacker and attempted to apply d'Alençon's theory of the headlong attack under disastrous circumstances. Under the conditions of 1914-18 it was as impossible for France to lose a war of position as it was for Germany to win one of this type, and this was realized after the close of the war. Unfortunately, in the years between 1918 and 1939 France failed to see in the caterpillar vehicle the mobile gun platform which was to restore movement to the battlefield, and the old expression "France is always magnificently prepared—for the last war" could be applied again.

There were never better examples of the application of strategy and style as the cause of success or failure than in the present war. The effort involved in searching for the use of the seven "principles of strategy" in a nation's strategic style is amply rewarded in any study of today's campaigns.

The problems of Germany and Japan are in many respects similar. Energetic, inventive, and ambitious

peoples living under stimulating climatic conditions, subject to great population pressure, they have sought to extend their *Lebensraum* by the ruthless application of force. Both have tried to enslave their neighbors, and both have operated militarily on what the Napoleonic chronicler, Jomini, called "interior lines"—that is, from a central position striking out at those around them. Furthermore, both are now striving to complete conquests at which they have aimed more than once in the past. German strategic plans under Frederick II, Bismarck, and William II were essentially the same as those of the Hitler Reich. The Japan of the Empress Jingo (200 A.D.) and of Hideyosha (1598) projected operations which varied only in the difference of means to be employed from those of contemporary Japan.

John Chamberlain, reviewing Mr. Willkie's new book in the *New York Times*, has said that it gives one of the most revealing comments on the war when it quotes General Montgomery as saying that Rommel's fatal weakness was a penchant to repeat his tactics. This penchant is not peculiar to the German marshal: it is, indeed, one of the phenomena of military history.

The continental location of Germany and the island make-up of Japan have led each nation to adopt certain characteristic methods. In the two articles that follow, an attempt will be made to show how far the operations of our two chief enemies, while conforming to their national style, have satisfied the requirements of the "principles of strategy" set forth above. In this way we may discover some of the reasons for their victories to date, their points of weakness, and the requisites for their defeat.

[This is the first article of a series of three. In our next issue Mr. Cooper will analyze the strategic style of Japan.]

50 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE PHILADELPHIA *Public Ledger* . . . has within a few days joined the pictorial army, and now helps its readers to get at the meaning of its more abstruse passages by "cuts" of various sizes.—May 4, 1893.

THE HON. William McKinley, Jr., was again nominated for the Presidency at a banquet of the Boston Home Market Club on Wednesday week. His name was proposed for this office by the Hon'ble Elijah Morse, the greatest authority on Rising Sun Stove Polish in the known world.—May 11, 1893.

MATTHEW ARNOLD in the *Nineteenth Century*: "The Nation—a newspaper which I read regularly and with profit, a newspaper which is the best, so far as my experience goes, of all American newspapers, and one of the best newspapers anywhere." (ADVT.)—May 11, 1893.

WE HOPE it is true, as reported, that it is the intention of Mr. Croker to start a daily Tammany organ. . . . We need some authoritative voice to expound to us the theories of Tammany government. It is true that the *Sun* is a devoted organ, but it avoids detail too much to be really useful.—May 11, 1893.

YOUR REPUTATION as a person of taste may depend upon the exterior of your house. Comparatively few people ever see the interior. Cabot's Creosote Shingle Stains add more to the beauty of a house than any other article of exterior adornment. (ADVT.)—May 11, 1893.

"LIBERTY AND A LIVING," by Hubert (P. G., Jr.). How to get bread and butter, sunshine and health, leisure and books, without slaving away one's life. (ADVT.)—May 11, 1893.

THE MAY DAY demonstrations of the Anarchists this year were mostly made on the principle that the pen is mightier than the sword. . . . [In] the *Paris Plume* of May 1 the most famous of the Anarchists, Kropotkin, Elisée Reclus, and others, set forth . . . their doctrines.—May 18, 1893.

THE JAPANESE, who are beginning to note the flight of time according to Western standards, are this year celebrating the completion of a quarter of a century of their fertilizing contact with the thought of the Western world.—May 18, 1893.

SEVERAL Presbyterian missionaries to China, now in this country, have given their views of the Chinese Exclusion Act, which the Supreme Court has finally decided to be constitutional. They denounce it as not only bad in itself, un-Christian, and even inhuman, but as destined to have an almost fatal effect upon Christian missions in China.—May 25, 1893.

THE MOST NOTABLE feature in connection with the Royal Academy this year is the unanimity with which the critics have condemned it. . . . The actual fact is that the failure of the Academy to represent contemporary art, or, for that matter, British art, adequately has never before been so universally admitted. . . . Mr. Dicksee's large "Funeral of a Viking" is, by rights, the picture of the year, because of the size of the canvas and the obviousness of the story.—May 25, 1893.

SIX YEARS AGO we characterized the Grand Army as a machine for getting pensions, and time is making clear the accuracy of the description.—May 25, 1893.

FUNK & WAGNALLS have issued a prospectus, with sample pages, of their "Standard Dictionary of the English Language," in which we remark many interesting and some useful innovations.—May 25, 1893.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK: Harte, Bret, "Sally Dows and Other Stories."—May 25, 1893.

The Farmers Can Take It

BY RICHARD E. STOCKWELL

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, May 3

IF WE are to believe the Washington spokesmen of the farm bloc, agriculture in this country has reached a pretty pass. They picture the farmer on the very brink of revolt, disgusted with the Administration, furious about price ceilings, crippled by labor shortages. He is, they suggest, about ready to throw in his hand—prepared either to sell out or to reduce production far below the level required by our national food budget.

Out here in Iowa, one of the richest farm states in the union, that picture seems laughably distorted. Despite all talk of a great slump in output, farmers in these parts expect to break new records. County agricultural-war-board chairmen in the Midwest report that farmers are signing up for more production this year than last, despite the problems involved. They will admit to plenty of headaches, but for the most part they do not consider their difficulties worse than those facing other sectors of our war economy.

If the opinions of Iowa farmers are indicative of national feeling, our present farm policies are less unpopular than Congressional speeches would suggest. And Iowa, it is worth noting, has one of the largest Farm Bureau memberships of any state in the union. A survey just completed by one of our leading farm magazines found that 67 per cent of Iowa's farmers favored the AAA—which the Farm Bloc is seeking to abolish—and 54 per cent of those questioned thought they were actually better off if told what to produce in war time. Included in the survey was a question asking the farmer whether he approved or disapproved of the way President Roosevelt is handling his job. Fifty-seven per cent approved, 15 per cent disapproved, 28 per cent weren't sure.

Recent Gallup polls have shown that most farmers are well satisfied with the prices they are currently receiving. Dozens of farmers I have talked to have agreed, with unparalleled unanimity, that "prices are good." Here in Iowa, where farmers are planning to plant 10 per cent more corn this year, one veteran remarked: "Hog prices are good; in fact, with corn prices kept down where they are, hog prices have never been better. If the government puts ceilings on hogs at thirteen or fourteen dollars, we can still make good money." Others echoed this sentiment but added that they would need more help, especially at corn-picking time.

National cash farm income in 1942 was the highest on record. In 1939, not considered a "bad" year by most

farmers, total farm income was \$8.7 billion. In 1940 it was \$9.1 billion; in 1941, \$11.8 billion; and last year, \$15.5 billion. The increase has been not only in money but in "real income," for the prices which farmers pay have not risen in the same degree as those of the commodities they sell. Since the outbreak of the war in Europe, according to the OWI, the farm-price average has risen about 92 per cent, farm income about 79 per cent, and the average of prices paid by farmers (including interest and taxes) only about 25 per cent.

In other words, the comparatively mild degree of inflation which we have experienced so far during the war has operated to improve the farmer's position. His income has more than kept pace with his expenses, and he has been left with a cash surplus which is helping him to solve his greatest problem, debt. Farming requires a heavy investment for a normally meager return, with the result that most farmers are always burdened with debts. War prosperity has made possible a lightening of this load, and the federal land banks report that millions of dollars are being lopped off farm mortgages every month.

In other respects, of course, the war has brought new troubles to the farmer. He is concerned with the shortage of man-power, machinery, and other necessities, but on the whole he accepts this as a part of his contribution to the war effort, the farm bloc notwithstanding. Farm families are large, and it is hard to find one now that does not have a son, brother, or other near relative in the armed services. At present many farm boys from Iowa are fighting in North Africa. Talking with their folks one cannot fail to be impressed by their conviction that the war is just as much their battle as anyone's and by their willingness to undergo the hardships necessary to achieve victory. Of course grumbling is the age-old prerogative of the farmer, and with his tradition of independence, his normal dislike of regulation and red tape, it is hardly surprising that he has been less than enthusiastic about many OPA orders and Selective Service announcements. But the underlying spirit is very far from unpatriotic.

According to the Department of Agriculture, the number of family workers on the farms is virtually unchanged from the corresponding period a year ago, but the number of hired workers has declined by about 8 per cent. The question of farm man-power, however, is not immediately acute, for there is enough labor to get

the crops planted. The problem will become intensified with the approach of the harvesting season in late summer and early fall, when three to four million additional workers will be needed. Available statistics indicate a prospective shortage of men to handle fruit and truck crops, cotton, tobacco, and sugar beets. In order to facilitate the harvesting of such crops, the War Manpower Commission and the Department of Agriculture are working together on the organization of a mobile land army to be concentrated in areas of labor shortage.

Plans are also being laid to make use of imported Mexican labor, particularly in the West Coast orchards, and to permit increasing numbers of interned Japanese Americans, now involuntarily idle in relocation centers, to work on the farms. Many of them are well trained in specialized forms of agriculture. On dairy and poultry farms year-round workers are needed to keep output from sagging, but even here the shortage is apparently not so great as is commonly supposed. Production of milk in January surpassed that of a year ago, and egg production is substantially higher than in 1942.

Recently representatives from twelve Midwestern states met at Des Moines for a conference called by Governor Hickenlooper of Iowa to consider the farmer's plight, especially his labor difficulties. Reports of this meeting in the national press devoted nearly all their space to a gloomy speech by ex-President Hoover, and a forthright statement by Nebraska's Governor Griswold, which drew a heavy round of applause, was overlooked. "We plan to solve our own problems in Nebraska," he said. "There is certainly a man-power problem on our farms, but I am just as interested in the shortage of man-power in our shell-loading plants, in the great war industries of Michigan, and in the front lines in Tunisia." As for the draft, the Nebraska Governor said he was opposed to blanket deferment for any group because "that would be unfair to the boys already in the service, to those who would be deferred, and to the whole war effort."

There is no need to stress the difference in tone between these words and the jeremiads of the farm-bloc representatives in Congress. But there is no doubt that Governor Griswold reflects the sentiments of the average Midwestern farmer far better than the organizations which claim to be the Voice of Agriculture. Actually the phrase "farm bloc" means a lot less to the ordinary farmer than the city-dwelling newspaper reader might suppose. It comprises about 150 Senators and Representatives who take their cues from the four farm lobbies—the Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange, the National Council of Farmer Cooperatives, and the National Cooperative Milk Producers' Federation. These organizations represent a comparatively small number of well-to-do commercial farmers and absentee owners—the upper 10 per cent who produce something like half the marketed farm produce in the country. The National

Farmers' Union, which is usually at odds with the big lobbies, speaks for the other 90 per cent. The important fact, however, is that barely one farmer in ten belongs to any national pressure group at all.

Thus, while the battle rages in Washington, most farmers are too busy getting on with the job to pay much attention. The recently completed survey of the Federal Crop Reporting Service shows that ten million more acres of food and feed crops will be planted in 1943 than in 1942—an increase of 3.5 per cent over the all-time record. That is the program the farmers have set themselves. They have undertaken to hold the food front, and with reasonable cooperation from nature they will do it.

In the Wind

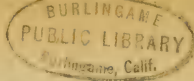
A LETTER by Professor Oscar Lange of the University of Chicago, blaming anti-Soviet elements in the Sikorski government for the Soviet-Polish rift, was denied publication by the New York Times. It was then submitted to the New York *Herald Tribune*, which published it in full. . . . Wilbur Forrest, assistant editor of the *Herald Tribune*, was recently called to the White House to confer informally with President Roosevelt, Cordell Hull, and Sumner Welles on his paper's critical attitude toward the State Department. The *Herald Tribune* has indicated no change of policy.

THE DENVER *Post* makes this editorial contribution to the defeat of fascism: "Why can't the council put a twenty-four-hours-a-day curfew on Japs and bar them from Denver streets?"

CORRECTION: On April 17 it was reported that a federal housing project for war workers at Farrell, Pennsylvania, was moved to a slum section when it was learned that Negroes as well as whites would live in it. Further investigation reveals that the whole project was suspended because changes in contracts eliminated the need of new workers. It was originally planned to locate the Negro dwellings in a less desirable section than the white dwellings, not because of discrimination by the government, but because Negroes are usually given low-pay jobs and cannot afford to pay as much rent as whites.

FESTUNG EUROPA: In 1939 a Dutchman named Kovens killed his wife and cut her body into several pieces in an effort to hide his crime. He was detected and sentenced to life imprisonment. Recently he was made director of a Nazi concentration camp at Ommen, Holland. . . . Nazi papers in Prague warn the people against talking in barber shops. . . . Last year Dr. Goebbels designated May as "Politeness Month." There is thus far no word from Germany as to whether the experiment is being repeated this year.

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.]



POLITICAL WAR

EDITED BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Undermining the Underground

IN DEALING with the assistance which Allied armies may expect from occupied countries when the assault on Fortress Europe begins, Messrs. Gerber and Kantorowicz, whose last article we publish today, have avoided exaggeration. From their store of material in the Columbia Broadcasting System's files they could easily have concocted an adventurous tale in the genre of "Hangmen Also Die," "Edge of Darkness," and similar films that have been passing across the American screen. That they have refrained from doing so speaks well for their sense of responsibility.

The underground, guerrillas—in a word, the forces of resistance—are more than a subject of entertainment. They are more than propaganda. They are an essential part of a struggle whose eminently political character makes everything concerned with mass movements and popular reactions a matter of strategic importance. Only on the assumption that in this war, and in the peace to follow, the people have a greater role to play than ever before is the strengthening or weakening of the popular forces of resistance seen in perspective. Only then is it seen that the problem parallels the production of tanks or planes and the action of Allied navies against U-boats.

Perhaps all this talk about the underground and its contribution to the winning of the war sounds a bit superfluous at a moment when the splendid victories in Africa have lifted all our hearts. Perhaps the latest developments in Tunisia are considered such conclusive evidence of the military superiority of the Allies that people think there is nothing more to do than tranquilly await the hour when invading armies make their way toward the center of Hitler's Fortress.

It is true that for the first time the German High Command has shown itself incapable of handling a situation whose final outcome was not difficult to foresee. It is true that German morale has proved, at the last moment, much lower than was generally expected. But the collapse of German strategy in North Africa, encouraging as it is, does not authorize us to take it as a pattern of future developments in Europe. We must not forget that it took six months to drown General von Arnim's armies in the Mediterranean. And we must not forget that the entire problem of communications and supplies will change the moment the Allies make a landing in Europe. Even more important, enemy aims will have changed. When the fight for Fortress Europe begins, Hitler will be defending home ground. The great question is whether Nazi Ger-

many will enter that decisive battle with its fighting spirit broken. Nothing that has occurred so far justifies such a hope, and though it would be pleasant to think that the Nazi determination to keep up the fight to the very end has been overestimated, we stubbornly adhere to the argument constantly expressed in this section that this is a war to the death.

It is just that determination to fight to the end that gives importance to the underground as the hour of invasion approaches. The success of our first effort to force our way on to European soil can well depend upon the cooperation tendered by anti-fascist forces of resistance. And until the moment when the German armies are obliged to fall back behind their original frontiers, the contribution of the underground and the guerrillas may prove invaluable.

During its three years of existence the underground has passed through alternate periods of intense activity and transitory apparent repose. From the beginning it has lacked the support it could and should have received from abroad. Not that we harbor any childish illusion that the underground could have been directed from an office in New York or London. But the record of the pro-Nazi fifth column and what it accomplished in France, Norway, and other places reveals what Hitler might have done with the underground had the majority of European peoples been for him rather than for the United Nations.

There are many European political and labor leaders now in England and the United States who have spent the past three years asserting the importance of the political aspect of the war. They have pointed to the day when Allied armies would land on the Continent. Each has had his story to tell. But all their efforts to have a clearly defined plan of action put into effect, to eliminate dilettante experimentation, and to give a serious political tone to Allied broadcasts to Europe have been useless. The lack of understanding and even of interest in the problems of the underground is still sadly evident.

As we pointed out in one of the first editorials in this section, this disinterest is due, in part, to the absence of adequate machinery for the conduct of political war. Neither Propaganda nor Intelligence has turned its attention to one of the greatest tasks of this war—the proper canalization of the huge reservoir of hate against fascism in Europe. At times one agency or another has indirectly dealt with the underground because it touched

some of its own problems. But even in those rare cases the agency has usually had to fight some other official organization which, jealous of its prerogatives, was more eager to create difficulties than to help. If an agency found an urgent need to bring someone to this country, or to send someone to Europe, the first necessity was to obtain authorization from the Visa Division of the State Department. But weeks would pass before the Visa Division acted, and in the meantime the need would have tragically disappeared.

If that was the attitude in the capitals of the United Nations in regard to more elementary problems of political warfare, one can imagine what was the approach to the underground on the part of consuls and diplomats. On his return from Europe, where he acted as representative of the Emergency Rescue Committee, Varian Fry wrote, in *The Nation*, about his experiences with American consular officials. Most of them sympathized with Vichy and with Franco. Most of them were ready to stamp any anti-fascist fighter as an outlaw on the pay roll of Moscow.

The absence of an organization or agency duly empowered to handle the kind of problem posed by the underground is a consequence of the general political attitude in regard to the war. The mechanism has not been created because the policy pursued by the United Nations has been exactly the opposite of that pursued by the underground. Some people call the underground leftist. Others call it patriotic. Call it any name you wish. The indubitable fact is that the underground is anti-fascist, anti-Munich, anti-appeaser, anti-everything that reminds the peoples of Europe of the treason by which they have been victimized. To address the underground over the radio, as major leaders of the United Nations have done, to ask it to exercise all its strength and enthusiasm in the fight against Hitler, and then to offer it as a reward a Europe with a Giraud in France, a Grandi in Italy, a Franco in Spain, a Hapsburg in Austria, is to laugh at the underground, to make it absolutely useless.

Dr. Goebbels would only have to distribute General Giraud's May 1 address in France to show the Frenchmen who are fighting in the underground that the social views of the man chosen in preference to General de Gaulle are barely distinguishable from those of Vichy. It has been suggested that in a few days the two generals will have met and agreed upon a formula of unification to end their controversy. Perhaps. Under the continuous pressure exerted upon him, it would not be surprising if General de Gaulle accepted a kind of compromise. Washington and London would breathe more easily. But the French underground will continue to see De Gaulle as the leader who has taken an underground representative on his national committee, and in Giraud they will see the man who blames not the old Marshal and his clique but the French worker for the fall of France.

All this is of extraordinary importance. The underground is not merely a temporary ally of today. The underground contains the seed for the Europe of tomorrow. In the underground are gathered the strongest and most active members of the nation. It is absurd to think that the underground fighters will render their maximum contribution to the fight that approaches and afterward calmly watch the United Nations intrust power to all the Girauds and the Grandis whom the little Metternichs are engaged in rescuing from the ruins of old Europe. The first thing required to strengthen the underground is a change in the policy of the United Nations, the implementation of President Roosevelt's promise of February 13: "The world can rest assured that this total war—this sacrifice of lives all over the globe—is not being carried on with the remotest idea of keeping Quislings or Lavals in power anywhere on this earth."

A. DEL V.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

THE *Essener Nationalzeitung*, property and mouthpiece of Herr Göring, is published at the center of the much-bombed district of the Ruhr. On April 18 it exploded. It pounded on the table with its fist and shouted, "What the people of this hard-hit region can endure from air attacks has a limit, and that limit has been reached."

It did not demand that the war be brought to an end, but it said that life must be made more bearable for the people of the bombed areas. Covertly it reproached the Berlin government for not sufficiently bestirring itself; openly it reproached the neighboring provincial governments for not being more helpful.

The Ruhr has felt the war more than any other German district, and it would be only fair for more favored districts to help it with its burden. They must do this by sending skilled workmen to repair the houses in the Ruhr. It may even be necessary for trucks, buses, and street cars to be placed at the disposal of Ruhr cities. The most capable officials must be sent into the Ruhr, and the region must be given wide powers of self-government. The "paper war" must stop, and all red tape must be got rid of.

This enumeration of things to be done provides a hint of what is lacking. The call for "the most capable officials" implies that those on the spot are not capable. The rebuke to the "more favored districts" which, instead of helping, carry on a "paper war," gives us the familiar picture of a bureaucracy in which the higher-ups are reluctant to hand over any powers to those beneath them. And that all this was publicly spread on the pages

of the local newspaper—in a dictatorship—shows a degree of irritation that had to be reckoned with.

The *Essener Nationalzeitung* had no sooner printed this explosion than Herr Goebbels himself rushed to the Ruhr to assay the prevailing *Stimmung*. He must have received a strong impression that the limit has indeed been reached, for on his return he immediately poured a thick stream of syrupy ethics over the excitement. In his weekly article of April 24 he admitted that the situation in the air-raid regions was a really serious problem. And in the name of the Nazi government and the German people he proclaimed that many things must be changed. "There is no getting around it—in these matters we must all learn new ways." "The people who have to suffer most from the air raids" must not feel that they have been left in the lurch. "They must get a sense of security from the consciousness of sharing a great common fate. The war which is so fraught with pain for them is not only theirs but ours."

From the few lines in which he was more concrete we obtain some details about actual conditions. "In the western part of the Reich some families have been bombed out two or three times, until finally they have had to be evacuated. They have a claim to be received with kindness in the region to which they are moved." The frequent air-raid alarms are accompanied by "abnormal feelings of hunger, a complaint for which there are suitable remedies." So far, however, no satisfactory cure seems to have been found for these "feelings of hunger" in the bombed areas, whether they are normal or abnormal.

The general picture thus gained agrees remarkably well with a bit of direct information recently received in America. A man who was living in Germany only four months ago designates as the darkest spot in the Reich at present the amazing incapacity of officials to deal with the effects of the bombings. The famed "German organization," he reports, has broken down in this instance to an extent that can hardly be imagined. The work of clearing away the ruins, providing the needed dwellings, making the most pressing repairs, and bringing order into the disorder arising from the emergency has been done, he

says, with fantastic slowness, inefficiency, and lack of sympathy. The Göring-Goebbels episode seems to confirm this.

The crass psychological diletantism of which Hitler personally was guilty when he made his grotesque predictions of victory in Russia was completely eliminated from the Tunisian news reports. Not once during the last months has the possibility of a future victory in North Africa been mentioned. No prospect has been held out even that the front there might be maintained. And for some weeks the prospect that the opposite might happen has been discussed. On April 15 various newspapers dealt expressly with the possibility that "we may be forced to evacuate North Africa" or that "North Africa may be lost." Of course they all emphasized that that would not "be decisive for the outcome of the war." In fact, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* discovered that "it would be actually advantageous, since the Axis would no longer have an overseas transportation problem." At any rate, declared the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten*, "Rommel will have won for us much valuable time." That is pertinent and enlightening. And the consistently sober and cautious psychological handling of this campaign leads one to conclude that Hitler personally no longer has a hand in military publicity.



THE LAST BULLETS

Europe Against Hitler

III. THE PASSIVE RESISTERS

BY JOHN W. GERBER AND ALFRED KANTOROWICZ

BULGARIA and Rumania are in a state of deep and relatively uncontrolled unrest. But their respective governments have not yet let matters get so far out of hand that there is imminent danger of revolution.

Bulgaria is at war with the United States but not with Russia, largely because King Boris dare not flout the heavily pro-Russian sentiments of the Bulgarian people. German influence in the Bulgarian army is strong, dating back to World War I, and until now it has served King Boris's purposes to play the Nazi game. Bulgaria got parts of Greece and Yugoslavia after the Nazi conquest. The Bulgarians have suppressed the populations in the territories they occupy by the same ruthless methods as the Nazis. Boris and his government can therefore expect little consideration in the event of a United Nations victory. Meanwhile, the Germans have occupied large areas of the country—especially the coastal cities and the region along the Turkish border. There is no indication that German troops thus far have participated in quelling restive elements on any considerable scale, but there are sufficient numbers of them on the spot to discourage any current planning for revolution.

Resistance in Bulgaria takes the form of well-coordinated and widespread mass demonstrations, effective underground work, and a little guerrilla warfare. Fifty per cent of Bulgaria's industrial workers are said to be members of the Communist Party (but remember that Bulgaria is largely an agrarian country), and resistance is to a great extent Communist-led. During widespread mass demonstrations early this year, apparently in protest against raids by the pro-Nazi police force on Soviet consulates, 25,000 persons are said to have been arrested. Bulgaria will be ready to overthrow Boris's government and join the United Nations the moment our armies engage the Bulgarian army, part of which will revolt too, and the Nazi occupying forces.

Rumania is the sucker nation of Europe. The Antonescu regime did not have majority support when it was first installed, and most Rumanians thought that the war against Russia would be limited to the securing of Bessarabia. There are fairly reliable indications that the Rumanian army was surprised when ordered to advance beyond the Bessarabian border, and a number of Rumanian officers were reported executed for refusing to lead their troops. More than thirty divisions were largely destroyed in the subsequent fighting. Casualties were par-

ticularly heavy at Odessa, Sevastopol, and Stalingrad, where the Nazis forced the Rumanians to spearhead the heaviest assaults.

Another Rumanian grievance is the Nazi award of Transylvania to Hungary. Sporadic border fighting is still going on between these two Axis puppets, and at this moment Rumanian revisionists would rather be fighting Hungary than Russia. Disillusionment with the Nazis and with the Antonescu regime is complete. Open political warfare against Antonescu is being carried on by Dr. Iuliu Maniu, the peasant leader, and George Bratianu, leader of the Liberal Party, who, however, is strongly anti-Soviet. Underground work, particularly sabotage, is well developed. A victorious advance of the United Nations in the Balkans probably would quickly result in the overthrow of Antonescu.

Italy is a tired, discouraged, hungry country, but the Italian people are between the devil Hitler and the deep blue Mediterranean. Presumably, as Germany's number one ally, Italy shares responsibility for the war and must share whatever punishment is decided upon in the post-war period. Actually, Italy has become completely a prisoner of the Nazis. The Italian patriot has his choice between a Nazi victory, which would reduce his country forever to the position of a powerless satellite, and a United Nations victory, which must appear to the average Italian as national defeat.

Casualties in the Italian army amount to about one million men. More than 500,000 have been lost in the African campaigns, and the ten picked Fascist divisions sent to the Russian front were either taken prisoner or cut to pieces. In addition, the Nazis have taken something like 300,000 Italian workers for slave labor in Germany.

Italy as a whole is sadly undernourished; food consumption varies from one part of the country to another because distribution of supplies is so poorly organized. Rations are among the lowest in Europe, and even the small amounts allowed are not always available. The cost of food has risen by more than 20 per cent since the beginning of the war, and the incomparably higher prices on the flourishing black market are far beyond the reach of the Italian working class. Imports from other European countries, on which the people used to depend to a large extent, have been cut, and at the same time Italy has been obliged to increase its exports to

Germany—particularly of fruits, vegetables, and nuts.

The Fascists' pre-war policy of self-sufficiency was necessarily a failure. A modern war can't be run without coal and steel, and Italy has neither. It is largely dependent upon Germany for both, and Germany was able to deliver only a fraction of the twelve million tons of coal promised for last year. Italy actually needed twenty million tons, and hundreds of Italian war plants have been closed down because of the coal and steel shortages.

The revolutionary anti-fascist forces in Italy recognize that these conditions were brought about by Fascist government policy, and that the first condition for the rebuilding of Italy and the freedom of the Italian people is the overthrow of Mussolini and his supporters. It is not possible to make an accurate estimate of the numerical strength of the revolutionists, or to determine whether they are only a vanguard of the most intelligent and courageous or are more deeply rooted among the masses. That they have influence and effect is indicated by the number of sentences for political offenses.

The recent political amnesty proclaimed by Mussolini is a sign of weakness, not of strength. By innumerable death sentences early in its career, and by the slaughter of civilians in Abyssinia and Spain, the Fascist regime showed that it was not moved by sentiment. If recent sentences against anti-Fascists have been comparatively mild, it is because the regime feels that the sympathies of an increasing number of Italians are with the accused.

One of the outstanding phenomena of the war has been the miserable fighting spirit of Italian soldiers. Anyone who saw the Italian Garibaldi battalion of the International Brigade fighting at Las Rozas in defense of Madrid in December, 1936, or massacring an entire regular Fascist division at Guadalajara in March, 1937, knows that an Italian soldier is as brave as any other when he is fighting for a cause in which he believes. The liberal anti-Fascist Italian leader Count Carlo Sforza recently complained, quite justifiably, that the Italian army "should have been the object of respect throughout the world when it refused to fight and called a military strike" against the invasion of Greece. Even the regular Italian army probably would put up no more than token resistance against invading armies. The majority of the Italian people would welcome them as liberators from war and Nazi supervision, and a not inconsiderable minority would even offer active assistance.

The situation in Austria, the first nation to fall to Germany, might well be considered similar to that in Germany proper, but there are several distinguishing factors. World War I left Austria very badly off. A small nation, without access to the sea, far from self-sufficient, Austria could flourish only within a federation of Central European states or—for better or for worse—as a part of Germany. Immediately after the

war there was a strong feeling among the middle and working classes in favor of *Anschluss* with the German republic, but when Nazism came to power the workers reversed their position and worked for an independent Austria. Some of the reactionary groups, who had held aloof from the republic, wanted *Anschluss* with Hitler, and influential clerical circles hoped for protection by Mussolini's Fascisti.

After the Nazi occupation of Austria in 1938, resistance took the dual form of semi-revolutionary activity and a movement for national independence. It is not yet possible to see which predominates. The tendencies toward national independence differentiate the Austrian opposition movement from the German, but on the whole they may be considered together.

Germany itself will be the United Nations' toughest nut. The Nazis have had three years to construct their vaunted "Fortress Europe." They have had ten years to make Germany impregnable, and they have promised that they will, if necessary, fight all the way through the occupied countries to the heart of Berlin.

The Nazis have visited inhuman cruelties upon the peoples they have conquered, but they brought their methods to perfection by long practice upon the German people. Between 1933 and the outbreak of the war, 12,000 Germans were executed, 225,000 (exclusive of ordinary criminals) were sentenced in the ordinary courts of law, and almost two million were sent to concentration camps or mistreated in S. A. cellars, Gestapo centers, and police stations because of anti-Nazi activities.

The Nazis fear the German people as much as any other people they have conquered. To crush opposition from within, Gestapo chief Heinrich Himmler has held a whole army in reserve. This is made up of 300,000 picked S. S. men, badly needed at the fighting fronts, and more than 150,000 well-equipped policemen, in addition to the ubiquitous plainclothesmen of the Gestapo. The size of that force is a measure of the Nazis' fear of their own people.

There are eight to ten million men in the German army now, and their equipment is sufficient, if no longer abundant. They are the best-fed men in Europe—better fed than the rest of the German people, who are the best-fed nation in Europe. The German army (prepared, remember, to continue the war within Germany) has been trained for total warfare by the best methods of Prussian militarists, is led by experienced nationalist officers, and is interspersed with fanatical Nazis. The main body of the German army is still morally intact. The remainder is held together by formidable discipline and fear of both the enemy in front of it and the Gestapo behind it. The soldiers have been warned that if they are captured their families will be punished.

Casualties in the German army, conservatively esti-

mated, run to about four million dead, permanently disabled, and prisoners of war. This, plus the tremendous number of able-bodied men in the army, plus the fact that mechanized warfare requires an ever greater number of skilled and unskilled workers, has resulted in Germany's most crucial problem: man-power.

The recent Sauckel decrees mobilizing all men between sixteen and sixty-five and all women between seventeen and forty-five for labor service has led to a serious deterioration in working conditions, and consequently a deterioration in the ability of workers to take part in active resistance. Goebbels emphasized in his speech on February 18 that everyone must put in twelve, fourteen, or even sixteen hours' work a day in German war factories. Anyone who tries to "get out of it by delivering to his draft board an inconsequential doctor's certificate, instead of delivering his working power," Goebbels warned, will be treated as "a deserter from our national community." In an article in *Das Reich* he elaborated; "If there is anybody among us who does not understand that, we will act irrespective of him." Three articles in *Das Reich* in January and February and his speech in Berlin's Sportpalast were filled with vituperation against "deserters in all classes," "parasites," "shirkers," "profiteers," "traitors," "egotists," "defeatists," "the scum of society." Obviously, passive resistance is becoming a serious problem.

The total mobilization brought other headaches for the Nazis. They had no choice but to eliminate the German middle class, the class that had supported them most ardently. All bars, many restaurants, most department stores, and the majority of retail stores were closed by decree. The *Schwarze Korps*, official paper of the S. S. guards and one of the most influential party mouthpieces, commented: "The German middle class is dead and should not rise again after the war. The ghost of the middle class should be put into the chimney corner."

The problem created by the seven to ten million foreign workers and war prisoners in Germany has probably given Nazi leaders some very anxious moments. Necessarily these people are in daily contact with German workers. The seriousness of the situation is emphasized by the daily decrees and warnings issued to German workers that there should be no contact with foreigners other than that required on the job. Reports of sentences for violations of those decrees are becoming more numerous. It is, by the way, one of the paradoxes of the Nazi race theories that never before have there been men of so many races and nations on German soil. Nothing can prevent their meeting young German women whose husbands or fiancés have been absent for years or have already been killed. The foreign workers are unarmed and closely guarded, but the conditions are present for their alliance with dissatisfied German workers in a genuine anti-fascist "International," in the heart

of the fortress, at the moment the United Nations reach its outer bastions.

Opposition within Germany nearly collapsed after Munich. It revived when it became clear that England would not capitulate, and it gathered strength when the Soviet Union and the United States entered the war. It is still growing, as witness the numerous publicly announced arrests, sentences, executions, and even mass executions; as witness the denunciations by Göring, Himmler, Goebbels, and even Hitler, of "enemies" of the fatherland" and "bolshevik sub-humans." It is no coincidence that after the bombings of Essen, Cologne, Munich, and Berlin, inscriptions appeared on the walls of ruined houses reading: "*Das haben wir dem Führer zu verdanken*" ("We have the Führer to thank for this"). Open revolution will not break out, however, until we have engaged a substantial part of the forces held in reserve to keep resistance underground.

Europe's fight is not merely a negative one—against Hitler. The Nazis have taken away the opportunities for individual security inherent in every democracy. The immediate fight against Hitler is for the restoration of those opportunities; in the long run, it is for economic and political security, for the assurance that no man and no group will ever again be permitted to deprive millions of their sustenance. Every statement that has come out of the European underground has called for a post-war world in which there will be jobs for all workers; land for all peasants, and a vote for everyone.

Two hundred million Europeans—with the exception of a small clique of Quislings, traitors, and congenital scoundrels—are united in the fight. Oppression, visited equally upon everyone, has put everyone on an equal plane—spiritually, economically, and politically. Everyone to some extent has felt the deleterious effects of hunger. Everyone has seen, or has been subjected to, the ruthless, well-organized methods of the Gestapo.

Hunger, oppression, the presence of enemy forces—all are contributing to a day-by-day decline in the amount of assistance we shall receive when we land. Leadership inside Europe, among the people now engaged in comparatively passive resistance, will be of major importance. Much of the leadership has already been wiped out, and there is no way of telling whether it has been replaced by equally effective men. The Catholic church, which maintains a strong grip on the minds of millions of people, has not yet shown its hand, though many individual priests have been active anti-fascists.

We cannot expect the victims of Hitler to win the war for us. We must do that with our own equipment and with the blood of our own men. But their help will save the lives of hundreds of thousands of Allied soldiers, and will hasten the fall of Hitler's European fortress.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE UNKNOWN ARMY

We are the civil fathers, the poor necessary
Clerks of a fair world great death besieges.
Close and far the danger; ships and houses
Equally expect ambush; the foe's line
Is not one thread, is fabric: a bone cap
That tightens. And the young ones have departed.
In companies destructive, daring fate
To find them, they are deepest in the mold
To crack it; and they will, and the free skull,
Warm again, should praise their blood forever.
We have not gone, nor may we; except darkly
In dreams—oh, then we bitterly deploy,
We venture; and arrive at the most difficult
Crossways, where the frost is quickest formed
On heroes. Which anonymous we are,
In nightmares—oh, the cursing in those thickets
When with no moon we come; only with heated
Hatred, searching midnight for a nerve
To sever in the arm that weaves this skeleton
Cloth, this whited silence, this green country's
Shroud that in our sleep we shear away.

MARK VAN DOREN

LIFE ON THE "OBIT" PAGE

BY IRWIN EDMAN

I DON'T know at just what age I began to read the obituary page with interest and care, and even to turn to it with a morbid flutter of anticipation. I suspect that like most other people I began to explore this hall of prompt and definitive fame when to find a contemporary there was no longer a novelty. It is only during the tragic ironies of war that it becomes normal to associate death with youth.

But it was not morbidity (nor is it now, I think) that made me turn to the obituary page, heading for it directly after the front-page headlines and skipping past the columns about books, or beauty, or now even food. My curiosity in reading the accounts of the only just deceased is not about the dead but about the living. For these obituary accounts, much livelier than they used to be—if one may so put it—are excellent thumb-nail biographies of persons with whose virtues and qualities, as well as their names, one perhaps becomes acquainted for the first time only when they are dead. It is not the records of the most famous that are the most interesting, nor is it always the longest accounts that provoke the largest reflection. A paragraph about an obscurity who for fifty years had tended a lonely lighthouse, a few lines about a janitor who left a fortune, a squatter who had been a bank president—this is the sort of stuff out of which one may mold a philosophy of human aspiration and the mortal storm.

I like best, I think, the obituary notices of what may be called minor-league celebrities. These are persons who until their reported death I had not known existed, though it is clear from the biographical data that they cut quite a figure, one in the bedspring business or the civic life of a Midwestern town, another in the building up of an agricultural college in Texas.

Thus, I am told, John Soaper first came to the Beeswax Company as a shipping clerk; he dies the head of the company. His son is a lieutenant in the army, and his daughter is married—I recognize the name—to the scion of an old New York family, and his stamp collection has come to be esteemed by philatelists. I can read between the lines, anybody could, an eighteen-hundred-page novel. It would be an industrial saga. It would have touches of Babbitt, and of Edith Wharton—the part about the daughter would. And the stamp collection? What might that not portend to a psychological novelist? Escape, perhaps, from domesticity, from the boredom of wealth, or it might be simply a larval stage of the connoisseur impulse. In another age John Soaper would have been an art-collecting cardinal. In eighteen hundred pages one would have room to speculate on these matters. But the half-column history provides plenty of material for speculation or for art.

Or take a different case. Professor Edwards, emeritus, retired from the University of So-and-so twenty-five years ago and is now dead at ninety-six in Florida. The university is far away and not very well known to me, and I can only take on faith the information that the old professor used to cut quite a figure on the campus, especially in winter with his beaver cap and in any season with his gibes at late comers. The obituary account lists an impressive number of learned societies to which he belonged. I am informed that his monographs on the history of his native county are well known to all students of that rather special subject. It appears that he rose briefly to national celebrity about thirty years ago when he was widely quoted as having said in a Phi Beta Kappa address that a college education ruined a man's intellect and atrophied his spirit. There was, the paper says, heated controversy at the time. Part of the pleasure of reading the obituaries is in filling in what the writer has perhaps forgotten or failed to turn up among the ancient clippings he has assembled. It suddenly comes back to me that I read about the whole business while I was in high school. It turned out that the professor was misquoted. What he actually said was that *without* a college education, the intellect was killed and the spirit atrophied. But by the time denials were made, the discussion had acquired too much momentum to be stopped.

Time and again there crop up in the obituary columns mysterious wealthy persons. The mystery is this: their wealth is so great, apparently, that it is remarkable one should not have heard about them before. Unknown to me, unknown I suspect to everyone, they and their modest multi-millions have flourished in the decent reticence of a distant small

community. Orphanages all over the country, I learn, have long flourished under their anonymous patronage, and in some instances the peonies they have raised have won national prizes. Apparently lifelong foes or fumlbers of publicity, it is an irony that their distinction, if only of opulence, comes to light for the first time now that they have ceased to see the sun.

Then there are the repeated moral lessons of the obituary pages. It is a rare week that does not produce an account, sometimes far down the page, of the forgotten theatrical stars of a generation ago, or the heroes and heroines of the silent screen, made anachronistic by an invention that served for them only to reveal their impossible flat voices, flat even for Hollywood, or their incurably illiterate diction. The obituaries do not say that, but one recalls hearing about it at the time. As for the stage stars of an earlier period, how Marcus Aurelius would have reveled in reading of their end, and moralized sadly on the transience of fame, the precariousness of friendship and of money! The darling of operetta in the nineties dead in poverty in a South Dakota village. (Tears may be in order. But Mozart died in poverty in Vienna at thirty-five.) I read of the architects of buildings one has passed every morning or of the manufacturers of tooth paste I have used every day, of the writers of best-sellers long since forgotten, of the creators of styles or inventions now routine.

And then there are, not least instructive, the notices of the passing of relics of an era now definitely over—the dowager whose word was once law in a Four Hundred itself now a memory, the giver of magniloquently vulgar parties on the Riviera when that azure region was a paradise of the Anglo-American smart set. Other times, other manners! Sometimes I confess I turn back with relief even to the anxieties on the front page. For these events are of today and point to hopes and fears for tomorrow. Meanwhile the obituary page is for that very reason not a bad form of escape literature, with the risk always of the shock of finding on it any day a name one had hoped never to live to see there, and the further risk of realizing with a sudden sinking of the heart in how few lines one's own contribution to his time could be summarized.

Sometimes I suspect that the most significant lives as a God or a God-inspired novelist might see them never get into the obituaries at all or into that pantheon of respectability, the paid death announcements. What rescues—or corrupts—a man from anonymity is some obvious public mark of eminence or success, some recognizable standard brand of good or ill he has done in the world. The things that transmute an existence into a life are not those that render it notable or quotable; these are too intimate, lyric, and universal. Even the good or evil that most men do most deeply is not what is available for public record or singular enough to seem worth recording. The unknown soldier is vaguely remembered for his courage; the nameless citizen for his run-of-the-mill patience or his fumlblings, his oddities, his ardors, or his failures. The obituaries of the human being in his undistinguished humanity can seldom be written or seem worth writing save to the small circle, usually nameless also and inarticulate, by whom he was beloved. The very great, like the humble, do not provide the characteristic materials for

modern obituaries. Human dignity has other measures than the obvious ones of contemporary celebrity.

Still, I hope some day, some distant day, an obituary writer will recall that I once wrote a rueful tribute to obituaries.

Wrapped in a Mystery

THE ENIGMA OF ADMIRAL DARLAN. By Alec de Montmorency. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

WHEN a book offers startling facts unsupported by any document, it may still have a certain degree of validity if some authority attaches to the author's name, or if the work presents a consistent, plausible hypothesis. In this case, both these conditions are lacking.

M. Alec de Montmorency is an enigma wrapped in a mystery. We are told that his identity cannot be revealed "for obvious reasons." The reasons seem obvious to me; but they had better remain undefined. However, let us give M. de Montmorency the full benefit of the doubt. Let us assume that his name is Alec (that is appropriate enough) and that he comes from the charming little village near Paris famed for Jean-Jacques Rousseau, cherries, and donkey rides. That does not make his story more convincing. He would have us believe that Pétain, Weygand, and Darlan had prepared a Legitimist *coup de chien*, or putsch, with Alfonso XIII as their candidate. For this tall tale he offers not a particle of evidence. But his mind is hopelessly confused about that small knot of Legitimists known as *les Blancs d'Espagne*. Their candidate was not Alfonso but the Carlist Pretender; Alfonso, in their eyes, was a usurper, like Louis Philippe. Incidentally, M. de Montmorency casts doubt on the "legitimacy" of the Count of Paris: the legitimacy, not of his claims, but of his birth. I hope that some Royalist will argue the point with M. de Montmorency—if he can be found.

Another story is that Darlan planned to "concentrate" all naval officers with Republican leanings on a single ship, the "old Jean-Bart," with M. Pierre Cot as admiral. The Jean-Bart was then to be torpedoed. That is the kind of *galéjades* that the Marseilles people liked to swap in the cafes of their beloved Cannubiére: the hoariest of them all is about the monstrous sardine that once blocked the entrance of the old harbor.

Except for these two lurid tales, there is nothing in the book that any casual newspaper reader did not know. But even the simplest statements appear in a blur, so that we never get a clear idea of what Darlan actually said or did. This is particularly true of the fateful days between our landing in North Africa and Darlan's masterly capture of his captors. On this, and on Darlan's death, M. de Montmorency throws no light whatever. The portrait he offers us—paladin, blackguard, Legitimist who was the son of a Republican minister, and who won advancement by out-drinking Daladier—would be an amusing caricature if it were intelligible. But no attempt is made to fit the pieces together. The title of the book is "Admiral Darlan": it might as well be "Nude Descending a Staircase."

There is no partisan animus in the present review. I am

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no great admirer of Admiral Darlan: but the account of him offered in this book is damaging beyond the dreams of his worst enemies. What is more, I believe that a good case could be made for the dynamic little Admiral. In the general collapse the fleet remained France's supreme asset. So long as it remained in being, France had a bargaining point with Hitler—and with England as well. I am ready to believe that Darlan was a patriot of the Richelieu-Bismarck-Hitler school: ambitious, for self and country, ruthless, unscrupulous, but on a scale which ceases to be purely contemptible. I am too good an American to admit that our diplomats were bested by an egregious scoundrel or a fool. It was not because he was a "traitor" to France, to the Republic, or to Pétain that I deprecated any compromise with him; but because he represented the very kind of fanatical patriotism against which we are at war.

A serious study of Darlan, if it were possible now, could be fascinating as well as instructive. But this is not a study: it is a would-be thriller that utterly fails to thrill. Life is earnest: let us turn to serious things, and read Edgar Wallace's "Silinski."

ALBERT GUÉRARD

"Non-Combatants"

DYNAMITE CARGO: CONVOY TO RUSSIA. By Fred Herman. The Vanguard Press. \$2.

THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL. By James Hilton. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.

HERE are two studies of how non-fighting men behave in the terrifying crises of war. Fred Herman, son of an upstate New York bookstore proprietor, tells how he and his fellow merchant seamen aboard an explosives-laden Liberty ship almost, but not quite, reached Russia in an Arctic convoy. On the other side of the world, we have James Hilton's account of the simple heroism of a fifty-eight-year-old navy doctor who shepherded his wounded flock out of Java just ahead of the Japanese.

Fred Herman, who got the idea of going to sea from Conrad and who spent his spare hours on the Atlantic reading Sandburg's life of Lincoln, points up no heroes, but takes men the way he finds them and makes them real. There was dead-pan Willy who gazed at seagulls for hours: he shipped to Russia because "the wages was high" and he wanted to buy fancy furniture for his kid brother who was getting married. Willy did not live to collect the wages. There was the Salesman, bald-headed, embittered trouble-maker with a grudge against the world; when a little group of seamen thought they had been abandoned aboard their foundering ship, the Salesman's reaction was to scream denunciations of the departed captain: "He ain't in command no more. He can't shove me around no more." And there was the captain himself, the Old Man, nearly seventy, who had locked up his Texas ranch and returned to the sea because merchant skippers were needed; he had already been torpedoed twice before he took command of this ship.

It is almost unbelievable that men could stay sane through the horror of that Arctic passage as Fred Herman describes

it, simply and vividly and almost without adjectives. One clear day they could look far down the convoy as the German planes attacked. "One after another, then, the ships in that line began to go. It was sickening, like watching a slaughter. You could guess their cargoes by the sound of the explosions and the color of the smoke that belched up." The men knew there could be few survivors. They also knew that a man blown into that Arctic water might survive as long as sixty minutes.

Finally a torpedo crippled their ship, and except for a few who were killed the men were transferred to a British cruiser. There the torture was even worse, for they had to stay below deck while the cruiser fought its way through a rain of bombs and tried to dodge torpedoes both from the air and from U-boats below. They could feel the concussions, but couldn't fight back and couldn't see what was happening. By way of preserving their sanity, a young British officer on the bridge was detailed to give them a running account over the ship's amplifier. During a lull he told them he was going to play draughts with another officer, and a steward hung up a big checkerboard down below so they could follow the game and make bets on it. Later Mr. Herman learned that the young officer read off the moves through the amplifier from a printed form; there was no game being played.

Almost 4 per cent of the seamen who take out the merchantmen have been lost, as compared with a death rate in the armed services of less than three per cent. "We don't claim to be heroes," says Mr. Herman. "We are the bums. But we deliver the cargoes." Terrified as they were, these bums didn't crack up in the pinches; they kept on doing their jobs. Mr. Herman himself signed on again. One hopes that a young man who can write so honest and moving a book will live to write more.

The tale of Dr. Wassell's adventure in Java was told in brief by President Roosevelt in a broadcast a year ago. Mr. Hilton, creator of the celebrated Mr. Chips, talked at length to the doctor, to his friends and relatives, and to some of the sailors he looked after. Then Mr. Hilton reconstructed the story in swift-flowing fictional form.

Old Dr. Wassell from Arkansas had been a medical missionary in China and later a CCC physician in the South and never had attained any glittering success. Two years ago last February he found himself assigned as navy liaison doctor with forty-one injured men from the Houston and the Marblehead in a Dutch hospital near Surabaya. The men were getting adequate care; so he didn't have much to do at first. He bought them ice cream and talked the Dutch superintendent into letting them smoke. When it became obvious that the Japanese were about to overwhelm Java and that these men would be left behind to be captured, the mouse-like Dr. Wassell turned into a bold conspirator and a fighting leader. He stuck by his wounded men through the panic of evacuation, and by his conniving and bullying and dogged courage got even the stretcher cases off to safety.

Mr. Hilton's version of the episode makes entertaining reading, and no doubt will make a gripping movie. Without in any way belittling Dr. Wassell, one can almost hear the crescendo of the theater organ at heart-throb points throughout the pages.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

Citizen of the World

THE WORLD OF YESTERDAY. An Autobiography by Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. \$3.

THIS was a happy man. After sixty years he killed himself. In his farewell letter he put down all that he thought worth striving for in life. He wanted to be a gentleman; he wanted to "build his life"; his "purest joy" was "intellectual labor"; the "highest good on earth" was "personal freedom." "I, the all too impatient one"—that is what he called himself.

There is Zweig's very typical last statement. There are final dispositions. The completed manuscripts are to be sent to the publishers. Order reigns, and urbanity. An expression of thanks to the host country is not forgotten. There is the ornate, dramatized language so dear to him and his readers throughout the world. A "final duty calls him." he will "part from life—of my own free will and in my right mind." These are the proper, prescribed formulas. Nor is the measured plaint lacking, at the "long years of homeless wandering." It all but rhymes. And twice he crossed out words that did not fit.

Zweig was an Austrian, the son of a Viennese millionaire, a Jew—all by birth. What he made of himself was an author, a humanist, a pacifist. This book, supposed to tell the story of his life, is no autobiography. It is a sequence of background views of his time, interlarded with portraits of the famous men he met; in his Preface Zweig refers to himself as "the pivotal point" of his volume. "Time paints the picture." He promises a report on "an entire generation." He talks of three worlds—pre-war, between wars, post-war—and several existences. The disillusioned citizen of the world calls himself "the homeless man" who "belongs nowhere." He scouts "that arch-plague, nationalism," the new barbarism "with its deliberate and programmatic dogma of anti-humanitarianism." He deplores our new simultaneous organization, which constantly involves us in every world event—without protection, safety, or escape.

He devotes eight chapters to the "World of Security" before the first war, to school and college days, pre-war eroticism, visits to Paris and trips to India and America. The other eight deal with the war of 1914, the battle for "intellectual brotherhood," Switzerland in the last war, Austria and Berlin in the inflation, worldwide travel, worldwide fame, worldwide success, and the era of Adolf Hitler, including exile.

It is the life and the book of a classicist—full of tradition and composure, stylized from birth to death, with rounded sentences, rounded sentiments, a hundred qualms, one great passion (hate of the crime of war), one distinct inclination (always to serve literature), and one profound resentment, of the loss of individual dignity under the new barbarism. Love of spiritual greatness—the only moral greatness—raised him out of the narrow bourgeois world, whose perfect heir he would otherwise have been. Resentment at the loss of human dignity turned this anti-metaphysical writer into a Christian figure. And the hatred of war which made him "the last pacifist" gives life and truth to this tale of a poet's education.

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Zweig says he was surprised by his worldwide success. He began as a translator, a born mediator between foreign literatures and civilizations. He became known through writing a pacifist play, "Jeremiah," during the last war. He was successful with erotic novelettes. He became world-famous for his psychological biographies. Eventually, for a few years, he was the world's most translated author.

Endowed with the Old Austrian gifts for comedy and *feuilleton* writing, a conventional writer with all the postures of boldness, a gentle moralist and highly skilled popularizer—he was born to succeed. Just as, an actuary of his fortune, he computed his life in order to "build" it, everything in his books—the seemingly dramatic fire and the pretended historical points—was calculated, too, with a will to success. But calculation is an essential element of art.

This is a mute book—the autobiography—with the untold private life. "Anonymity in every respect of life is a necessity to me." It contains no love story, no story of marriage, and only a few scattered notes on his work or personal anecdotes, such as that of the thief he refused to prosecute, who carried his stolen trunk back from the police station to the hotel. (The manager, incensed at Zweig for having pardoned the thief, ejected him.)

Stefan Zweig was far too chaste to write a real autobiography. Over modest, he was afraid of nudity. This secret prude may never have written a truly naked word, although at times he committed shameless acts such as that biography of Marie Antoinette (popular for just that reason) in which the story of the French Revolution—or the world—looks like a footnote to Freud's psychoanalytical lectures.

Zweig was a hedonist of the best type, and a noble human being. His was a gentle heart. He was a friend of peace, and of poets. With spiritual means and high ideals he found millions of readers—a universal pedagogical merit of the first order.

He made friends wherever he went. He was a kind man, without malice, full of enthusiasm for greatness of spirit, and he liked to help. He worked all his life, left a vast body of work behind but always found time to discover, advise, aid, and protect the young or new or great poets of many countries in Europe. He started, and originally selected, one of the most beautiful editions of books in the German language, the *Insel-Bücher*. He helped to influence and shape the literary taste of Europe—almost always improving it. He advised publishers in ten countries, including the United States. He helped many people with money and influence, word and deed, and he saved the lives of some.

Zweig came from polyglot, super-national Austria-Hungary with the ideal of a good European, a citizen of the world—the finest ideal of German literature since Goethe, Schiller, and Heine. His second home was in France; he was at home in Europe. But the poet's victories are complete—in fact, immeasurable—and lethal. When Zweig lost his country, because of Hitler and the moral weakness of Europe, he turned from a citizen of the world into an enemy alien. When he lost his passport, he saw himself as an alien enemy of life. He despised the "pathological suspicion of everybody against everybody else" and the "morbid dislike of the foreigner." The war pursued the pacifist to England, to the

United States, to Brazil. Rilke's word, "War is always prison," became fatal for Zweig.

This humblest of all world celebrities had the bourgeois pride to scout all outward distinctions, medals, or titles. He had the civic virtue to shun tyrants. He had the pride of all good literati; his ideal figures were Jeremiah, the moral preacher and prophet, and Erasmus, the anti-revolutionary sage and skeptic. His fine, unselfish admiration of spiritual greatness in others made him a singular figure in the literary world. He had genius as a collector, merit as a mediator, popularity as a writer, happiness as a master of the art of living—until the century ceased to have room for either individualists or individualities.

HERMANN KESTEN

Fiction in Review

CHARLES MILLS'S "The Choice" (Macmillan, \$3) is a first novel of considerable talent. To be sure, it has grave faults of style: its young hero, David Lennox, has too many "feelings"; his emotions strain at the prose and some of the most crucial moments in his intellectual development are almost unintelligible. Then Mr. Mills is over-fond of quasi-poetical abstractions in language; sentences like the following are typical, and wearing: "He sat for a long time, and he felt himself growing to the very limits of touch, beyond which was being. He felt a happiness such as he never had known before, for just beyond his sight, just beyond his understanding, was the perfection of all things, and in this time to know its being brought promise to its supremest fullness, and desire into a foretaste of peace." But what constitutes Mr. Mills's talent is his ability, in spite of his wordiness, to evoke scene, and his method of patiently building character. In its prose "The Choice" suggests Thomas Wolfe; in its method of creating character it bears a certain resemblance to "The Last Puritan." Perhaps the chief element in Mr. Mills's talent is his respect for what a novel should do.

But with this salute to its author's gifts, I can go on to say that "The Choice" is a very distressing book—quiet, yet one of the most distressing books I have read recently. It is a novel of Southern reaction and an archetypal one; that is, what other writers may betray only unconsciously, Mr. Mills is sufficiently educated and conscious to state boldly. For granted that violence, prejudice, myth-making, anti-intellectualism are everywhere in the air these days, in the North as well as in the South, still the rankling bitterness that obsesses the South even these many years after the Civil War, and the formulated myths and prejudices which always seem to be at hand to give form and direction to violence, make reactionary novels of a Southern background especially frightening to the liberal Northern reader. And yet, in most such cases the reaction is likely to be so much a matter of cultural tone that it defies a political label; the cultural symptoms are there to be recognized, but to carry them to their logical political conclusion is to be brought up short with the realization that it is not quite fair to document a political accusation with only emotional evidence. One can be grateful, then, for a book like "The Choice" which itself makes the indicated connection, which itself uses the word fascism

and indeed takes its hero to Italy and into close, approving contact with Italian Fascist leaders. For all his bias, Mr. Mills is a more than usually thoughtful person who knows the relation between the emotional tone of a society and its government; he understands that, at least in our present-day world, personal and group frustrations almost inevitably seek an outlet in politics.

The outline of Mr. Mills's narrative is simple; the complexity of his novel—when it isn't merely the complexity of over-strained language—is the internal complexity of his protagonist. David Lennox is the last aristocrat of Georgia; the beautiful pre-Civil War house in which he spends his earliest years becomes his symbol of the traditional way of life which has given place, throughout the South, to Yankee vulgarity. The best of contemporary Southern society is little better than its worst; in association with his peers, David finds himself lonely as an exiled king. Indeed, although he is an artist—he loves music and becomes a writer—even David's adolescent sensitivity is the sensitivity not of the artist but of the young prince. Eventually, like his father before him and like his cousin George, a cruel, arrogant youth to whom he is exaggeratedly attached, he looks to Europe for a continuation of the old tradition and in Europe finds fascism, cure for the weakness of the defeated South.

And of course not the least interesting part of the story is that, having discovered fascism, David, unlike Cousin George, goes on to reject it in favor of religion. This is on page 400 of a 424-page book. He had always been a Catholic, but, too much given to the search for other solutions, he had neglected the solution of religion. The choice, however, of Mr. Mills's title is the choice between fascism and Catholicism; as David finally (and this time not spinning words) puts it: "Either God rules or I am a fool not to place myself with the men who rule." George chooses fascism, but although David has been right with him, among the men who rule, until the last twenty-four pages, before the book ends he makes a quick switch from Mussolini to the church. Well, twenty-four pages seem to me pretty small space for a personal revolution of any profundity; they look to me like just enough space to apply a new complexion to an old face—although I can scarcely believe that Mr. Mills intended his novel to prove so close an affinity between Catholicism and fascism. At any rate, "The Choice" is well worth study as a document of Southern reaction and quite despite the fact that David Lennox fancies himself to be so much alone.

If I had come to another Georgia document, Erskine Caldwell's "Georgia Boy" (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, \$2) after Mr. Mills's novel, no doubt, in contrast to the Southern aristocracy, I should have welcomed Mr. Caldwell's poor white trash as a breath of clean air. But unfortunately I read the Caldwell stories first and noted them—I fear a bit drearily—as an innocuous collection of extended anecdotes.

"The Last of Summer" by Kate O'Brien (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) is the story of a young half-French actress who comes to visit her father's people in provincial Ireland and stays to win the eldest son, and then to lose him to his mother. I think it has been praised unduly, possibly because it is sufficiently underwritten to promise that still waters are running deep. Actually it is no more than a quiet, workman-like little novel.

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IN BRIEF

MANPOWER FOR VICTORY. By John J. Corson. Farrar and Rinehart. \$3.

This book is valuable as the first really complete treatment of the man-power problem. Written by the former director of the United States Employment Service, it provides a new awareness of the complexity of the man-power situation and the multitude of measures adopted by the government in dealing with that situation. The author has no panacea to offer. In general, the book may be considered a defense of the voluntary policies of the War Manpower Commission, but though it points out the difficulties of a compulsory program it does not deny that such a program may eventually be necessary.

LOT'S WIFE. By Max Eastman. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

"Pride does tell me I can sing," observes Mr. Eastman in the prefatory verses to "Lot's Wife"; he would do well to cultivate humility. The virtue of intelligibility, which Mr. Eastman praises, not deep, but loud, has this slight disadvantage; it keeps a man from being given the benefit of the doubt. "Lot's Wife" is a vulgar performance; perhaps a little too erudite in some of its allusions, it is otherwise entirely suitable for the pages of Hearst's *Sunday American*.

ICELANDIC POEMS AND STORIES. Edited by Richard Beck. Princeton University Press. \$3.

Iceland has had a literature for ten centuries, ever since Queen Aud, widow of Olaf the White, King of Dublin, went there around the year 890. (There was also a bard known as Audunn of Westfirth, in the eleventh century.) The American-Scandinavian foundation, through the medium of the Princeton University Press, has brought the record up to date with this collection of the work of the last century, starting with Bjarni Thorarensen, who died in 1841, and ending with Halldór Laxness, born in 1902. In his introduction Professor Beck points out that recent Icelandic literature has been affected both by the importation of romanticism from abroad and by a renewed interest in the native tradition: so far as one can judge from the works here translated, the native, or plain, material is more interesting than the fancy, or thrilled-to-the-soul, kind

of thing. It is interesting to note that among the translators, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who has some other claims to distinction, writes English of considerable force and directness; and it is curious that, while Professor Beck in his commentary on the various authors often refers to a gamy and ribald satirical tendency and to heretical social views, very little such work is found in the text proper.

THE LIFE OF JOHNNY REB: THE COMMON SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY. By Bell Irvin Wiley. Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.75.

The author of this monumental piece of research is professor of history at the University of Mississippi. He has extracted the ore from thousands of diaries, letters, newspapers, and official documents and arranged the material in topical chapters, illustrated by interesting contemporary photographs and drawings. It is a valuable work, of much poignant historical and human interest; but it is primarily for students of the Civil War. For the average reader of history a little of this goes a long way. For serious historians it admirably fills a gap.

SIBERIA. By Emil Lengyel. Random House. \$3.75.

As in "The Danube," "Turkey," and "Dakar," Mr. Lengyel combines history, geography, politics, and personal impressions into a fascinating picture. The transformation of Siberia by the Soviets from a place synonymous with desolation to a flourishing region is brought out as it has not been before for the general reader. Its tremendous importance may be judged from the fact that in Siberia Russia borders on Iran, India, and China, comes into almost direct contact with Japan, and extends to within less than forty miles of Alaska, thus being by far the greatest Far Eastern power. Illustrated with photographs, clear end-paper maps, and a dramatic double title-page.

CAN WE WIN THE PEACE? By Paul Einzig. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

It is the thesis of this closely argued little book that we can win the peace only if we insure the economic as well as the military disarmament of Germany. He shows how failure to do this was the principal defect of Versailles and after, and indicates how it might be done without reducing the German people to poverty.

ART

ZADKINE. At the Valentine Gallery. 55 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 22.

Zadkine is a lyric artist of a bad period, the early twenties. His more academic works, especially "Tattooed Dreamer," have enough excellence to support his sentimentality. Most of the one-faced ladies toying with guitars are too like the most expensive French liners, when Lalique was in flower.

HELEN RATKAI. At the Gallery of Modern Art, 18 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 22.

Miss Ratkai allows sex to guide her choice of subject, and, alas, to cloud her judgment. She has a very pretty line in her drawings, but cannot yet quite manage paint. There is nothing meretricious about her pictures; they are just not as strong as her emotions.

ABRAHAM RATTNER. Paul Rosenberg and Company, 16 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 29.

Mr. Rattner is a special person. His reputation is high and it is hard to dispute it. All the same it is inflated. His pictures so dazzle one's eyes that it is difficult to realize that they are not as good as they seem. They are like stained-glass windows by a Jewish Picasso. But there is something stale about them, in spite of the brightness of their colors; two of them, "The Sun" and "April Showers," come off—and perhaps "Montauk Point"—but the others look as if he were trying to live up to an idea of himself, an idea shared by others whom he wants to please. He shouldn't be quite so slick. JEAN CONNOLLY

DRAMA

Over Most of These Stations

THE sort of thing which is immediately labeled "a fine idea for a play" almost never really is for a reason which ought to be obvious enough. Nine times out of ten such "fine ideas" are actually only anecdotes, and the finest of anecdotes is fine only for a sixty-second telling, not in a version which lasts two hours and a half. It sounds like a fine idea for a play just because the point can be made clear in a few words, and that means of course that the anecdote is probably not susceptible of any further development. Voltaire's brief summary

of the plot of "Hamlet" makes it seem like one of the worst ideas for a play ever conceived by a man in his right senses, but that "Hamlet" is really a very fine play is generally admitted except by the kind of people who will persist in believing that "Sons and Soldiers" (Morosco Theater) must be good because it is so easy to tell your friends what it is about.

Irwin Shaw, author of this last-named piece, used a pretty good anecdote with disappointing results in his first play, "Bury the Dead"; he used another anecdote with equally disappointing results in his second, "The Gentle People"; and now, in "Sons and Soldiers," he tries to make a play out of something which is really rather less than an anecdote since it is actually hardly more than the idea for a narrative trick. Since Mr. Shaw is well known for his short short-stories it is perhaps not surprising that he should fail to realize how much material is needed for a full-length play; but Max Reinhardt, who has directed "Sons and Soldiers" with what looks like genuine if misplaced enthusiasm, and Bel Geddes, who designed the sets, might have been expected to know better.

The "idea" is simply this: In 1916 a young wife carrying a baby is told by her husband and her doctor that she has only one chance in ten to live if she ever gives birth and is therefore urged to go at once to the hospital for an abortion. Under the shock of the revelation she faints, and in her faint she not only dreams that the son is born but also that she can follow his career through the troubles of childhood and adolescence up to the day when he departs (as a pilot of course) to serve in the present war, which she prophetically sees coming. By the end of the second act she has concluded that for such a life as his it is not worth while for anyone to be born. By the end of the third she knows that to have been, as her son was, really alive is enough. She comes out of the faint and tells her husband that she is determined to take her long-odds gamble with death.

Now it ought to be obvious that such a framework around a story has only a very minor contribution to make to the effectiveness of the story itself and that the play about the young man's life will be neither significantly better nor significantly worse than it would have been if it had been told straightforwardly merely as the story of one man's life. If Mr. Shaw had been able to write a good play about a young man

it would be a good play in this setting or in none at all; since he has not been able to write a play which is not most of the time hackneyed and unconvincing it still remains just that. There is, to be sure, a single scene—that of the fight with the mysterious bruiser on the campus—which has precisely the grotesque brutality of some of Mr. Shaw's short stories, and though I found it unsatisfying and unpleasant it has at least some individual character. Nearly all the rest seems to me no different from what any qualified script-writer would turn out on order, and it is probably some half-realization of this fact which has led Mr. Reinhardt to over-direct so violently and the actors to grow almost hysterical in their efforts to make the whole thing seem "strong." Gregory Peck as the son probably sins least, for he does his best to suggest the flannel-shirted, post-depression, socially-conscious sort of manliness which the author certainly had in mind. Geraldine Fitzgerald plays the mother with a combination of hysteria and careful voice production which I happened to find especially trying. As the bad woman who gets the hero's maidenhead, Stella Adler labors under various difficulties, not the least of which is one of the ham-

miest speeches in modern dramatic literature—namely, the one about how she is always seeking and never finding a lover who can give her she knows not what.

During the first half-hour or so of the proceedings I suffered that agony which comes when one knows that one is reminded of something but cannot make the connection. Where had I heard before this hysterical intensity attempting to make the commonplace and the factitious sound tense and dramatic; where had I heard these speeches which aspired to be passionate and came out only as a sort of fretful whine? Presently I began to wait impatiently for the thing to be over and the news bulletin to come on. Then of course I knew where I was. Mr. Shaw, a "new" writer remotely related to Hemingway, had through some curious combination of circumstances, been led to produce a perfect soap opera. Most of the incidents could be cleaned up a bit and put directly on the air. Any number of the same general sort could be added, and the thing might go on for years and years. "What does Andrew's mother plan to say when she visits the woman who is stealing her son? Will he finally realize that the unselfish love of the

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

AT THE Duke Ellington concert in Carnegie Hall a couple of months ago someone was overheard to say: "The trouble with tonight's concert is that sophistication has reared its ugly head." I would say the trouble was pretentiousness as well as sophistication, and that they had reared their heads long before this concert. One can hear this in the performances reissued by Victor in "A Duke Ellington Panorama" (Set P-138, \$2.63): the 1927 "East St. Louis Toodle-oo" and 1928 "The Mooche" (20-1531), the 1930 "Ring dem Bells" and "Mood Indigo" (20-1532), the 1934 "Stompy Jones" and "Delta Serenade" (20-1533), the 1940 "Dusk" and "Warm Valley" (20-1534). The 1927 and 1928 performances were recorded by an orchestra of ten, the 1930 performances by an orchestra of twelve; and though the arranged ensembles and backgrounds are skilfully contrived they are quite simple in style and in harmony, they leave plenty of room for the solo-

ists to play with freedom and at length, and the entire performances have the relaxed freedom and vitality of jazz performance. By 1934 Ellington had expanded his orchestra and had been talked into thinking of himself as an American composer; and in the performances of that year one hears already the harmonically lush and stylistically luxuriant arrangements which envelop and hold down the players' imaginations and rob the entire performance of spontaneity and vigor. The 1934 and 1940 performances in this volume I find undeniable; of the early ones "East St. Louis Toodle-oo" is very fine, "Ring dem Bells" is not far behind, "The Mooche" is only fair, and everything in "Mood Indigo" is good (chiefly a superb clarinet solo) outside of the well-known theme of the piece.

Decca's first volume of reissues in its Brunswick Collectors' Series, "Ellingtonia—Volume I" (Set B-1000, \$3.68), offers only early Ellington performances: the 1927 "East St. Louis Toodle-oo" and "Birmingham Breakdown" (80-000), the 1931 "Rockin' in Rhythm" and "Twelfth Street Rag" (80,001), the 1927 "Black and Tan Fantasy" and 1928 "The Mooche" (80,002), the 1930 "Mood Indigo" and 1929 "Wall Street Walk" (80,003). The "East St. Louis," "Mooche," and "Mood Indigo" performances are of course quite different from the ones in the Victor set: the Brunswick "East St. Louis" is lighter-footed, brighter, and more spirited, and I like it better; so with the Brunswick "Mooche"; and while the clarinet solo in the Brunswick "Mood Indigo" does not equal the one in the Victor performance, it is good, it is supported by an excitingly powerful string bass, and there is also a good trumpet solo which leaves less room for the theme. As for the others, "Wall Street Walk" is superb, "Twelfth Street Rag" is good, "Rockin' in Rhythm" is fair, "Birmingham Breakdown" is quite bad, and the "Black and Tan Fantasy" is not as good as the one on Victor 24,486, and is noisy enough to have been dubbed from an old record.

If I had to choose between the two volumes I would take the Brunswick; and if I could not have the entire volume I would choose 80,000 and 80,003. And, as in the case of Haydn and Beethoven, I would listen without reading: just why these jazz reissues must be accompanied by the pretentious confusion, inaccuracy, and sheer illiteracy of the people who write about jazz, I don't know. Listen without reading, and you will know that you are hearing a tuba,

not a string bass, and a string bass, not a tuba.

Ellington's Carnegie Hall concert was not the horror that the New Masses "Spirituals to Jazz" affair was a couple of years ago; but it was bad enough. There were this time not a dozen vaudeville acts constantly pushing each other on and off and around the stage, but only one orchestra dressed up and put through tricks like a trained-monkey act; there was this time only the professional master-of-ceremonies glibness of Ellington himself; and there was only the one gilt-and-plush luxuriance in which even the early "Black and Tan Fantasy" and "Rockin' in Rhythm" were now enveloped, and by which the soloists were strangled, except for a few moments like the one near the end when Lawrence Brown freshened the atmosphere with a freely-moving hot trombone solo. But it was hard to take for a whole evening; and hardest of all was the forty-five-minute stretch of "Black, Brown, and Beige," described as "a tone parallel to the history of the Negro in America," and based on the idea that since the American Negro had produced a distinctive music called jazz, jazz was the medium in which to express in musical terms everything that had happened to the American Negro, from his being brought here in slavery to the fact that today, as Ellington put it, "the black, brown, and beige is right in there with the red, white, and blue." Actually the work had no evident relation to the history of the Negro in America; and taken for itself it was the product of a man attempting large-scale thought and construction with powers adequate for the four minutes of "Lazy Rhapsody"—which is to say that it was an unintegrated succession of one thing after another for forty-five minutes.

"Billy the Kid" continues to be given by the Ballet Theater without Eugene Loring, and to lose by that fact. Michael Kidd is an even less adequate substitute in the title role than Ian Gibson, since he dances with less technical assurance and brilliance; and detail continues to crumble away. But it remains a superb piece, which should not be missed. On the other hand Markova's dancing in "Lilac Garden" is so beautiful that one is less aware of Tudor's repetitiousness; and I think the meaning which her authority and maturity of style give to the part—as against the impression of youthfulness conveyed by Annabelle Lyon—is a right one.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Mr. Fraser and the Land Question

Dear Sirs: Can you endure another letter on the history quiz?

For all that Mr. Hugh Russell Fraser exploits only the simplest and most obvious aspects of American history in his current crusade against progressive educators, he has nevertheless succeeded in making at least one serious error—an interesting error because it seems to grow directly out of his vaunted worship of the pure "facts" and his disdain for interpretative accounts. There are no such things as the "facts of history" except as they are sorted and shaped into some pattern by historians, who usually have a bias; and we have learned that many things which once passed for gospel because they suited current prejudices or propagandistic needs will not stand the scrutiny of investigation.

Writing about his "quiz," Mr. Fraser says that the Homestead Act of 1862 was "the successful climax" of a thirty-year struggle against speculation in the public lands, that it gave to "millions" the right to "stake their own claim in public lands," and that but for the people's absorption in the war it "would have been the occasion of a great nation-wide celebration." Such is the traditional historical legend. The facts are otherwise. The noteworthy researches of such modern investigators as Professor Paul Gates have convinced all informed students that the Homestead Act did not end speculation in lands, did not satisfy the settlers' cry for land, and did not, except for the very brief period, arouse the western farmer's jubilation. If anyone "celebrated," it was the moneyed speculators of Wall Street. Mr. Fraser is correct in his statement that the land question constitutes an important chapter in American history; he is quite wrong in his version of that importance.

Mr. Fraser's logic, by which he seeks to lay the blame for collegians' ignorance of history on "social studies," is strange enough to require no refutation. He is obviously, as Mr. Stone suggested in *The Nation*, pleading somebody's special cause, which destroys his case. Yet I think there is a grain of truth in what he says—the fact of the matter is that we need facts *plus* broad interpretations. There is as little excuse for loose generalization in the teaching and writ-

ing of history as there is for myopic recitals of barren facts. What we need—and are only just beginning to get—is the kind of approach that combines with the strictest research standards a high critical intelligence and the capacity for interpretation. It so happens that Gates's work on the western land question is an outstanding example of this; that Mr. Fraser should be unaware of it is thus doubly damning. One wonders if he himself, along with the *Times*, is really qualified to pass judgment on our knowledge of American history.

R. N. STROMBERG

Washington, D. C., April 27

Spare the Taxpayer— and Spoil the Currency

Dear Sirs: The President, in his January budget message, requested \$16 billions of new taxes for the fiscal year beginning in July. The Carlson Bill, besides reducing the victory tax, would have cancelled \$10 billions of taxes already levied against 1942 incomes. The Doughton Bill would have lowered the victory tax, while imposing no increases whatever. The projected compromise bill evidently would lower the Victory Tax and cancel \$4-\$5 billions of 1942 taxes. Repealing the inadequate increases of the 1942 Act, it would also prevent any further increase of taxes against 1943 incomes.

All this is sheer fiscal insanity—financially irresponsible government. To control or to retard inflation, we need, not a mere \$16 billions of new tax levies but \$30-\$40 billions (i.e., total taxes of \$65-\$75 billions)—as even casual examination of income estimates will clearly show.

After four long months, Congress seems now prepared to compromise on a reduction of \$6 billions! And this compromise is blessed with the indorsement of Secretary Morgenthau!

The proper and urgent application of "pay-as-you-go" is in war finance, not in the misguided Ruml plan. We must have current, advance, at-source collection of the basic income tax on wages and salaries. For taxpayers' declarations and their residual, direct payments, however, the income tax should remain on a previous-year basis.

Congressmen scream about the intol-

erable burdens of partial double payment which at-source collection, in a simple program, would involve. Under any rates yet proposed, however, people with incomes below \$10,000 or \$20,000 would pay, against two years' income, less than they should pay, to check inflation, against one year's. And the large taxpayer would only be discharging accrued tax liability against which he must, with any prudence, otherwise set up reserves of cash or bonds.

I am now paying about 15 per cent as income tax. If the draft age had not been lowered, I would now be paying 70 per cent (counting army pay and perquisites). Why shouldn't my financial contribution be commensurate with the draftee's, and my dependents be burdened much like his? Don't tell me that I couldn't stand a 40 per cent basic rate (after my exemptions) or a 20 per cent rate with double collection!

But there is no escape. I can pay my share as income tax, whose burdens can be allocated deliberately and with some fairness among families; or I can pay it through inflation, which must involve utterly inequitable allocation.

The income tax must be the foundation of any sound anti-inflation program. Price ceilings, wage control, rationing, and non-bank borrowing are useful but relatively minor, complementary, stop-gap devices and cannot stand alone. Surplus purchasing power must be drained off; only severe income taxes can do the job.

I don't want to see our war bonds half repudiated by eventual doubling of the price level (which is a sanguine forecast of where present fiscal policy will lead). I don't want my retirement annuity or life insurance reduced in purchasing power by half or three-quarters. I don't want to live through the revolutions or political upheavals which uncontrolled inflation will involve. To avoid these things, I'll gladly pay half or more of my income as income tax, for the duration, if others pay correspondingly. And we'll almost all be better off than if we try to spend our increasing aggregate incomes on inexorably diminishing supplies of consumer goods and services.

The Administration has repudiated responsibilities of fiscal leadership. The

Republicans, erstwhile champions of "sound finance," are fighting tax increases and plumping for inflation via Ruml-plan cancellations and reductions. Is there no leadership anywhere, among politicians or the press, to challenge those who, buying a few votes for 1944, would spare the taxpayer and spoil the currency?

HENRY C. SIMONS

Chicago, Illinois, April 28

We'll Accept Both

Dear Sirs: I notice that you are out soliciting subscriptions "to" *The Nation*. If I understand the language we do not subscribe to a magazine. We subscribe to a doctrine, a belief, a principle, etc., but for a periodical, a series of bond issues, or such-like.

P. W. MAC NEILL

Moscow, Pa., May 1

Another View

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* recently an article appeared by Selden Menefee, entitled *Why They Follow Lewis*. Since Mr. Menefee mentions the Hazard, Kentucky, coal fields, and since I happen to be personally interested financially and in a working way with operations in that field, I feel that Mr. Menefee wrote a great deal of this article from ignorance.

The social movement within the coal mining districts of Hazard, Kentucky, has been an upward one steadily since 1915. About that time the field was generally opened up. Prior to that time there had been an infiltration from "over the mountains" of settlers from elsewhere, but when they reached Hazard and stopped there they were without benefit of clergy, medicine, schools, etc.

To Mr. Menefee I would earnestly recommend that he read some of the books written by Miss Lucy Furman. Miss Lucy Furman established a school at Hindman, Kentucky. It still exists, and helps a great deal; and her book entitled "Quare Women" is most enlightening as to conditions in that field when the coal operators began to come in.

Today, with the advent of the railroads, the highways, the automobile, and steady work, the children are better fed, and they are well clothed; housing conditions are better, and general living conditions better than the miner ever expected to find it possible to obtain—and the whole countryside is

changed and has been steadily changing for the better in the last twenty-five years.

Right now our biggest problem is absenteeism, Mr. Lewis (John L.) to the contrary notwithstanding. A survey of our Hazard field taken by our Association office in Hazard, Kentucky, revealed that the men are away from their work a great deal. They are making more money than they ever made before, and a great deal of it has been spent in the last few months for whiskey—more than in the past. They have had more—they have bought more, and it has created more absenteeism. Of course sickness does create some, and a desire to raise a garden, go fishing, and to do other things, is responsible in a measure; but we operators in the Hazard field are offering six days' work a week to our miners, and they are not taking advantage of it. At a mine in which I am interested, and which can load 42 to 44 cars every day, we loaded 19 cars on Saturday, due entirely to absenteeism. We would have been far better off not to have run at all that Saturday. We lost money giving work to the few that wanted work, but in good faith we gave work to those who wanted it.

Your magazine is supposed to be a fair paper. I rather suggest to you to look into the matter further than to let Mr. Menefee's article in *The Nation* stand as a full description. The people are entitled to the truth—by all means, give them the truth.

CALVIN HOLMES

Knoxville, Tenn., April 22

"Henry James Place"

Dear Sirs: By all means let us change Washington Place to "Henry James Place"; but let's forget Mr. Zabel's alternative suggestion of a simple "James Place" which would not honor the James family but simply give my old street the anonymity of Charles Street or Sullivan Street. That's what happened to the streets I lived on in Palo Alto a few years ago: it was hard to remember that the apartment was on Ralph Waldo Emerson Street and the later house on Walt Whitman Court when those names were shortened to a mere Emerson Street and Whitman Court. And had I been able to go to George Gordon, Lord Byron Street instead of the simpler Byron Street, how much more pleasant my dental visits would have been!

If it's possible to get La Guardia to change one street for Henry James,

could we not make other changes as well? Perhaps not whole streets, but blocks or even half blocks—à la our former Vannest Place? The final block of Sullivan Street, between the Square and Third might be John Sloan Place—it is the street nearest his Hotel Judson studio; and the west side of MacDougall Street—could be Eugene O'Neill Place, in honor of the man whose great first works were launched there.

But enough of such sweet fantasy. Mr. Zabel knows it can't be done; Miss Marshall knows it can't be done; I know it can't be done. It is of such things, however, our dreams and hopes are made on—particularly while we struggle through our daily military routine. Who knows but that enough impossible dreams dreamed, enough impossible hopes hoped, some of our impossibles may become realities. All good luck.

CORPORAL

Somewhere in Texas, April 30

A Pioneer Remembers

Dear Sirs: So *Life* compares food-rationed women of the United States with the famished inhabitants of Europe. Permit a pioneer of the great Midwest to tell how we lived in the '60s and '70s of the last century.

William Henry Harrison Fate, some generations American, pillar of a Methodist country church, four times County Superintendent of Schools in Union County, Dakota Territory, ate his first meal in that Territory in 1862, at the home of another pioneer, Thomas Watson from Missouri, and the menu was baked squash and salt with water as a beverage. He lived to an advanced age.

A shrub grew on the high hills bordering the valley of the Big Sioux River; it had clusters of small white flowers and deeply veined leaves which, I was informed, were used by the first comers for making tea. A legume, perennial, low-spreading, had seed pods that were quite large, round, and fleshy; I was told some of the pioneers used them for "sausage," cooked and sweetened. A usual custom was to butcher pork in the fall; by spring it was consumed and eggs, milk, butter, and vegetables wintered over supplied the table till young chickens came on.

Plenty of game, of course, in spring and fall, but farmers had little time for hunting during those busy seasons. Fish was plentiful for those near water courses.

In his "Giants in the Earth" Rolvaag tells of pioneers who ate badgers; I

knew families who ate the gray gophers or ground squirrels, also muskrats. These were all country people, living chiefly off their own products.

As to education, I should know something of that as I began teaching our district school of a few small children in the '70s. Called back into school work by a shortage of teachers years later, I served as County Superintendent at the time of the first World War. I have been for some years astonished at the ignorance of the masses in view of the uncountable sums spent on education since the beginning of educational work in our country. I charge it to the universal employment of young girls as instructors—"high school kids" with a year or two of normal training.

Years ago it was stated that the average teaching life of these girls was three years; how much experience could be acquired in that length of time? Young men seemed to take rural teaching for a year or two as a stepping stone to some higher career. The need is for professional teachers of broad mentality, and the best for the primary grades, just as laying the foundation is the most important part of building.

We have college professors sadly lacking in breadth of view; like the one who came to fill a country pulpit who warned against Communists and informed the natives that Kulaks were a tribe.

ALICE A. TOLLESON

Sioux City, Iowa, April 24

Judge Lindsay

Dear Sirs: One of the highlights of a trip to the Pacific Coast from which I have just returned was a lunch with Judge Ben Lindsay and his wife, and it was therefore with acute sadness that I learned of his recent death. I was impressed by his youth and faith and energy. Apparently, his trust in youth kept him young, his numerous contacts with plain, decent people gave him faith in humanity, and his awareness of how much there was to be done to correct this world's affairs endowed him with the energy to go ahead trying to correct them. I urged him to write his autobiography as a testament from which his successors in the fight for justice might learn, but he apparently preferred to continue the fight rather than write about it. He was full of plans. He talked with zest of how he settled complicated family problems by stepping down from the judge's black pinnacle and dealing with men and women in terms of life rather than in terms of cold legal rou-

tine. He made enemies thereby, but they respected him. He made friends and they loved him. What a loss to America and to mankind!

LOUIS FISCHER

New York, May 5

On the Other Foot

Dear Sirs: Almost every news report by radio the past week-end has included a statement to the effect that Congress is "united behind the President in a firm stand against the strike of the coal miners." It is good to hear the words "united behind the President," but one can't help querying how it is that a divided Congress is able to unite in the opinion that, starving or not, needy or not, unfairly treated or not, the miners must put the war need first, when the same Congress defied the President—and that in a tricky manner that discredited our methods of government—when there was a question of limiting salaries to \$25,000 per year for the period of war.

In my opinion any appeal for all-out-war sacrifice is bound to be scrutinized closely for some time to come by those whose sacrifice comes out of the family's food budget as long as they remember that cheap trick of our Representatives, on behalf of privilege.

RUTH GEORGE

Claremont, Cal., May 2

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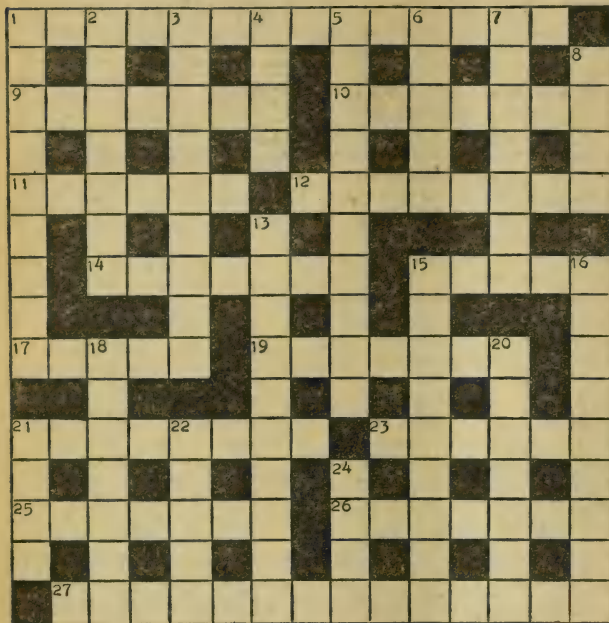
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on page 711 and Inside Back Cover

Cross-Word Puzzle No. 13

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 Peerless foreign legislative assembly (three words, 5, 2, 7)
- 9 Disastrous, but ends with good sense
- 10 She never told the man who brought down the house to keep his hair on
- 11 Here the commonest metal I see
- 12 Sedan was not a name of ill-omen to this man's army
- 14 "In short, in matters vegetable, animal and -----, I am the very model of a modern Major-General" (Pirates of Penzance)
- 15 Oldest member of the diplomatic corps
- 17 Lived only on receiving a good turn
- 19 A case for court consideration
- 21 Redskins
- 23 ... at a tangent, or the handle perhaps (two words, 3, 3)
- 25 Horizontal arc
- 26 Take in
- 27 Strictly a naval military operation (two words, 3, 11)

DOWN

- 1 Intrepidity, and from the sound of it two writers collaborated in it
- Wartime solver of the "What to wear?" problem
- 3 Easily moved and carried away
- 4 Unlike the Mahatma, we break this daily
- 5 Members of society who are not queer chaps

- 6 Fewer of them in this war, perhaps there'll be less language in the Army!
- 7 In fully (anag.)
- 8 Member of an old political party
- 13 Roast pork's cousin? (two words, 7, 3)
- 15 Close quarters in which partners are often for a long time unaware of each other (two words, 6, 3)
- 16 Little is seen of this German fighting force (two words, 4, 5)
- 18 Ma Viper takes on a more fearsome form
- 20 Correlative of "Too Little"? (two words, 3, 4)
- 21 Set to catch a tank, perhaps
- 22 Always on hand, and useful when you want a lift
- 24 Napoleon routed the Prussians here in 1806

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 12

ACROSS:—1 ADAMS; 6 ADDER; 9 OILSKIN; 10 PHILIP; 11 OUTGO; 12 DENOTED; 16 RANGER; 19 LEASES; 22 INAPTFNESS; 23 LEAR; 24 PITT; 25 ARISTOTLE; 26 GOLF; 27 REEL; 28 FRACTIONS; 31 DEPRAT; 33 WEEDED; 35 FREDSIT; 39 ABOUT; 40 TWINE; 41 EREMITTE; 42 TUTOR; 43 DALES.

DOWN:—1 ALTER; 2 ALIEN; 3 SODDEN; 4 CLAN; 5 SKIT; 6 ANODES; 7 DUTY'S; 8 ROCKS; 13 BRAINCATCH; 14 OPT-STATED; 15 ELECTIONS; 17 ANEMONE; 18 GIRAFFE; 20 ASPERSE; 21 EXTREME; 29 RAFTER; 30 NUTTED; 31 DRAFT; 32 FRONT; 34 DRILL; 35 DUELS; 37 USER; 38 IRIS.

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS

Fiscal Conjuring	723
Will Hitler Abandon Mussolini?	724
Is Japan Next?	725
To Shorten the War	726

ARTICLES

My Plan à la Fischer by Ely Culbertson	727
How Our Enemies Fight. II. Japanese Battle Technique by Gordon Cooper	731
25 Years Ago in <i>The Nation</i>	734
Mr. Biddle Is Afraid by I. F. Stone	735
Underground Humor Compiled by Joachim Joesten	736
In the Wind	737

POLITICAL WAR edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo

The Peacemaker of Almeria by A. del V.	738
Charles Maurras by Emile Buré	739
Behind the Enemy Line by Argus	741
File and Remember	742

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Stefan George by Clement Greenberg	743
Mr. Cain's Art by Dawn Powell	744
Latin American Hero by Arturo Torres Riosco	745
How the War Is Fought by Marcus Duffield	746
Opera for the Listener by B. H. Haggin	747
Fiction in Review by Diana Trilling	748
Films by James Agee	749
Art by Jean Connolly	750
Records by B. H. Haggin	750

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 14 by Jack Barrett	752
	756

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The Shape of Things

REPORTS THAT KING VICTOR EMANUEL HAS abdicated or is about to do so should, we believe, be heavily discounted, although there is little doubt that Italy is experiencing a severe internal crisis. The re-emergence of generals who had been out of favor suggests that an attempt is being made by the army to disassociate itself from the Fascisti and force Mussolini to relinquish direct control of defense. Meanwhile the Duce is trying to restore the crumbling basis of his power by purging the Fascist Party leadership and appointing members of the Old Guard to key positions. But the party itself is sick. Its numbers have been declining rapidly—a sign that membership is coming to be regarded as a liability instead of the essential foundation of any kind of career. Under these circumstances the problem of Italy becomes for the Allies as much political as military. And therein lies a danger. We may have offers not from one Darlan but a dozen—representatives of various interests which have supported Mussolini for twenty years but are now getting ready to abandon a sinking ship. We cannot afford to give patronage to any group or personality discredited with the Italian people; and that includes the royal family. For while it is not our business to depose Victor Emanuel, it is even less our business to prop him up. Recent reports have suggested that as and when we defeat the various Axis powers we shall deal only with the military authorities and only on the basis of unconditional surrender. We hope that this is indeed the policy which will be followed in Italy; any attempt to negotiate with self-appointed groups must involve the continuation of fascism under a new guise.

✱

TWO MONTHS AGO BLAIR BOLLES WROTE IN *The Nation* that if Washington gives President Benes a good reception, "it will mean that the United States government is approaching a decision in favor of friendship with Russia." If Mr. Bolles's thesis is sound—and we believe it is—then we are indeed edging toward a closer collaboration with the Soviets, because the reception to the President of Czecho-Slovakia leaves nothing to be desired in the way of cordiality. He has been entertained at the White House, addressed Congress, and witnessed the elevation of his country's diplomatic mis-

sion to the status of an embassy. These attentions, the sweeter we hope for being so long overdue, are the more striking in view of Dr. Benes's prospective visit to Moscow. Traditionally close to the Anglo-American-French democracies, Benes has come in the past year to appreciate the indispensability of friendly Russian participation in a stable Europe. He is thus peculiarly fitted for the role of liaison in the vital task of clearing away the suspicions which still tend to keep the Soviet Union at arm's length from its allies. As a corollary to friendlier relations with the Russians, the Benes visit heralds an end to flirtations with those who, like Otto Hapsburg, Eckhardt, and Hodza, have been fostering here the dream of a *cordon sanitaire*. A strong Czecho-Slovakia has always been a nightmare to these individuals, and it is good to see that nightmare taking on the flesh of reality.

✱

WE CAN'T GET AS EXCITED ABOUT THE reciprocal-trade-treaty program as Cordell Hull—he calls it "the central and indispensable point in any feasible program of international cooperation"—but we find much to cheer about in the resounding decision of the House of Representatives to extend the program. In the first place, the vote is an astonishing tribute to a scheme that has proved its soundness and a recognition that international trade cannot be a one-way affair. When the trade pacts were first proposed in 1934, only 2 Republican Congressmen out of a total of 101 dared to support this challenge to the high protective tariff and the belief in economic isolationism. Six years later the scheme attracted only 5 Republicans out of 161. Last week 145 Republicans, including Hamilton Fish, voted aye to 52 against, and even the G. O. P. National Chairman, Harrison E. Spangler, was quoted on the floor in support of the measure. The vote does not necessarily herald a peace based on genuine international cooperation, but it is a hopeful move all the same. Just how hopeful may be gauged by imagining the sour effect which defeat of the scheme, or even a close vote, would have had throughout the world. Almost equally refreshing is the sight of the Republican delegation split on a matter of principle instead of solid as a matter of politics.

✱

TO ANYONE FAMILIAR WITH THE CAREER and personality of Dr. Robert Morss Lovett, the suggestion that he "harbors subversive sympathies" seems too ridiculous to deserve comment. Yet that charge has not only been made against him in all seriousness by the Dies Committee for the Assassination of Character; it has been "checked" and found valid by the Kerr Committee for Compounding Dies's Crimes; and finally it has been accepted by the House Appropriations Committee as a contributing reason for dismissing Dr. Lovett as Lieu-

tenant Governor of the Virgin Islands through the device of eliminating the post. The one bright spot in this nasty affair is that Harold L. Ickes happens to be Dr. Lovett's boss; and the action of the committee is not likely to diminish the wholly justified rage with which the Curmudgeon last week greeted the Kerr committee's slanderous and idiotic "findings." Mr. Ickes issued a vigorous defense of Dr. Lovett, whom he has known for forty-five years, and denounced the committee for resorting to the "type of liquidation that is offered in conquered European nations." We hope Mr. Ickes will succeed in keeping Dr. Lovett at his post. Meanwhile we suggest that Americans of all opinions ponder the charges made against Dr. Lovett. As evidence of his "subversive sympathies" the Kerr committee cited among other things the fact that he had once voted for Norman Thomas, that he had been an editor of the *New Republic*, and that he had been affiliated with the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Birth Control League. The witch-hunt of the Dies and Kerr committees is moving rapidly into the A. Mitchell Palmer phase, in which subversive is a synonym for liberal.

✱

AN ALL-OUT BLAST AT SOCIAL SECURITY, written by Gerhard Hirschfeld, "research director" of the Insurance Economics Society of America, which just appeared in *Barron's*, is being given wide circulation by unknown sponsors. Mr. Hirschfeld charges that a Beveridge plan for America, giving the same security that is provided by the British plan, would cost us some \$15 billion a year. This is an interesting calculation, coming from the source it does, because what Mr. Hirschfeld is saying, without in the least intending to, is that the United States falls short by some \$15 billion of providing the everyday subsistence needs of its population. For all that the Beveridge plan pretends to do for England is to meet these minimum needs. Its scale of benefits is often low by American standards. The difference between Beveridge's proposals and our present social-security system lies chiefly in the fact that the Beveridge plan attempts to meet all types of insecurity on the same basis, while ours has many serious gaps. Mr. Hirschfeld admits that an annual burden of \$15 billion might not be excessive for a national income of \$100 billion or more if it were borne by salary- and wage-earners, but he finds, to his great chagrin, that these groups probably cannot carry more than one-fourth of the burden and that the rest will fall on the "upper middle class and the well-to-do." That simply can't be tolerated!

✱

OUR CRITICISMS OF DOLLAR-A-YEAR MEN have appeared unduly harsh to some of our readers. But after reading the remarks of that Grand Old Republic

can William Allen White on their activities we feel like editorial Milquetoasts. In a pungent comment in the *Emporia Gazette*, Mr. White, whose recent illness has happily left his vigor unabated, described the two wars in Washington—the foreign war and the domestic war. "The domestic war front," he wrote, "is in the various war boards. . . . Here in Washington every industry is interested in saving its own self. It wants to come out of the war with a whole hide and with its organization unimpaired, legally or illegally. One is surprised to find men representing great commodity trusts or agreements or syndicates planted in the various war boards. It is silly to say New Dealers run this show. It's run largely by absentee owners of amalgamated industrial wealth. . . . For the most part these managerial magnates are decent, patriotic Americans. They have great talents. If you touch them in nine relations of life out of ten, they are kindly, courteous Christian gentlemen. But in the tenth relation, where it touches their own organization, they are stark mad, ruthless, unchecked by God or man, paranoiacs, in fact, as evil in their design as Hitler."

★

IN DISCUSSIONS OF HOW TO GET AID TO China with the Burma road closed, too little attention has been paid to the unique possibilities of the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives. These cooperatives have demonstrated their ability, with a minimum of outside assistance, to make a large part of the war supplies needed in China with local labor and materials. They have shown that they can get into production within a few weeks and that they can continue production under front-line conditions. There are at present in China some hundreds of thousands of refugees from the Japanese-occupied famine areas who could be organized for cooperative production with a very limited amount of technical and material aid from the United States. China's remarkable success with industrial cooperatives suggests also a technique for post-war reconstruction which might be fully as applicable in Europe as in Asia.

★

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE TVA ON May 18 finds the once stormy petrel of domestic politics generally accepted as a valuable asset to the nation's defenses. Its thirteen completed dams, harnessing the tremendous energy of the Tennessee River and its tributaries, have made possible a huge industrial expansion for the war program. They have also provided some six hundred miles of navigable waterways to relieve our overburdened transportation system. But most significant of all has been the conversion of the TVA's phosphatic fertilizer plant, around which its soil-rehabilitation program revolved, to the production of badly needed phosphates for munitions. The TVA's steady growth in productivity is worthy of more attention than it has received. Starting in

1933 with a production of 15,688 kilowatt-hours, its power output rose to 1,733,000,000 kilowatt-hours in 1939 and is expected to reach 9,100,000,000 this year. During the same period river traffic has risen from 32,658,000 to 161,469,000 ton-miles. While these figures indicate the extent to which the TVA has justified itself in time of war, its greatest contribution to American life does not appear in statistical tables. Its educational, health, and agricultural-rehabilitation projects have made a contribution not only to America, in terms of better citizens, but to the world in suggesting a technique capable of being applied in many of the most backward areas of the earth. Special honor is due at this time to ex-Senator Norris, who more than any dozen other men is responsible for the TVA and its achievements.

Fiscal Conjuring

A MORE or less unadulterated version of the Ruml plan has been voted by the Senate and may well have received the indorsement of the House by the time this issue of *The Nation* is published. But the bill will still need the President's signature, and in a letter addressed to Senator George and Representative Doughton Mr. Roosevelt has hinted strongly that his veto power will be exercised. Mr. Roosevelt makes it clear that he favors the withholding section of the bill, which provides for a much-needed improvement in the mechanism of tax collection. And realizing that the transition may work hardship on those groups whose tax rates are likely to be drastically increased this year—the lower and middle brackets—he is prepared to approve "substantial adjustments." But he evidently considers total abatement of 1942 taxes too high a price to pay for the admitted benefits of withholding.

It has always been argued by the Ruml clique that the two sections must go together, that if withholding were introduced without forgiving 1942 taxes and putting everyone on a "current" basis, it would mean a double burden on taxpayers this year which they could not shoulder. Actually it would be perfectly possible to devise a method of withholding taxes at the source of income without inflicting such a double burden, as Jerome Weinstein showed in these pages on February 20, and the Treasury, we believe, has been negligent in not exploring this avenue. The Rumlites were, of course, not interested, since withholding—not included in the original Ruml plan—has been for them not an end in itself but simply a means of putting over the greatest raid on the public purse in history.

The essence of the Ruml plan is fiscal conjuring. We have been told *ad nauseam* that no "forgiveness" is really involved and that it is possible, at one and the same time, for taxpayers to be saved \$10 billion while the Treasury

loses nothing. The greater part of the press has attested so long and unanimously to the authenticity of this miracle that the editorial writers have convinced most people, including themselves. Indeed, we have even been assured that so far from losing anything the Treasury will actually increase its receipts. A few old-fashioned folk remained skeptical. One of them, Senator Connally of Texas—in a speech barely mentioned in the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*—insisted stoutly, "If the taxpayer pays taxes on 1942 and 1943 income the government gets two years' taxes. If he pays only 1943 taxes, the government will never get 1942 taxes. Bring in all your professors, and if they can demonstrate that if a man keeps \$600,000 in his pocket the government is not worse off, I'll withdraw these remarks. Santa Claus is here. You are giving a man with a million-dollar income \$854,000 in order to get his chauffeur on a current basis."

Santa Claus is here indeed, and though it may be blasphemy to say so, he is as usual distributing his gifts in direct proportion to the income of the households which he visits. In fact, we shall not be surprised if it turns out that he has been taking from the poor to give to the rich. For after Congress finally stops talking about *how* taxes should be paid, it must get down to the question of *what* should be paid.

Although the United States is the wealthiest country in the world, it is today meeting a smaller proportion of its war costs and receiving from taxes a smaller proportion of national income than any other belligerent. There is an urgent need of more revenue, and the Treasury has asked, and will ask again, for an additional \$16 billion. If this sum is levied by income tax it will mean raising the rates so as to double the present yield. But on what classes will these increased rates mainly fall? Since it is not possible to double taxes in those brackets already paying more than 50 per cent, rates on incomes in the lower and middle brackets will have more than doubled. Thus the vast majority of taxpayers are likely to find that what they have gained on the Ruml swings they will lose, and more than lose, on the roundabouts of the next tax bill.

As Senator La Follette said in a speech opposing the Ruml plan, "Although the expedient of canceling 1942 tax liabilities has no significance so far as reducing the ultimate tax burden of the war, it is significant as a means of redistributing that burden at the expense of the lower and middle income groups. It is a foregone conclusion that the amounts forgiven each of the various income groups cannot, as a practical matter, be recovered from exactly the same groups through increased rates. The rates in the upper brackets cannot be raised substantially. Whether the increased burden takes the form of increased income-tax rates, compulsory savings, or consumption taxes, the middle- and lower-income taxpayers are going to foot the bill."

If this situation does not arise, it will only be because

Congress, having made so handsome a gesture of forgiveness to the taxpayers as a whole, will funk the consequences of canceling it out so far as the lower brackets are concerned. And that will mean that the enactment of the Ruml plan will not only have deprived the Treasury of sorely needed revenues but will have frozen tax rates at a level far too low to meet the fiscal needs of the country and to check inflationary spending.

Will Hitler Abandon Mussolini?

HITHERTO it has always been assumed that however disillusioned and dispirited Italy might become, it could not revolt against the Axis or attempt to make a separate peace because it was completely under Hitler's thumb. Perhaps the number of German troops in the peninsula at any one time has been exaggerated, but there is little doubt that the Gestapo has been strategically posted throughout Italy, while the Luftwaffe has established numerous bases in Calabria, Sicily, and Sardinia. Germany's chief hold on its partner, however, has been economic. Without German coal, iron, and other materials Italy's industry cannot operate, and its services are completely dependent on the oil which Hitler allots to them from his own restricted supplies.

So it is correct to talk of Italy as a puppet state, powerless to act against the wishes of Berlin. The question that now arises, however, is whether Hitler can any longer afford to keep his thumb on Rome. That must be one of the most acute problems facing the Führer. If he is to continue to control Italy he must provide it with backbone. He must send troops, planes, guns, and raw materials. And with the Allies threatening to invade Sicily, and perhaps the mainland, in force, that may easily mean an unlimited investment. He has just expended fifteen divisions or so in a bid for time in Africa. How many more would be absorbed by a prolonged defense of the vulnerable Italian coastline?

On the other hand, Hitler has to face the prospect of Italy's rapid collapse should he abandon it to its own devices. The country is short of food and economically disorganized. Its people, exposed to terrific aerial bombardment, are clearly in no moral state to put up a desperate resistance. If it surrendered, the Alpine wall would still bar the Allies from an easy advance into Germany itself. But with the Allies in Italy the whole Nazi position in the Balkans would be outflanked. How tenable would Greece be under such circumstances? Would it be possible to resist a drive on the Aegean shores by the Ninth British Army, now in the Middle East? And if the Germans had to abandon Greece, could their retreat stop short of the Danube? Again, Allied

occupation of northern Italy and Corsica would threaten the German forces in southern France. Would the hastily constructed coastal defenses of the Riviera then prove sufficient?

Clearly, a decision to cut his losses in Italy is not one that Hitler can make lightly. Nevertheless, there are indications that he is pulling out. From Stockholm come reports of peremptory demands by Mussolini for more anti-aircraft guns and planes. This seems credible in view of the pounding that southern Italy is now receiving and the notorious inadequacy of the Italian air force. Numerous stories from Berne speak of troop trains taking German soldiers and their equipment north while Italians move south. Another report says that a large part of the Italian army of laborers in Germany has been repatriated. News from these neutral centers must be treated with reserve, but the Rome radio hardly disguises the fact that the Italian government is in an extreme state of jitters. Further, four Italian generals, three of whom had earlier in the war been retired in semi-disgrace, have been given command of the Italian armed forces, and Marshal Badoglio, long at odds with Mussolini, has been called back to assume supreme command in the south. It is certain that if German troops were destined to play any considerable part in the defense of Italy they would not do so under an Italian commander.

Is Japan Next?

PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL'S latest journey to Washington on the heels of the spectacular Tunisian victory has occasioned a welter of speculation regarding the possibilities of major offensive action in the Far East. The fact that Marshal Wavell, commander-in-chief in India, Admiral Somerville, commander of British naval forces in the Bay of Bengal, and Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse accompanied Churchill and are presumably conferring with Lieutenant General Stilwell and Major General Chennault makes it evident that the Far East is being discussed.

The Tunisian victory carries at least as great potentialities for the East as it does for the West. In reopening the Mediterranean, the Allies cut by weeks the length of time needed to get supplies to India, and thus released hundreds of thousands of tons of shipping for use in a possible Far Eastern offensive. There is also a possibility that the British will be able to spare a portion of their Mediterranean fleet to support operations in the Indian Ocean. This possibility would become almost a certainty if the United Nations should succeed in destroying or immobilizing the Italian fleet within the next few months. The shifting of the powerful Mediterranean fleet to the East through Suez would open the way for a direct sea invasion of Burma and might even be the

first step in an attempt to recapture the East Indies.

The effects of these favorable developments on Far Eastern strategy are doubtless being thoroughly explored at Washington. This does not mean that the decision to concentrate first on the defeat of Germany is being reconsidered. But within the framework of that decision there is considerable leeway for a shifting strategy of warfare against Japan. Many changes have occurred in the over-all picture since Roosevelt and Churchill first decided—a few weeks after Pearl Harbor—to place first emphasis on the European struggle. After two winter setbacks in Russia and a crushing defeat in North Africa, Germany does not appear nearly so formidable as it did in December, 1941. Japan, on the other hand, has greatly increased its potential strength by the conquest of the Philippines, Singapore, the East Indies, and Burma. Our great Far Eastern ally—China—has been all but completely cut off from the Western world and is finding difficulty in holding its own against new Japanese drives. Thus a greater relative emphasis on the Far East would seem to be called for.

The most important immediate objective of offensive action in the Pacific is obviously the reopening of the Burma supply line to China. This represents a considerably more ambitious undertaking than the United Nations were prepared for a year ago. Even the minor excursion into the Akyab area appears to have turned out badly, and the British forces that invaded western Burma have withdrawn into India. But the British now have an army of more than two million men in India, and with adequate naval support they might be able to land a strong force near Rangoon and thus avoid the necessity of slow, costly, mountain fighting. The American contribution to such an attack would presumably be chiefly in the air, although we might offer some naval aid.

It is quite possible, however, that the chief blow against Japan will come from another direction. The American landing on Attu suggests a greater use of the northern route to Tokyo. And there are many indications that our forces in China are being steadily strengthened. The existence of heavy American bombers in China has been revealed for the first time within the past fortnight. Preparations are reported to be under way for enlarging the port facilities of San Francisco to handle 100,000 men at a time instead of the present 50,000. Since only a few thousand men were involved in the fighting in Guadalcanal and New Guinea, it is evident that the Japanese are in for some surprises far transcending anything they have yet met. The main drive against Japan may wait, as Churchill declared earlier, upon the defeat of Hitler. But the Japanese had better not count too heavily on that. President Roosevelt's message to Chiang Kai-shek expressing "hope" that the Allied armies, in cooperation with the Chinese, would launch an offensive in Asia in "the very near future"

seemed to reflect more than the usual diplomatic courtesy. The blow may not come next week, next month, or until after the monsoon season in Burma, but for the first time since Pearl Harbor there is reason to believe that the Far East is receiving nearly equal attention with Europe in the planning of Allied offensive strategy. That in itself is a matter for intense satisfaction.

To Shorten the War

THE report filed by the Kilgore committee, a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, is the ablest exposition we have yet encountered of the need for an over-all Office of War Mobilization. Although the problems of man-power, production, and economic stabilization grow ever more interdependent, the committee finds "little understanding" of this interdependence and no "mechanism to provide for policy decisions which concern all three aspects of the war-production effort." These findings are not based upon deduction, random inquiry, or surmise but upon executive sessions at which the committee questioned former Justice Byrnes of the Office of Economic Stabilization, Paul V. McNutt of the War Manpower Commission, and Charles E. Wilson, executive vice-chairman of the War Production Board, "The three witnesses," the committee says, "agreed that their three programs are interdependent and interrelated," "but each testified that policy decisions in his particular agency are confined to the limits of authority delegated to that agency, and that such decisions are reached by the individual agencies on a unilateral basis."

Testimony showed, for example, that war production was being expanded or cut back in individual plants without consultation with the War Manpower Commission. These developments became known to the commission only after they had taken place and in many cases only by accident. The poor results at Willow Run were discussed with the witnesses, who agreed that this specific problem involved questions of man-power, production, and economic stabilization, but here again the problem was treated purely as a WPB matter, "and no attempt has been made to reach a joint agreement on action needed." The committee finds a lack of coordination not only among these three agencies but within them. Of the Manpower Commission it reports that demands of war contractors "are merely being checked on a statistical basis. . . . There has been no practical control over the validity of demands by war contractors or to prevent hoarding, inefficient use of labor, unnecessary absenteeism, or labor idleness resulting from poor production methods and organization." The importance of such a check-up may be seen from the committee's observations in the field of aircraft. It says that while the program

for 1943 calls for 750,000 additional workers, "it appears that existing and even higher production commitments could be met with one-half or one-third of the additional workers if steps were taken to obtain the most efficient utilization of man-power already on the job."

The Manpower Commission is not the only one of the three key agencies accused of slackness in its tasks. It says that while Wilson "is exerting very real pressure to improve inventory control and to improve scheduling of materials by the services," the WPB neither balances the fundamental elements of the production program nor acts "to assure the most efficient utilization of facilities, raw materials, and other resources." Likewise the committee criticizes Byrnes for failing, in most cases, to coordinate wage and price policies with man-power and production. One of the exceptions, praised by the committee, is his handling of the situation in non-ferrous metals. A large part of the credit goes to the International Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union, which has sought for more than two years to impress on the public the interrelationship of wage and man-power problems with production. The committee reports that 75 to 85 per cent of all wage cases before the War Labor Board represent requests by employers to raise wages so they can hold their labor force. It concludes that "if wages and prices had been administered as production and man-power instruments, stabilization of both the wage and price structure by industry-wide agreements, with incentive payments for increased production, would have become the basis for policy at an early stage."

The committee finds that as a result of this loose control of the basic factors of production we are behind schedule "in many important programs" and that several, including those for aircraft, tanks, and ordnance, have been "materially reduced." It sees the need for three remedies. One is the abolition of the cost-plus system, which leaves "no incentives for efficient use of facilities, labor, and materials." The second is the substitution of a total-war psychology for one of business as usual. "In almost every phase of the war effort we have continued to rely upon customary practices and relationships." The committee wants us to develop that "unified policy and operational structure which is the basis of competent organization in government as well as business." For this purpose it offers a new version of last year's Kilgore-Pepper-Tolan bill for an over-all War Mobilization Board and an Office of War Mobilization which would bring all factors—man-power, production, prices, and scientific resources—under the control of one central body. Sooner or later we shall be forced by circumstances to adopt some such measure. The sooner we do so the faster we shall increase the flow of material, and the speed of this, in turn, will determine the length of the war and the number of those who must fall on the battlefield before it ends.

My Plan à la Fischer

BY ELY CULBERTSON

I CONFESS to considerable difficulty in dealing with the article on my World Federation Plan by Louis Fischer in *The Nation* of April 24. Mr. Fischer did with the presentation of the plan what the good old monks used to do in copying the text of some author whose arguments they did not like or feared. By the time Fischer had finished with his subtle interpolations, his deft omissions, his watering down of the strong arguments and blowing up of the weaker ones, the God was gone from the text and only the shadow of Satan remained.

The result of Fischer's effort is a strange hybrid—Fischer's fulminating critique of the Culbertson plan à la Fischer.

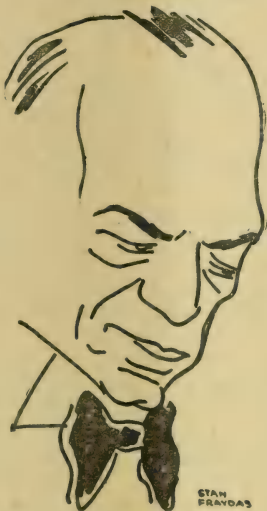
The World Federation Plan is the result of many years of painstaking work. Louis Fischer did not do me the honor even to read the plan through. This will be apparent to anyone who compares my "Summary of the World Federation Plan" with Fischer's presentation of it in *The Nation*. By the time Fischer has offered his own inimitable version of the eleven Regional Federations which make up the World Federation, he has succeeded in painting a sinister picture of big, grasping, imperialistic nations exploiting the rest of the world. Then Mr. Fischer exclaims righteously, "What a nice mess all this will make!"

Indeed, Mr. Fischer, what a mess!

Fischer failed to mention anywhere that according to the plan large states will have much *less* control over the smaller sovereign states *than they ever had before*.

In fact, throughout his entire article Louis Fischer does not once mention the constitution of the World Federation; or the provisions for economic, educational, scientific, and other world-wide organizations within the World Federation; or the political and economic structure of the Regional Federations, so designed that they would serve as an indispensable, intermediate step toward the realization of the ideal of world citizenship and a free Cooperative of Nations.

Having thus conditioned his reader, Louis Fischer waves his magic wand over the eleven Regional Federa-



Ely Culbertson

tions and pronounces them "unrealistic." On the contrary, they are entirely realistic. I didn't create these regions as a God creating the earth in six days. They are there in flesh and blood. They already exist as geographic, economic, and psycho-social units—eleven big realities that stare one in the eyes. Look at the historical map of the world and notice how, through centuries and millenniums of history, the patterns of these eleven regions have twisted and shaped themselves. There is Malaysia with its 150,000,000 people of predominantly Malaysian stock. There are Japan, China, and India; there is the Islamic world from the Dardanelles to the Nile. Is Russia unrealistic? Or the western Slavs? Are the Germanic or Latin regions that grew out of the Holy Roman and ancient Roman empires figments of my imagination? To Louis Fischer the British Empire is a geo-

graphical absurdity. To me it is a historical, psycho-social, and economic reality. It is also a military reality.

It is all very well for my friend Fischer to preside at the liquidation of the British Empire at meetings in New York; but in London Churchill presides over the soon-to-be-victorious Britain. And he disagrees. And not only Churchill and the Tories; the great majority of the British people disagree. Behind the ugly façade of the British Empire we must not lose sight of the British Commonwealth of Nations, which is one of the most vital civilizing forces of today and tomorrow. Certainly, any feeling man is indignant over the many iniquities of British imperialism. And thinking men know that the British Empire is paved with good intentions. There is many a slip between the cup of freedom and the lip-service of the British Tories. But the friends of India cannot, for instance, achieve its independence by parading with placards on the streets of New York. An entirely different and more realistic approach is necessary.

Louis Fischer again waves his magic wand over the American Strategic Zone in my plan and proclaims it "imperialistic." He says, "Culbertson convicts himself," and as a bill of indictment proceeds to quote from my text of the Summary: "The establishment of the American Strategic Zone is a matter of vital necessity to the

United States, and must be accomplished regardless of whether or not the World Federation is adopted." Then Mr. Fischer gleefully comments, "So there you have Culbertson, the great world reformer."

In the plan the American Strategic Zone consists of fortified bases running across and beyond the Western Hemisphere from Iceland to northern Thailand and Indo-China. The Latin American territories are excepted. These fortified bases will be held by the American contingent of the World Federation armed forces. They will be held on a long-lease basis by an arrangement similar to that now prevailing in Cuba or Bermuda, and until such time as the World Federation machinery is in full and secure operation. In all other respects the full sovereignty of every nation will be safeguarded, and it is further provided that all the undeveloped populations of the world shall be liberated.

Is this imperialism? If it is, then I am proud to be an imperialist.

Let us now assume that the World Federation does not come into existence, to Mr. Fischer's utter delight. In that event the odds will be heavily in favor of world power-politics prevailing over Fischer's welfare-politics; and it will be even more vital for our own security to occupy and maintain this chain of fortified centers.

If, in addition, we stop prattling about the Good Neighbor policy and turn to deeds, we can create a bloc of permanently allied nations containing 400,000,000 North Americans, Latin Americans, and Malaysians. This we can start doing at once by promulgating the Charter of the Pan-American Federation and establishing a regional council of strictly limited power, with a president, a regional supreme court to prohibit war and settle disputes, and a regional police force to enforce the prohibition of intra-regional wars. The 120,000,000 Latin Americans and the 130,000,000 North Americans would have equal representation in the regional government. Its formation would be the first decisive step toward a world based on a higher law. It would electrify the Latin Americans and the world by proving that we seek no political, economic, or ideological control over other nations and that we do renounce aggression not only in words but in deeds. The Malaysian Federation, also based on the essential sovereignty of constituent nations, can be organized after the defeat of Japan.

What does Louis Fischer propose to do with the Malaysian Region in the heart of the Pacific, surrounded by vastly populous, rapidly growing industrial powers—perhaps the seat of future Hitlers? Find a Malaysian Gandhi? When Mr. Fischer's seventy-odd simultaneous people's revolutions triumph, I shall have no objection to the withdrawal of the American troops from the American Strategic Zone. Until then we Americans must take elementary strategic precautions for the defense of the oceanic approaches to the American continent.

The American people—and I among them—seek no profit from the sweated pennies of the Malaysian peasants. But before we put all our eggs into Mr. Fischer's or any other idealistic basket, we must make sure that we have an "out," a line of strategic retreat.

Is this reactionary? If it is, then I am proud to be a reactionary.

Mr. Fischer tries to pin me down with a piece of dialectic sophistry. He writes: "If Culbertson believes in the necessity of protective zones for the major powers, his whole World Federation Plan is nonsense. You either believe in security through international organization or you don't. Apparently, Ely Culbertson doesn't." I do most fervently believe in security through the World Federation. But I also believe in the time factor. There will be a time-lag between the beginning and the completion of the establishment of the World Federation as a substitute for power politics. However carefully blueprinted, the World Federation will have to be tested in actual operation. Until then the great powers will naturally not give up any of their own means of defense or their own strategic zones. Certainly Russia will not give up an inch, and neither will Britain unless compensated elsewhere. Hence the concept of the National Contingents and the Strategic Zones for the big four of the United Nations. Hence my "pandering," as Mr. Fischer calls it, to victorious Britain, Russia, China, and the United States. The concept of Strategic Zones in the World Federation Plan not only limits the ambitions of individual great powers to a reasonable minimum but is the only safe way for the great powers to agree to the establishment of a true world organization endowed with a powerful international police. Has Fischer talked with any of our Senators?

At this point Louis Fischer wanders into the world of cards, forgetting that dialectics can be used in cards only as alibis for blunders, not as a foundation for a system. He compares my territorial arrangements of the world to my playing solitaire with a deck of cards marked with the names of countries. "When the 'Latvia' card turned up he [Culbertson] placed it on top of 'Russia,' and 'Estonia' on top of that, but 'Lithuania' went into a separate pile." Louis Fischer ends up with brotherly advice: "Culbertson should quit playing solitaire and go back to bridge." I don't want to hurt Fischer's feelings, but he really doesn't know solitaire in any one of its fifty-seven varieties. The bizarre world of cards is inexorably logical. One of the most logical of its games is solitaire, where the cards unravel themselves in just order and symmetry. Louis Fischer has confounded the noble game of solitaire with a card game played by Russian children. The game is called *Durachok* (Silly One,) and there you can do just about as you want; some Americans play this game under a different name.

After this little excursion into the world of cards, Louis Fischer takes up the Quota Force Principle (International Police Force). Here he misses entirely the structure and tremendous implications of the Mobile Corps.

The Mobile Corps is the collective army of the small nations and the largest division of the World Police. Not only the fascists but many conservatives and liberals believe that the sovereign small nations are a historical anachronism and that they should be eliminated. I, on the contrary, want to preserve the sovereign status of every small nation in the world and even add to their number by providing machinery for the establishment of new sovereign nations from liberated colonial peoples.

My concept of the Mobile Corps is of a permanent collective army composed of regiments of volunteers from the small nations—an army which is psychologically certain to fight under the World Federation against any aggressor, for thereby its units defend their own countries. The small nations seek to survive, not to conquer. The total population of the small nations is more than 300,000,000. These small nations, though individually powerless, can collectively become the most powerful force for peace in the world, provided they are integrated in a perpetual alliance through the machinery of the World Federation. Thus the Mobile Corps will become a natural and permanent ally of any power which is fighting to defend itself against an aggressor. Alone, the United States might be at the mercy of some future powerful combination of great powers; with the Mobile Corps the United States will be invincible against any combination of aggressor nations. This alone should make the World Federation a thousand times worth while. Is this imperialism, Mr. Fischer?

Fischer's reasoning fared as badly with the National Contingents, which also form part of the World Police, as with the Mobile Corps. Fischer starts by chiding Bertrand Russell for approving of the Quota Force mechanism: "... mathematics is not the soul of politics." Who ever claimed it was? The soul of politics is *power*, and I have asked Bertrand Russell to help me because I consider him one of the truly great authorities on power.

But power is not the soul of Fischerian politics. Fischer gallops through the Quota Force Principle to arrive at the following startling conclusion: "If Culbertson is so sure that no nation will engage in aggression, and that all nations will cooperate with the World Federation, why does he need the National Contingents? Maybe just a Mobile Corps would suffice. Maybe all you need is general disarmament and a limited police force."

Here again Fischer has hurled a bomb charged with sawdust. Into five short lines he managed to crowd five errors and distortions. I never assumed that "no nation will engage in aggression," or that "all nations will cooperate with the World Federation." The Quota Force mechanism is built on precisely opposite assumptions.

Some nations will seek aggression, and many nations will refuse to cooperate. Why do we need the National Contingents and why would the Mobile Corps alone not suffice? Look up the Problem No. 1 of Lasting Peace on pages 28 and 29 of my Summary, Mr. Fischer! If Fischer would read through my Summary even once he would find why all the glib generalities about "general disarmament," "international police force," and "United Nations policing" are just so much meaningless gibberish.

In the World Federation Plan the World Police will have the monopoly of heavy weapons—armored ships of land, sea, and air. The Mobile Corps will have 22 per cent of the total strength, and the National Contingents, made up of the citizens of the eleven largest nations and stationed as reserves in their respective territories, will have 78 per cent. The United States contingent will form 20 per cent of the World Police, the British and Russian 15 per cent each, and those of the other initiating states the remaining 28 per cent. Obviously, the three great victorious powers would not consent to disarm themselves completely and to place their destiny in the hands of the Mobile Corps—under the full control of the government of the World Federation—unless they had some safeguard against possible abuses of the World Federation government and against the possible praetorianism of the Mobile Corps. If Louis Fischer can get the consent of the United States Senate, the British Parliament, and Stalin to an International Police *without* the National Contingents, I will kiss him reverently and make him my own special incarnation of Buddha. It might pay Fischer to bone up on the origin of our National Guards.

Mr. Fischer himself is a conscientious and often brilliant writer. In analyzing a plan that has won the approval of a great number of leading intellectuals, how was it possible for him to write such a distorted and prejudiced critique? The answer is obvious. He had on his special ideological spectacles. The World Federation Plan, with its realistic implications, went against his welfare-politics of the world. Therefore the plan is unrealistic, imperialistic, atavistic, reactionary. Fischer does not want an international organization based on realities; he wants an International Salvation Army, singing hymns to Economic Justice—hymns which, preferably, are composed by him and his friends.

The difference between Louis Fischer's kind of idealism and my own arises from the fundamental difference between his and my diagnosis of the ills that beset the world. He ascribes the profound perturbations of the world today to social injustices, and he valiantly strives to remedy them. I am ready to travel that far with him. But social injustices have always existed, and yet we have not always had the incredible worldwide horrors of today. There is something happening in the world which is more than the economic unrest of peoples, and which is

so pregnant with danger to democracy that the liberal or socialistic economic formulas do not suffice.

This something that is happening is specifically *the revolution in communications and in the nature of military weapons*. This technical revolution has had three portentous results: (1) the masses in all the states have become disarmed; (2) seventy-odd sovereign states have lost the power to resist aggression, and the monopoly of decisive heavy weapons has passed into the hands of a few mutually antagonistic states; (3) new and vastly populous states, heretofore dormant, are rapidly entering the industrial stage of development, possibly to bid, under future Hitlers, for the domination of the world.

Our modern democracy was born in the smoke of gunpowder when bullets pierced the armor of the knight and cannon balls destroyed his castle. Bullets, not ballots, are the true sentinels of democracy. Today the peoples and their true leaders are virtually disarmed by tanks and planes. The armored knight has returned with bolts of lightning in his hand, traveling in the air at 400 miles an hour. The castle is moving on wheels at 50 miles an hour. Everywhere violent minorities can seize the levers of the state and deprive the people of all hope of redemption. Rifles have become sticks. The day of barricades is over, and so is the day of barricade revolutionists. The only forces still working to preserve our democratic freedom are the psycho-social forces of habit and tradition. *The reality of physical force is leaving the peoples.*

Louis Fischer thinks perhaps that this is a world revolution of the peoples on the march toward their final liberation. I say this is a world counter-revolution against the peoples everywhere, who are more and more disarmed. In the past, democracy flourished where the nature of weapons and military structure favored the defense of freedom by the peoples themselves. Such conditions no longer prevail. The evidence is strong that the neo-feudalists will be the victors in the continuing post-war struggle, even though the democracies and Soviet Russia will have won the war.

If by a miracle some democracies escape tyranny at home, they must inevitably face future dictatorships if they wish to survive in the ever-widening swing of greater wars to come. Another war like this one and democracy will be a hollow word, even in the United States. All freedoms depend upon Freedom from War. And Freedom from War can be secured only by segregating the decisive heavy weapons and making it impossible for any government or clique to use these weapons either for aggressive war or for tyranny at home.

The tragic mistake of most liberals today is to seek to prevent war by removing the causes of wars. The causes of wars are many and deep-seated. It will take generations to remove them, and in the meantime there will be new wars which will destroy our way of life. The only solution is to segregate the means of making war,

which are few—the armored ships of air, sea, and land—and to establish an indestructible alliance of the surviving democracies. This can be done only through the Quota Force mechanism integrated in the World Federation.

It cannot be done with childish visions of peoples descending like battalions of angels to throw down Satan and enthrone the god of humanity. Nor can it be done by economic alchemy. Before attempting anything else, and regardless of sacrifice, we must make it impossible for violent minorities to use the terrifying modern weapons for the enslavement of their own peoples or for the conquest of other nations. We must transform these decisive weapons from instruments of oppression into instruments of defense for all peace-loving nations and put war itself into a strait-jacket. Fischer—somehow he could not get playing cards out of his head—says that the deck of cards with which I deal is old. At least it is not a deck of marked cards. Fischer is blissfully unaware that the new deck of his dreams is stacked by history against him and against all of us. Among players it is known as a sucker's deck.

Fischer has written a great deal about Lenin. But the main lesson of Lenin he has never learned: Lenin was a supreme political strategist. He dreamed the liberation of peoples, but he lived and breathed the reality of social forces around him. He did not hesitate to make a deal with the enemies of his country so as to get into his country; he was not ashamed to choose as his headquarters the palace of a ballerina, mistress of the Czar. While the Kerenskys orated, he ceaselessly worked on precise, detailed blueprints for action. After he and his group of idealists seized the Russian state and the going got rough, he did not hesitate to beat a retreat.

American progressives of the Louis Fischer kind must wake up to reality. They must retreat from the clouds. They must stop fiddling their little ideological tunes while the world is ablaze. We want them to help us in the decisive battle for freedom—the battle which is only beginning. There are overwhelming forces for peace which we could organize if we had a practical plan, a bridge into the future. The World Federation Plan is the first blueprint for such a bridge. I cannot begin to say how many things are wrong with it. But it is a blueprint for work, not for dreams. It is anchored in the realities of today and tomorrow. Once over this bridge, the peoples of the world, during two or three generations at least, can achieve Freedom from War; and once the nations are free from this social cancer they can start, each in its own way, and all together, building a new world of economic and political justice. Better planners and builders will come who will improve immeasurably this new bridge into the post-war world. And when they come, as they are already coming, where will Louis Fischer be?

He will be playing solitaire—and cheating himself.

How Our Enemies Fight

II. JAPANESE BATTLE TECHNIQUE

BY GORDON COOPER

THE geographic position of the Japanese islands off the northeastern littoral of Asia is not unlike that of Britain in relation to the northwestern coast of Europe. Japanese policy too has a resemblance to that of Britain before the latter in 1585 abandoned its attempts to dominate Europe and adopted the theory of Continental balance of power and an overseas empire. Any attempt by Japan, however, to "divide and rule" in Asia has been precluded for most of its history by the sheer mass of the Chinese Empire, and it is only natural, therefore, that Tokyo should have followed the early rather than the later policies of Britain. Thus it has always envisaged the conquest of China and hegemony over eastern Asia as the first step toward the realization of those dreams of world domination which are based on its fundamental religious concept, Shintoism.

The opening of the Sino-Japanese conflict in 1937 marked Japan's first large-scale bid for world power. Far too little attention was paid to the purely military aspects of this campaign; if we had followed it more closely, some of the surprises which Japan had in store for us might not have been so shocking. Professional opinion has never indorsed the idea, often met in popular accounts of this war, that Japan was "bogged down" in China. For instance, Lieutenant Colonel (now General) Charles A. Willoughby of the United States army, in his "Maneuver in War," published in 1939, expressed the greatest respect for Japan's military prowess:

In the field of strategy, in staff work, in concept and execution of maneuver [he wrote] the Japanese High Command has established a high performance record. From a strictly professional viewpoint, the colossal range of Japanese operations is of Napoleonic proportions. . . . There is an odd similarity between the Sino-Japanese War and the struggle of the Confederacy in the American Civil War; in the respective theaters of war New Orleans and Washington are approximately in the same relative locations as Canton and Shanghai. The "Anacanda" plan, which throttled the Confederacy by blockading its eastern ports while the drive on Vicksburg cut it in half, is duplicated in the seizures of Amoy, Foochow, and Canton, and the drive on Hankow.

During this campaign the Japanese were always outnumbered, sometimes as much as seven to one, yet by 1941 they had not only succeeded in subduing the coastal plains of China—one of the world's four great population centers, with about 200,000,000 people and most

of China's industrial wealth—but had tested out Russian defenses in three attacks, seized Indo-China from a beaten France, and for all practical purposes achieved control of Thailand. These southern operations ended the second phase of Japanese expansion and incidentally left only one gateway, the Burma road, open to supplies moving into China. Japan then felt secure enough to contemplate moving on the American-British-Dutch possessions in the Far East. The importance of Japan's occupation of Indo-China cannot be overemphasized, for it placed in Japanese hands the key to southern Asia with just as much certainty as the occupation of Korea had unlocked the door in the north. Here was a central base from which to operate against the Philippines, Borneo, Malaya, Sumatra, Java, and Burma. The Formosa-Canton-Hainan line, backed by Indo-China, became infinitely stronger than the Anglo-American Hongkong-Manila line.

The third phase of Japanese operations, that against the American-British-Dutch possessions, was a masterpiece of campaigning by air, sea, and land. Japan moved an estimated 300,000 combat troops formed into task forces over millions of square miles of land and sea—everywhere with complete success. The strength necessary to achieve specific objectives was always adequate; logistic problems, in spite of the multiplicity of objectives and the varying necessities of terrain, were solved either by prefabrication of special means or adaptation of local facilities. In this phase of its operations Japan remedied what Admiral Hart has called its one serious weakness, lack of "space." In six months it gained an empire second only to that of Britain and cut off its primary enemy, China, almost completely from outside supplies. For the moment Japan itself can be seriously attacked from only two directions—from China and from Siberia. China may be considered little more than a nuisance so long as it lacks essential armaments; Siberia can hardly offer a serious threat so long as the Nazis keep Russia engaged elsewhere. But in any case Japan has taken full precautions against invasion from the north by turning Manchuria into an arsenal and maintaining along the Amur an army, now fully acclimatized after years of occupation, variously estimated at 250,000 to 1,000,000 men.

The point about these operations is that Japan everywhere used power that was adequate to achieve its objectives. It should be remembered also that, unlike Germany, Japan has not only operated a huge army

and air force but the second-largest fleet in the world. If Germany had been in possession of such a fleet, together with its other forces, it would not have had to pause at Calais and Crete. In Japanese strategy, then, we have seen for the first time air, sea, and land forces used in combination; by means of them every industrial and raw-material center in eastern Asia except Vladivostok and Calcutta has been occupied. There are still weaknesses in Japan's military position, but given time to consolidate its mushroom empire it could make itself impregnable against anything less than a world coalition. Nor need we have any doubt about the extent of Japanese ambitions, which have been succinctly summarized by General Nonaka: "The ultimate conclusion of politics is the conquest of the world by one imperial power. . . . The Japanese nation is bracing herself to fill her destined role."

In its accomplishments so far Japan has adapted its strategy to the peculiarities of its situation. Space was the first need, and the opposition to be overcome in acquiring it was furnished, in every case but one, by only the outlying bases of nations whose power centers lay in distant parts of the globe. The single exception was China, whose armed potential was dependent on a very small industrial area, plus imported supplies. Therefore by the acquisition of space Japan not only provided for its own necessities but accomplished the Far Eastern downfall of its enemies. It was not necessary for Japan to reduce the British Isles to accomplish its purpose in these opening rounds of world conquest. To bring about the collapse of Britain's eastern possessions it was sufficient to reduce Singapore and Hongkong. It was not necessary to occupy Hawaii but merely to knock out Pearl Harbor for a short interval. In China it was necessary only to occupy the small industrial area and to block the entrances for foreign supplies. Everywhere Japanese forces met opponents who were on the defensive. Nowhere did they meet the aggressive counter-offensives which had checked them so successfully in Asiatic Russia. On the banks of the Amur in July, 1937, at Changkufeng in August, 1938, and on the Outer Mongolian border at Nomonhan in May, 1939, Soviet forces counter-attacked with fury and success. In each case the Japanese broke off the engagement and retired.

The characteristic mark, then, of Japanese style is the bold offensive against a key defensive position, an offensive designed to drive back but not necessarily to wipe out the enemy, and always to take advantage of the enemy's weakness in preference to opposing his strength.

The Japanese High Command's thorough grasp of the seven principles of strategy discussed in the first article of this series is clear to all observers.

Economy of Force. This principle has indeed been a law in Japanese campaigns. To students of its operations

it has sometimes seemed uncanny that Japan could judge so precisely the forces necessary for attaining certain objectives. The area in the lower Solomons surrounding Tulagi, one of the finest harbors in the Pacific, originally fell to a force of ten Japanese soldiers and one plane. Japan's ability to use just enough strength and no more was one, if not the main, reason that its strength was so underestimated; its forces were always adequate up to the Battle of the Coral Sea.

Mobility. Lieutenant Colonel Warren J. Clear, U. S. A., in the *Infantry Journal* testifies to Japanese soldiers on maneuvers marching 122 miles in 72 hours, with rifle, 150 rounds of ammunition, and a 40-pound pack, and after only four hours of sleep ending up on the double quick. When the history of the Far Eastern campaign is written it will certainly tell of many such feats. Japanese mobility has also been exemplified by skilful amphibious operations at beachheads with no permanent installations. This kind of mobility, coupled with the island hopping of the land-based air forces, has allowed the Japanese everywhere to use the indirect approach. The speedy passage through dangerous waters of the Japanese convoys and naval task forces can be laid to the patient surveys carried out for years by the Japanese "fishing fleet." The ability to supply reinforcements when and where needed in sufficient numbers was a striking feature of last year's December to May campaign.

Surprise. The surprise offensive has always been a favorite stratagem of the Japanese. It was used in 1598 by Hideyoshi, in 1894 against China, and in 1905 against Russia. The Japanese military find the moral indignation it arouses in the West merely amusing, another weakness to be exploited. Some of Japan's greatest successes in the present war have been scored by means of this device, and it is more than possible that there will be further instances of its use.

Offensive Action. Adherence to this principle has always been a cardinal feature of Japanese strategy. In the first months of this war Japan showed the ability to mount an offensive of truly grand proportions, one of the greatest in the history of warfare.

Concentration of Combat Power. Combat power in this campaign was not concentrated against any one objective but was spread over the Far East in pursuit of objectives of opportunity. This was at once the strength and the weakness of Japanese strategy. As it turned out, it was successful. Nevertheless, it was a gamble, and it is possible that against a more alert enemy this dispersal of strength might have cost the Japanese dearly. From the point of view of strategic theory, it must be considered an error, although one dictated, perhaps, by the geography of the region. In the event, it was the besieged colonial powers which suffered: they had so many key points to defend in the island-studded waters of the southern Pacific that they were unable to concentrate

their forces anywhere. The same geographic factors, however, will operate to the disadvantage of Japan when it must hold its conquests against counter-attack.

Security. That after Pearl Harbor Japan relied primarily on the impotence of its opponents to insure its security is shown by the feeble resistance offered to American bombers over Tokyo and the success of the Chinese operations around Changsha. The Aleutian landings, however, indicated that Japan later became alert to the necessity for special measures for additional security.

Cooperation. The cooperation shown by the Japanese services has been altogether admirable, even worthy of imitation. Air, sea, and land forces were welded together to form the offensive machine that accomplished so much.

The first definite checks to Japanese offensive action were in the Coral Sea in May and at Midway in June. With these engagements the third phase of Japanese expansion can be considered to have closed. In assessing Japanese operations during this period there seems to be some danger of overestimating Japanese military capabilities on the basis of results from one campaign, and

this a campaign which was opportunistically carried out with the aid of "on-the-spot" air power while the main forces of the opponents were pointed elsewhere.

Since Pearl Harbor, Japanese successes have been achieved against detached forces, against only part of the enemy's strength. These operations are interesting to the non-professional student chiefly because they illustrate the cooperation and mobility necessary in an air-sea-land war and because they may provide some clues to Japan's future course. Japanese ability to combine land, sea, and air tactics has changed many strategic conceptions. In this campaign coastal fortifications were no longer reduced by fleet bombardment and the harbor area cleared and held by marines so that its installations could be used to unload the army's heavy equipment. The construction of special equipment made it possible to land the heaviest material on almost any unprotected beach. Artillery, tanks, and engineering supplies for the immediate construction of airfields were floated ashore in specially designed barges, and the full power of an expeditionary force was brought immediately to bear. Since Japan's amphibious troops could be landed on any unprotected



GATHER YE ROSEBUDS WHILE YE MAY

beach, such fortresses as Singapore and Corregidor were taken from the rear; they were never able to fire a shot at the enemy's battle fleet, the purpose for which they had been built. Hongkong, with its fortifications facing the sea, was also attacked from an unexpected quarter and was reduced in a matter of days, not weeks or months.

If such a strategic plan for the reduction of Hongkong, Singapore, and Manila now seems simple and obvious, we need only recall the British-Free French assault on Dakar a few months earlier to understand the revolutionary character of Japanese methods. They open any unprotected coast to successful assault by a force immediately strong enough to exploit and consolidate its opportunity. When it is remembered that, in addition, Japan's use of the torpedo plane made the United States radically overhaul its naval building program, formulated only a little over a year before, the gigantic proportions of the revolution in warfare wrought by this campaign begin to appear. One may say that the Japanese did for amphibious operations what the Germans did for land warfare with their mechanized technique.

What clues to the future can the study of these operations give us? During the ten months since the close of the Japanese offensive the United Nations have been busy primarily in building up forces and establishing bases in the operating theater. In order to do this undisturbed a tactical offensive has been undertaken in a number of places around the periphery of Japanese power. These measures have all been good defensive strategy, but they have engaged only a minor portion of the total Japanese strength—a minor portion of the ground forces, of the air force, and of the fleet. The major part of this great war machine that has been years in building has been disengaged although available.

The only summary that seems applicable therefore is to say that the Japanese have achieved a brilliant "fact of arms." Their defeat without Soviet assistance will be extremely difficult, for geographically they are most vulnerable on the Siberian front. To open the supply route to China through Burma, the only other way to obtain a continental base of operations, would require a full-dress campaign and draw heavily on forces that at present might be used to better advantage elsewhere. From the standpoint of strategic theory, opportunities for maneuver are offered by Japan's dispersal of its forces and possibly by its neglect of security measures.

If analysis of Japan's past strategic practices shows us anything, it shows that we may expect it to launch a bold, well-planned, and well-timed offensive stroke, using a good part of its idle forces. It may even be that the Japanese, who have shown themselves to be astute strategists, will wait until the United Nations have irrevocably committed themselves in some quarter. Then, while en-

deavoring to contain this United Nations effort and draw its sting by the use of their new-won space, they will strike at some other vital point in the Allied position.

As Ambassador Grew has said, "Japan is today *potentially* the strongest power in the world. . . . Man for man, nation for nation [it] measures up to the highest standards of organized power in the world." To underestimate Japanese power again on the basis of the start, good as it may be, that we have made toward victory, would be the worst kind of folly.

[The third article of this series, on Germany's Fighting Strategy, will appear next week.]

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE COLLEGES throughout the country are giving special courses to meet war needs. . . . In carrying out this or any other related plan, the colleges must not allow themselves to be swept off their feet by the present exigency. . . . The supreme duty of the college remains what it has always been—to teach students to think. . . . In war as in peace, the college must never forget its chief task.—May 4, 1918.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK: Berle, A. A., "The World Significance of a Jewish State." . . . Broun, H., "The A. E. F." . . . Anderson, S., "Mid-American Chants."—May 4, 1918.

THE UNITED STATES this week has seen the culmination of several trials and indictments under the Espionage Act. . . . In New York the trial of four members of the staff of the *Masses*, a radical monthly that has gone out of existence, . . . ended in a disagreement and discharge of the jury after forty-two hours' deliberation. Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes, a well-known Socialist, was indicted by the federal grand jury at Kansas City for violating the Espionage Act on three counts.—May 4, 1918.

WHAT ZIONISTS consider the first Jewish government in Palestine for over two hundred years, the Jewish Administrative Commission, arrived at Jerusalem on April 10. It is headed by Dr. Chaim Weizmann.—May 11, 1918.

INAUGURATION of aeroplane service between New York and Washington certainly marks the beginning of a new epoch. For the first time in this country the aeroplane is being put to regular, practical use not of a military nature.—May 25, 1918.

THE ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS of New York . . . have decided to exercise the privilege rudely thrust upon them. . . . To combat socialism they have forsworn their vows not to demean themselves by casting a ballot. . . . For a careful definition of the socialism they are to oppose we must doubtless wait until they have emerged more completely from the political incompetence they have heretofore professed.—May 25, 1918.

Mr. Biddle Is Afraid

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, May 16

THE ugliest forces in American life are on display again in Congress, and the spectacle may make one wonder whether we are indeed divinely ordained to bring sweetness and light to the rest of the world, banishing its despots and reeducating its children. Although we

like to think of ourselves as somehow better than other nations, more high-minded, more disinterested, more humane, I know of no other country—unless it be the fascist states—in whose parliament one could have heard more drivel and seen more hypocrisy than in the House of Representatives last week.



Eugene E. Cox

The House has many hard-working, able, and devoted men, but it also has a large and noisy contingent of ignoramuses, proto-fascists, pompous asses, and (a few) devious crooks. This group has the capital by the ears; decent administrators shake in their swivel chairs at its approach; and the Attorney General looks the other way and writes books on Justice Holmes.

One of the most dubious characters in this gang is Representative Eugene E. ("Goober") Cox of Georgia, a friend of the peanut. Since March, 1942, the Attorney General, Francis Biddle, has been sitting uneasily on documents involving Cox and Section 113 of the United States Criminal Code. Section 113 makes it a felony punishable by a \$10,000 fine and two years in jail for a Congressman who "shall . . . directly or indirectly receive . . . any compensation whatever for any services rendered . . . in relation to any proceeding" before a federal agency. The Attorney General has evidence which shows that Congressman Cox communicated at least twenty-five times with the FCC to obtain a license for Station WALB in his district, that he received a check for \$2,500 from the owners of the station a month after the license was granted, and that with the check was a voucher marked "legal expense." The evidence consists of FCC records and the originals of the check and the voucher.

Where were the services rendered for which Cox was

paid \$2,500? The FCC sent the Attorney General a copy of a sworn statement by C. D. Tounsley, secretary-treasurer of the broadcasting company. This statement says that Cox performed no services for the company in his home town—Albany, Georgia. It also says, "Radio Station WALB has never at any time and does not now have any Washington representation other than that provided by E. E. Cox." It may be that Representative Cox is the victim of coincidence, that the \$2,500 fee was for legal services other than his lobbying of the FCC in behalf of this radio station. One would expect him to insist on the legal proceedings which could alone clear him of suspicion.

But whether Cox insists upon it or not, the submission of this evidence to the federal grand jury is many months overdue. The duty of submitting it rests upon the Attorney General, and the *Washington Post* was right when it suggested in a courageous editorial that Biddle will himself "be guilty of gross misconduct in office" if he does not do so. Since fourteen months have passed since the FCC referred the evidence to the Attorney General for action, it is clear that he is afraid to enforce the law.

The honor of Congress and the political future of the New Deal are both involved in this scabrous affair. For instead of the FCC prosecuting Cox, Cox is prosecuting the FCC and through it, he hopes, the New Deal. He and his friends from Wall Street and the poll-tax belt have focused their fire on the FCC, and think a hearty smearing of that agency will help block the reelection of Roosevelt in 1944; Cox himself, though Roosevelt's Attorney General has been shielding him from a grand jury, is on record for Farley. In recent weeks the Costello committee on draft deferments (with its Coughlinite counsel), the Kerr committee on so-called "subversives" (a synonym, in the Congressional lexicon, for anti-fascists), and the Dies committee have all been doing their best to make the FCC's life miserable. The main job, of course, has been in the hands of the Cox committee. And it is this committee which represents the real test of Congressional integrity.

Though some of the facts in the Cox case have long been Washington gossip and have several times leaked into the press—this correspondent published the first story on them a year ago—full disclosure has until now been prevented by the inaction of the Attorney General and the timidity of the FCC, both stemming, I suspect, from the continued efforts of the White House to appease the inappeasable Cox and his clique. The complete

story was not known or its import understood until Clifford J. Durr, a member of the FCC, courageously appealed to the House last week over the heads of the Cox committee and made the suppressed documents available in photostatic form to Congress and the press. Durr formally petitioned the House to disqualify Cox as chairman and member of the Cox committee to investigate the Federal Communications Commission. He buttressed that petition and its accompanying exhibits with a formidable array of parliamentary precedent. But it should take no learned disquisition to make decent members of the House realize the impropriety of permitting what must be a "spite" investigation so long as Cox is in charge of it.

The House now knows that the member who suggested, and is in charge of, the investigation of the FCC has a deep personal interest in discrediting that agency. The House now has before it photostats of the documents sent to Biddle and knows that Cox's eagerness to investigate the FCC followed its discovery of his personal interest in the WALB Radio Station case. The House now knows that Cox owns stock in that radio station and that the station even now has a petition for renewal of license before the FCC. The House now knows that Cox has been taking advantage of his position to cart away FCC records by the truckload, often without allowing time to list what was taken or to see to it that proper receipts were given for irreplaceable government records. The House now knows that Cox has been forcing FCC employees to testify under oath in closed session before him alone, with no counsel or observer for the commission present and without granting these employees even the right to a transcript of the testimony. These facts and their bearing on the petition to disqualify Cox are before the Judiciary Committee. If that committee and the House itself nevertheless permit Cox to continue in charge of this investigation, they will be displaying either a cowardly unwillingness to enforce the basic principles of fair procedure and the decent conduct of legislative affairs or a brazen readiness to trample on them.

For the New Deal and for the country this case is a crucial one. Cox's career may be at stake, and unlike the New Dealers he is not being pusillanimous in defending himself. He has surrounded himself on his committee with people who hate the New Deal as much as he does. He appointed as counsel a Wall Street lawyer who is a partner of Raoul B. Desvernine, one of the famous fifty-nine who made up the American Liberty League's own private Sanhedrin for the invalidation of New Deal legislation. As chief investigator Cox picked a man named Larson who left the FBI some years back to do "plant protection" for General Motors and later opened a detective agency in Detroit. The counsel, Eugene L. Garey, has a clientèle which includes a

number of Wall Street brokerage houses suspended by the SEC, and he shares Cox's hatred for "bureaucracy." If they succeed in defeating and punishing Durr for his courage, there will be few men left bold enough to raise their voices here. The worst elements of Southern Democracy and Northern big business will have won a resounding victory that will have its effect on every administrative agency in the capital and will not go unnoticed by our allies abroad.

Underground Humor

COMPILED BY JOACHIM JOESTEN

NO OTHER occupied country quite matches the skill of France in heaping deadly ridicule on the invader and his puppets. To all those who cherish France as their second country this fact is a great source of comfort. For a nation which still fights back with its wits cannot be as dead as some would have us believe. The following anecdotes are offered as typical examples of the humor that the people are using as a weapon in oppressed France:

In Lille an audacious little street arab stopped a German officer to ask him the time.

"Twenty minutes to twelve," the German answered politely.

"Okay," said the boy, "if it's twenty minutes to twelve, then at twelve sharp you can go jump in the lake." After which the lad tore down the street with the Nazi at his heels. Rounding a corner too sharply, the German ran into a gendarme.

"That ragamuffin told me that at twelve sharp I could go jump in the lake," he panted. The gendarme calmly studied his watch.

"Well, what's your rush?" he said. "You still have twenty minutes."

That stout-hearted policeman may now be in the same concentration camp as the farmer who gave just the right answer to a couple of Nazis swaggering by his field.

"Go ahead and sow," scoffed the Germans, "we'll do the reaping."

"I hope so," replied the farmer, "I'm sowing hemp."

A Frenchman went to the *Kommandantur* to inquire how he could become a naturalized German. The officer in charge warned him patronizingly. "Do you realize, my friend, that as a German citizen you will be liable to the draft? You might even be sent to the Russian front and get killed."

"So what?" came the reply. "Then there'll be one damn Boche less."

General von Stülpnagel, in charge of the occupying forces in Paris, arrived late for dinner at the house of a sham collaborationist. Apologizing for the delay, he said, "These acts of discipline keep me very busy. I have just ordered the execution of another hundred hostages."

Silence. Then the mistress of the house asked suavely, "Wouldn't you like to wash your hands, General?"

At a Cabinet meeting in Vichy Pierre Laval observed that one of his councilors, a professor of the University of Paris, nonchalantly drew forth first his handkerchief, then an offensive-looking pipe, and then an even shabbier tobacco pouch, ranging these objects on the table before him.

Laval, aghast at this lack of etiquette, exclaimed, "But, Monsieur, you empty your pockets!"

Whereupon the savant retorted, "Isn't that better than if I filled them?"

One day the great Spanish painter Picasso, who was trapped in Paris by the swift German advance, was called to the *Kommandantur*.

A petulant Nazi officer snapped at him, "You are the anti-fascist painter?"

"I am a painter, indeed," Picasso calmly replied.

The Nazi thrust a photograph under his nose. It was of Picasso's famous painting "Guernica," showing the havoc wrought by Nazi dive bombers in that unhappy Spanish town during the civil war.

"Did you do this?" the Nazi shouted.

"No, sir," was the reply, "you did."

Going back to Laval, the story is told that he decided one night to find out for himself just what the French people thought of him. Heavily disguised, he entered a tavern and sat down at the bar.

"How is everything?" he asked the bartender.

"Bad," was the frank answer.

"By the way, what do you think of Laval?"

The bartender looked around cautiously. "I don't like such questions. You know, with the Gestapo everywhere."

"I won't tell anyone," the other insisted.

"Yes, but if any of my customers overheard us I would be ruined."

"You can trust me. I swear I won't say a word."

The bartender hesitated, then leaned forward and whispered, "To tell the truth, I rather like him."

A Paris bookseller filled his shop window with three portraits of Pétain, Darlan, and Laval. Beneath he placed a harmless French classic, Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." Another displayed a picture of Hitler and spread out before it a map of France. Between the two he laid

a copy of Claude Farrère's "L'Homme qui assassina." A third put pictures of Pétain and Laval in his window and placed beneath them small notices which read, *Epuisé* (Exhausted) and *Vendu* (Sold Out).

In the Wind

INVESTORS in war industries need not fear the economic consequences of the peace. Standard and Poore's *Industrial Reports* offer these words of cheer in a special supplement on General Motors: "Business concerns which have been at all careful in framing their war-production contracts will not be heavily embarrassed by cancellations. The government will be embarrassed. The taxpayers will be embarrassed. But not necessarily stockowners. Contracts have been drawn that way, as they should have been."

ELIMINATION of Dr. Harold Rugg's textbooks from the public schools of San Francisco, boasts *Advertising Age*, was "a direct result of the efforts of the Pacific Advertising Association's school committee."

GERALD L. K. SMITH, in *The Cross and the Flag*, makes the most cogent argument against Ely Culbertson's World Federation Plan: "As might be expected, he speaks with a Russian accent, was born in Rumania, and is a great admirer of the philosophy of Karl Marx." The first two counts of the indictment are true. As for the third, in 1932 Culbertson published a book entitled "Red Russia Against the World." The 1940-41 edition of "Who's Who in America" lists it in Culbertson's biography; the 1942-43 edition does not.

THE INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER of a New York newspaper recently asked an ensign in the Waves how she felt about having dates with service men who are not officers. "I don't mind," she said. "I believe in democracy—but don't you print that! I might get into trouble." It was not printed.

THERE WAS a little flurry behind the scenes of the recent "Town Meeting of the Air" broadcast from Pittsburgh when its local sponsors learned that the topic would be, "Should the President of the United States have a fourth term?" George A. Blackmore, chairman of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, resigned as chairman of the sponsoring committee, and Dr. James H. Greene, executive vice-president of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, resigned as a committee member. They said the program was a Democratic trial balloon. Both withdrew the money they had collected for the meeting, some \$1,600, and turned it over to the USO. The rest of the committee carried on and raised enough to cover expenses, which were less than \$800.

FESTUNG EUROPA: The official organ of the Dutch Nazi Elite Guard tells of the trouble the Guard had at one of its recent parades: "The marchers repeatedly had to break ranks to turn the heads of the citizens the right way."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.]

The Peacemaker of Almeria

FACTS continue to be unkind to the partisans of expediency. Speaking of the underground in the last issue of *The Nation* I suggested, first, that the French underground supported De Gaulle; second, that the underground in general has not received due attention from the governments of the United Nations and has often been sabotaged through indifference or animosity.

A few days after the publication of the editorial, a dispatch from Geoffrey Parsons, Jr., in the *New York Herald Tribune* described the creation of a "Council of French Resistance" in France on which every section of the underground was represented. Included were the "groups of resistance," the political parties, and the labor unions—all backing De Gaulle and working in perfect accord with the National Committee of the Fighting French in London. "The formation of the council," Mr. Parsons wrote, "was brought about by followers of De Gaulle with the active encouragement of the British government. The American government had an opportunity to help but declined, this correspondent learned today from one of the Frenchmen who were in Paris recently, assisting in the organization of the council." And yet the unification and strengthening of the forces of resistance is of the greatest importance at this time.

Nothing is more illusory than the hope of rallying against the Axis those people whose fate would be sealed by an Axis defeat. Every comment on the development of the Spanish situation printed in these columns has underlined the interdependence of the Franco regime and the Axis. The form which that interdependence would take before the war ended nobody could anticipate, not even Franco himself. Whether Hitler would finally march into Spain, whether he preferred to keep Franco "neutral" for purely military reasons or because he feared internal revolt in Spain—these questions did not affect the main issue. The main issue was whether or not Franco's servitude to Hitler could be broken. If it could not be broken by the efforts of the United Nations, then the policy they have pursued until now was utterly wrong. Franco's recent speech at Almeria offered definitive proof that the United Nations have been wrong.

A week richer in happy events than any we have had in years made it easy to forget the Almeria speech. But Axis propaganda put it to good use. All the pro-Axis papers of Latin America honored it with front-page coverage. Radio Berlin, Radio Rome, Radio Vichy referred to it again and again. The speech was really a superb piece of work, in the best Goebbels style. The

African campaign had ended in disaster for the Axis, and on the eve of the great Allied offensive in Europe Franco came forth with his theory of stalemate. He bluntly proclaimed that the warring nations had "reached what may be called the dead point in the struggle. None of the belligerents has the power to destroy its opponent." He conveniently ignored the fact that under present circumstances anything less than complete victory for the United Nations would be a major victory for Hitler. And for Franco, too. A stalemate which would leave the road open to all kinds of diplomatic maneuvering—what rosier outlook could be offered the Axis?

The prestige of the general who "won" the Spanish War was put at the service of the Axis. But Franco is more than a general. He is "the Christian general." Nobody is better fitted than he to address the Catholic world, especially the Hispanic Americans. In this role the defender of civilization warns the Allies: Not only will you British and Americans not succeed in breaking the stalemate, but while your armies bleed in a senseless fight, the only winner, communism, will conquer the world. What more could Berlin expect from Franco?

Almeria came after Barcelona. During the time between the Jordana and the Franco speeches something had happened which made any misunderstanding in regard to the attitude of the Allies impossible. In Monterrey, raising his voice, and in a mood distinct from that of the rest of his address, President Roosevelt called for "unconditional surrender!" Jordana's Barcelona appeal had been abruptly rejected. No real neutral would have insisted a second time. But less than three weeks after the Barcelona broadcast the Spanish-German propaganda machine renewed its campaign for a negotiated peace to head off the Bolshevik danger. Since, in the meantime, the military situation had become more serious, a mere Foreign Minister was considered inadequate. The Spanish Chief of State, in person, was ordered to the microphone.

Franco pretended that in appealing to both sides to end the war he was acting in agreement with the Vatican. Since then we have heard—in a broadcast from Rome—that Pope Pius is opposed to "peace at any price." Diplomacy declared his words a rebuff to Franco and, as such, satisfactory enough. We believe that if the Vatican disapproved of the Almeria speech it could have been more prompt and more explicit in its repudiation. Though it apparently rejected a too blatant Axis move, it was careful to avoid any open rebuff to the ruler of "our preferred daughter in Christ," as Pius XII recently described Phalangist Spain.

Charles Maurras

BY EMILE BURE

AMONG the newspapermen—and they are many—who contributed to the victory of Hitler and Mussolini in France, Charles Maurras, the publisher of *l'Action Française*, is perhaps the best known. His paper is the organ of "integral nationalism," and its masthead carries the slogan, "We stand for everything that is national."

Unchallenged by the French Republic, Maurras committed treason with such boldness that his example lent courage to other journalists who took their orders—and their pay—from Berlin, Rome, and later Madrid. Could not the Radical and Socialist governments of France have gagged him? Why was he imprisoned only once, and then for an act in which he was not directly involved? Because the government's hands were tied by a press law which granted full license to libel and slander and permitted blackmail in the name of liberalism.

Obviously of Saracen origin, Charles Maurras, with his sallow brown complexion, his sparse hair, and his steely eyes, is so ugly that on first meeting him one is reminded of the gargoyles of a Gothic cathedral. He is very deaf, and he speaks in a harsh bark. But his influence on the youth of France and on other Europeans of French education in the period between the two world wars was extraordinary.

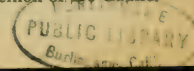
His power is partly to be explained by the richness of his vocabulary, which dazzles the illiterate and, even more, the semi-literate. Only educated men who are not blinded by political fanaticism see how shoddy is the intellectual merchandise his vocabulary sells. No demagogue of the right or left was ever more adept than Maurras at driving home his points. Indefatigably, with an ardor that is peculiarly meridional, he repeats a lie that serves his cause, until the reader, drugged by his impudent sophistry, is finally overcome. Edouard Berth, a disciple of Georges Sorel, wrote me in 1936: "The Greeks condemned Socrates to drink the hemlock because he was a sophist and a corruptor of youth. But Socrates was a child compared to our 'old Charles,' who was once described . . . as 'the most intelligent scoundrel and the most scoundrelly intelligence in France and Navarre.'"

Maurras has borrowed all his learning from the prophets of the past, from Bonald and Joseph de Maistre, philosophers of the divine right of kings, from La Tour du Pin, advocate of a social paternalism which is obnoxious to all free men. And if on occasion he invokes the Renan of "Réforme intellectuelle et morale,"

or the Fustel de Coulanges of "La Cité antique," he offers but a crude travesty of their thinking. Once while I was still on good terms with Maurras I enchanted him with a phrase from Karl Marx, whom he abused daily in his newspaper without ever having read a line of his writings. The touch of a feather would have transformed Maurras into a Marxist when he learned that the author of "Das Kapital" taught that "force is the great midwife of societies in labor."

The publisher of *l'Action Française* boasted of having brought royalty up to date, and his methods attracted many French youths and even some older men. Actually all he did was to set up the image of a king wearing a helmet and carrying a sword and surrounded with an aura of Christianity. His Camelots du Roy, who toppled statues, slapped ministers, and beat up professors, were in the best Bonapartist tradition. They were prepared to observe the ceremonies of the church if it would sprinkle holy water on the sword of counter-revolution. They were willing to genuflect before the altar if the altar blessed the throne. In short, they were clerical but not Catholic, and certainly not Christian. Maurras's first book, "Le Chemin de Paradis," vilified Christ as an emasculator of civic energies and lashed out at the "twelve wretched Apostles."

"La seule France, chronique des jours d'épreuve," which Maurras published in Paris in 1940, is eloquent testimony to his moral and intellectual vacuity. The history of France, according to him, is quite simple: England backed the French Revolution to break the power of a France grown strong under the wise and benevolent rule of Louis XV and Louis XVI and their ministers, Choiseul and Vergennes. Then came the restoration. Again France prospered, and the British government spent its guineas to launch the revolution of 1830. When Louis Philippe came to the throne, London was reassured by his seeming pacifism, but realizing finally that the new king was not to be controlled, perfidious Albion gave the signal for another uprising—the revolution of 1848. By this stroke England rid itself of the political threat of the Bourbon-Orleans dynasty and had to face only the timid adventures of the Second Republic, the Second Empire, and the Third Republic. Thus it was in a position to make France a country of hired Continental soldiers and a frightened partner in its oceanic enterprises. The fourth revolution, from which, Maurras assures us, Germany reaped the profit, was the Dreyfus revolution. The fifth began in June, 1940, with the rebellion of De Gaulle.



Should an innocent or facetious reader of Maurras ask him, "What becomes of your monarchist conclusions in the light of your admission that neither Louis XV nor Charles X nor Louis Philippe was able to outwit the British?" he would reply, "As long as the monarchy lasted it could not be outmaneuvered, but it made the mistake of allowing itself to be overthrown by liberal and democratic rioters in the pay of London."

Before the outbreak of the present war Maurras was campaigning for a "King of the French Republic." A pat slogan, but what political system did it envisage? Maurras had visions of a king who would preside in state over pastoral fêtes where every Sunday the peasants and artisans would dance and sing in their local costumes to the music of the tambourin and the flageolet. During the rest of the week—now dressed in work clothes—they would accept without question the orders of their sovereign.

Charles Maurras made his début into public life as the secretary of Anatole France. Like many young writers of his generation he flirted for a time with the anarchist movement, though it is plain that he had not the slightest feeling for humanity; he once amazed a friend by reproaching him for having given alms to some miserable beggars. Presently he joined the staff of the *Soleil*, but failing to convert the *Soleil* into an organ of "integral nationalism," he moved to Veuillot's *Gazette de France*, where he made no great impression until June, 1898. In that year France was finally preparing to recognize the innocence of Captain Dreyfus. Then came the news that Colonel Henry, head of the bureau of military information, who had first formulated the charge against Dreyfus, had cut his throat in the military prison of Cherche-Midi. The anti-Dreyfusard clique was thrown into confusion. Charles Maurras appeared on the scene to allay their fears. He declared that Colonel Henry had committed suicide in order to prevent the publication of certain documents which clearly revealed the guilt of the prisoner on Devil's Island, but whose publication would have certainly brought war. He wrote cynically: "Our inadequate semi-Protestant education prevents us from evaluating at its full worth such intellectual and moral nobility. But your mistake, Colonel, will one day be recognized as one of the most magnificent exploits of your record."

These words would have sufficed to dishonor Maurras if at the time he had enjoyed any honor. But he was to remain unknown until the publication in *Figaro* of his study of the monarchy, and the appearance in 1899 of the first issue of *l'Action Française*, in which he rabidly attacked Jews, Protestants, Free Masons, and foreigners as conspirators who were plotting the ruin of the French state. At the same time he launched a vigorous campaign against Germanophile pacifism. This brought down on him the anathema of the Pope, and Maurras was not

pardoned until 1938 when he recanted and began wildly to praise Mussolini. I defended him at the time of the anathema, and this action cost me my job on the paper where I was then working. I admit now that I was mistaken in believing that Maurras was sincere in advocating his integral nationalism. If, at the time, I had read "Kiel et Tanger," the book in which our excommunicate expressed the belief that it was possible to defeat Germany without the aid of the English, Russians, or even the Italians, I would no doubt have been enlightened. Jules Cambon, the French ambassador to Rome, described the book to Pertinax as "an utter idiocy." An idiocy, to be sure, but today we know that it was also a perfidy.

When Maurras began to sing the praises of Mussolini, it became clear that his new attitude was dictated by extra-political considerations. In Clemenceau's words, "It is the men who have sold out who are most ready to accuse their adversaries of venality." Maurras accused those who backed the Franco-Soviet alliance of being in the pay of Moscow, while he himself was actually in the pay of the Italian and Spanish ambassadors. In 1938 he threatened to use a kitchen knife on the men who supported Herriot's demand for sanctions against Mussolini in the Ethiopian affair. Maurras denounced the subservience of mind to money in his writings; yet he shamelessly accepted money wherever it was to be obtained. His paper, for instance, launched a shrewd and brutal campaign of ridicule against Coty, the perfume manufacturer. Finally Coty decided to buy him off. As they left the manufacturer's office, Maurras turned to his collaborator, George Valois, and said, "He forked over 300,000 francs so easily I'm sorry I didn't ask for more."

Maurras managed finally to quarrel even with the pretender to the throne, the Count of Paris, whose loyal servitor he proclaimed himself. When I dined with the Count in his manor near Brussels, he told me that "some *Action Française* rascals" were forever badgering him. "They have even tried," he said, "to have me expelled from Belgium because I refuse to yield to their constant threats." "May I quote you, Monsieur?" I asked smilingly. "Are you so anxious to see me dead?" cried my unhappy host.

The French Academy, insulted and ridiculed daily in *l'Action Française* by Léon Daudet, took its revenge in 1922 when Maurras stood as a candidate. The Forty Immortals rejected him for Jonnart, ex-governor of Algeria and future ambassador to the Vatican. In 1938, however, they were ready to eat humble pie. Cardinal Baudrillard, who was soon to become a collaborationist, campaigned vigorously to assure Maurras a large majority even though the Pope had not yet made his peace with him. With his election high treason insolently took its seat in the Academy.

Recently the newspapers reported that Charles Maurras was gravely ill. Morally he has long been dead. Read

what he said to an interviewer the day after the meeting between Hitler and Pétain at which collaboration was initiated.

Are you a supporter of what the Marshal calls collaboration?

I have never been a supporter of it.

Are you an opponent of it?

Not that either.

Neutral?

Not at all.

You accept it then?

There is no need either to accept it or discuss it. Thank heaven, we have left the era of discussion behind us.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

A RECENT happening which merited pages of comment received not a single line's notice in any American newspaper. At the end of April the *Deutsche Militärwochenblatt* ceased publication. Nowhere in Germany, so far as I can learn, was there any commemorative mention of its passing. Without any fanfare its existence quietly came to an end.

For generations the *Militärwochenblatt* has been an institution among what may be called the highest German caste, the officer caste. No one could imagine an officer, from a lieutenant to a field marshal, who did not read the *Militärwochenblatt*. It kept him up to date about the latest developments in doctrine and practice in the military sciences, about military literature at home and abroad, about innovations in foreign armies. It discussed questions of rank and nurtured caste concepts, caste honor, and caste homogeneity. The paper was thus an essential source of officers' *esprit de corps*. It was a cement, a powerful element in the spiritual and social cohesion of this singularly cohesive caste.

As early as the second year of the Hitler era the *Militärwochenblatt* began to betray some uneasiness. The Nazis had come to power as the result of an alliance they had formed with a few leading generals. The editors of the *Militärwochenblatt* saw that the Nazis were gaining more and more the upper hand in this alliance. The Nazis even began to interfere with the officer corps itself. They undertook to control its recruiting, to break up its *esprit de corps*, to loosen its homogeneity, to transform its character. The publisher of the *Militärwochenblatt*, a retired General von Wetzell, and especially his chief assistant, a Generalleutnant Marx, became alarmed. They launched in their paper—with all the necessary circumlocutions and verbal concealments—a guerrilla war against the Nazification of the officer corps and the growing influence of the Nazis in military affairs.

They raised the alarm about the deteriorating intellectual quality of the youths who took up an officer's career after leaving school. The education of these young men, they said, was becoming more and more defective. They were not trained in logic or in drawing exact conclusions but in vague approximations and phrase-making. As the year of decision drew near, the paper's editors became more violent against the "loud mouths" who talked of war as if it would be a "triumphant promenade." In the last months of peace Generalleutnant Marx astounded the military profession throughout Europe by a series of sensational articles against certain unnamed gentlemen whom he called the "Panzer fools"—gentlemen who imagined one could win a war against a strong coalition through a temporary superiority in one or two weapons like the tank or the airplane. It is beside the point that the paper's opinion has finally been proved correct after having for a time, in 1941, seemed completely mistaken. What is important is that it presented its views with challenging insistence and supplemented them with scornful jibes at certain, again unnamed, "ignorant amateur strategists," among whom Hitler was plainly meant.

At that time, in 1939, the Nazis met this undeniable opposition in silence. Of course they did not have to put up with it. But the *Militärwochenblatt* was so closely intertwined with the officer corps that an attack on it was inadvisable. It would have made too much bad blood in a caste that at that precise moment should certainly not be provoked.

The immediate cause of the paper's suppression at the present time is unknown to me. Since the outbreak of war no copy has arrived in America. I do not know what it has said or printed. But certainly it was not defeatist or palpably subversive. The old generals who conducted the paper would not have sinned against patriotism. Besides, if the attitude of the editors had been objectionable in any specific way, it could have been changed without discontinuing the paper. A new board of editors, for example, could have been installed.

One can be fairly certain, therefore, that the Nazis cracked down on the *Militärwochenblatt* not for retail but for wholesale reasons. And in all probability they destroyed it because it contributed to the cohesion of the officer corps. A body of such homogeneity is a nucleus out of which God knows what can develop. That would be disquieting to a dictatorship. A dictatorship, out of principle, destroys every such nucleus as a preventive measure. This nucleus was particularly disquieting, for it is clear that when the Hitler gang grows weaker nobody will be able to stick a knife in its back with greater ease than a junta of high officers, who have the corps spirit behind them as a reserve. And whether we like it or not, it is as good as certain that such an officers' junta will be formed at the critical moment or perhaps already is in process of formation. The officers will not

be checked by any sentimental considerations if they can see a way to get their own caste off unpunished.

Without any doubt the leading Nazis are constantly aware of this threatening possibility. Without doubt they are constantly thinking how they can best protect themselves from it. The task is a difficult one because the corps that later can be so dangerous is at present indispensable. But perhaps progress can be made in disintegrating the caste's instinctive and intellectual cohesion. For years the Nazis have worked to accomplish this in a furious underground war while high officers of the old school have countered and sabotaged their efforts. The Nazis' decision to put through now such a sacrilegious measure as the destruction of the officers' traditional organ is a sign that their nervousness over the potential political threat represented by the corps has increased. They have looked into the faces of generals and colonels and heard some of their talk.

File and Remember

An Eastern Bloc

REACTIONARY Catholic circles are behind a plan to create an Eastern European Federation, supplementing the proposed Catholic Latin bloc in the west of Europe. The eastern bloc, which would include Poles, Greeks, Croats, and Slovenes, apparently bases itself on a mixture of Slavs and Catholics. It would, of course, be anti-Soviet.

Simultaneously with this move, attempts are being made to fade out Dr. Benes and the other Czech leaders. The Czech government, which is proud to have an army fighting in the Soviet Union, has always been firm in its determination to insure full collaboration with Russia. It is therefore the biggest obstacle in the way of the reactionaries who still dream of building a new *cordon sanitaire* in Eastern Europe.—*Reynolds' News* (London).

Poland and Russia

It is important to be honest with the Poles. They deserve our honesty. The unthinking courage and the appalling suffering of their common people, their unhappy history, their romantic temperament, and their total lack of political realism—these are factors which command sympathy and which compel all who have to do with them to utter such exasperated remarks as that they are the "Ireland of the Continent." Persecuted nationalism has the same political effects at both ends of the Continent. . . .

Honesty with the Poles should go farther than this. If the United Nations lose this war, Poland will cease to exist; the Nazis have made it clear that they intend in the most literal sense the extermination of the Polish people. Those who are permitted to live will do so as slaves. On the other hand, if the United Nations win the war, Poland can live—and live far better than before—on one condition and on one condition only. That condition is that Poland is on terms of friendship with the Soviet Union. No greater wrong can be done to Poles in Britain or the United States than to pretend that

they can have in the future any other security. After the last war the most fantastic claims were put forward by the Poles, and because of their influence in the United States and, in particular, with President Wilson, a settlement that could not be stable and that was ultimately fatal to Poland was imposed by the framers of the Versailles peace. If that settlement was in any sense defensible in 1919, that was because both Germany and Russia were for the time being defeated and helpless, and because the Poles were assured of the full support of the then overwhelmingly powerful French army. The notion of bolstering up the Poles as a permanent barrier against the Soviet Union, on the one side, and as the permanent policeman of Prussia, on the other, was never wise, but, in terms of the power politics of 1919 it was possible as a temporary arrangement. No such settlement is conceivable in the next treaty. The influence of the Soviet Union must be the chief factor in Eastern Europe; and to imagine, as some Poles apparently do, that they can rely on the United States or Great Britain to guarantee their frontiers or maintain their security, if they are at odds with their far more powerful neighbor, is to move politics into the atmosphere of cloud-cuckoo land.—*The New Statesman and Nation* (London).

A Backward Country!

By Western standards it is a backward country. It does not enjoy the services of an aristocracy steeped in wealth and tradition. It has no rich merchant and finance community to lavish wealth upon its culture. It has been described as un-Christian because it dared to break the influence of an ignorant and reactionary church. In fact, it has little more to boast than common people, peasants, workers, and even a number of bandits, who are all extraordinarily poor according to our standards. They have no Parliament which stands in silent commiseration for the unfortunate victims of Nazi persecution. They have produced no statesmen whose words and promises are quoted the world over and kept nowhere.

This simple republic of Indians and peons has done what not a single one of the great civilized states of America or Europe has been prepared to do. It has thrown open its gates to the Spanish refugees in North Africa without cumbersome requests as to their parentage, means, and intention. This simple act of humanity stands out like a beacon amid the sickening hesitancy of the great nations at war. The Mexican Republic has by its exertions saved many thousands who might have otherwise perished, and by its example it has shown Britain and America how much more valuable is an ounce of action than a conference of pious intention. For this we salute it with gratitude.—*The Tribune* (London).

Logic

The absence of any properly constituted and recognized council of Allied statesmen has played into the hands of our enemies. . . . If the representatives of the national sovereign states are unable to collaborate under the stress of war, is it likely that they will be anxious to do so in the relaxation of peace? If they cannot create institutions on a cooperative basis to win the war, how can they establish the appropriate machinery to win the peace?—LORD DAVIES in the *Contemporary Review* (London).

BOOKS and the ARTS

Stefan George

POEMS. By Stefan George. With Translations by Carol North Valhope and Ernst Morwitz. Pantheon Books. \$2.75.

TOWARD the turn of the century Germany, Austria, and Bohemia produced a triad of first-rate poets—Rilke, George, and von Hofmannsthal. Their careers ran parallel in more respects than that of time. All three began as "decadents," aesthetic and precious, importing the *fin de siècle* from France and England and exaggerating it into a pose which lacked, in Dowden's phrase, reality rather than sincerity. All three looked to the post-Baudelairean poetry of France for their models rather than to anything in German; all three were pure poets in the sense that they were interested, in the beginning at least, only in poetry. Their earliest verse was excessively mannered, over-pathetic, and cloying, and strained too much after effect—though exception should be made for von Hofmannsthal, who at seventeen was a fully developed poet and whose work already manifested the perfection of those qualities which in Rilke and George were still liabilities. All three brought to German poetry a new and stricter conception of form, seeking to make their verse more dense and self-contained by the renunciation of explicit content and by emphasis upon symbol, sensuous detail, texture, and feats of technique. Hofmannsthal remained always more or less what he was as a boy; for Rilke and George, however, verse became eventually the means to instead of the end of all other experience. They became saints of poetry, expounding the doctrine that through the poetic consciousness rather than through religion the absolute was to be grasped.

Rilke was without doubt the greatest of the three. Yet while they were all alive George wielded the greater influence; Rilke and von Hofmannsthal were affected by him, but he himself was comparatively little affected by them. George was the center of a cult whose members were so galvanized by his personality and example that they succeeded in making the cult almost popular among cultured Germans. In spite of his own proclaimed and sincere intransigence, the upper strata of German society were ready for him when he appeared, and he penetrated their tastes as no other German poet since Goethe seems to have done. That Friedrich Gundolf, one of George's most ardent and active disciples, was a teacher who had had great influence upon Goebbels—in spite of his being a Jew—and that George himself was a reactionary in every sense except that of his art, these factors are not enough of themselves to explain why the Nazis honored and courted the poet and so estimated his prestige that they have not yet allowed his repudiation of them, as they allowed Thomas Mann's, to become public knowledge in Germany.

George, in a role not unlike that of Oscar Wilde and the Pre-Raphaelites in England, was the first in Germany to prophesy in a loud voice the beautiful as a way of life. He set an example by his own way of life, its décor, his clothes,

the format of the books he wrote and of the magazine he published—he even designed their type himself. The beautiful, being the noble, hence the aristocratic, could only be pre-bourgeois. The blight of the trader, the liberal, and the skeptic lay upon our times. The salvation prophesied by George was the kingdom come of a hierarchical, feudal-classical Third Reich led by a new élite which would be brave, courtly, and fair, as equable as ancient Greeks and as fervent as Crusaders. There would be a time of fulfillments, announced by a herald—who was very important in George's scheme; this herald was envisioned as a dazzling ephebe, now a god, now an angel, now a most specific and particular youth addressed as "Maximin," whom George was in love with. The fantasy was composed of elements not so very original either in themselves or in combination, but only in the very personal intensity which George gave them and in the quite absurd egotism with which he identified his own sexual yearnings with the future of society. It was his art and his tone that won him the consideration he received as a sage and oracle. And to consider him in any other light than that of his art is to diminish him.

What of the poetry then? If the distinction may be made, George was more artist than poet; a Parnassian who was a moldier and fashioner of poems rather than a speaker of them; his emotion was more caught up—if another really illegitimate distinction be permitted—by the plastic than the expressive possibilities of language. George's earlier poetry, written under the aegis of symbolism, I now find somewhat disappointing, for all its elegiac splendor and the originality of its rhythms. George was never capable of the long, sustained poem, and here he seems to make too much of a virtue of this shortness of breath. Poem after poem gives only the climax of a mood, the *moment exquisite*, with no before or after, too soaked in pathos, too static, and too exquisite. There are only cryptic objects, pregnant but uncomplicated details of sight, sound, and smell; and always the dying fall to conclude the poem, with a repetitiousness which is not excused by the truth that George's trochees and dactyls and his use of the feminine ending are almost the most brilliant of all his contributions to poetry—in English as well as in German, since they have reached our language at second hand through the medium of Rilke's influence upon a number of contemporary English poets who read German. The weakness of George's earlier work can be attributed to the fact that symbolist poetry stands under a quantitative limitation. Because of the narrowness of its range of modulation, one can read only so much of it at a time.

Like Rilke, George was over-anxious to become a poet, valuing the vocation inordinately for its own sake. But like Rilke again—and Dante no less—he would not have become so good a poet had not his first swaggering eagerness for the role preceded the consciousness of a mission. George derived his most profound impulses and perceptions from the verbal and rhythmic substance of poetry, that is, from its most tangible medium. Ernst Morwitz, in his introduction to the

book at hand, remarks correctly if exaggeratedly of George's later verse that "as in the Greek drama, language is not the means to arouse fantasy; it is an end in itself. The wisdom and the laws of the new life . . . are born from an intrinsic rhythm."

In his later verse George consummates the ideal of the short poem. The climactic moment is now no longer exquisite but magic, and the poem, tightened and made terse by George's masterly renovation of archaic words and syntax, becomes that goal of modern poetry, the spell or charm, something small but of illimitable power. The poetry means nothing except itself, yet works on the nerves and senses as if it were concrete experience entirely, not merely something whose meaning we glean through words. George's practice of poetry abstracted from it everything except its definition or the definition of its prime virtue or greatness. The reviewer happens to have a particular fondness for the slightly longer and more declamatory poems of this period, where a cherished moment of history is evoked and made magnificent again. Here George's breath has a fulness and his matter a reference impossible in the compressed and dateless, placeless purer poetry of the shorter pieces. I think the editors of the present book have included too few of these longer poems.

George possessed a limited stock of simple ideas which he relied upon too unqualifiedly. He wrote some of the greatest poems in any language; yet he missed being a great poet because he lacked roundedness. He did not cope enough with the antipathetic and distasteful; it sufficed him to condemn without examining. Rilke, on the other hand, became a great poet only after having in the "Duineser Elegien" gone as far as he could into dirty, difficult, and definite streets. George invented myths, like Rilke's, animated by sex and history, but they remained too personal; whereas Rilke's self-created myths had enough objective vitality to walk out into the world and receive significations given to them by others than the poet.

The translations in the present book, which includes the originals too, are extremely bad. Whether they are faithful or not is unimportant in the light of their badness. If the original poems were too difficult to permit of adequate English versions, as I am ready to agree, then they should have been put into prose, at whatever sacrifice, but not into this:

Then you, our son, from native stock appeared,
Confronting us in naked glows of god-hood . . .

When bent on brimming seas around me reel
New thunders of the tempest . . .

In torrid frenzy running . . .

A rapid rhythm drove the troops to trotting . . .
And more and more battalions and the selfsame
Stridor of fanfare-tone . . .

You say it is much you took as yours
All I possess . . .

George sometimes let himself go in turgid young-German-romantic visions in the manner of his much-admired Jean Paul Richter, his muse mounting from one iridescent cloudiness to another into regions where not only the mind's eye but the words of any other language than German are unable

to follow. But none of the things quoted above are from versions of such poems. The translators lack the excuse even of having had to conform to rhyme schemes, for their renditions of unrhymed poems are as bad as those of the rhymed ones. One merit, however, which cannot be denied Miss Valhope and Mr. Morwitz is that of having elucidated some of the many difficulties of interpretation to be found in George's poetry. They know how to read, if not translate.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

Mr. Cain's Art

THREE OF A KIND. By James M. Cain. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.75.

JAMES M. CAIN, in his preface to "Three of a Kind," insists rather wistfully that he really has no technique, no theory of sock and twisteroo, in spite of what his critics say. He does admit that he sat for a time at the feet of a screen-writing priest of technique who chanted of the "love-rack," the One, the Two, and the Three, the Power of the Prop, the rationing and supplementing of truth. This undergraduate dream, prevalent in Hollywood and correspondence schools, that the carefully laid technique catches the great story instead of the great story catching the technique has defeated other writers besides Mr. Cain. Mr. Cain claims, however, that he has passed that period in his work, and hopes in future to let the "story secrete its own adrenalin" without "needling." He confesses that he used to have such a morbid fear of boring the reader that he got in the habit of needling a story at the least hint of let-down.

The first two of these short novels, *Career in C Major* and *The Embezzler*, could do with more needling than they get, for since Cain extracts nothing from characterization or place he requires a constant drum-roll of telling dialogue and action. In the first story a vicious phony with concert aspirations is tamed finally by her infatuated dumb husband on the only terms she can take—namely, he also fails as a singer, so the happy cluck is entitled to return to her and take regular beatings for the rest of his life. Here is Cain's musical obsession again. He seems to feel that the one high-class field open to his never too bright characters is concert-singing. Smart people seldom sing, as the thought processes evidently get in the way of the vocal chords. There is always at least one person with a big diaphragm in every Cain story.

Once having been caught innocently humming in the park (see "Mildred Pierce") or in the parlor (see *Career*, etc.) by a disguised operatic big shot, they are groomed for the Metropolitan, make the grade in no time, but crack up for other reasons. Leonard Borland, in *Career in C Major*, got up a whole Reinald Werrenrath repertoire for the Eastman Theater in Rochester during a few months' lull in his contracting business. He's a wow, too, but it's only when his notes sour that his wife takes him back. If this is "needling," I'd rather be bored but convinced.

The *Embezzler* is quite as easy to read and based on the not too plausible coincidence of a bank investigator helping the teller's wife to cover up the teller's embezzlements. Here again the author uses the first person, a device which he says saved him after years of struggling to write in the third

person. In every story, as in previous novels, this "I" is the only character with which he is completely successful, though it is actually always the same man, whether he is bond salesman, truck driver, Acapulco adventurer, or the author. He is always the Mug, this "I," and since he is always portrayed in the first person he can legitimately withhold as much about himself as he cares to, feeding it out in the story chinks not as character development but as plot aids. None of the characters have roots; they are loiterers with no baggage, traveling salesmen to nowhere from nowhere. This prohibits their author the advantages of any drama of man against environment, but does permit him to deal out, as part of the surprise ending, sudden information about their past. In every story the central cast is the same, the Mug ("I"), the Victim, and the Dame; these stock figures are set up methodically and then knocked methodically down by Fate, who happens to be Mr. Cain's bellboy. The Cain women are a trim-ankled lot, varying only as to the colors of their sweaters, but good or bad they push the button for the catastrophe. Either Mr. Cain likes his women spiced with evil, or he was frightened once by the Lorelei; anyway it's the lady's fault every time.

The best story—and the best Cain has done for a long time—is Double Indemnity, an insurance murder story. Here the unfamiliar background of insurance intricacies provides protection against charges of implausibility, just as the Dame's pathological passion for death places her outside any ordinary rules for logical human behavior. The button for catastrophe is pressed when the client's wife casually asks the agent, "Do you handle accident insurance?" The agent is chilled with the conviction that this is the cue for murder, but he offers himself as an accomplice because of lust for her, and knowing all the mysterious machinery of his business it is a gambling challenge to beat it. From then on it has the tempo of fast farce—getting the Dame, getting the Victim, getting the company, getting the other girl, being *got* by the Dame, and then by the company.

Validity in art is recognized by the after-effect, and the after-effect of a Cain book is a half-angry feeling of having been gypped, of having picked up the April Fool pocket-book or having cried over "Mother Machree." This is not to say that Mr. Cain's art is not important in its own peculiar way, or that it is mere hammock reading. Rather it is something to read in the Iron Virgin, for at its best the intensity of suspense successfully anaesthetizes all other senses and might even induce a trance. This special trick entitles the practitioner to a turban rather than laurels, but very likely Mr. Cain can get along well enough without his greens.

DAWN POWELL

Latin American Hero

CAPTAIN OF THE ANDES: THE LIFE OF JOSE DE SAN MARTIN. By Margaret H. Harrison. Richard R. Smith. \$3.

THE list of Latin American heroes deserving up-to-date biographies is unlimited. Bolívar has inspired more than one colorful book from the pen of imaginative writers. The rest—San Martín, Sucre, O'Higgins, Belgrano, Carrera, Paez Hidalgo, Morelos—have been the victims of soporific Ph.D.

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candidates or well-equipped but dull professors. A most ungrateful destiny for such picturesque personalities!

Mrs. Harrison's book on San Martín is almost, but not quite, what an ideal book of this kind should be. She has done a good deal of research in archives and libraries, and at times the reader feels the living presence of the Argentine hero. The chapters that deal with the last days of San Martín in exile—The Hermit of Grand Bourg and Nightfall—are written with feminine tenderness and dramatic force, and are probably the outstanding pages of the book. Mrs. Harrison makes a good deal of San Martín's spirit of sacrifice, especially his yielding to Bolívar's will after the famous interview of Guayaquil. However, this strikes me as a negative quality in a liberator of his magnitude and in his position. One may deduce that if San Martín had met an opponent of Bolívar's character at the beginning of his career as a liberator he might not even have accomplished the independence of Argentina and Chile.

The family life of San Martín—his early days in South America, the influence of his parents over the young boy, the indifference of the soldier toward his young wife, his difficulty in making intimate and long friendships—is sketchily recounted here. The reader feels that he must know more about the man San Martín.

Mrs. Harrison's book is written simply. It is the plain story of San Martín—of his efforts to liberate Argentina, Chile, and Peru from the Spanish yoke, his renunciation, and finally his death abroad.

ARTURO TORRES RIOSECO

How the War Is Fought

WAR EAGLES: THE STORY OF THE EAGLE SQUADRON. By James Saxon Childers. D. Appleton-Century Company. \$3.75.

COASTAL COMMAND. British Air Ministry. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

I SEEK MY PREY IN THE WATERS: THE COASTAL COMMAND AT WAR. By Squadron Leader Tom Dudley-Gordon. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.

AT THE beginning the English almost gave up hope of making efficient aerial fighters out of the Eagle Squadron, the American volunteers who joined the Royal Air Force. The adventure-seeking boys pictured air warfare as it was in the last war and dreamed of becoming famous aces like Foncke, Richthofen, and Rickenbacker. But the art of fighting in the sky had completely changed; the aces of 1918 were like knights of feudal days, as Colonel Childers points out, and just as the knight had become lost in mass troop movements, so the individual pilot had become part of a mass aerial formation. Little by little it was beaten into the boys' heads that they had to fight as a team and that the pilot who darted out of formation to pursue what looked like an easy prey not only was risking his own neck but also was imperiling his fellows. Death eliminated the wild individualists. The boys who were able to learn the intricate skills of modern team fighting finally made the Eagle Squadron into a highly valuable arm of the R. A. F. It is now in the American air force.

The British estimate that it costs about \$125,000 to train

a fighter pilot. He has to learn to twist and weave through the air to present a minimum target to flak gunners. He has to learn to shoot while diving at 600 miles an hour. He has to learn not to shoot until he is within 200 yards of the enemy plane and then to fire only for a second or two; his cannon are capable of firing for a total of six seconds, and his machine-guns for only sixteen seconds. He has to learn to see; on one of the Eagle Squadron's first flights they were attacked by some Messerschmitts and a battle was fought; but when they landed, four of the pilots who had been looking the other way at the moment did not even know there had been a battle. Even the most experienced pilot is said to see only 7 or 8 per cent of what goes on in an aerial fight; things happen too fast for the quickest eye.

Having been a naval aviator in the last war, Colonel Childers was well able to appreciate these problems. His book is not only a lively chronicle of the Eagle Squadron but also an excellent introduction to the complex art of present-day warfare in the sky. The Colonel tells about the various types of tasks which fighter pilots must undertake, from the small-scale harassing operations to the great intrusive sweeps involving scores of fighters and bombers. He tells how pilots are briefed for their jobs, and reproduces conversations and commands that passed over the radio telephones while the planes were in action. The Colonel gathered much of his material from the pilots themselves, and also had access to the official records of the squadron.

In addition to such lore, Colonel Childers has good stories to tell about the Eagles, who were not exactly a demure lot. Among the more unpredictable of the boys was Leo Nomis, an Indian who worshiped guns. There came a long dull stretch in which he had no opportunity to fire at a Jerry. Flying along on monotonous convoy patrol one day, he could stand it no longer; he just had to find out whether his guns were working right. He sighted fifty feet above the right wing of the Eagle ahead of him, and blazed away. Amazed imprecations came over the radio phone from the pilot ahead, and Leo answered: "What the hell's the matter? I'm missing you, ain't I?"

Five million square miles of ocean from Iceland to equatorial Africa are the province of Coastal Command, that semi-autonomous section of Britain's Royal Air Force whose task is to patrol the seas and shores. It uses land planes and sea-planes; it fights with mines, torpedoes, and depth charges as well as with bombs and guns. It was Coastal Command that tracked down the Bismarck; it was a Coastal Command plane that had the unique distinction of capturing a submarine and its crew at sea. When Russia entered the war it was Coastal Command that flew the ferry service to Archangel.

The book "Coastal Command" is the British Air Ministry's official account of the war role of that branch. The author's name is not given, but he was Hilary A. St. George Saunders, whom the government employed to tell the public how the war was being fought. His books have had enormous sales in England, and his latest, "Combined Operations," also without his name, is a Book-of-the-Month selection in this country. Mr. Saunders has come over to give Elmer Davis some ideas; this is good, for England has succeeded in letting the people in on the war to a much greater extent than we have. After all, the war is not the exclusive property of

the High Command, as some of our admirals and generals seem to think.

"Coastal Command" tells the story with quiet competence. There are nearly 200 pictures in the book, a superb collection. English readers, who know an Albacore from a Skua as well as we know a Cadillac from a Chevrolet, no doubt find the authoritative details fascinating. Americans may find "I Seek My Prey in the Waters" a more entertaining version. This book was written by three British newspapermen who served as public-relations officers, and covers much the same ground as the Air Ministry account but in a more chatty, anecdotal style. For instance, they tell about the time a British submarine started to dive, taking no chance that the Coastal Command plane overhead would mistake it for a German, an easy thing to do. But the bomber, having duly recognized it, flashed a light signal: "T-W-E-R-P." "Why?" asked the submarine. "British," said the plane. The amused submarine commander reported this exchange; some dull official made the pilot of the plane write an apology to the submarine for insulting it. The captain wrote back to the pilot saying he didn't mean to stir up a fuss, except that he thought it should have been spelled "T-W-I-R-P." MARCUS DUFFIELD

Opera for the Listener

MORE STORIES OF FAMOUS OPERAS. By Ernest Newman. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.

THE object of this book, says Newman, is "to help the listener to opera, whether in the theater or by radio, to get more value out of his listening."

An opera begins by being a stage play; and one of the things Newman does in his book is to describe the dramatic action of each opera. He describes it in sufficient detail to make his summary a helpful guide to the person in the opera house, but a less adequate guide to the radio listener, who does not see where the characters stand, what they do, which one addresses which, and who therefore needs the guidance of the complete text. A person using this text of "Der Rosenkavalier" will get a great deal of detail that Newman omits, most of it unimportant, but one line—the Princess's exclamation to her hairdresser: "Today you have made an old woman of me"—a key line for what happens in the rest of the first act.

An opera carries on its dramatic action with the help of music; and there are many things in the music that the opera-goer should know but is likely not to know, says Newman. Of all the people who have heard "Der Rosenkavalier" how many, he wonders, "have paid any particular attention to the little figure quoted as No. 2a in the following analysis? I do not mean when motive No. 2 is first heard as a whole in the orchestral prelude to the opera—no one can fail to be aware of it there—but some forty or fifty bars later, when it appears, in the condensed form of no more than just these three notes, as a counterpart to another theme. And even if the listener's attention does happen to have been caught by this fragment, how is he to know that Strauss has marked it 'seufzend,' thereby telling the student of the score in the plainest terms possible that he is expected to hear in it the sigh of the Princess over the love that she is soon to lose

forever?" These are things which he must be told, and which, apparently, Newman will tell him; but actually Newman tells him very few of them: he describes long stretches of action without pointing out the recurrence, in the service of this action, of the themes he has quoted. For that matter he describes long stretches of action without even quoting important themes the first time. And where he does mention a detail he ignores the problem of correlating word with actual sound: one cannot merely mention details scattered through the work and expect the listener to catch them; one must point them out to him; and in a book the only way to do this is to direct him to the particular measures in the score, or to the particular places on records. The opera-goer can get the knowledge of the music and of its relation to the action that Newman says he should have by going through the score at the piano or with records; but he will not get it from this book.

Newman also thinks the opera-goer should know how the opera happened to be written, what its dramatic sources were, how this dramatic material was adapted and used. Some of his material of this kind is interesting—for example, the account of how the original conception of "Der Rosenkavalier" changed in the process of being realized. Some of it is a great and unnecessary to-do about very little—for example, the ten pages devoted to the changing details of the unimportant German and French comedies that were the basis for the libretto of "Die Fledermaus." What produces this also produces the to-do about the dramatic weakness, in "Boris Godunov," in the fact that the Czarevitch is on the stage during Boris's monologue and "is allowed to listen to his father's confession of the murder of the child," but that in the later scene with Shuisky Boris sends the Czarevitch from the room "to keep from his son the terrible truth of his guilt in the matter of the murder of Dmitri, after he himself had laid it bare to him in [the] earlier scene!" Newman is too excited about his own brilliant perception to see that Boris's monologue in the earlier scene is addressed only to us, and tells us only his thoughts, and is therefore not heard by the Czarevitch (he makes the same mistake about Boris's first phrases in the Coronation Scene). And I have rarely seen pompousness sling phrases around with more confusion and less sense than in the discussion of the original and Rimsky-Korsakov versions of "Boris Godunov."

The operas which Newman discusses include some of the standard works; there are also some which we are not likely to hear in our lifetime—on the one hand a great work like Berlioz's "Trojans," on the other hand things like Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad"; but "Salome" is omitted, though it is part of the standard repertory and is as important as "Elektra" and "Der Rosenkavalier" and is more important than "The Barber of Bagdad."

Newman is a critic with powers of insight and intellect that one is bound to respect and admire, but also with weaknesses—one of them being his own admiration of his powers and their works, which causes even his good writing to have an odor of ostentatiousness and pompousness, and which makes even the substance of some of his writings very bad. This book has both good and bad in it; and even with faults and deficiencies that limit its usefulness it is probably the best of its kind.

B. H. HAGGIN

Fiction in Review

PERHAPS not in a class with Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck, but in a class, say, with Andy Hardy, Rose Franken's Claudia is one of America's current minor institutions. At the age of twenty-five Claudia is the heroine of countless stories in the women's magazines, of a Broadway hit, of a radio serial, and of a trilogy of novels. The latest novel is called, simply, "Another Claudia" (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50); according to its jacket, "what Mark Twain did for the small-town American Boy, Rose Franken has done for the American Wife," and I think the comparison is not unfair. For just as a potential Huckleberry Finn lies hidden in even the most progressive-school little boy, I suspect that a potential Claudia lurks beneath the surface of the least Claudia-like of American women, ready to spring out if given the chance. Usually it isn't given the chance, any more than the youngsters of my acquaintance would be allowed to come within a block of Nigger Jim, let alone expose themselves to gripe and athlete's foot by going without shoes. Nevertheless, Huck is part of the American dream of boyhood, and when the children I know come of age, they will no doubt try to give the dream a wistful semblance of reality; and just so Claudia is the wishful dream of American wifehood. If the young matron who reads "Claudia" is no Claudia herself, she could wish to be, and as she grows old she may even persuade herself, wistfully, that that's the way things really were when she was young.

For no woman wants to grow up—and here is Claudia a perpetual child yet enjoying all the privileges of maturity. Who could be better loved than Claudia by her David, and who could be more charming or prettier and yet so unburdened by the responsibilities of either brains or beauty? This is indeed the stuff that dreams are made of. Claudia is a baby herself but the mother of two children, a wife but a mistress, a dimwit but married to a man who is the soul of competence and earns a fine living: surely Miss Franken has mined a rich vein of female fantasy. It is true, of course, that book by book Claudia must grow older, but how gently time lays its hand upon her and how lightly Claudia skips from under its touch! It is the "realism" of the Claudia stories that their author recognizes that too much immaturity is not entirely desirable in a grown woman and regularly provides Claudia with a fresh calamity to age her—Claudia's mother dies of cancer, a third baby miscarries, Claudia has a nervous breakdown; still, what to a bigger person would be a knockout blow is for Claudia merely a new occasion to exhibit the wonderful resilience of childhood.

The important thing about Claudia is that she is so modern. In Miss Franken's heroine Hemingway has seeped down into the women's magazines: Claudia is a Connecticut Catherine Barkley. Gallant and sophisticated, she scorns cliché and sentiment; she can listen to four-letter words without a blush, and she talks about going to bed like a charming little hussy. But, actually, scratch the surface of Claudia's gallantry and you find a clinging vine; scratch the smart surface of her language and you uncover the eternal clichés of folk-wisdom: Claudia's values are compounded of "feed the brute," "all men are little boys grown up," and "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." As for her sexual sophistication,

there was that revealing moment at the play "Claudia" when a wandering gentleman thought Claudia knew what she was up to when she put on that lipstick and those pajamas; first David had to sock the guy, then explain that his wife was a sexual infant!

But perhaps even more significant than Claudia's relation with her husband is her relation with her servants and children—so modern, too, and so practical. Some of Claudia's best friends are her maids: she understands that servants are human, understands it so well, in fact, that the current Jane or whatever her name is, plans the meals, does all the cooking, bathes and dresses the children, mends, sees that the children have haircuts, and does all the cleaning without any visible help from Claudia. Or in her role of mother Claudia understands what a mistake it is to sacrifice one's husband to one's children. Claudia makes no such mistake: she sacrifices her children to anything, including the dogs. The new brittleness in child-rearing one might call the principle on which Claudia brings up her boys—the reaction to the reaction which, only so few years ago, was teaching us that children needed love.

Indeed, all along the line this is the nature of Claudia's modernity—reaction to reaction. According to how you look at it, then, Miss Franken's creation is either one step ahead of the game or a cultural lag. For instance, it is 1942, but Claudia, whose husband is about to go to war, makes it adorably feminine to be ignorant of geography and politics, and to be cute about insurance. When she backs the car into the garage, ripping off the door, deep in her heart she knows it will only make David love her the more—it makes men feel so superior that women are awful drivers. Claudia even avoids the beauty parlor except *in extremis* because men prefer their women "natural." Is there no length to which some women won't go to sell out their sex?

And yet I enjoyed reading "Another Claudia" much more than I've enjoyed many more serious novels. The writing is simple and adequate. If there isn't much action, there is a good substitute for action, the sense of something doing every moment and every page full of the recognizable details of day-to-day living. And after all, so few writers have anything to add to life, it is rather a relief to read someone who makes no pretense to doing more than reflect it.

I certainly mean it as no comment on either of them that I follow Rose Franken with Nancy Hale. As a woman-specialist, Miss Hale is obviously a bird of a different feather; and although I didn't understand what she was trying to say about our sex in "The Prodigal Women," I do know she was trying to say something quite complicated and quite in another direction from the author of Claudia. Now Miss Hale has a collection of short stories, "Between the Dark and the Daylight" (Scribner's, \$2.50), which I am glad to report are not only eminently understandable but move out of the women's dormitory into the world. Some of the pieces—Odd Fellows' Hall is an example—are mood-pieces and self-conscious in the manner of the fashionable short story, but these are in the minority. Miss Hale's distinction is her ability to cast into personal human terms her intense moral, even political, indignation; and when she is hitting her stride, as in *Those Are As Brothers or The Marching Feet*, she is writing very good short fiction.

DIANA TRILLING

FILMS

AS CINEMA and as warfare, "Mission to Moscow" is an important piece. Not entirely without skill, it inaugurates for a great general audience a kind of pamphleteering and of at least nominal non-fiction whose responsibilities, whose powers for good or evil, enlightenment or deceit, are appalling; and of which we are likely to get a great deal from now on. (Walter Huston touring Mr. Willkie's One World seems like a foregone conclusion.) This first film is likely to hasten and intensify our cooperation with the Soviet Union. It may even help frustrate those who—if my naive impression is correct—plan to win this particular peace by destroying the Soviet Union, dominating Europe with the help of Bryn Mawr graduates and domesticated democrats, and reducing China to an Anglo-American-owned, Japanese-policed laundry. To whatever degree the film may help frustrate such intentions, and enrich our alliance, I feel considerable passion in its favor. It will be the first time that moving pictures have even flexed their muscles in a human crisis. Aside from these purely practical issues, however, the picture fascinates me chiefly as a phenomenon. So does the question how it came to be made in the first place.

There are other questions. Did the government urge the film on Warner Brothers? Is it federally subsidized or lend-lease? Are the sacred treatment of the President and the adroit suggestion that all isolationists were Republicans parts of a deal or mere good-will? We can only suspect, through rumor and internal inference, that the Stalinists here stole or were handed such a march that the film is almost describable as the first Soviet production to come from a major American studio. Almost, but not quite. For it is indeed, as Manny Farber has well said, a mishmash: of Stalinism with New Dealism with Hollywoodism with journalism with opportunism with shaky experimentalism with mesmerism with onanism, all mosaicked into a remarkable portrait of what the makers of the film think that the American public should think the Soviet Union is like—a great glad two-million-dollar bowl of canned borscht, eminently approvable by the Institute of Good Housekeeping.

As such, it is as rich a subject for diagnosis as any other dream.

Up to a point—not far short of first base—it is serviceable. It is good to see

the conservatives of this country, Great Britain, France, and Poland named even for a fraction of their responsibility for this war. It is good to see the Soviet Union shown as the one nation during the past decade which not only understood fascism but desired to destroy it, and which not only desired peace but had some ideas how it might be preserved and how it would otherwise inevitably be lost. It is good for that matter to hear even an oblique line spoken in favor of Basic English—a line by the way which underlines the rumor that Madame Litvinov played a strong hand behind-screen.

But that is about as much good as I can find, barring some sincere performances and some rather inchoate directorial nervous energy. The rest is shameful rot. Not that "Mission to Moscow" is either remarkably more true or more false than the characteristic reflexes of Hollywood, the press, the schools, the politicians, or civilization in general: simply, it indulges the all but universal custom of using only so much of the truth as may be convenient and of regarding aesthetic integrity, human verisimilitude, and psychological credibility as scullions, dismissible without notice if employable at all. This sort of irresponsibility is insulting and inimical to its producers, appraisers, and consumers alike, and those who accept or excuse it insult and endanger themselves still again, from within. The immediate incidental pragmatic effect may be good. But the deeper effect is shame, grief, anaesthesia, the ruin of faith and conscience and the roots of intelligence; and the real end, as should be reasonably clear just now, is disaster.

Letting that be for the moment, what are some examples?

Mr. Davies himself is one in his prologue, indorsing the gospel truth of this production—a figure as much of dream as of reality. As a big business man, the figure which has replaced Lincoln as the American archetype, he is a creature whose wisdom, disinterest, reliability are final and above question.

The man whom Ambassador Huston faithfully calls "Boss" is another. Boss is here accorded almost the divine invisibility of "good taste" which Jesus Christ rated in Fred Niblo's "Ben Hur," where a Mazda bulb stood in for the Nazarene; and his voice, even in intimate conversation with Joe, sounds as if he were telling a hundred and thirty million of his friends that we planned it that way.

Ambassador Huston is still another,

as he carries his honest Tarkingtonian charm around brightest Russia, Seeing for Himself with an Open Mind. He sees little of the colossal country and the astonishing people Warner Brothers might at least have half tried to let him see. But Davies himself didn't see either, actually. He saw what ambassadors, officials see; and the film shows him doing just that, no more. This is one of the most faithful notes in the film, really. What little Mr. Huston does see, however, will be mighty illuminating to those fifty million-odd moviegoers who have never had his advantages. For there is no essential difference, it turns out, between the Soviet Union and the good old U. S. A., except that in Russia everybody affects a Weber and Fields accent and women run locomotives and you get tailed by a pair of harmless comics who claim to be GPU men. The Ambassador learns this sort of good news in a series of dialogues on that "educational" radio level in which a mere scientist asks a Pasteur, "Just what is this H₂O, Doctor Coffee-Nerves?" and gets a wrong answer. Mrs. Davies and Madame Molotov, meanwhile, put on a woman's-page skit with a serving maid which makes Elinor Ames' "The Correct Thing" look like the correct thing. Later, at a "history"-making reception, two cellovoiced Soviet officials stroll past the camera with the most endearing Daisy Ashfordism in years. Commissar Cox opines, "We are entering a new era, don't you think so?" Commissar Box retaliates, feelingly, "I think we have done remarkably well!"

About the trials I am not qualified to speak. On surface falsifications of fact and atmosphere I might, but on the one crucial question, whether Trotsky and Trotskyists were or were not involved with Germany and Japan in a plot to overthrow the government and to partition the country, I am capable of no sensible opinion. I neither believe it nor disbelieve it. I neither believe nor disbelieve evidence to the contrary. I am unable to trust the politicians of either camp or of any other to supply me, the world in general, or even their closest associates, with the truth. I am unable to be sure, even, that men of such intelligence, courage, and integrity as Professor Dewey are undecivable in such matters, deeply as I respect them; so I am unable, in turn, to be convinced by their findings and opinions. It may be that this painful impotence is an impotence merely of my own spirit; it may be that I am immobilized, rather, by my conviction that a primary capacity

for telling or discovering the truth is possible, today, to few human beings in few types of occupation or allegiance. In any case I can attempt to learn the truth, and can defend, or attack, only in areas where I can rely in some small degree on the hope of emergent truthfulness in the material and in those who are handling it.

JAMES AGEE

ART

HENRY MOORE. At the Buchholz Gallery, 32 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 29.

One would have expected Henry Moore's drawings to be good, knowing his sculpture, but who could have imagined how wonderful they would be, how delicate the color and the line! One of the few things that can be said for this war is that it has forced him to draw; he found he was unable to get either the materials or the proper surroundings in which to do his sculptures. He has such sponsors as Herbert Read and Sir Kenneth Clark and well he deserves them. But even they find it difficult to give any idea of the beauty and importance of his pictures.

MAX ERNST. At Julien Levy, 42 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 21.

Max Ernst's current show lacks evidence of his usually fertile imagination. The pictures are monotonously repetitious, and their smooth tubular shapes somehow suggest that they should be sold under the counter like rubber goods. But to make up for it he is also showing some of his charming *collages*. This exhibition is to celebrate a book "Misfortunes of the Immortals" by Max Ernst and Paul Eluard, translated by Hugh Chisholm (and very well translated), and published by the Black Sun Press. The illustrations are witty but the text dates sadly.

HERBERT MATTER: PHOTOGRAPHY. At the Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 East Fifty-seventh Street, until May 15.

Some of these items are straightforward photographs, some are surrealist in spirit, and some a mixture of the two, but all are excellent—clear, direct, and with a sense of poetry to ensnare the onlooker. There are two attractive *montages* as well, but Mr. Matter's real talent is for photography, and of his photographs the ones that are surrealist in feeling are the most dazzling.

JEAN CONNOLLY

RECORDS

THE most important recording on Columbia's May list is the one of Beethoven's Quartet Op. 127 made by the Budapest Quartet (Set 537, \$5.78). Sullivan, in his marvelously perceptive chapter on Beethoven's last quartets, says almost nothing of this one; but what he says of the group as a whole and of the others in particular is true of Op. 127. In the slow movement, which is the greatest of the work, we encounter the "remote spiritual content" of the group, the "strange seas of thought" in which Beethoven "discovered unsuspected islands and even continents." Not in the wonderful opening theme, which is as direct and clear in emotional implications as it is in structure; but suddenly in the first variation, where the implied meaning is as involved as the texture and structure, as strange and elusive at times as the harmonic progressions in the sixth measure, the dislocated rhythms in the seventh, and where this meaning finally attains the remote exaltation that is conveyed in some other slow movements of the group. And also in the third and fifth variations. And the other movements of Op. 127 are suffused with the "gay melancholy" that Sullivan speaks of in connection with the *alla tedesca* movement of Op. 130—with intimations of the pain communicated by Op. 132.

The work has been available recently only in a characteristically heavy-footed and pedantic performance on Victor records by the Busch Quartet. The Budapest Quartet's performance in the new Columbia set is one of the finest I have heard from this group; and the records reproduce its marvelous inflections very well but make it sound cold, hard, and at times even harsh—which the real sound of the Budapest Quartet is not.

Also on Columbia's May list is Borodin's Symphony No. 2 performed by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (Set 528, \$4.73). The work remains, for me, tunelessly inconsequential; but the performance is surprisingly good, and the sound of it on the records is clear, agreeable, and normal. Then there are "Ah! fors'è lui" from Verdi's "La Traviata," well sung by Bidd Sayao (71451-D, \$1.05), and "Udite, udite, o rustici" from Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," amusingly done by Baccaloni (71383-D, \$1.05)—and I say "done" rather than "sung" because of Baccaloni's extensive use of *parlando*. The orchestral accompaniments conducted by Leinsdorf are a little too unobtrusive;

and one must wonder why Columbia isn't able to record performances by the New York Philharmonic as well as it records these accompaniments.

Columbia's May record classic offers one of the finest works of this century, Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 1, and a superb performance by Szigeti with the London Philharmonic under Beecham that is excellently recorded (Set 244, \$3.26).

Take the music of a Richard Rodgers song by itself, and it has a sort of dead-pan simplicity and innocence; take it with the lyric, and as a phrase of music rounds itself out with the line one hears the witty point of the words being underlined by the music, which only then reveals the unsuspected wicked force packed in behind the dead-pan, innocent simplicity. Such music and choreography like Agnes de Mille's, with its own extravagances bursting out of innocences, are beautifully suited to each other; and the dances in "Oklahoma" are delightful. I must confess, however, that seeing them for the first and only time I was sometimes confused—once by not knowing from the song or from anything else what was being made fun of in the funny dance to "Many a New Day"; later by the contradictory humorous and tragic elements in the dream ballet. It may be Miss de Mille who at the most serious moment cannot resist the impulse to deliver a kick in the pants; or it may be the contradictions in the libretto—for example, the smoke house scene, with the humor of the duet "Pore Jud" interrupting the literally deadly serious conflict between Curly and Jud—that are carried into the ballet (not having seen "Green Grow the Lilacs" I don't know whether there were these contradictions in the original play, or whether they got in as the play was reduced to a typical musical comedy libretto).

Most of the issues of the little magazine Dance Index have dealt with matters of interest only to specialists. But the issue of September-October-November 1942 was devoted to excerpts from the writings of Carl Van Vechten which included two long pieces on the Diaghilev Ballet Russe and Nijinsky that I found extremely perceptive and illuminating. And the issue of March 1943 was devoted to photographs of Nijinsky, with accompanying notes by Edwin Denby pointing out more of the exciting things in them than a non-professional eye would see alone. B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Bicycle View

Dear Sirs: I was pleased to receive the first number I have seen of *The Nation*. I wonder how many I am to receive for the dollar I sent? I will soon know whether I can afford to give the time to read it. I skimmed over the articles, intending to read them later, but I went for the letters to the editor and read them carefully. Do editors know that these are the most valuable pages of their publications? They tell what the people are thinking, those who are on the spot. Their conclusions may err but their facts must be considered.

Now the accomplished writer makes a living by thinking up stuff and putting it in smart words like the young preacher who must, at least three times a week, make up a sermon. He makes it up mostly out of his books or out of his head. But what I saw in a twenty-mile ride on my bicycle today you could not extract at a rolltop desk in New York.

For example, in that twenty miles I did not see one farm worker or any farmers working. About five miles from here there is a farm where other years we bought all sorts of vegetables and strawberries. I asked the owner the other day why not this year as always. He said, "I was uncertain about getting help." He is raising a few carrots and beets this year. When I saw him gathering carrots some time ago, he and his wife and four colored women were at work. It meant six workers and a trip to Tampa—forty miles.

Some time ago I saw eight people planting tomato plants on the farm down the other road. It was the third planting. The farmer depended on the work of his wife and three daughters and had also employed a man for the day. The skilled farm hand told me privately that he would not do it another day, that he "could not stand it," that is, the bending down and sticking in the plants all day. The girls seemed to be having a good time on their day out of school.

On the road I took today there is an extensive dahlia farm. It is bigger than the other two farms. One sees whole carloads of the big baskets for the express car of the Shore Line every day.

And take this in—almost any part of the land I passed through could raise anything we want from chickens to

strawberries. New land would not pay the first year. The work would have to be directed and planned and the labor paid for. Part of the pay would have to come from the government.

There are plenty of well-to-do people in the communities. They would have to be directed. We need not call it drafted. Plenty would be willing if asked; and then many are just satisfied to work on unessential jobs, like the able colored man I met on the way home. He was growling about his work—I suppose he gets little more than his food. He said he works at the saloon cleaning up and washing dishes.

JOSEPH C. HARVEY

Farrell's Corner, Bradenton Beach, Fla., April 5

Fischer and Culbertson

Dear Sirs: Mr. Fischer's article in a recent issue of *The Nation* was an able (and very devastating) criticism of Ely Culbertson's plan for post-war world organization. His attack on the details of the plan, particularly those features which he believes would tend to perpetuate imperialism and the colonial system, is able and convincing. Unfortunately he fails to notice any of the good features of the plan, or to offer any constructive criticism.

Certainly some sort of world federation is necessary, and Mr. Culbertson cannot be damned for suggesting one in concrete terms. Regional organization is almost inherent in such a federation, or at the very least is an alternative worth considering.

If there is to be a world police force at all, is there any alternative to something like the "quota-force system" which Mr. Culbertson suggests? Call it anything you like, but any international force will have to be recruited in some such manner. Mr. Fischer hints here at the alternative of general disarmament, but I am afraid that this is even more "unrealistic" and improbable than anything Mr. Culbertson suggests.

The real value of Mr. Culbertson's plan, however, has been missed entirely. Here is something presented in sufficiently concrete and detailed form, and sufficiently well publicized, to stimulate discussion of the problems involved by many people, including such qualified experts as Mr. Fischer himself. It is all

very well to talk vaguely of world organization and a world police force, but here is something that gets us all down to "brass tacks" and a little thinking about the concrete problems and difficulties involved.

The most disappointing feature of Mr. Fischer's article is, of course, his failure to suggest alternatives. (One is tempted here to offer this as a general criticism of many contributions to *The Nation*.) Mr. Culbertson has been very careful to emphasize that he is offering his plan as a basis for discussion, and not as a finished product. As such, it will be of value only if it brings forth constructive comment.

Mr. Fischer's article certainly calls for a sequel discussing his own ideas on post-war organization.

C. FAYETTE TAYLOR

Cambridge, Mass., April 27

Dear Sirs: My article grew out of a review of Culbertson's pamphlet, and while I saw my way clear to criticizing what Culbertson wrote I did not think I was called upon to suggest alternatives.

Some day, perhaps, I will write the sequel and discuss my own ideas on post-war organization.

Meanwhile I think that destructive criticism of harmful proposals is a constructive thing to do. In defense of *The Nation* I should add that it is often constructive. LOUIS FISCHER

New York, May 3

Those Baltic States

Dear Sirs: In one of his recent speeches Wendell Willkie reminded: "After the last war was over, I saw our bright dreams disappear, our stirring slogans become the jest of the cynical." The ably expressed ideas of Vassili Soukhomline's article, Russia's Baltic Frontier, in *The Nation* of March 27, go far toward preparing similar disillusiones for future Willkies.

It is fashionable to treat the millennial German *Drang nach Osten* as something reprehensible. The equally millennial Russian *Drang* toward what Peter the Great called *okno v Evropu* (a window on Europe) should receive the same treatment, since both these Drangs trample on the natural rights of the small nations which had the historical misfortune to settle the shores of the Baltic

before the Germans or the Russians got there. Both Drangs go against the spirit of the Atlantic Charter.

Mr. Soukhomline asserts that "not only strategic but vital economic and political reasons urged Russia toward the shores of the Baltic." Why stop at the Baltic? Why not go on toward the Atlantic Ocean, toward Denmark and Norway? The happy exponent of the traditional Russian imperialistic urge says, "Before the First World War 32 per cent of Russia's foreign trade went through the Baltic ports" (it is not clear whether Leningrad is included). However, in a letter to the New York *Times* the Latvian Minister in Washington wrote on March 23: "On August 11, 1920, Soviet Russia signed a peace treaty with Latvia and recognized forever Latvia's independence. Latvia granted to Soviet Russia full transit possibilities, over railroads, waterways, and harbors, and even lowered local tariffs for Soviet transit goods. Soviet Russia did not use these facilities. Maybe there was nothing to export, maybe it was a certain Soviet policy."

If Soviet Russia could get along very well for eighteen years without the warm-water ports of Latvia, it would seem reasonable to presume that it could just as well get along without them, say, for another eighteen hundred years.

Mr. Soukhomline then fits another string into the imperialistic bow: "There is no doubt the Allies would never have thought of separating the Baltic provinces from Russia [in 1918] had not Russia been temporarily weakened by war and revolution." Very true, but "thoughts" are not always in accord with the facts of life and justice. There was a time when the British Crown did not think of letting the American colonies separate and become independent. There is reason to believe that the British do not think of letting India go the whole way toward independence. There was a time when another group of Allies thought to smother the ideas of the French Revolution. Does Mr. Soukhomline wish to argue that a nation, small or large, has no right to strive for political independence and freedom just because somebody "thinks" otherwise?

Mr. Soukhomline winds up his ably written imperialistic argument with a historical misstatement and the salve of a "social revolution." "It was Germany," he says, "that took the initiative in creating the Baltic states." It is excusable for a Russian who has left behind him the social revolution he so lightly wishes on the Baltic populations not to

know the history of Lithuanian, Latvian, and Estonian independence movements, which have deep roots in these nations' history. Mr. Soukhomline is sadly misinformed when he declares, "As a matter of fact, Germany proclaimed the 'independence' of Lithuania on February 16, 1918."

As a matter of real fact, this proclamation was made by a Lithuanian *Taryba* (Council) of twenty members elected by a Congress of Lithuanian delegates from the thirty-three German-occupied districts of Lithuania. This Congress was held in Vilnius on September 17-23, 1917, and 230 delegates participated. The proclamation was against the wishes of the German military government, which was angling for a personal union with the King of Prussia. This declaration by the *Taryba* was immediately approved by a Congress of Lithuanian War Refugees in Russia held in Petrograd and by a Congress of American Lithuanians held in Madison Square Garden, March 13, 1918. This declaration coincided with the wishes of the Lithuanian nation.

The salve of "social revolution" adduced by Mr. Soukhomline as one of blessings of the Russian *Drang* toward the Baltic fools nobody. The plain fact is that the Lithuanians had their social revolution: an intelligent land reform duly devised by a democratically elected and free parliament working through regularly constituted political parties and leaders. This happened 'way back in 1923. The Lithuanians are a peasant, Catholic nation with a distinctly Western outlook and a very strong and thriving cooperative movement. They want none of the Bolshevik revolution or its methods. The same goes for the Latvians and the Estonians.

Since the Nazi aggression against Lithuania in 1939, when the port of Klaipeda (Memel) and the \$20,000,000 worth of improvements were seized by Hitler, the government of Lithuania has been a coalition of members of all Lithuanian parties with the tacit support of the Social Democrats. Its only "fascist" symbol was the President, still in office after a putsch by military officers in 1926. This putsch had the ostensible aim of counteracting an expected Bolshevik move against the political integrity of Lithuania—a move similar to the one that failed in Estonia.

If the Baltic republics fail to regain their hard-won independence after this war, it will not be on account of any of the arguments of Russian imperialism, so ably set forth by Mr. Soukhomline.

The Lithuanians, the Latvians, and the Estonians will lose their independence by the simple principle of might is right. Must we applaud this in advance, presumably upon the great liberal principle of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," because Soviet Russia has 190,000,000 people, the Baltic republics only 5,000,000?

The problem is by no means an easy one, but a true liberal, it would seem, should strive to work for an international order where might could not override the natural rights of smaller nations.

The Baltic peoples place their hopes in the United States. In fact, the hopes of many other peoples are placed there, also. These hopes may turn sour. The United States may repudiate the principles of the Atlantic Charter as it repudiated the Wilsonian idealism expressed in the League of Nations. If that should happen, then the "nascent Soviet nationalism," as Professor Karpovich calls it, will accomplish the work which czarist imperialism strove to do in the Baltic region from 1795 on, that is, to Russianize the non-Slav Baltic populations. The millennial Russian *Drang* will then be complete, and three more small nations will have been choked by a bigger one.

VYTT SIRVYDAS,

Former Editor of *Vienybė*
Rouses Point, N. Y., April 15

Exception

Dear Sirs: The people who live in the mining communities of southern West Virginia are certainly disappointed in the article appearing in your magazine under date of April 3—Why They Follow John L. Lewis, by Selden C. Menefee. I dare say that Mr. Menefee may have found a particular case covering any item mentioned in this article, but these cases would be the exception rather than the general rule.

While touring the city of New York in an automobile a few years ago, I was shocked at the existing living conditions in the largest city in the world, where all the modern conveniences were available and ready for use. As I saw these conditions, I thought how fortunate the employees and their families were who had the opportunity of living in rural mining communities where they could have a yard in which the children could play, a garden for raising vegetables, playgrounds for the children during the summer months, modern schools, churches, and other advantages.

G. T. STOLLINGS

Mallory, W. Va., April 23

Let the People Know

Dear Sirs: I simply must write you about Miss Kirchwey's article, *While the Jews Die*, in *The Nation* of March 13. For the first time over here I have found someone who *gives words* to my feelings about this question. Long, long ago I irritated many good friends by saying to them, "You as well as I are guilty. Why do we not do anything? Why are we going on with life, knowing what is happening over there?" People got angry. Some called it hysteria. Others told me that I believed all the lies people brought to me. You see I lived in Denmark on a little island rather close to Germany. Therefore many refugees came to me. One told the other, and I had space to shelter many. I saw them. I heard them. I know. Yet at that time—before Hitler went into Denmark—it was not as it is now. Then it was only single individuals who were tortured, not the wholesale slaughter of today.

I always had my best friends among the Jews, all over the world. I am in great debt to the Jews; they have done more for me than my "own race." And sometimes I feel as if I would go crazy, not being able to do a thing. Over here, believe it or not, people refuse to hear

too much about these murders. Of course it is because everyone, deep inside, feels his own guilt and so tries, through silence, to suppress the sting.

I was in Madison Square Garden at the Mourning Festival. And for me it was terrible to sit surrounded by countless gay young Jewish girls, as happy as if they were at a party. I do believe that what the people here need, in order to be aroused, is to have persons with authority like you tell them again and again and again what is going on.

Let me give an example of what could be done. Long ago, at the beginning of this century, when the Armenian murders were at their height, our Danish Grand Old Man, Georg Brandes, delivered a lecture upon this subject. He began by asking the women to leave the room. They did not leave. Then he said: "Well, you stay on your own responsibility!"

He opened his lecture by saying, "I know that it would not make the slightest impression upon you if I described how tens of thousands have been massacred in the most cruel way. Therefore I will tell you only about *one single case*, one single family, that was exterminated." He spoke, and to right and left women dropped, fainting. I was

not there, but friends told me the next day.

I wish that the ministers every Sunday would tell about one single case. Let the people faint. Let them! But let them never lull themselves into believing that they have done all that they could do.

KARIN MICHAELIS

New York, April 15

Anderson's Letters

Dear Sirs: I am eager to secure letters written by Sherwood Anderson. They should be addressed to Mrs. Sherwood Anderson, Box 149, Marion, Virginia. If originals are forwarded they will be copied and returned immediately.

ELEANOR ANDERSON

Troutdale, Va., May 3

CONTRIBUTORS

ELY CULBERTSON'S father was an American mining engineer who went to Russia to open up the Maikop oil fields; his mother was the daughter of a Cossack general. Young Ely, though a rich man's son, took an active part in the abortive revolutionary movement of 1907. After the revolution of 1918, however, he was stranded in America without funds, and took up card-playing for a living. The rest is bridge history. In his autobiography, "The Strange Lives of One Man," he maintains that cards are only a source of income to him and that his real interests are politics and literature.

GORDON COOPER has had a life-long interest in military history. He is a member of the American Military Institute and an associate member of the United States Naval Institute.

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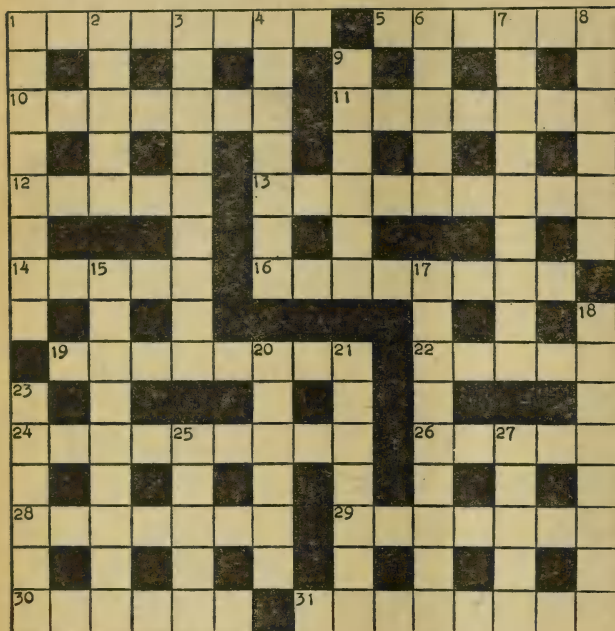
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 14

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 There's money in this, or should be
Influx
- 10 May be made in Leeds
- 11 Go through doesn't seem just the
right definition for this (two words,
3 and 4)
- 12 "Sat like patience on a monument,
smiling at ----" (Twelfth Night)
- 13 Say "Ah-h-h-h"!
- 14 The best defense
- 16 Complicated patterns in a church
- 19 Creed of the hoodlum?
- 22 Madeleine would be mine were this
other fair charmer out of it
- 24 Avoiding mostly what cows are
generally doing
- 26 Left by some callers, discarded by
others
- 28 A wan child in a loose overcoat
- 29 Would be less disturbing if it were
noisy
- 30 Broken leases
- 31 They have risen on a point of
order, perhaps
- 4 Coin they have little use for in the
Middle West (two words, 3 and 4)
- 6 Ostrich's South American relative
- 7 Was it a tomato that Eve gave
Adam? (two words, 4 and 5)
- 8 Dug-out that starts with active serv-
ice
- 9 Equip a girl for the fleet
- 15 Loses ices (anag.)
- 17 A naval post
- 18 They go to greater lengths in war
time
- 20 Having no rhyme so far as I know,
and certainly no reason
- 21 Another line in opera? I imagine
not!
- 23 Seaweed that is a sprite
- 25 Glorify
- 27 To do it to cattle is not to lift them

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 13

ACROSS—1 HOUSE OF COMMONS; 9 RUIN-
OUS; 10 DELLAH; 11 IRONIC; 12 PERSH-
ING; 14 MINERAL; 15 DOYEN; 17 DEVIL;
19 LAWSUIT; 21 TOMATOES; 23 FLY OFF;
25 AZIMUTH; 26 EMBRACE; 27 SEA BOM-
BARDMENT.

DOWN—1 HARDHOOD; 2 UNIFORM; 3
EMOTIONAL; 4 FAST; 5 ODDFELLOWS;
6 MULES; 7 NULLIFY; 8 WHIG; 13
GRILLED HAM; 15 DOUBLE BED; 16 NAZI
FLEET; 18 VAMPIRE; 20 TOO LATE;
21 TRAP; 22 THUMB; 24 JENA.

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS

Churchill and Chandler	760
The House Disgraces Itself	761
End of the Comintern <i>by Freda Kirchwey</i>	762

ARTICLES

General Marshall Should Explain <i>by I. F. Stone</i>	763
What Americans Think <i>by Selden C. Menefee</i>	764
Goose-Step in Tishomingo <i>by Clement Greenberg</i>	768
Advertise for Victory <i>by Charles Neider</i>	770
Ten Years Ago in <i>The Nation</i>	772
Bombing Won't Win <i>by Donald W. Mitchell</i>	773
In the Wind	774

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

Inspiration Wanted <i>by Louis Fischer</i>	775
Italian Rumoresque <i>by Gaetano Salvemini</i>	776
Behind the Enemy Line <i>by Argus</i>	778
File and Remember	779

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Baudelaire, Plain and Mirrored <i>by Morton Dauwen Zabel</i>	780
Fighters Round the World <i>by Marcus Duffield</i>	781
Cities for Use <i>by Henry S. Churchill</i>	782
Civilians in the Blitz <i>by Keith Hutchison</i>	784
McMaster and the Usable Past <i>by Louis Filler</i>	784
Re Germany's Historic Guilt <i>by Hiram Motherwell</i>	785
In Brief	786
Art <i>by Jean Connolly</i>	786
Music <i>by B. H. Haggin</i>	787

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 15 <i>by Jack Barrett</i>	792
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The Shape of Things

PRESIDENT WILLIAM GREEN IS REPORTED TO have grinned happily when announcing that John L. Lewis had applied on behalf of the United Mine Workers for reaffiliation with the A. F. of L. But on second thought he seems to have recollected the old story of "the young lady of Riga, who smiling rode out on a tiger." He has not accepted the tempting down payment which Lewis offered but has appointed a committee of three to study the miners' application. Two members of this committee, Daniel J. Tobin and George W. Harrison, are New Dealers and likely to scrutinize Lewis's intentions and credentials with some severity. The third, Matthew Woll, is believed to tag along with William Hutcheson, Lewis's strongest supporter inside the A. F. of L. Formal barriers to readmission of the U. M. W. are not especially formidable. It would be opposed by the Progressive Mine Workers of America on the ground that affiliation would violate its charter rights, but this is only a small union, and some means of compromising its claims would probably be found if the Federation really wanted Lewis back. Another obstacle is the Lewis commando—District 50—organized to raid any union where the pickings promised to be good. Its strength lies not in its members but in its nuisance value, and it would no doubt be sacrificed by its leader—at a price. ✕

BUT IN DEALING WITH JOHN L. LEWIS IT IS the intangibles that need careful weighing. Not only trade-union but national politics are involved in his desire to return to the fold. The addition of the U. M. W., with its 600,000 members and its large war chest, to the A. F. of L. would certainly increase the latter's strength and prestige and relatively reduce the bargaining power of the C. I. O. in any future merger negotiations. However, once Lewis with his totalitarian ideas of unity was reestablished in the councils of the Federation, there would be little hope of bringing the two labor organizations together at all. Instead, we should expect to see efforts to wean the C. I. O.'s strongest units from it one by one. Politically there is no question that Lewis would seek to involve the A. F. of L. in his feud with Mr. Roosevelt and to swing it away from the New Deal. No doubt this move would be camouflaged as a revival of

the "traditional" labor non-partisan policy, but it would put Lewis in a position to bargain with the Republicans and to exert an influence on next year's G. O. P. Presidential convention. Of course, there is no guaranty that Lewis will be able to deliver in 1944 the votes he will claim to represent, any more than he did in 1940, but it must be recognized that the Administration has been losing ground in labor circles owing to its continued appeasement of business. With the war being run by business men—and often, it appears, for business men—labor is feeling increasingly uneasy about the Washington set-up. If the miners win a substantial increase in wages—and there are indications that a formula is being prepared to allow just that—rank-and-file trade unionists are apt to feel that the merits of a big-stick policy have been demonstrated. Thus Lewis will be able to knock at the A. F. of L. door with redoubled assurance.

✱

IT MAY BE TAKEN FOR GRANTED THAT THE House of Representatives will vote to abolish the poll tax in elections for federal office. A substantial majority of both houses favors abolition, and the move can be defeated only by a filibuster. Since this device for imposing the will of the few on a helpless majority is forbidden in the lower house, champions of the poll tax are already turning for salvation to the Senate, which came to their rescue last year. Representative Hobbs of Alabama calls the abolition bill an invitation to Congress to "forget its oath of office" and hints darkly that it might prevent the Senate from "functioning for a long period of time." "Blackmail" is the word for this delicate approach to legislation. A country that tolerates no work stoppages in industry should make matters uncomfortable for political strikers who would paralyze the Senate of the United States in war time.

✱

GREAT EMPHASIS WAS PLACED BY WINSTON Churchill in his speech to Congress on the increasing weight of the Allied aerial assault on Germany and Italy, and he gave some encouragement to the strategic school of thought which holds that the Axis can be bombed out of the war. Admitting that opinion was divided on this question he went on to say: "The experiment is well worth trying, so long as other measures are not excluded." And, indeed, the method is now being tried on a scale never attempted before. Month by month the R. A. F. and the American Eighth Air Force have been dropping a heavier weight of bombs on German Europe and there is no doubt that as a result German production has been appreciably diminished. However, as Donald Mitchell points out on another page, there is no definite evidence that German morale has been seriously affected, while the comparative immunity of eastern Germany from raiding is a limiting factor in knocking

out the Nazi economy. No doubt the Germans will experience worse visitations yet; but a knockout from the air still seems many rounds ahead. Meanwhile an aerial campaign, apparently designed to soften up the Italian islands, is being waged from our newly won bases in Tunisia. Concentrating on ports and airfields, the Anglo-American fliers have been most successful in forcing the Axis pilots to come out and fight. In five days, for instance, 305 enemy planes were destroyed at a cost of 18 Allied planes. This suggests that our superiority is being established, and it may not be very long before the "other measures" of which Mr. Churchill spoke are exemplified in the Mediterranean arena.

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GENERALS DE GAULLE AND GIRAUD HAVE at last reached an agreement in principle, and with their meeting in Algiers the reintegration of the resisting French forces should be well under way. Their first task will be the organization of an executive committee which will act as the central authority until France is liberated. It is agreed that the two generals will preside in turn over the executive committee, whose responsibility is to be collective. Each will select two other members, and three more will later be chosen by the whole committee. Much will depend on these selections, and some difficulty may be foreseen in naming the ninth member, who will in effect cast a decisive vote. It is to be hoped, however, that as the committee buckles down to its tasks the dividing line between De Gaullist and Giraudist will gradually disappear. In several respects De Gaulle's patience—his opponents call it obstinacy—has been thoroughly justified. The colonial governors are to be excluded from the committee and relegated to their proper role as superior civil servants. Further, Giraud has agreed to the proposal for the institution of a consultative to guide the executive authority on French opinion. If truly representative, such a committee will obviously exercise an important anti-fascist influence.

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THE FOOD CONFERENCE, NOW IN ITS SECOND week, appears to be turning up the inevitable sharp variations in national opinion. Some of the differences that have arisen have their origin in the as yet unexplained decision to hold a conference on long-range food problems before the immediate questions of feeding the post-war world are considered. The delegates from Russia and most other parts of Europe can scarcely be blamed for wanting to make sure where next year's food is coming from before giving thought to long-range agricultural policies. Once this hurdle has been cleared, however, the British food plan, submitted by Richard Law, stands as a model of constructive post-war thinking. The British wish to abolish once and for all the philosophy of scarcity as a basis of world economic relations and to substitute

a program designed to bring about the utmost production and the most widespread distribution of essential food. To this end a variation of Vice-President Wallace's "ever-normal-granary" plan is proposed, together with subsidized distribution by such devices as communal meals, school lunches, and the vitamin enrichment of staple foods. The plan recognizes, moreover, that "hunger and malnutrition are . . . symptoms of the more deep-rooted disease of poverty" and that "squalor and bad housing . . . prevent progress in nutrition even where the right foodstuffs are distributed." It therefore urges that the study of food and agricultural problems include reference to such wider economic problems as monetary arrangements, commercial policy, and the future of international investments. At first sight, this proposal may seem like an effort to blunt the effectiveness of the conference by unduly widening its scope. But basically the British delegation is right. The details of post-war policies cannot be discussed in isolation. A beginning must be made while the war still rages to draw up in broad outline the nature of the post-war world.

✱

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO removes America's most implacable foe among the small coterie of Japanese militarists responsible for the war. His boast that he would dictate the terms of peace at the White House was not that of an empty braggart. Yamamoto possessed great abilities. He is credited with planning the attack on Pearl Harbor and with developing the strategy that led to the sinking of the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales*. He was regarded as the chief exponent of air power in the Japanese navy, and under his supervision the naval air force was developed much more successfully than the air branch of the army. The dominant force in Yamamoto's life, according to those who knew him, was hatred of the white race, particularly of the United States and Great Britain. Nearly thirty years ago, according to Willard Price, he attributed his decision to join the navy to a desire "to return Commodore Perry's visit." Yamamoto's death will not, of course, affect Japanese war policy. There are at least a dozen other leading Japanese militarists who are filled with the same all-consuming hatred of the United States. But it is doubtful whether the Japanese have another naval leader who can begin to fill his boots.

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HEARINGS ON THE REPEAL OF THE CHINESE Exclusion Act have been started by the House Immigration and Naturalization Committee. From a quantitative standpoint the proposal may seem unimportant. If, as is proposed, the Chinese were granted full equality with other nations under the quota system, only about 100 persons could be admitted in the course of a single year. Possibly 20,000 Chinese now in this country would be-

come eligible for citizenship should they desire it. These numbers are insignificant as compared either with the population of the United States or with that of China. But the removal of the sixty-one-year-old discrimination against the Chinese at this time would be of immense value in building United Nations unity. The Chinese have long attached considerable significance to the restrictions as a symbol of outmoded ideas of white supremacy and Oriental inferiority. This feeling has undoubtedly aggravated the Chinese suspicion that our "beat Hitler first" policy was at bottom another example of anti-Oriental bias. Such suspicions could be exploded overnight by placing the Chinese in a position of full equality in our laws. And, incidentally, such action would destroy the propaganda value of Japan's pretense that this is a "white man's war" to enslave the peoples of Asia.

✱

FOR THE COLLECTOR OF ODDITIES IN THE news, last week provided a better than average crop. From Tokyo came proof that though a prophet may be without honor in his own country he can count on plenty of honor from his country's enemies provided he is, like Colonel McCormick, the right kind of prophet. The Colonel's campaign for deepening Anglo-American friendship by conferring statehood on England, Scotland, Wales, and the British dominions brought him nothing closer to honor than a horse laugh until word of it reached Japan. There recognition was instant and went out over the short wave: "Robert McCormick is an extremely charming character. America today needs many more characters like this Chicago veteran. There is the possibility that other influential newspapers such as the *New York Daily News* and the *Washington Times-Herald* also may join the campaign, and they will have tremendous influence over the reading public." . . . Happily timed with the visit of President Benes comes word that the famous "Hapsburg Legion" is no more. Several months ago the War Department reluctantly abandoned its experiment of forcibly making "Free Austrian" legionnaires out of Czechs, Serbs, and other natives of what was once the hated Hapsburg Empire. As a result, it now finds it impossible "to obtain sufficient personnel of the qualifications necessary" to form a battalion, the "Emperor's" call to arms notwithstanding. . . . To Martin Dies the dissolution of the Comintern means the end of a task well done. "I believe it will enable us to wind up our work at an early date," says Mr. Dies, obviously too tired after five years' work on Comintern agents to shift his attention to those of the Anti-Comintern. . . . Double talk distilled to a fine art is heard from Rome, where Virginio Gayda puts the innocent question: "What are the terms Washington and London might be prepared to offer us in exchange for unconditional surrender?"

Churchill and Chandler

SENATOR CHANDLER has some reputation as a swimmer—or at least as the recipient of a gift pool which occasioned some political debate—but when he dives into global strategy he immediately gets out of his depth. Last week, applauded and egged on by the old isolationist crowd, he told the Senate that we should no longer regard the defeat of Germany as our first objective but should turn all our forces against Japan, recognizing it as the "chief enemy of the American people." This is a legitimate, if debatable, proposal, but the arguments which the Senator used to support his case not only showed a feeble grasp of strategic principles but a complete political irresponsibility.

We must, he declared, attack Japan first because after Germany has been defeated we can count on neither Russia nor Britain to aid us in the Far East. Accusing the former of an unfriendly act in making the recent fisheries agreement with Japan, he suggested that once the Russians had freed their soil of Nazis they would be perfectly content to settle down peacefully while we battled the Japanese. Moreover, while we were thus occupied, Moscow would dictate a settlement of Europe which would be unacceptable to the United States. At the same time he accused Britain of maintaining a large idle army in India and doing nothing to force open the Burma road and bring aid to China.

Senator Chandler claims to be a realist, but it is a curious kind of realism that not merely publicly questions the good faith of our two chief allies but ignores the fact that both of them have a very large stake in the Far East and the suppression of Japanese imperialism. We can imagine, then, that this Senatorial intervention must have caused as much dismay in London and Moscow as it occasioned pleasure in Berlin. To be sure, the senior Senator from Kentucky is not an outstanding figure in Congress, but since he is a member of the Military Affairs Committee our allies may attach some weight to his words. Moreover, as I. F. Stone reports on another page, he and his friends have assiduously spread the impression that his speech reflected the opinions of the General Staff. It is so unbecoming, to put it mildly, for high officers to use lobby methods to bring pressure on their commander-in-chief that we should prefer to believe Walter Lippmann's explanation "that Senator Chandler had heard and was repeating odds and ends of military gossip and theorizing."

It is difficult to imagine, for instance, what general would be willing to back the Senator's dictum that, with the North African campaign successfully concluded, Germany is put completely on the defensive and could not possibly knock out either Britain or Russia. That may be true if we follow up the Allied victory in Tunisia, but should we lose the momentum which that victory has

given us and sit down for a long-distance siege of Fortress Europe we should soon forfeit the initiative. For, as the Senator is apparently unaware, practically every military expert agrees that the German army is still an immensely powerful weapon, and if its full weight were thrown against Russia, as it could be if we assumed a passive attitude in the west, a disastrous defeat of the Red Army would be by no means impossible.

In his powerful and illuminating address to Congress, which was in part a reply to Chandler, Prime Minister Churchill declared: "In the conferences in January, 1942, between the President and myself and between our high expert advisers, it was evident that while the defeat of Japan would not mean the defeat of Germany, the defeat of Germany would infallibly mean the ruin of Japan." The Senator does not agree because he does not realize that the essential factor in the defeat of Japan will be sea power (including sea-borne air power). Until we can put an overwhelming naval force in the Pacific and Indian oceans, we can only attack the periphery of the ill-gotten Japanese empire. If such a force were available, the reconquest of Burma would not be long delayed, for then a landing could be made near Rangoon and the Indian army would be freed of the almost insuperable problem in logistics offered by the mountains and jungles of western Burma.

With the defeat of the Axis in Europe the day will come when the British navy will be released from its vigils in the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean and joined to the United States navy. Then we shall be able to challenge the bulwark of Japan's power—its battle fleet—with a superiority of force that will be irresistible. Then we can cut the communications without which an island empire must soon wither and die. That is why the defeat of Germany will "infallibly mean the ruin of Japan."

It does not follow that the advocates of a "Hitler first" strategy are content to pursue a purely defensive policy in the Pacific. As *The Nation* has frequently pointed out, it is highly important to strengthen China, particularly in the air, and to interfere as much as possible with Japan's efforts to exploit its conquests. Our forces in the Pacific are constantly engaged in harassing the enemy, and there is reason to believe that resources will soon be provided to enable the scale of these efforts to be magnified. Certainly every step taken toward freeing the Mediterranean enlarges the prospects of reinforcing the Far East.

But Europe is and should remain the primary front unless our national policy is to be set by a handful of politicians and military men who would like to see both Russia and Britain exhausted by a war of attrition. This is not the policy of the President nor, we believe, of the great majority of the American people. For they realize the essential truth of Winston Churchill's warning of

the grave danger of unduly prolonging the war. "No one can tell," he said, "what new complications and perils might arise in four or five more years of war, and it is in the dragging out of war at enormous expense till the democracies are tired or bored or split that the main hopes of Germany and Japan must now reside." It is on speeches like that of Senator Chandler's that such hopes prosper.

The House Disgraces Itself

THE issues involved in the Lovett, Watson, and Dodd cases go to the very root of our system of government, and the whole affair, unless properly resolved, points in the direction of an un-American America of which we should all be ashamed. We wish that every American could read the statement made by Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes to the Senate Appropriations Committee in defense of Robert Morss Lovett. Few public officials, in these disgraceful days of reaction at Washington, have had the courage to speak out against the attempt to force the discharge without trial of government employees by legislative fiat. None has more ably and forcefully presented the basic questions involved.

When the House, by a vote of 317 to 62, voted these three men out of their jobs, it showed more ignorance and contempt for the principles of our government than any supposed revolutionary. The "purge" rider attached to an urgent war appropriation bill violates the principle of separation of powers. The Fathers in the first Congress recognized—and the Supreme Court has upheld their view—that Congress cannot remove an employee of the executive without interfering with a co-ordinate branch of the government. To brand a man as subversive and discharge him from office by legislative vote is to act by bill of attainder, a process made hateful by despotism and specifically forbidden by the Constitution. The Supreme Court, in a famous case, explained why. In so condemning a man, the court said, "the legislative body . . . exercises the power and office of judge . . . it pronounces upon the guilt of the party without any of the forms or safeguards of trial."

The accuracy of that description is attested to by the proceedings against Lovett. Lovett was examined by the Kerr committee for two hours on a day's notice. "He had no detailed specifications of the charges against him," Secretary Ickes said. "He had no counsel." The Department of the Interior was not even permitted to send its solicitor as an observer. No transcript was made available afterward to Lovett, to the department which employs him, or even to the Congressmen who voted his discharge.

"A man under our Constitution," Secretary Ickes told the Senate committee, "is entitled to counsel when tried

even for minor criminal offenses. . . . Here the charge, subversive activity against our government in time of war, is far more serious. The penalty, a reflection upon the man's good name and the loss of his livelihood, is far greater. The issues, involving the balance of the whole of his past life, are far more complicated. Yet the Kerr committee not only denied the right of counsel but conducted its interrogation in a secret session, the transcript of which is still unavailable. This, I submit, is not the American way to do things. This indeed is 'un-American' activity."

As professor of English literature, as editor, as critic, as public official, and as an anti-fascist, Lovett commands our deepest respect; his life and record need no defense against ignorant and bigoted men. One may only note in passing that the man who was for twenty years president of the League for Industrial Democracy, an organization continuously under attack by the Communists, has now been branded "communistic." More important is the semblance of legality given to the proceedings by the Kerr committee's claim that six of the organizations to which Lovett belonged were found "within the scope of Public Law 135 and Public Law 644 by the Department of Justice." But the Attorney General, in response to an inquiry from Secretary Ickes, explains that these organizations, though branded as "front" groups, "were not regarded as 'subversive.'" They were not so regarded, the Attorney General said, because their programs "were legitimate and frequently commendable on their face," and because they "attracted the membership or participation of large numbers of persons who were animated by liberal and patriotic purposes." It is a pity Mr. Biddle did not explain this a long time ago to the FBI and the Civil Service Commission.

The most shocking thing in this whole shocking affair is that a great and good American like Lovett, who lost his only son in the last war, should be hounded and smeared on the testimony of two of the most unsavory witnesses the Kerr and Dies committees could have found. One is Elizabeth Dilling, now under indictment for sedition; the other is Walter Steele, a professional peddler of anti-Semitic and fascist propaganda. Steele's organizations, Secretary Ickes said, "have been on the regular mailing lists of the German propaganda machine, and are officered or indorsed by men such as Arya and Sanctuary, now under indictment for sedition. These are the people used by the Kerr committee to brand as disloyal a patriotic American citizen."

We look to the Senate in the Lovett, Watson, and Dodd cases not so much to right a wrong as to reestablish American principles and wipe out the shame all Americans must feel at the action of the House. We applaud such conservatives as Hobbs of Alabama for their brave stand in defense of these men. And we condemn both the Democratic and Republican leaderships

in the House for adding the last final un-American touch to this whole un-American affair by allocating to the defenders of Lovett, Watson, and Dodd only twelve minutes out of the two hours assigned to the debate, and permitting only two of them, Hobbs and Marcantonio, to speak.

End of the Comintern

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

STALIN'S dissolution of the Third International was an act of political war—and it is in these terms that it must be judged. Whatever its secondary purposes or effects may be, and they are both intricate and far-reaching, its primary object was to direct an offensive blow against Hitler's one remaining political weapon—exploitation of the fear of Communist revolution.

This weapon was double-edged; it was employed with equal effect in Nazi-controlled Europe and in the ranks of the Allies. The fact that even in the United States one could find honest and misguided patriots whose fears of bolshevism were strong enough to dilute their hatred of Nazism, gave Hitler's anti-Comintern propaganda a continuing value. We have only to recall the antics of Dies and his fellow witch-hunters, dramatized just this past week in the unbelievable attack on Robert Morris Lovett, to recognize how effective the weapon still is. The fanatic excesses of the Dieses and Kerrs may be taken as symbols of that pervasive dread of revolution which, ever since Hitler's rise to power, has corrupted and weakened the foreign policy of all the major powers, and which continues to divide the anti-Axis forces even in the midst of a worldwide struggle for survival.

And if the fear of Moscow has tended to paralyze the allies of Moscow, it has undoubtedly been still more effective in rallying the depleted and frightened forces of reaction in Europe. Hitler's dream of world dominion has evaporated in North Africa, on the eastern front, in the face of imminent invasion in the west. Only Fortress Europe remained—and the dread of Communist revolution in the wake of Allied victory. This was Hitler's one surviving story, and he had every reason to try to stick to it; the old weapon had served him well from the day of his first street brawl to the present hour of decision.

Stalin, with a single stroke, has taken it from his hand. Nothing is left to the German Propaganda Ministry but empty cries of "fake" and "trickery"—cries which sound peculiarly hollow emerging from the best-equipped fake factory in Europe.

As important as the disintegration of Axis morale is the strengthening of Allied unity. The immediate response of the anti-Axis powers has been warm approval and an assumption that closer military and political co-operation will be a certain result. Again we may adopt

the convenient Martin Dies as a guide to the minds of more sober and important men. Mr. Dies, informed of the action taken in Moscow, immediately announced his intention to wind up the affairs of his Committee on Un-American Activities. This was more than an ingenuous admission that the activities of the committee—as liberals always charged and as Mr. Dies always denied—have been directed against those labeled Communist rather than against fascists. Mr. Dies's reaction to the announcement from Moscow revealed the degree to which prevailing suspicions of Russia have been tied up with existence of the international Communist organization whose ostensible purpose—however it may have deviated from it in practice—was world revolution. The formal wiping out of that body, together with the explicit repudiation of its aims, will undoubtedly dissipate most of the fears that have infected government agencies, from foreign office to the least important legislative committee, in every Allied country.

It is beside the point to argue that the fears were groundless, that the Comintern in 1935 shelved its revolutionary objectives in favor of a people's front against fascist aggression—a short-range program aimed at the prevention of war and the defense of Russia. It is even beside the point that Russia has for the same reasons opposed revolution in every country where it threatened. All this is true. But public officials are seldom either highly informed or courageous. They are more impressed by appearances than facts. If the Comintern has become a ghost of its former revolutionary self, Nazi propaganda has armed it to the teeth and turned it into a specter calculated to frighten the timid and superstitious. By his gesture of exorcism Stalin has made possible a unity in program and action which would never have been achieved as long as the ghost walked.

Whether his move will serve equally well to unify the forces of the left is more questionable. The factional schisms which have split the labor movement and the ranks of political radicalism are deep. They will not be healed overnight. Indeed, for the workers in all countries the Moscow decision opens as many questions as it settles, questions which demand the most detailed and honest analysis. The perspectives of possible change in relationships and political strategy are almost unlimited. They will be discussed in these pages from week to week in all their important aspects. For the moment they are of secondary significance. The world is at war. The primary consideration is not the future of the Communist parties or their relations with other radical groups, or even the possible rise of new revolutionary alignments. The job in hand is to cement the Allied powers in a tough, durable, aggressive union, to infuse it with all the progressive vision and energy available, and to drive through to victory and a decent peace. Viewed in this light Stalin's act is above criticism.

General Marshall Should Explain

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, May 24

THE best clue to the difficulties with which the President has to contend, and likewise the best clue to the drift of discussion at Anglo-American staff conferences, lies in the "beat Japan first" debate in the Senate. Senator Chandler's speeches on that occasion and over the air the next day leave the impression (1) that General George C. Marshall, the army chief of staff, disagrees with the strategy of his commander-in-chief, the President, and (2) that he disagrees so strongly as to forget his duty as a soldier and encourage attacks in Congress upon his commander-in-chief. I am only saying publicly what many informed people here are saying privately. What is being said is a natural conclusion for anyone to draw who read last Monday's *Congressional Record* or heard Senator Chandler's radio speech. If what Chandler and his Senatorial allies said gives a false impression of what General Marshall and his colleagues on the General Staff are thinking, the General can easily correct that impression and clear himself. He is a very fine and likable man, but he has acquired some strange friends in the Senate, and they have succeeded in making him appear insubordinate. This is a grave charge, and I hope the General can show that it is unfounded.

The facts are these: The President and the Prime Minister, in a global war that has forced the most unfortunate dispersion of our forces, have decided that it is best to concentrate as much as possible on the European theater first. That choice is dictated by military and political necessities. We cannot defeat both Germany and Japan at the very same time. Should Germany defeat Russia or force a separate peace on Moscow, and thus be free to hurl the *Wehrmacht* west, we should pay with many additional years of struggle and many additional lives for that disaster. Should the Soviets feel that we and the British were disposed to fight this war on Wimp's principle—"let's you and him fight"—they would surely seek some way out, if not in a separate peace, then in an undeclared truce.

That fundamental decision was made some time ago. The Prime Minister comes to Washington for a military conference with the President and their respective military and naval advisers to implement that decision. While they confer, an attack is made in the Senate on that fundamental decision. A group of Senators speak up for the strategy of "beat Japan first." The main speech is made by Chandler of Kentucky. He is supported by Wheeler, Tydings, Shipstead, Vandenberg, Clark of

Missouri, Bridges, and Brooks. No one questions their right to speak, though much of what they said was made to order for the propaganda Goebbels beams at Moscow. Most of them are associated with isolationist and appeasement policies, and some of them have been much more critical of the Russians and the British than they have been of the Germans. They speak as though by concert, and they are full of mysterious intimations that they speak for General Marshall and also Admiral King. Chandler says he was "encouraged" to make his speech. He says he is voicing not only his own feelings "but the feeling of quite a number of military and naval men." Tydings offers to retract what he has said "if General Marshall and Admiral King believe it is wise to do what is now being done." The day after the debate Chandler goes on the air, praises General Marshall, expresses the hope that Marshall will "continue to direct the military policies of our government," and says it would be "a serious blow to our people if anything happened that would deprive the people of this country of his valuable services as chief of the General Staff." Does Chandler think Marshall might be removed for appealing over the head of his commander-in-chief?

Churchill answers some of the questions raised in the Senate debate. Oddly enough, he praises "the wisdom of the founders of the American Constitution," for making the President the commander-in-chief. Churchill points out how remarkable it is that 150 years later "this combination of political and military authority has been found necessary not only in the United States, but in the case of Marshal Stalin in Russia and of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek in China." Churchill says dryly that even he, as majority leader of the Commons, has been drawn "from time to time . . . into some participation in military affairs." Why did Churchill feel it necessary to discuss this basic constitutional question?

The "beat Japan first" bloc intimated that the President was not taking the advice of his military and naval leaders. One may pause a moment and recall that it was General Marshall who held a press conference soon after June 22, 1941, and gave out the authoritative opinion that it would take Hitler only a couple of months to clean up the Red Army. Other instances of military and naval miscalculation—Pearl Harborism—have not been unknown in recent years. But if one reads the *Congressional Record* carefully one will see that the basic objection of the "beat Japan first" group and the military-naval men for whom it speaks is not military but political. The fear

expressed is that if we help the Russians and the British to defeat the Germans, they will be too strong to accept our dictation at the peace conference; they will "divide Europe between them." These Senators, many of them isolationists, one or two not unsympathetic to German aims in the past, who thought Hitler's conquests no affair of ours, are now afraid that Russia may want to control—the Bosphorus! This is old-fashioned imperialist politics, not military strategy. The General Staff, which still has plenty to learn about military matters, has been dabbling in politics, domestic and foreign.

Obviously there are the most dangerous tendencies at work here. The first is our oldest and most deadly enemy, complacency. The assumption is that Hitler has been defeated, though he lost but 15 divisions in Tunisia and still has 218 on the Russian front. The second is callousness. We can safely leave the Russians to do the job, and bleed to death in the process. The third is the red bogey—why not let Hitler destroy communism for us? (This once also impressed Chamberlain and Dal-

dier.) The fourth is the persistent belief that a war can somehow be won without fighting; once we thought we could draw a ring around Japan and now we think we can draw a ring around Germany, and win by a leisurely combination of bombing and blockade. "I have reason to believe," Chandler said, "that the American fighting men in all services would rather make it a war of attrition." We shall be hearing more of this "war of attrition." It corresponds to the wishes of some in the big-business crowd, as does much of the politics in this "beat Japan first" strategy. Two weeks ago the president of a great radio company explained to his stockholders that he would be able to resume civilian production a few months after the end of the war. But, said he, if we decided to wage "a war of attrition," civilian production might be resumed *before* the war was over. Some people visualize "a war of attrition" as a much less costly affair in men, money, and materials, a war which can be waged on part time, as it were, while we turn our attention to more profitable pursuits.

What Americans Think

BY SELDEN C. MENEFFEE

THE people of America are fighting this war wholeheartedly. Most of them would like to fight it harder, if they knew how to go about it. They are far ahead of the Administration both in willingness to sacrifice and in their desire to take positive action now toward setting up an international organization to prevent future wars. I make these assertions after talking with thousands of Americans in all walks of life during a recent 15,000-mile trip through every section of the country. And my impressions are borne out by such fragmentary data as are available from public-opinion polls—the Gallup and *Fortune* polls and those of the National Opinion Research Center in Denver and the Office of Public Opinion Research at Princeton.

Easterners are apt to assume that "out in the sticks they don't even know there's a war on." The fact is that people in the small towns have a greater personal stake in the war than city folk. Families are larger; everyone knows everyone else; the whole community keeps tabs on its boys at the front. When a Lawrenceville, Georgia, boy is wounded by the Japanese somewhere in the South Pacific, the whole town buzzes with excitement. And when an outstanding high-school athlete of Spirit Lake, Iowa, turns up missing in North Africa, all Iowa parents are concerned about his safety.

The South is the most belligerent region, now as before the war, though its fighting spirit is dampened on

the home front by bickering over the racial issue and by the political attacks of Southern Democrats on the Administration. Strongly Catholic areas in the East have mixed feelings about the war because of their deeply ingrained antipathy to Russia. But in both regions the people generally are solidly behind the war effort.

The West is bound up heart and soul in the war in the Pacific. The emotional impact of the Pearl Harbor attack, followed by the invasion of the outer Aleutians, the bombing of Dutch Harbor, and the scattered shelling of West Coast points by Japanese submarines a year ago, produced an acute awareness of the danger from Japan. In addition, the boom in shipbuilding and aircraft production and the shortages of farm labor and foods have brought about drastic economic changes on the Coast.

The Middle West seems much less directly concerned with the war. There is a qualitative rather than a quantitative difference. Isolationism in its pre-war sense has disappeared here almost as completely as elsewhere in the country, but the war seems somehow distant: the lights are on, black markets are prevalent, and business goes on pretty much as usual except that it has shifted to war production. Though the polls do not show that the Middle West differs much from other large regions in its attitude toward the war, I was conscious of less emotional fervor and more complacency.

Signs of the "new isolationism" are also most in evi-

dence there. This is the protective war-time coloration assumed by diehard isolationists. The necessity of winning the war is never questioned—opposition is indirect and appears mainly in these four forms:

1. An unwillingness to consider possible plans for the post-war world at this time. There is sniping at Willkie, Wallace, and other exponents of post-war internationalism. "The government is trying to railroad us into some new League of Nations," a Wisconsin school teacher told me. "Why should we worry about a quart of milk for every Hottentot?" He was one of many Middle Westerners taken in by the false interpretation of Wallace's speech spread by the National Association of Manufacturers. The corollary to this attitude is a tendency to criticize virtually every Administration act and policy.

2. Distrust of our Allies, particularly Russia. Whenever the Red Army wins a spectacular victory, the *Chicago Tribune* and its satellites raise the bogey of Russia as a dangerous enemy in the post-war world.

3. A new imperialism, which stresses the necessity of (a) dominating the Western Hemisphere, (b) holding the military bases we have rented or borrowed for the duration of the war, (c) acquiring new bases, especially in the South Pacific and Southeast Asia, and (d) placing full reliance on a powerful American navy and air force, which will supposedly enable us to preserve the peace by dominating the entire world.

4. A potential willingness to appease the enemy, based on the view that our real enemies in Europe are Hitler and the top Nazi leaders rather than the whole German military machine.

These views are held by only a minority of the people—probably far less than 25 per cent—even in the most isolationist sections of the Middle West. But the minority is highly vocal, and through its press it is capable of producing doubt and confusion in the minds of a much larger number.

Strangely enough, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the strongly Republican Plains States are apparently less susceptible to these influences than the East Central States—Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan. The opinion polls have shown less division in the first section not only on the question of pre-war isolationism but also, more recently, on whether Russia can be trusted after the war and whether the United Nations should set up an international police force to preserve the peace. In Minnesota the sharp trend of opinion away from isolationism in any form is symbolized by the tremendous popular support given to Governor Harold Stassen. Stassen's advocacy of a United Nations government and Senator Ball's effort to put the Senate on record in favor of an international police force have been acclaimed by Minnesotans of all political parties, including many Farmer-Laborites.

I found almost no evidence of anti-Semitism in the Northwest and West Central States. Except in Minneapo-

lis no one considered it to be a serious problem. The well-worn anecdote to the effect that the first American soldier to set foot on overseas territory was an Irishman but the first American business man to get a defense contract was a Jew turned up in several places, but no one took it seriously. The most telling comment was that of an Omaha social worker who said, "Why look for anti-Semitism out here? When I was in New York and Washington last summer I was shocked by the anti-Jewish talk I heard. I'd never heard anything like it in these parts." In the country as a whole the National Opinion Research Center found early this year that nearly half the people thought the Jews had "too much influence in the business world."

The American people do not question the necessity of fighting this war through to the end. Not one in ten favors seeking an early peace through some sort of compromise. Nevertheless, only two-thirds claim to have a clear idea of what we are fighting for. This is an improvement over the early months of the war, when only half of us had a fair notion of what it was all about; but it still casts a grave reflection on the government's failure to formulate specific war aims and its inadequate information policy.

Criticism of the latter is common everywhere. There is a universal feeling that our military bigwigs hold up unfavorable news much longer than the necessity of withholding information from the enemy requires. I heard widespread discussion, all of it adverse, when the story of Japanese losses in a naval battle in the South Pacific was released a day earlier than a report of our own losses. Another common complaint is that American casualty lists are not published from day to day or week to week. Many persons think that detailed reports of casualties would help to keep us on our toes.

By and large, the people approve of the job the President is doing, although not without qualifications. The percentage expressing approval dropped from about 80 to 70 per cent during the Congressional-election campaign, rose sharply after the North African invasion, and stood at 75 per cent once more early this year. A plurality of voters favors Roosevelt for President in 1944—but only if the war is still on.

Even the President's supporters express many criticisms of Washington policies. A remark I heard very frequently was that "bureaucracy is getting out of hand; the government has too many employees, and there is too much duplication of functions." The Administration is also accused of a vacillating policy on questions which affect the lives of almost everyone. Resentment is especially high because of the delay in settling such problems as the control of man-power, the size of the army, and the drafting of fathers. According to the Gallup poll, five-sixths of the people approve of the Selective Service system, a slight majority favor drafting man-power for our war

industries where necessary, and three-fourths of all war workers and others are willing to work a minimum forty-eight-hour week.

Four-fifths of the people accept rationing as necessary, but they don't like some of the methods by which it has been placed in effect. Most people favor the surprise technique used in instituting shoe rationing. Announcements that coffee and canned goods were to be rationed seemed to most people a major blunder, since nothing was done to prevent hoarding. Meat shortages in the West and in boom towns elsewhere have focused much regional resentment upon the OPA's failure to take sufficiently into account such matters as freight rates and population changes. Minor nuisances such as the "tire inspection racket" and the ill-considered temporary ban on sliced bread are considered most irritating of all.

Political bickering in Washington comes in for a good share of homespun cussing. Many liberally inclined persons with whom I talked condemned Congressional sniping at the President; a few conservatives were outraged by Roosevelt's alleged ambitions for a fourth term. All factions joined in deploring the personal feuds among Washington executives. The slowness of Congress and

the Administration in getting together on some form of pay-as-you-go tax legislation has been hard for most citizens to stomach. The Gallup poll showed that two-thirds of the people favored changing to a current basis as long ago as last November, and by March the proportion had risen to three-fourths of all employed taxpayers.

I found the majority of people critical of the Administration's labor policy, to which they attribute jurisdictional disputes and wildcat stoppages in war industry. A ban on strikes during war time is favored by 64 per cent both of the public and of war workers themselves, according to a Gallup poll taken in May.

Criticism of our State Department's policies in North Africa and Spain is usual in liberal circles. Although the general public seems little conscious of the issues, the well-informed minority feels intensely about them. In addition, on the West Coast the feeling prevails that our diplomats and military leaders are slighting the Chinese to send help to our European allies.

Mainly because of the belief that it will take longer to defeat Japan than Germany, most people think that the Japanese are the greater military threat to this country. Racial feeling is high against Japan. Almost half of



"GÖBBELS INVITES - UND I GET DER VISITORS!"

us feel that not only the Japanese government but the Japanese nation is our major enemy, whereas in the case of Germany nearly three-fourths of us hold that the Nazi government rather than the German people is the real foe. Anti-Japanese feeling runs highest on the Pacific Coast, of course, but it is strong in every region. Evidence of this is the agitation against relocation of evacuated Japanese in Colorado, Wyoming, and Arkansas. In Jackson, Michigan, I found that the town had been almost torn asunder by a proposal of the Y. W. C. A. to allow a Nisei girl to attend Jackson Junior College. The local press fought the plan, and it was finally killed by the board of education.

This war differs from the last in one very important respect. This time our eyes are on the post-war world. We are determined to try to prevent future wars, even though we have little confidence that it will be possible to do so. And we are worried about the economic slump which may follow the war. At the turn of the year the Gallup poll asked this question: "Aside from winning the war, what do you think is the most important problem facing this country today?" Here are the main answers: the economic situation, the necessity to prevent inflation and another depression—16 per cent; the food shortage here and abroad and the need for more food production—12 per cent; to make a lasting peace, to end future wars—11 per cent; the farm-labor shortage, the man-power problem—10 per cent; post-war conditions, reconstruction of the world—8 per cent; a job for everyone after the war, prevent unemployment—7 per cent.

Gallup polls have found that nine-tenths of the people have definite ideas about what should be done after the war. Early this year 76 per cent thought that we should "take an active part in world affairs" rather than "stay out of world affairs as much as we can." This was a new high in internationalism. Those holding the minority (isolationist) view dropped from about 26 per cent of all persons questioned in October of last year to 14 per cent in January, 1943. Furthermore, 74 per cent of all persons questioned in April felt that "the countries fighting the Axis should set up an international police force after the war was over to try to preserve peace throughout the world." This strong majority sentiment for a measure which was approved by only 46 per cent in August, 1939, stands in glaring contrast to the refusal of the Senate to commit itself on the same issue when it was polled by the Associated Press in April.

The National Opinion Research Center similarly found in January that 74 per cent of us were favorable to the notion of the United States joining a "union of nations" after this war. In order to "try out a union of nations as a possible way of preventing wars," a clear majority of us are willing (1) "to stay on a rationing system in this country for about five years to help feed the starving

people of other countries"; (2) "to pay more taxes for a few years while the new union is being organized, even if people in the other countries can't afford to pay as much"; and (3) "to allow part of the American army to remain overseas for several years after the war to help establish order."

The things a majority of us are not willing to do include (1) giving up our army, navy, and air force, even though all other nations should be willing to do so; (2) forgetting about reparations payments; (3) "allowing foreign goods to come into this country and compete with the things we grow or make here—even if the prices are lower." The inconsistencies of these views show the need for further education if popular enthusiasm for post-war planning is not to be sidetracked by misunderstanding of what is needed for a constructive peace.

The Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill proposal for a United Nations government to police the world provoked widespread discussion. This was the first definite plan for the post-war world offered in high official circles, and the way the people grasped at it was an indication of their psychological need for more positive war aims. "It's about time they did something to see that there won't be another world war about the time my grandchildren are grown up," an elderly Indiana woman told me. On the steps of a Kentucky hotel I heard an Administration Democrat deliver a diatribe against Roosevelt for not giving his full support to the Ball resolution. "He ought to hang his head in shame," he said. "Here he's been advocating collective security and quarantining the aggressors all these years, and when some Republican Senators offer him their support, what does he do? Plays party politics, instead of accepting it like a gift from heaven."

A small opinion poll in Valparaiso, Indiana, using return postcards, obtained replies 83 per cent in the affirmative to the question, "Should the government take steps now, during the war, with our allies to set up a world organization to preserve the peace?" But the important thing was the high degree of interest shown: 27 per cent of the people polled—a new high record—took the trouble to mail back their ballots, as compared with less than 10 per cent on questions concerning voting age and other domestic issues.

There is less active interest in domestic than in international post-war problems, owing partly to our incurable American optimism, always strong in good times. Gallup found in April that four-fifths of those now employed believed their jobs would continue after the war. Of those who did not think so, only one in twenty anticipated much difficulty in finding a new job. *Fortune* found that young people were least optimistic; 38 per cent believed that "young men after this war are going to have a better chance to get ahead than young men had before this war," while 37 per cent thought the opposite.

Since neither the press nor the Administration did

justice to the report of the National Resources Planning Board on post-war social security, in April only a third of the people had heard of the board's plan for the post-war period. (If Gallup had asked whether they had heard of "the Administration's 'cradle-to-the-grave' security plan," the results might have been very different.) Of those who had heard of the plan, 70 per cent favored it; only 18 per cent opposed it.

There are weak spots in our domestic armor, to be sure. There is the racial question in the South, which is being exploited by self-seeking politicians under the old slogan of "white supremacy." The Administration's fence-straddling has served only to antagonize Southern whites, Northern Negroes, and liberals alike. There is low morale in some of our war industries, such as ship-building and aircraft. This results from the prevalent beliefs that the government is keeping wages down but

failing to control prices accordingly; that the industrialists are waxing fat on war profits; and that labor and materials are being wasted through poor planning and supervision. *Fortune* found late last year that 48 per cent of all factory workers believed that "war production can be made to go faster." More than a third of them said specifically that "more efficient operation of plants, better scheduling and flow of materials, elimination of waste," and similar improvements were necessary. And there is political agitation, particularly on the fourth-term issue, by Republicans and Southern Democrats who seem more intent on beating Roosevelt than on defeating the Axis.

But in spite of these danger signals, which are in some degree inevitable in a democracy, America as a nation is waging the shooting war with a determination we have never before exhibited. This is in a very real sense a people's war, and our citizens are resolved that it shall be a people's peace as well.

Goose-Step in Tishomingo

BY CLEMENT GREENBERG

TISHOMINGO, Alfalfa Bill Murray's home town, in south central and darkest Oklahoma, was chosen with good reason as the location of a prison camp. God help the fugitive who tries to hide himself in the unsubstantial foliage of its gullies or to slip past the squinting eyes of the Bible-pounding natives. If they don't catch him, the Indians certainly will, or he will perish of bored inanition on Tishomingo's broad main street. The camp itself is a little under two miles to the south, on Route 99, close by the banks of the erratic Washita. It was finished over a month ago. Except for a tall double fence of wire, with a tower at each corner, inclosing one of the two clusters of green-roofed barracks, it looks like any ordinary small military camp. When I first visited it, the guards, a Military Police unit of 150 men, were already there, complaining of the isolation. They knew that the prisoners they were to guard would be prisoners of war, and had heard that they might be Germans but were not sure. Anyhow, whoever they turned out to be they would be put to work cutting down the nearby woods, for the land surrounding the camp will be flooded when the Denison Dam is completed. After the woods are cut, the camp will be torn down and the prisoners sent elsewhere.

Eighteen days later, on April 22, I saw a file of open trucks debouch into the main street of Tishomingo. Every other one was filled with helmeted soldiers armed with tommy-guns and shotguns. Sandwiched between were trucks packed with standing men in blue uniforms

something like our old fatigue denims, with the fronts of the trousers red and the letters *PW* painted on the backs of the jackets. Some of the men in blue returned our gaze with smiles; others were grim or had the perturbed and doubtful expression of persons looking for the first time at a place to which they have been brought against their will and in which they expect to remain too long. Most of them were boys or hardly more than that, and a good half were blonds. They were Germans all right, for I heard them talking.

The following Sunday I walked over to the camp again. Sunday is the only day on which outsiders are allowed in the immediate area. The camp is at a point where the rolling country descends and smooths itself out into a flat valley. Little fat pigs were wallowing in the deep ditch where the road to the camp forked from the main road. Farther on a soldier in green fatigues was playing with a blacksnake four and a half feet long, holding it up by its tail. It kept raising its small sharp head to get at his hand but could not get enough leverage to reach all the way back.

Men were running and bounding about behind the barbed live wires of the high fence. I was allowed to come no closer than twenty-five yards to it, and the prisoners were held off another ten yards on the other side by a chalked line. If they crossed it they would be fired at after three commands to halt. The first prisoners I saw distinctly were a group of about twelve sitting on the new spring grass and playing cards. This time their

clothes puzzled me, for many of them wore well-fitting blue breeches that looked not at all like fatigue dress. The guards told me that they were dyed World War I uniforms which had been issued by the German army as fatigues, and of which every prisoner had three sets.

One pink-skinned young blond wearing nothing but shorts was running around inside the chalk line with nice form except that he bent too far forward—probably because he had been trained to run with a pack on his back. Two or three others almost equally naked were doing cartwheels and somersaults in best German gymnastic style. Some were sun-bathing. Everybody's skin was surprisingly white but almost everybody looked well set-up and athletic. One, as he walked and talked with a companion, every now and then kicked up his legs in a smart-looking goose step—whether it was done absent-mindedly, out of physical exuberance, or to keep in practice, I could not tell, but it seemed to annoy the guards. "Look at the son of a bitch!" they would say every time the German began to swing his legs. A stout sergeant said that the lot of them should never have been taken prisoners in the first place but shot on the spot. (I can understand why it is the army's practice to change the guards at prison camps every two months or so; they may either become too attached to the prisoners or else get so irritated with them that they will shoot at them on the slightest provocation. Neither the guards nor anyone else is allowed to talk to the prisoners.)

It was from the guards that I got most of my information. There were 310 prisoners in all, part of an original group of 1,000 brought from Africa, all whom had been placed in camps in Oklahoma. Some of them had been through twelve days of continuous action before being captured; some had seen service before on the Russian front. I was told that one of the prisoners was only fourteen years old. Two I saw could not have been more than fifteen. They were walking back and forth and talking to each other with the gravity and the economy of movement and gesture of much older persons. Several others showed by twisted arms or scarred necks and faces that they had been wounded. The quiet, relaxed self-confidence with which the prisoners handled themselves surprised me; it was in such contrast to the dejection or resignation or maybe shamefaced relief one would expect of prisoners. But, then, they had told the interpreter stationed here that the guards would soon be handing their guns over to them. One of them, while being brought through New York, had expressed surprise at seeing the skyscrapers still standing. He had been told that New York had been bombed. When they had been asked why they got themselves out of their barracks at 4:30 in the morning to exercise when their reveille came only at 6, they had answered that they wanted to keep themselves fit for the day when the Führer would arrive in America. A week after my visit, on May 1, they cele-

brated the holiday the Nazis have substituted for *Pfingsten* by bringing a tree back to camp, setting it up in the compound, decorating it with garlands of flowers and birds cut out of cardboard, and then strutting around making speeches and heiling—although, according to the guards, it is against prison regulations to salute in Nazi fashion or *shout* "Heil Hitler."

As it happened, May 1 came on a Saturday, and the prisoners did not have to work. On their arrival each of them had been given the choice of signing up for work or doing nothing; but once having signed up, a man has to work every day except Saturday and Sunday, whether he wants to or not. Working hours are from around 7 to around 2:30 in the afternoon. The pay is 70 cents a day, of which 40 cents is placed to the prisoner's credit at the post exchange and the remainder withheld until eventual repatriation. They are issued the same food as their guards, and it is prepared in German style by their own cooks. The guards told me that at mess they never leave a scrap of food on their plates, so used are they to scarcity. But I, with my melodramatic imagination, wondered whether they might not be storing it for a break. One prisoner has lately got on the nerves of the guards by standing for hours on the chalk line, examining the fence and the tower installations with purposeful eyes. I myself noticed how intently the prisoners watched when the guards were being changed and were marching along the fence. But it may have been only a professional interest in things military, which the prisoners certainly have. They are intrigued by every military formality or piece of equipment they see.

The prisoners maintain their own army discipline under two top sergeants, who seem to be the only men among them close to forty. They rate salutes, unlike the non-commissioned officers in our army—whom the prisoners nevertheless insist on saluting as they do their own. In the German army the most common punishment for mild offenses is to deprive the culprit of a meal or two. The next degree of punishment is, rather abruptly, corporeal. One of the top sergeants asked the M. P. mess sergeant to withhold food from a disobedient prisoner—I believe it was a case in which the prisoner had chosen to obey an order from the lieutenant of the guards which conflicted with the top sergeant's orders. Anyhow, the mess sergeant refused the request and fed the man. The top sergeant immediately came into the mess hall where his man was eating, pulled him outside by the collar, and gave him a beating. I was told the man did not lift a hand in self-defense.

The guards admit that the Germans are willing and capable workers, eager to be helpful and lending a hand with any work they see being done around them even when they are not ordered to do so. They are also given credit for their stoic qualities. One of them who had gashed his foot with an ax and was brought to the medi-

cal officer attached to our Air Force unit sat in the dispensary and stolidly watched the wound being sewn together without making a sound.

To remark these qualities in the prisoners is not encouraging. Unquestionably, Hitler has had good human material, from a military point of view, to work with. However, their age and their physical condition and the fact that the majority of them are parachutists or *Panzer*

personnel indicate that most of these prisoners are picked troops, not altogether typical of the average German soldier. That they make such a show of Nazi ardor is more disquieting. It is possible to explain this—but not very convincingly, I feel—by the fact that they are more or less at the mercy of their non-commissioned officers, who could make life miserable for any prisoner not quite 100 per cent a Nazi.

Advertise for Victory

BY CHARLES NEIDER

THE advertising industry has undergone extensive changes since Pearl Harbor. Volume held up remarkably well during the first year of our participation in the war, considering that advertising in general has been falling steadily since the halcyon days of 1929, and its resiliency last year was something of a surprise even to the trade. As a whole it dropped about 5.5 per cent as compared with 1941, the expected decrease in automobile and other consumer-goods advertising being substantially offset by the increase in institutional ads and in advance bids for post-war business. In a study of newspaper linage in ninety-eight cities *Printer's Ink* found that industrial ads gained in all cities and accounted for 6 per cent of general advertising, whereas they accounted for only 2 per cent in 1941. Curiously enough, although the nation is smoking more cigarettes than ever before, tobacco linage dropped in all cities but one. The shift from consumer goods to industrial and institutional ads was indicated in a Lord and Thomas survey which reported that during the first seven months of the war competitive product ads dropped from 68 per cent to 38 per cent of all magazine copy analyzed.

Advertising depends on and inspires competition. In a nation doing most of its heavy business with the government, competition is minimized. This situation has its obvious advantages for business; on the other hand, business is desirous of keeping the public's good-will, protecting the popularity of its trade names, continuing its contacts with its dealers, and preparing for the post-war period, when cutthroat competition promises to flourish in all fields. And so business advertises heavily, even when it has nothing to sell to the public.

The New Deal, which has occasionally frightened advertising executives by implying that advertising is social waste, is in high favor among them now. It maintains, through the Treasury Department, what has been characterized by executives as a "benevolently indefinite" rule against allowing excessive advertising expenses as tax deductions—which means that anything goes short of

murder. The Treasury Department's interpretation of what is excessive has at times irked advertising men, but they have found an invaluable ally in the Department of Commerce, which has consistently encouraged the use of widespread tax-free advertising. And this, too, is a factor in maintaining the high volume of war-time advertising.

With various types of war-time taxes adding up to about 90 per cent of income, large companies can buy up advertising space at something like ten cents on the dollar. Their liberality is readily understood, but what they do with that space has a national interest that transcends the soundness of their investment.

The picture is far from being all black. Many organizations soberly advertise the work they are doing for the government and remind the public that after the war they will be ready to serve the consumer efficiently and enthusiastically. Some attempt honestly to lift the general morale by telling of army and navy exploits and by displaying their army-navy "E's" with thanks to their employees. Others urge the public to buy war bonds, to conserve gas, and to reduce the number of long-distance telephone calls. The United States Rubber Company has been informing the public on the proper care of tires, and the Home Insurance Company of New York has been running an excellent series of fire-prevention ads.

Other concerns, however, have discovered the value of advertising as a medium for propaganda serving some special interest or private purpose. If you can urge the public to buy war bonds and to accept rationing intelligently, why not urge it to support imperialism, isolationism, the status quo, or "normalcy"? Why not do yourself a little good while keeping your name before the public at ten cents on the dollar?

A. N. Kemp, president of American Airlines, who seems to take delight in signing all his company's ads personally, has gone in extensively for advertising of this sort. As a Christmas present to readers of the *New York Times*, Mr. Kemp bought a full page in the issue of December 25. Centered against a background occupy-

ing fully a third of the page hung a small star, beneath which, in large type, were the words "Global Peace." Mr. Kemp's special message of cheer to the American public was: "We look to the *sky* for the symbol of peace on *earth*, the Star of Bethlehem! Also, we look to the *sky* for victory in this *global* war. America must be dominant in the post-war *global* air so that we shall have Freedom and Peace on earth."

This note of air domination is echoed by others in the industry. In a recent ad in *Skyways*, the Century Aircraft Company of California used a full page to present the slogan: "Control of the Sky—an umbrella of safety under which wars can be won and a continuous peace assured." The increasing weight attached by the aircraft industry to the power of advertising was reduced to eloquent statistics in a survey of magazine, radio, and farm-paper advertising contained in *Printer's Ink* for February 5. Vultee Aircraft, according to the survey, spent nothing on advertising in 1939, only \$4,200 in 1940, and \$126,560 in 1942. Pan-American spent \$276,384 in 1942 as against \$3,086 in 1939. Cessna Aircraft, which spent not a cent as recently as 1940, spent \$187,575 last year. Lockheed spent \$68,300 in 1939, \$87,625 in 1940, \$226,565 in 1941, and \$443,557 in our first year of the war. Bendix, which in 1940 spent \$18,875, last year spent \$384,720. Only two companies—American Airlines and United Air Lines—were fairly stable in their advertising expenditures. Both companies were paying out more than \$100,000 for the purpose in 1939, when their competitors were spending comparatively insignificant sums. Their expenditures increased in 1940 and 1941 and dropped to their 1939 levels in 1942.

Among the corporations that have made persistent use of advertising to argue the case for pre-war laissez faire, the most blatant is the Nash-Kelvinator Corporation. In a series of ads captioned "Not Alone . . ." "When the Last Bomb Goes Home . . .," and "When You Come Back to Me . . ." Nash-Kelvinator has gone far to carry out the idea expressed by Homer McKee, vice-president of the advertising firm of Roche, Williams, and Cunyngnam. "The people must be told," said Mr. McKee in a speech cited in *Advertising Age*, "that if they hurt free enterprise they hurt the girl who works in the laundry, the cab driver, the white-collared clerk, the widow who, with trembling hands, clips the coupon that holds body and soul together."

But Nash-Kelvinator is far from alone in its service to the cause of the status quo. The McGraw-Hill Publishing Company, which puts out *Business Week* and *Aviation*, pleaded in six columns of the New York *Times* (January 3) for "seed money" for the aviation industry—and incidentally attacked our whole war-time tax structure. "In our proper anxiety to prevent inflation and control war profits," warned McGraw-Hill, "we have passed tax laws that are taking away most of the 'seed

money' that aviation companies will need when the time comes to go it on their own in the post-war world. . . . The tax law, and government contracts, should allow American industry to accumulate funds for the numerous tasks of post-war development." In the April 6 issue of the *Times* the plea was broadened in behalf of American industry in general, and the attack on war taxes was more boldly articulated as an attack on the excess-profits law. The ad closed by asking readers to write to their Congressmen in objection to the law. The Beechnut Packing Company asks us not to "forget the spirit that built America—the spirit of free enterprise." *Reader's Digest* on February 18 paid for a full page of the *Times* to reprint an article by the president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States entitled "Your Stake in Capitalism." And the Chicago and Southern Air Lines Company advertises that it believes "in the American dream, in the resourcefulness of private enterprise and personal initiative, in the power of free men to serve a high statesmanship as well as the profit motive."

Inevitably the war has brought to advertising a higher concentration of vulgarity. American advertising has always been on the adolescent side, making its appeal to the lowest possible denominator of the reading public. Now, under the stress of a national crisis, patriotism is often used as a screen behind which to sell merchandise—a device which depends on emotional transference from a worthy to a more or less unworthy object, from desire for freedom to desire for candy or fur coats.

On the first day of the second war-bond drive, numerous clothing stores signed their names to ads in the *Times* calling for the purchase of bonds. To some people these ads seem offensive because of the obvious disparity between the necessities of total war and the luxuries the stores normally feature. They do not have the same objection when the ads are signed by companies engaged in war work. These people would rather see the government advertising war bonds than have such names as The Tailored Woman, Henri Bendel, Jane Engel, Peck and Peck, or Abercrombie and Fitch beneath the slogan "They Give Their Lives . . . You Lend Your Money"—particularly since advertisements aiding the war-bond drive are tax-exempt. A more dignified expression of patriotism perhaps would be for these stores to donate space to the government. As some measure of compensation they might then make semi-annual reports, through advertisements, of amounts so donated.

Examples of merchandise sold under cover of the flag are countless. "Keep in Trim . . . Sleep soundly in 'Fighting Trims,'" reads one; "For every fighting niece of Uncle Sam, Munsingwear has designed 'Fighting Trims.'" "Good news anywhere!" runs another; "It's a boy—and he's thriving on Carnation!" Beneath this breath-taking caption is a photograph of a soldier hold-

ing a letter. "Many a nervous buck private flops down on his cot—trying to take in such heart-jerking news!" cries the copy writer. The reader flops down on his cot trying to take in such heart-jerking copy.

"Loose Talk Can Cost Lives!" says a Stetson ad, and under a photograph of a supposedly sinister man at a telephone are the vicious words: ". . . sails tonight, world's biggest, packed with troops . . . Berlin waiting." And then the punch line: "Keep It Under Your Stetson."

"Establish your home front at the Beverly!"; "Hearts High! Until V-Day be beautiful *and* dutiful . . . with 'Bond Street' Beauty Preparations (for you, by Yardley!);"; "Introducing Volunteer . . . La Cross' new nail-polish shade for fingertips off and on duty . . . It's a deep red, stirring as the times, bright as courage!"; "Doing Man's Work . . . Retaining Woman's Loveliness . . . a wartime secret shared by thousands." The secret? Wear Formfit. "Do Dermatologists Fight? Yes, indeed." And what is the choice of dermatologists? Mennen, obviously. Try "Courage—a fragrance attuned to the times . . . stirring as martial music . . . reflecting the gallant spirit of today."

And remember this: "Men who plan beyond tomorrow prefer the world's lightest highball!" Seagram's V. O. Canadian, in case you aren't a man who plans beyond tomorrow. "Imagine a Commando afraid of *me*," says a puzzled little thing with body odor, the only cure for which is Cashmere Bouquet soap. "You know we're building the biggest army in our history. You know that candy is a fine food for soldiers"—especially Baby Ruth or Butter-finger. "Freedom Red Lipstick . . . fighting-mad red for gallant lips . . . Lucien Lelong's Freedom Red!"

The cigarette companies are among the most persistent users of the war theme, with Camels probably the most blatant and Chesterfields a close second. Camels have been featuring men and women in uniform, explaining that "In the navy they say 'belay' for stop, 'chop-chop' for hurry up, 'stew' for commissary officer, and 'Camel' for the navy man's favorite cigarette." "Co-ed leaves Campus to fill a *man's* job," says another Camel ad. "She's 'in the service'—even to her choice of cigarettes . . . Camels, of course!" Chesterfield is more liberal in its interpretation of what constitutes the war effort, but it exults in uniforms, guns, and flashing teeth. Typical was the ad featuring two Marine Raiders holding shiny sub-machine-guns at rakish angles and dangling Chesterfields from their lips.

Occasionally one runs into a refreshingly sensible ad. Germaine Monteil ran one in the *New Yorker* of February 27. "We wish it were otherwise," the ad read, "but, frankly, we don't think that Germaine Monteil's Face Powder and Beauty Balm will build morale or help preserve our way of life. *Their* job is to make you look prettier, which they perform brilliantly," etc. "A Civilian's Prayer" sponsored by the Northwestern National Life Insurance Company of Minneapolis ran: "Help me,

Almighty God, to be the only hero I can ever be. Help me see how important it is that I go *gladly and energetically* about the humdrum business of saving my tires and fuel, of spending less and saving more, of eating less and working harder, of asking less and giving more. . . . Help me to realize that Americans are fighting today, not to create freedom and opportunity for the ruthless and greedy, but to make it possible for kind men, men of integrity, responsible men, to work in peace, and to work for the common good."

10 Years Ago in "The Nation"

CONCESSIONS to Hitlerite Germany will fortify Hitler's position by enabling him to boast that he has obtained what was refused to Brüning, Stresemann, and German governments of the left. They will be a triumph and a justification of methods of violence, but they will fail in their object, for the more Hitler gets, the more he will want.—ROBERT DELL, May 3, 1933.

OVER THE COUNTRY resentment is rising like steam from thawing fields. . . . The National Farmers' Holiday Association . . ., representing farmers in sixteen states, demanded a national moratorium on foreclosures, federal operation of banks as public utilities, and a steeply graduated federal income, gift, and inheritance tax up to the point of confiscation.—May 3, 1933.

CUBA IS UNITED in saying that Machado must go. . . . I write no brief for terrorism. I only report what I have seen. I think of men and women, educated, sensitive, strong, who calmly admit that . . . they are now willing to kill, and if need be, to be killed, for the sake of the freedom of their country. I think of one girl, cultured, privileged, beautiful. "I would willingly carry the bomb myself which would put an end to Machado, and if need be, to me also." She is not exceptional.—HUBERT HERRING, May 3, 1933.

PERHAPS more heartening than any other development of the Roosevelt Administration is the rapidity with which it appears to be moving toward international cooperation.—May 10, 1933.

TRAVEL in Soviet Russia is not difficult. . . . It is invaluable . . . to know a little Russian. If you can say, "Tovarish, pozhalista" ("Comrade, please") and wave a piece of paper with an address on it under any good comrade's nose, he will put you on street cars, take you off, walk up to the door with you, ring the bell, wait until your friend appears, and very likely come in and eat with you.—AMY S. JENNINGS, May 10, 1933.

I DISCERN three major social-economic trends in the United States: (1) our working class is developing into a proletariat, that is, workmen who are not at the same time capitalists; (2) our farmers are becoming peasants, that is, soil tillers who own little if any property; (3) our government is acquiring bigger and bigger stakes in private industry, that is, state capitalism.—LOUIS FISCHER, May 31, 1933.

Bombing Won't Win

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE heavy and long-continued bombing raids on important objectives in Hitler's Europe are beginning to tell on the German war effort. Like a boxer who has absorbed too many body punches, Germany is slowing down to a point where a knockout blow may be possible. We are probably not yet ready to deliver it on land. It is very doubtful whether available troops and shipping will be sufficient to support a campaign capable of diverting as many as a third of the 218 German divisions which Churchill reports on the Russian front. Whether Germany can be defeated from the air will be put to the fullest test in the months just ahead.

Our position in the air today is far different from what it was four or two years or even one year ago. The overwhelming power of the Luftwaffe is now little more than a legend. The superiority in air-power reserves which the Germans enjoyed early in the war has been taken from them by heavy bombing of their industrial cities, mounting Allied production, and an unfavorable ratio of losses. Germany is credited today with an output not in excess of 2,000 to 2,400 planes a month. Japanese production, important for its diversionsary effect on the United States, has been variously estimated at between 600 and 1,500 planes a month, and the output of the few and thoroughly bombed Italian factories—in any case unimportant—can hardly exceed 500. Our enemies, then, are not building more than 4,000 planes a month, and possibly are finishing far less.

In comparison, production in the United States makes an impressive showing. In April, the last month for which figures have been released, just under 7,000 planes were turned out, a large proportion of them heavy bombers. If the earlier rate of gain has been maintained since then, we are now building at least 8,000 a month. The President's recent statement that we were completing more planes than all the rest of the world confirms this.

No complete figures on British and Soviet plane production have been released recently. High military men in this country say that the British output is now greater than Germany's and that the Soviet Union is not far behind. An estimate of 4,000 planes a month for our principal allies is probably not excessive. Our own production figures, unfortunately, are for assembly-line rather than battlefield deliveries, and hence subtraction must be made for the shiploads of the products of Lockheed, Curtis, Vultee, and other firms which have gone to the bottom of the Atlantic. No one in authority has cared to reveal the actual number to be subtracted, but there can

be no doubt that it is large. Even with such losses, however, we enjoy a huge advantage in plane output—certainly about three to one.

These figures do much to explain recent campaigns. Germany is not saving up air power for some unexpected blow in a new quarter. Its poor showing in the air over Western Europe, Russia, and North Africa has been due simply to lack of planes.

Quantity is, of course, only an approximate rule with which to measure air power. The quality of men and planes is far more important. And here we enjoy an even more striking advantage, for the early great numerical strength of the Luftwaffe was purchased at the cost of a sacrifice of quality. This slight inferiority in performance has been reflected in much longer casualty lists, and most of the German "first team" has disappeared at a time when the United States is able to throw into the fray a large number of picked men. The three-to-one ratio of losses during the last six months in Africa indicates clearly enough the deteriorating quality of German pilots and planes.

Winning the battle of the assembly lines, however, is not knocking out Germany. For well over a year we have been dealing constantly heavier blows in an effort to achieve as many as possible of the following objectives: (1) the softening up of Germany's defenses as a prelude to invasion, (2) the wrecking of its war industry, with a resultant lowered output, (3) the serious disruption of its system of communications, (4) a heavy reduction in the building and operation of U-boats, (5) injury to the physical and mental health of the German people, in short, destruction of morale. How far have these purposes been achieved? We have, of course, no sure way of knowing. Indirect evidence, German admissions, reports from neutral sources, and the testimony of our own aviators, when taken together, do afford some interesting information.

Perhaps the least success has been achieved in wrecking German morale. While Swiss sources and the observations of our own airmen indicate dismay, confusion, and little attempt at even self-defense on the part of the Italians, German prisoners and letters from home found on German dead report great physical destruction and terrible suffering but no loss of fighting spirit. To all appearances, the Germans, like the Spanish, Chinese, and British, can "take it."

Nor has heavy bombing been especially effective against U-boats, which, in their main bases, have for

months been assembled and repaired in bomb-proof garages. Where they have not had such protection, as at Vegesack, a few U-boats have been destroyed outright, but these cases have been rare. The destruction accomplished at such ports as Brest and St. Nazaire should decrease workers' efficiency and hinder the submarine campaign, but unfortunately, the best possible evidence that these attacks have been inconclusive is being furnished in the Atlantic at the present time. A recent Admiralty report described a convoy battle in which a "wolf pack" of no fewer than twenty-five U-boats participated—a greater number in one spot than the Germans had in actual operation in the whole Atlantic during most of World War I.

It is in attacks upon transportation lines and arms industries that our bombing has been paying the greatest dividends. Hundreds of locomotives have been wrecked, river and coastal transport has been interrupted, and manufacturing plants have had to be diverted from providing munitions to the construction of rolling stock. In summarizing the February work of the R. A. F. Air Minister Sinclair mentioned more than a million persons rendered homeless, a cut in steel production of a million and a quarter tons, and more than 1,700 acres in seven cities totally devastated, in addition to damage in Berlin and Essen which had not been accurately determined. Three months later, after several raids which have broken all previous records, this damage has undoubtedly been multiplied.

Nevertheless, bombing will have to be extended over a much larger area if Germany is to be defeated from the air, for as much of its industry as possible has been moved eastward. As raids become longer, however, casualties mount, and the bomb load which can be carried goes down. Vienna, Prague, Pilsen, and Berlin, for example, are targets whose bombing lies on the marginal line between profit and loss. Other cities in eastern Germany, while well within theoretical bomber range and important industrially, have not been attacked at all. Similarly, transportation lines in northern France, the Low Countries, and northwestern Germany have been well peppered, but targets farther east have been largely left alone.

The evidence, then, does not suggest any likelihood of bringing about "unconditional surrender" from the air. Germany has been greatly hurt but is still immensely strong, especially on land. Between the 20 per cent reduction in industrial output which the most optimistic judges believe Anglo-American bombing has caused in Germany—others put it at 10 to 15 per cent—and the approach to absolute stoppage which might cause the Nazis to give up, there is a wide margin. In the months ahead we shall doubtless reduce this margin and bring closer the day of victory. But we should not count on air power alone to win.

In the Wind

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS is making short-wave broadcasts to American troops overseas to keep them posted on the things big business is doing to protect the American Way. . . . The Chesterfield cigarette people wanted to sponsor a series of commercial broadcasts of "This Is the Army," but were prevented by the American Federation of Radio Artists, an A. F. of L. union. The corporation set up by the army to handle the show's finances agreed with the Federation. . . . *Tide*, an advertising magazine, reports radio trade rumors that the War and Navy departments are beginning to frown on the whole idea of using the armed forces for advertising purposes.

THE LEGION OF DECENCY, official Catholic movie mentor, has found it advisable to explain its listing of "Mission to Moscow" as unobjectionable for adults. "It should be noted," says the Legion, "that the picture did not receive 'Unobjectionable for General Patronage' rating. . . . The film in its sympathetic portrayal of the governing regime in Russia makes no reference to the anti-religious philosophy and policy of said regime."

ELTON RAYMOND SHAW, former field secretary of the United States Chamber of Commerce, offers some inside information on world affairs in his book "Green Light to Dictatorship": "Years ago Mr. Churchill secretly cabled to President Roosevelt: 'I am half-American and the natural person to work with you. It is evident we can see eye to eye. Were I to become Prime Minister of Britain, we could control the world.'"

A "DYNAMIC BULLETIN" issued by the National Council for Civil Liberties, an organization devoted to the defense of the thirty-three men and women under indictment in Washington for conspiring to undermine the morale of the armed forces, opposes the "Jew Deal" and "rotten and putrid Anglo-Saxon capitalism." "Today," it advises, "you have but a handful in Congress guarding the liberties. To name but a few, men and patriots like Hamilton Fish, Clare Hoffman, Lambertson, Shafer, Cox, and Smith of Virginia. In the Senate you have militant patriots like Nye, Clark, Wheeler, Vandenberg, and several others."

FESTUNG EUROPA: German officers in Belgium are reported to be buying cloth on the black market for civilian clothes. . . . A Nazi newspaper in Bratislava complains, "One of the reasons for expelling the Jews was the fact that Jewish innkeepers ruined rural municipalities through alcohol. Now the Jewish innkeepers have disappeared, but the people drink more alcohol than before."

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Inspiration Wanted

BY LOUIS FISCHER

NO OTHER war was like this one: no war ever aroused so much discussion of the peace. The desire to see the contours of the future is not idle curiosity or cheap crystal gazing. The shape of the peace to come interests many millions of Americans deeply and passionately. I think the reason is that the usual motives for fighting a war are absent.

As a nation we are not imperialistic; we do not want more territory. We do not hate our enemies very violently, nor do we love our allies sufficiently to endure the sacrifices that this conflict entails. Because these ordinary war-time stimuli are not present to sustain morale, the country, with healthy instinct, is searching for an extraordinary inspiration to fight. Such inspiration could be found in a conviction that victory will make life better and the world safer.

The average American's approach to the problems of the future peace is simple and personal. He says: "Two major wars in twenty-four years. That's bad. Something's wrong. I hope little Johnny, now five years old, won't have to fight in the third world war."

During five recent months of travel from Maine to Alabama to California I found widespread concern lest deeply rooted circumstances and the pettiness of politicians here and abroad ruin the peace settlement. The old isolationist chestnut that "wars never change anything" is far from dead. People are worried and confused. They are critical of everybody in government office. Some remain silent out of loyalty to country.

Youth especially is cynical about politicians and about the possibility of effective public pressure on politicians. Cynicism and doubts do not help men and women to face arduous tasks and bear the loss of life, eyes, limbs, and wealth in war. I lectured in a score of universities and schools. Optimism about the post-war era is suspect, and a speaker is closely examined for rose-colored glasses. I was frequently asked whether Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin favored the new internationalism that is the only safeguard against another war. I was asked why Roosevelt didn't make speeches like Wallace's. Justly or unjustly, the State Department is regarded more critically than any other branch of the federal government. This tends to undermine confidence in our ability to forge a solid peace.

It is not that Americans wish to abstain from the peace. The contrary is true. I lectured in churches, colleges, executives' clubs, women's clubs, and in commu-

nity forums where the garb of the audience ran the gamut from mink coat to overalls. I listened in trains and buses. I was interviewed by journalists and editors and then interviewed them. I rediscovered old friends and acquaintances. I read newspapers in large towns and small. I am completely convinced that the country is ready to participate in the coming peace arrangement. No one disputes the proposition that if America remains aloof from the peace there will be no peace; that there will be, instead, another war, and we shall be in it. That is one thing America seems to have learned. But skepticism on the possibility of making a good peace may ultimately kill the wish to participate in the peace.

America is engaged in a quest for faith. At present America's will to wage war stems from one source—patriotic duty. The United States is at war; every citizen has a duty, some in the front line, some behind the lines. Not a few Americans still think that we should not have become involved in this war. But whatever they thought before Pearl Harbor—and many hate to be reminded of it—Americans are unanimously loyal, and they answer "Here" when Uncle Sam calls. There is a job to be done, a big job.

This unquestioning devotion is the pillar of our national morale, the only real pillar. All the talk about the shape of the peace to come is a search for a twin pillar. Americans want to get excited about the war. They want it to be more than a job. They are groping for a vision of a brighter future which will enable them to believe in a better world born of this bloody war.

Even the hard-boiled American is part idealist. Today the ubiquitous memory of the First World War, which was won, and then lost in an inadequate peace, dampens the ardor of a country that functions best when it thrills to a higher cause. America wants to believe. But it is afraid to pin its hopes to a star. It dissects every slogan and shibboleth. It is not atrocity-conscious. Its emotions are under rigid control. It is extremely wary of anything that suggests propaganda. It demands concreteness. Promises of a better world will not do. Promises are quoted far below par. Promises must be accompanied by the beginning of fulfillment.

The interest in world affairs has risen perceptibly. I talked with the managers of at least fifty bookstores in various cities. Every one of them said that they were selling more political books than ever before. More newspapers are being read.

In April I addressed the Fort Worth Lecture Foundation. When the meeting opened, the chairman asked for an expression of views to guide the program committee in arranging next season's programs. "How many want the emphasis placed on entertainment?" Three or four hands went up. "How many are especially interested in literature and the arts?" About ten hands were raised. "How many would like to have more lectures on the war and the peace?" Some three hundred hands were raised. This is typical. But with the mounting interest and understanding goes a realization of the difficulties that will beset the peacemakers.

The public is looking for expert leadership. It is grateful for enlightenment. Enough appears to be wrong in the administration of American affairs to make the people receptive to criticism provided it is constructive and not carping. Standpattism and excuses for blunders and mistakes are rarely welcomed. The Administration would be more popular if it frankly admitted its errors.

Wendell Willkie, I think, is talking to the heart of the country more than any other man because he is critical, yet pro-war. His "One World" is the best picture of a planet at war available to the general reading public. He has not convinced everybody that he is sincere, and some wonder why he has not spoken out as frankly on domestic issues as on imperialism and the peace. On the other hand, I was asked many times whether Willkie might not have the makings of a leader of American liberals.

In numerous places I came across groups of liberals who worry themselves sleepless over the Darlan-Peyrouton affair, the neglect of China, the mishandling of India, the survival of isolationism, and the triumph here and there of reactionaries in this country. These liberals would be glad to work for political change; they lack organization and leadership—and a program. So they feel helpless. This helplessness makes them more pessimistic than do the situations they would like to correct.

The amount of anti-union sentiment is frightening to one who knows from European experience that anti-labor agitation is the beginning of fascism. I have no idea what the trade unions are doing about it; their public-relations departments seem to be off fishing. The labor movement of America is heading for disaster, and may bring us all to disaster unless it unites on a strategy of war-time action, adheres to that strategy, and then explains it intelligibly to its own members and to the larger public. The general citizenry is anti-labor, and so are many working men and women.

The reactionaries are extremely busy fighting their war for the preservation of the past. The enemies of reaction are split and have no sense of direction. Their task, of course, is harder. It is easier to move backward to what was; you know how it looks. It is not so easy to move forward to a place you have never seen and

cannot describe in definite terms. But we do know that the past includes two wars in one generation and much trouble in between. Certainly Europe and Asia know that their past has been ugly and bloody, and if we, advancing in this war, threaten to bring them a future which is like their past, they will not applaud.

In a practical sense, therefore, the battle for political supremacy in the United States will shape the peace, for if the past-lovers win the battle here they will fight for the past in the peace. The ideal peace, in their eyes, will be a return to the past. That past, however, was the mother of this war and the mother of the First World War, and it can still bear children.

The peace will be no better than the men who make it. And the men who make it will be those who rise to power and office during this war. The peace, in other words, is already being made. It is being made in the struggle that is now going on behind all the home fronts, particularly behind the front in America. There is no certainty that the reactionaries, status-quoers, and backward-lookers of all countries will not win this struggle. They will win it unless they meet stronger opposition. If they win it, the war may be lost in the peace.

This country has never doubted victory on the battlefield. But many Americans doubt whether we can win the peace against the powerful world forces already arrayed to block a settlement that departs from narrow nationalism, power politics, political and economic imperialism, and assumptions of white supremacy.

Joy over the victories of our young fighting men in battle is mingled with fear of old men in office.

Italian Rumoresque

BY GAETANO SALVEMINI

THERE must be a great many desertions from Fascism in Italy today. Mussolini and those among his henchmen who cannot turn their coats—and who are therefore in danger of losing their skins—doubtless feel that the very foundations of the Fascist dictatorship are disintegrating. This explains the recent shake-up in the Fascist Party. Mussolini has had to "mobilize" the most criminal elements among his followers. The new national secretary of the party, Scorza, is a typical representative of that criminal fringe. In 1925 he led the treacherous attack upon Amendola* which resulted in Amendola's death some months later. In 1928 he published an article in which he likened the Fascist Party to the Catholic church, explaining that he did not mean the Catholic church of weaklings like St. Francis of Assisi but the Catholic church of heroic popes, like Alexander Borgia,

* Amendola was a noted liberal and leader of the opposition in the Italian Parliament after the March on Rome.

who were prepared even to poison their foes. Signor Scorza has done what all his kind have done—utilized political power for personal gain. He and Mussolini will stick together until every spark of hope vanishes, and then, if they are not killed, they will try to escape to Spain.

That much one can say without possessing any inside information. But our newspapermen and radio commentators seem to know much more. When Grandi left the Ministry of Justice on February 5, some of our most solemn papers gave out the good tidings that he had been dismissed from his post because he had become disloyal to Mussolini and had tried to set up an anti-Fascist nucleus within the Italian police. The story was probably concocted in Washington by someone who thought that in Italy, as in the United States, the federal police is responsible to the Department of Justice. Had he been better informed about Italian institutions he would have known that in Italy the police is under the Department of the Interior, which has always been run by Mussolini. A Minister of Justice in Italy could not hatch any conspiracy within the Italian police system. Grandi, despite his alleged attempts at treachery, remained chairman of the Fascist Lower House. In addition, a few days after the rumors were published, Grandi received the Knighthood of the Annunziata, the highest decoration in Italy. The King could not have bestowed that honor upon him without Mussolini's consent.

Another "good story" released some time ago by a radio commentator was to the effect that Mussolini is no longer on speaking terms with his son-in-law, Count Ciano, ambassador to the Vatican. What television apparatus permitted this commentator to reveal that when Mussolini and his son-in-law meet, one gazes at the ceiling while the other blows his nose and looks at the floor? The fact is that Ciano left the Foreign Office last February to become ambassador to the Holy See just on the eve of Archbishop Spellman's mission to Rome. At that time Mussolini needed a man at the Vatican who, no less than himself, was interested in saving his own skin, and who would never betray him, as might a professional diplomat, when the breakdown of the Fascist regime occurred. Ciano was the man. Ciano is there to look out as best he can for the interests of the Mussolini-Ciano combine in negotiating a way out of the present impasse.

However, the stories which are being circulated should not be ignored. If they do not tell us what is really happening in Italy, they tell us what those who concoct them in America and who circulate them through newspapermen and radio commentators want us to believe.

The British Foreign Office and the American State Department expect Grandi to leave the sinking Fascist ship together with other rats. By betraying Mussolini he would only enhance his prestige among our would-be Machiavellis. This is the reason that Grandi is being



Courtesy of Time and Tide (London)

Alone at Last

told day in and day out, in our press and on our radio, that he would be quite an acceptable "leader" of tomorrow's Italy. As for Ciano, he is the only man through whom Mussolini could be approached personally in negotiations of a secret and delicate kind. The results of such negotiations would be more readily swallowed in this country if Ciano were described in advance as a traitor to his father-in-law. A widespread story that Ciano is even now visiting the United States shows how far the hopes and suspicions have gone.

Among all these rumors the most insistent is the report that the King of Italy will soon abdicate. For the last twenty years the coming abdication of the King of Italy has been announced at least twice a year. To be sure, he may abdicate one fine day and run away to Spain, with or without Mussolini. If that should happen, those who have predicted his abdication for the last twenty years will undoubtedly consider themselves infallible prophets. But that, I am afraid, is questionable logic. At any rate Victor Emanuel is still King of Italy.

Yet the story of his abdication does not deserve to be dismissed altogether. The French journalist Pertinax, a man of uncommon intelligence and as a rule well informed, has given support to the rumor in the New York *Times* of May 12, though he was judicious enough to add that "the hour at which the King's decision will mature remains uncertain." Since May 12 the story has been repeated again and again by many papers, as though it came from Switzerland, England, Morocco, Dakar, and where not. As a matter of fact, the source of the news is Archbishop Spellman. Pertinax wrote: "The diplomatic reports to which I refer originated in the recent visit of Archbishop Francis J. Spellman of New York to London and in what he said there about the conversations he had had in Rome some weeks before. He was received no less than four times by Pope Pius XII and by the Papal

Secretary of State, Cardinal Maglione. He is believed to have met Count Ciano, Count Grandi, and others. Thus his words carry great weight."

We see that again Grandi and Ciano are brought to the fore. In addition, we are told by Pertinax that "the Vatican is deeply concerned with the social upheavals that are likely to be the outcome of military defeat" and thinks a new government "closely linked with the conservative classes" is needed in Italy "to maintain public order." This government, according to "the view generally expressed at the Vatican," should consist of "a young monarch not too directly involved in the tragic errors of Fascist policy." In other words, according to Pertinax, the King of Italy has been informed that he is expected to get out and to leave Crown Prince Humbert in his place if he wants to enjoy the protection of Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill, and Pius XII.

Perhaps the Vatican, the British Foreign Office, and our own State Department do not understand that if Britain and America win the war, the royal family and the "conservative classes" in Italy are doomed. Neither the present King nor his brainless son, neither Grandi nor Ciano, neither Badoglio nor any other Fascist general, will serve to stem the tide of revolt in Italy. The dream of a "conservative" succession to Mussolini can only be brought to realization if the victorious armies of the Allied powers are assigned the degrading task of establishing in power the renegades of Fascism.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

TWO weeks ago this column pointed out that German publicity about Tunisia had not repeated the mistakes of Stalingrad. For months the people had been prepared for the eventuality that the Tunisian front might have to be given up. Therefore it was only necessary at the end to conceal the fact that defeat took the form, not of an orderly evacuation, but of a complete collapse. This was attempted, successfully or not, by uttering dithyrambs on the glorious heroism of the African troops. Except on that one point the commentators did not need to exert themselves. They had long been representing the Tunisian undertaking as in essence a "delaying" action designed to hold the Anglo-American armies until an Atlantic Wall and a Mediterranean Wall could be built to defend the European fortress. Now it was only necessary to show that this purpose had been accomplished, and the six months' time gained appeared as a victory. The loss of a few divisions was not too high a price to pay.

Of course it will be impracticable to use the same foresight about the next event on the order of the day—the invasion of Europe. Not the most imaginative presenta-

tion could make a successful invasion look like a defeat for the Allies. Nevertheless, one section of German propaganda is showing remarkable caution. The military do not speak the same language as Goebbels. Everything that comes out of Goebbels's Ministry is 100 per cent in one vein. Day after day, with a thousand tongues, his people guarantee the complete and unconditional impossibility of any breach, being made in the European fortress. A very different tone, however, is used by the man who can be called the army's chief propagandist, the well-known General Kurt Dittmar.

On the eve of the finale in Tunis the General spoke over the radio. Soon now, he said, the invasion attempt must be expected. And his single comment was the restrained, almost neutral remark: "Let us wait and see whether the Allies are strong enough to crack the hard shell which now protects the south of Europe." No "impossible" from him. Three weeks earlier General Dittmar had spoken on the same subject at greater length, but then too very moderately. He said, "Landings, military history teaches us, are among the most difficult of operations." But he did not fail to add that "military history, nevertheless, does not lack examples of successful landings." He described the new fortified zone along the European coast as "strong in the manner of the West Wall." But he also said that so far in this war "no fortified zone" has withstood a determined attack. He praised the quality of German soldiers, which would give the fortifications a special strength. But even of the best-defended fortress he said only that it "could be" impregnable, not that it was certainly so.

One cannot assert of course that there was any trace of defeatism in the General's remarks. But it is clear that the military gentlemen are beginning to think about their professional reputation. If the invasion should succeed—and they do not exclude the possibility—they do not want to be counted among those who were either absolutely blind or arrant deceivers.

Though Japan may have made capital out of the coal strike and the continued recalcitrance of the United Mine Workers, in Germany the matter has not been pointed up to seem of major importance. The authorities do not like to have strikes discussed, even strikes in enemy countries. However, there is of course a German line on the subject. The light in which the people were expected to view it was indicated by Hans Fritzsche, director of the Radio Ministry, on May 4.

In this version the cause of the conflict was "the eagerness of the Jews and plutocrats to rake in their profits from the war they had instigated." The plutocrats have known how to avoid paying higher war taxes. "War taxes are paid only by the masses. In fact, the United States is the country in which one of the richest men in the world, the lately deceased Morgan, for years paid no

taxes at all." This spirit has now seeped down into the lower ranks. "A country in which the war is carried on so openly as a business must reckon with the fact that the desire for profits is not confined to the handful of plutocrats but spreads like a contagion through many groups. In recent months the mine workers among others have been pressing their demands."

Thereupon Roosevelt used the whole power of the state against the workers. And now occurred the most significant event. "Moscow ranged itself against the American miners, who, following the example of the Wall Street Jews and the trust plutocrats, had dared to demand at least a small share in the deceptive prosperity of the war. The representative of Moscow in the United States, the Bolshevik leader Poznoff [*sic*], turned against Lewis." Thus "Roosevelt's coercive measures were adopted on Moscow's initiative." And suddenly, as if by a dazzling flash of lightning, "the whole front against which National Socialist Germany is fighting became clear. It is the front of the Jewish slaveholders in Moscow and the slaveholders of the so-called Western democracies, which behind an idealistic mask preach dollar imperialism."

How much of this the German listener swallowed—if he was at all interested—is another question.

File and Remember

The Nazi Student Trial

SOMETHING new has happened in Hitler's Germany. The German wireless has announced that all German university students will have to undergo a new test for their political reliability. Only those found worthy will be allowed to continue their studies. All others will be sent to the front.

On February 22 Hans Scholl, Maria Scholl, and Adrian Probst, students at the University of Munich, were sentenced to death for high treason by a Nazi People's Court. Commenting on their execution a few days later, the *Völkischer Beobachter* called them *typische Einzelgänger*—typical individual cranks. However, on April 21, exactly a week before the general purge of the universities was announced, the same paper reported another treason trial—this time of thirteen persons. Under the headline, "Just Punishment for Traitors of a Fighting Nation," it said that three other Munich students had been sentenced to death because, "together with the Scholls, they encouraged sabotage in armament factories by means of leaflets during our nation's hard struggle in 1942-43, and also spread defeatist ideas." Two students from Ulm who "assisted in the distribution of these highly treasonable leaflets" were sentenced to "only five years' imprisonment in view of their youth"; four other young persons, one boy and three girls, were sentenced to from twelve to eighteen months' imprisonment for failing to report these activities to the police, and one girl for distributing the leaflets in ignorance of their contents.

The trial was not, however, confined to students. Two men from Freiburg "who did not report these plans" received seven years' penal servitude each, and one from Stuttgart

The Great Hour

Moscow's decision to dissolve the Third International presents labor with a unique opportunity to strengthen its ranks, to unite and prepare itself for leadership in the world of tomorrow. Since the inauguration of expediency in North Africa, we know what kind of democratic order is to be expected from the diplomacy of the United Nations if it is left to its own devices. Only a mobilization of the popular forces—for the support of the war, yes, but also for the establishment of a people's peace—can save mankind from the certainty of World War III. Liberals cannot do it. Isolated statesmen like Benes cannot do it. Labor alone can take the matter into its own hands, become the rallying point for all progressive forces, and smash the conspiracy of big business, Munich diplomacy, and Vatican intrigue which aims to sell out the people and to establish reaction everywhere. It can be done. But only under one condition—that in this decisive hour Labor and Socialist leaders—American, British, European—show themselves capable of rising to the heights of a Debs, a Keir Hardie, a Jaworski; that they show themselves generous and farsighted; that they do not permit their personal resentments, their lack of imagination, their almost pathological fear of action to ruin the immense opportunity now open to them.

"who provided money but did not know all the particulars," ten years.

In the *Beobachter's* report two facts at once strike the eye. First, the pretense of dealing with "individual cranks" has been dropped; the work of an anti-Nazi underground organization is clearly revealed. Second, the active core of this organization was formed by students in their early twenties—boys and girls who had been children when Hitler came to power. What can have happened to turn them into "traitors" and "defeatists"? What caused such a great response to their activities that a general purge of the universities became necessary?

Some light is shed on the mystery by an unsigned report in the Swedish *Vecko-Journalen* which says that the trouble started when students at the University of Munich demonstrated against a speech made by *Gauleiter* Giessler. The next day leaflets taking the incident as a starting-point for a general attack on the Nazi regime were circulated by the students. The first three victims were arrested for distributing these leaflets. Further investigation revealed a ramifying organization, and more arrests followed.

There is not a word in this report about sabotage in armament factories; and if we remember that the Nazi regime always attempts to make opposition to itself appear as treachery to the nation and a direct threat to the war effort, we can easily believe that the Swedish paper published a true account. —Condensed from an article by Paul Sering in the *Tribune* (London) for May 7, 1943.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Baudelaire, Plain and Mirrored

BAUDELAIRE THE CRITIC. By Margaret Gilman. Columbia University Press. \$3.

THE MIRROR OF BAUDELAIRE. Edited by Charles Henri Ford. With a Preface by Paul Eluard and a Drawing by Henri Matisse. New Directions. Boards, \$1. Paper, 50 cents.

Baudelaire's ascent "au comble de la gloire" has entailed its inevitable perils. Like other poets rescued from the hostility of their contemporaries or the notoriety of their reputations—like Poe, Hölderlin, Leopardi, Rimbaud, and presently, like Mallarmé, Rilke, and George—he has become the multiplied and divided god of his devotees, a mask to fit every possible convenience or occasion. "Cette grande faveur posthume, cette fécondité spirituelle, cette gloire" have, as Valéry remarked in 1926, enriched both the poet and his heirs, but they have invited a dangerous amount of reckless redaction and distortion of what Baudelaire wrote and thought. Such license has been especially encouraged in England and America, where editions and discussion of his poetry still remain fragmentary and of his prose almost non-existent. Eliot emphasized the situation sixteen years ago when he said that "Baudelaire is one of the few poets who wrote nothing, either prose or verse, that is negligible. To understand Baudelaire you must read the whole of Baudelaire. And nothing that he wrote is without importance. He was a great poet; he was a great critic. And he was also a man with a profound attitude toward life, for the study of which we need every scrap of his writing."

Miss Gilman's book arrives late in the day but no less opportunely. She has written a careful, intelligent, thoroughly documented account of Baudelaire's criticism, by far the best yet attempted in English. It should restore him to general recognition not only as one of the greatest critical intelligences of the past century but as a figure to rank with Coleridge, Schiller, Keats, Delacroix, Hopkins, and Yeats in the evolution of modern romantic aesthetics—a critic and exonerator, possibly superior to any of these, of the romantic principle in the years of crisis and enforced maturity at which it arrived in his lifetime.

Miss Gilman's book is not a substitute for the good translation of Baudelaire's prose which should be made for English readers (her quotations are all in French), but it is the first to make available the encyclopedic scholarship of André Ferran's "Esthétique de Baudelaire," Giovanni Macchia's "Baudelaire Critico," and several lesser European investigators, the first on this side of the Atlantic to canvass the full range of speculation in "L'Art romantique," "Curiosités esthétiques," the "Journaux intimes," what the various "Oeuvres posthumes," and the letters and to show what is of paramount importance—the authentic inclusiveness of Baudelaire's aesthetic intelligence. It was an intelligence that had its center in poetry but it ranged widely: to painting and music, to manners and public prejudices, to both aesthetic problems

and psychological, and continuously to social and moral traditions: "dandyisme" ("l'idée du beau transportée dans la vie matérielle, celui qui dicte la forme et règle les manières") was for him as serious an instrument for discriminating the artist's function as the political attitudes that carried him from the bourgeois revolutionary ardor of 1848 to the social misanthropy that claimed him later. The influences that went into the making of Baudelaire's ideas were never narrowly sectarian: De Maistre balanced Poe; Guys, Rops, Daumier, and the satirists balanced Delacroix, Gautier, Manet, and the aesthetes; Diderot, Stendhal, and Ingres balanced Hugo and Wagner. The "universality" he praised in Delacroix was his continuous ideal. In opposition to technical or dogmatic specialization he set one of his most refreshing principles: "Je crois sincèrement que la meilleure critique est celle qui est amusante et poétique."

Miss Gilman rightly emphasizes the fact that in Baudelaire, as in other major critics, it was the poet working through the critic that made his work luminous. She is at no pains to spare him from the biases and occasional miscalculations which his own intense participation in the creative conflicts of his time entailed, but she is able, by elaborate summary, to vindicate his own claim of having transformed his "volupté en connaissance," of having arrived by a scrupulous empirical sincerity at what he could finally claim as "une pensée unique et systématique," and of having achieved the stature of a master in "the most difficult of all criticism, that of one's contemporaries." One has only to compare him in this respect with his only possible peers in the aesthetic or impressionist line in America and England—with Poe, so erratic on living poets, so special a pleader for writers of the kind he desiderated, and with Pater, whose compromise of taste with decorum led to his incredibly imperceptive, not to say callow, reviews of "Robert Elsmere," "Dorian Gray," and Edmund Gosse's verse—to realize what Baudelaire achieved in his estimates of Flaubert, Daumier, Hugo, and Delacroix. If our latter-day distrust of his judgment is based on a reaction against Poe as strong as Baudelaire's pioneer enthusiasm, it should be corrected by the integrity by which Baudelaire lifted himself above friendship, literary politics, distorting fashions, and the erratic taste of his day in order to arrive at judgments on his contemporaries that show—beyond Sainte-Beuve's pontifical tactics and shifts of policy—a classic security.

Miss Gilman's book is weakest in her meager integration of Baudelaire's prose with his poetry. Her methodical annotation also prevents her from opening the full perspectives of her subject by showing the larger ancestry of Baudelaire's ideas, their connection with social and moral influences, and their bearing on modern developments in criticism. Baudelaire stands too much alone in her book, insufficiently connected with the currents and activities he focuses so signally. But her book is urgently to be recommended to all bandiers of his name and greatness, and to those addicts of translation who might profitably turn their energies from his poems to

his prose. I would mention a final virtue of her study: she follows a chronological order in her survey, avoiding not only stilted classifications "into artistic, literary, and musical," but also "too sharply defined periods" of personal development. This is the only way to emphasize the continuity and essential unity of Baudelaire's thought and character—the indivisibility of his art and nature that is the first fact of his genius.

In "The Mirror of Baudelaire" the poet becomes a Poet of the Month, and receives one of the handsomest formats in that estimable series. A menstrual emphasis perhaps calls for timeliness: Baudelaire here turns up in one of his most fashionable incarnations, as an ancestor of the surrealists. Paul Eluard leads off with a prose hymn on the poet's image, occasioned by Matisse's line portrait; Mr. Ford, "editor" of the booklet, follows with a "Ballad for Baudelaire" that offers no very impressive testimony on the master's influence in matters of taste, style, or intensity; and William Candlewood (who is mentioned on the jacket but nowhere in the volume itself) supplies translations of "Le Voyage," "Le Cygne," and "Un Voyage à Cythère." A first reading recommends these as a corrective to the mawkish and broken-backed sentimentalizations that extend from Symons to Millay. Closer examination raises doubts, for there is soon apparent a sly stuffing of superfluous epithet, exaggerated adjectives, unwarranted metaphorical extensions, and colloquial equivalents that throw the original phrases off key. "L'horreur de leurs berceaux" becomes "the horror of their hearts"; "La Circé tyrannique aux dangereux parfums" becomes "Oh, the perfumes of Circe, the power and the pig!"; "De leur fatalité jamais ils ne s'écartent" becomes "They never diverge from luck's black sun"; "avec nos voiles blanches" becomes "with the glare of our sails"; "la mer des Ténébres" becomes "the sea of deepening shadows"; and when "Un Voyage à Cythère" becomes "A Voyage to Cytherea" and remains "Cytherea" throughout the poem we are reminded of how Eliot, on once making an effort to grapple with the hash Symons had made of this masterpiece, was led to "wonder even whether Mr. Symons has not confused Cythera with Cytherea." These stepplings-up of Baudelaire's tone and suggestion, these liberties of connotation and touches of Rimbaudian exorbitance, while not excessive in the fashion of many recent versions, tend seriously to break down the balance between personal epithet and classical diction, between originality and tradition, that is essential to any real sense of what both Valéry and Eliot have emphasized as the Racinian element in Baudelaire's art. Since Mr. Candlewood was following neither the rhythms nor the rhymes of the originals, one wonders why he didn't aim at the closest possible exactness and fidelity in his renderings and trust that any interested reader's access to Baudelaire's verbally and syntactically un baffling French would supply the poetry from the one place where it indisputably exists.

Roger Fry's English gloss on Mallarmé remains a useful model for the many poets of our day who, without five minutes' command of common colloquial French or German, are possessed of an itch to "translate" Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Rilke, Eluard, Hölderlin, and other masters of the utmost nuances and subtleties of those tongues. "In the unsilvered glass of Time, we shall always recognize Baudelaire,

physically and morally, without ever having seen him," says Mr. Eluard, but it doesn't necessarily follow that we are bound to recognize Baudelaire without having read him.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Fighters Round the World

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS. By Eve Curie. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50.

EVE CURIE'S 40,000-mile trip to war fronts strewn across the globe was more than a reporting journey; it was a personal pilgrimage. The crumbling of her country in the face of the Nazi onslaught had been a humiliation to her; she needed to renew her faith in the courage of men. She wanted the reassurance of seeing how the fight against fascism was being carried on by other peoples.

As a reporter Miss Curie carried good newspaper credentials from England and America. She carried even more potent credentials by reason of being the daughter and biographer of Marie Curie. When Burma was in flames she telephoned a local governor to ask him where she might find lodging for the night; he had read her book about her mother and asked her to be his guest. In Russia Eve Curie got to the front while other reporters still were marooned far back at Kuibyshev. Randolph Churchill, the Prime Minister's son, took her almost too near Nazi tanks in Libya. In China the Chiang Kai-sheks invited her to their home. In India she was the guest of General Wavell.

Few reporters have such opportunities; few, if any, could have made so much of the opportunities as did Eve Curie. Her 500-page book is a grand panorama of the war seen through discerning eyes and described by an honest mind.

For one thing she worked hard and covered things no other reporter has touched. In Russia she not only talked to soldiers and partisans and German prisoners, but also she went to see Dr. Smirnov, son of a glass worker, who had learned to read and write in 1925 and now was chief of the Red Army Medical Service administration. For three hours he told her how Soviet scientists were working to stanch the terrifying flow of Russian blood. She talked to geologists who were seeking new sources of bauxite and experimenting with the best white paints for winter tank camouflage. She talked to scholars who were building alphabets for those of Russia's racial groups which had none.

Never was Miss Curie dizzied by her association with the famous or hobbled by officialdom. Her energy and curiosity were too great. She made it her business to talk to plain people and to those in opposition. In Chungking she saw not only government leaders but also Madame Sun Yat-sen, the Generalissimo's sister-in-law, who, although bitterly sad about some aspects of the Chiang Kai-shek regime, assured her that liberal ideas would not die in China whatever the course of the Kuomintang. Miss Curie managed to get herself furtively spirited to the Chungking home of Chou En-lai, representative of the Chinese Communists, who said the Red troops found Chiang Kai-shek very reluctant to supply them with weapons although they were bearing the brunt of one-third of the Japanese forces on Chinese soil. Still thirsting for knowledge after seeing nearly everyone in the capital,

this indefatigable reporter took a difficult trip 180 miles into the northwest to visit Chengtu, capital of Szechwan Province.

In India Miss Curie's interests were equally catholic. She found that except for the Viceroy and Sir Stafford Cripps, none of the English had ever met Gandhi or Nehru, nor did the Congress Party leaders meet the officers of the Moslem League. It simply wasn't done. Miss Curie met them all. When she told General Wavell that she was to walk with Gandhi next morning, he muttered only half-jokingly that he wished he could.

Wherever she went Miss Curie was digging into the meaning of things, seeking answers to questions, not trying to prove any preconceived point. She set down what she saw candidly and objectively. "The fact that I had an incurable worship for personal freedom which the Soviet regime had been offending several times a day while I was in Russia could not hide from me an obvious truth: the German attack, which had made my country, France, fall to pieces within a few weeks—army, regime, and all—had not even shaken the formidable structure of the U. S. S. R." She found not only the soldiers but the whole people making incredible sacrifices gladly. "It was a case of national unity and of powerful leadership," she thought.

The authoritarian aspects of Chiang Kai-shek's regime did not escape Miss Curie. But in China she was able to discuss the government freely with conservatives, Communists, and liberals, whereas in Russia she had not found a single citizen "willing or daring to have a controversial talk about the Russian regime with a foreigner."

She wandered through the slums of Calcutta and was appalled by the degrading poverty which is so widespread under Britain's rule. She found that Gandhi "had more charm than almost anybody I had ever met," but she was appalled by him, too. She admired him, fell under his spell, but came to the conclusion that he "must have no part in the government of India during the war." Eve Curie wholeheartedly sympathized with India's yearning to be independent. But when Indian leaders took the attitude that one foreign master was as bad as another—so why worry about a Japanese conquest?—she thought they were pitifully underestimating fascist brutality. The apathy and factional disputes reminded her all too vividly of pre-war France. Non-violence would never beat Hitler.

By and large Miss Curie's visits to the battle fronts of the anti-Nazi coalition cheered her. In the Russian town of Tula, which had not surrendered to the besieging troops of Napoleon, nor of Denekin, nor of Hitler, she asked the commissar how they managed to hold out. "One saves a besieged city," he replied, "by swearing that the enemy will not get into it." Men with this spirit were likely to win. So were the soldiers of Chou En-lai in China who sang:

All you who don't want to be slaves,
Arise!
Let's take our flesh and blood
And build a great new world.

Eve Curie's spirit was lifted by the faith of the fighting men she met and by their determination that the association of many varied peoples in the war against Nazism must not be allowed to collapse in the peace to come. But she still put

quotation marks around half of the phrase "United" Nations. She was anxious about the people behind the fronts. Were they consolidating the coalition, "materially so strong, politically so fragile," while there was still time to do so? Were they "building a coherent, workable plan for a new world, that would even partly satisfy the hunger of 1,500 million men for liberty, for security—and for bread?"

MARCUS DUFFIELD

Cities for Use

NEW YORK PLANS FOR THE FUTURE. By Cleveland Rodgers. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

THIS book will tell you how New York City got the way it is. The story of the use and misuse of land, with all the effects of expansion, overcrowding, speculation, official and unofficial chicanery upon ways of living and working is told in full. It began earlier than we think. Peter Stuyvesant passed a law to force owners to build on vacant lots—almost the same law radical New Zealand is so proud of today. It didn't work. The first premature subdivision was made in 1789, 'way out where Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets are now. As the city grew, expenses grew even faster, and the city sold off its land and gave up its leasehold rights. The endeavor to finance capital costs by selling capital assets proved a failure because operating costs mounted still faster and taxes could not keep pace. So ever new land was opened up, and new "taxable values" were created, and here we are with a stabilizing population and one-third of our land vacant, one-third of the developed land in streets, and with great areas of blight and decay handicapping the rest. We are talking about municipal ownership, leaseholds, government aid, and we listen carefully to Minister Nash of New Zealand.

The story is not unique. Most of our large cities have gone through the same process. The impact of the involved forces of economics, politics, and social climates on the plan of the city has not been elsewhere so well described. Homer Hoyt's "100 Years of Land Values in Chicago" is too technical, and the usual histories do not show the relation of these forces to the physical city of today. Cleveland Rodgers shows how all these events and their physical residue affect the ordinary city dweller, the man who travels two hours daily by subway, the woman who has no safe place for her child to play in, the child whose life is spent on asphalt streets and asphalt playgrounds. It is such simple human things that are the real basis of the disintegration of the city, these and the impossibility of carrying on the business life of today in an obsolete plant. It is these things that must be remedied; everything else is secondary because if the city is not made over for the living and working of its inhabitants, no municipal economies, no "tax reforms," no "urban rehabilitation" (for the upper middle class) will have any effect.

What emerges is the need of a definite plan for the control of land use, which means not only a physical plan but economic and legislative plans as well. Commissioner Rodgers unfortunately shies away from this prospect. He allows the implications of the past to remain implications.

The charter revisionists had high hopes for the City Planning Commission as an instrument of public service. It was

even as non-political a form as possible, and extraordinary powers and directives. Besides its day-to-day work of molding the city through zoning and its control of the City Map, it is required to set up a continuing five-year budget of capital expenditures, thus correlating the work of all the city departments. And in the still further view it is supposed to prepare a master-plan for its own control of immediate purposes, to guide the future growth of the city, and to educate and enlighten the public as to what the city might become.

It is this master-plan that Mr. Rodgers somehow fails to tell enough about, nor does he speak of its virtual abandonment since the departure of Rexford Tugwell. He is content to praise the "military leader who concentrates on limited objectives . . . without disclosing the larger purposes of strategy." Granting the enormous accomplishment, high devotion, and ability of tactical leaders, the fact remains that the citizen is not a soldier and might reasonably be interested in strategy. Mr. Rodgers points out time and again that the major errors of the past were not the result of malevolence or dishonesty, but of uninformed and arbitrary judgment where there was no basic plan or policy of land use against which judgments could be compared or stabilized. The future New York is likely to render the same verdict about super-duper highways and super-density housing projects and other "improvements" unless they are related to some ultimate concept of what the city should be, some philosophy of planning expressed in the form of an over-all pattern of use.

It would be desirable, too, that this philosophy be informed with a mature outlook and positive belief about the social and economic future. Mr. Rodgers feels very strongly about the social aspects, and his book is full of the imperative necessity of making New York a decent place in which to live and bring up children. But the economic and legal aspects seem to baffle him, and so no plan of action emerges other than faith in the plans of men of action who act without plan.

This bafflement has been felt by others, by liberals who are afraid of the democratic process and by conservatives who are fearful of the democrats. It leads, in city planning, to Hausmannism, which was all very well in its day and in Paris. Something quite different is needed here and now, a master-plan for New York based on the thinking of planners in all fields—city planning, law, finance, sociology, health, and all the rest of the disciplines that go to make up the complex of a metropolis. If the Planning Commission is too circumscribed in outlook and too hampered by lack of funds and too bedeviled by discordant pressures, then a citizens' organization must do it. The Regional Plan of New York did it once, and in spite of some shortcomings did a basic and fruitful job. It needs to be revised in the light of new concepts—any plan needs constant revision, or it is not a plan but a blueprint, and a blueprint is something fixed, dead. "New York Plans for the Future" should convince everyone interested in his city that the only way to prevent the confusion of the past from becoming the future is to insist that the planning function of the commission be continued. Mr. Rodgers, who has high intelligence, perspective, a social outlook, and, as this book demonstrates, a gift for informing the public, should lead the way.

HENRY S. CHURCHILL

RESORT

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Civilians in the Blitz

FRONT LINE: THE OFFICIAL STORY OF THE CIVIL DEFENSE OF BRITAIN. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

THE Battle of Britain was won not only miles high in the air where the Spitfires hunted the enemy but down on the ground, in the streets and homes and factories. Göring tacitly acknowledged defeat not merely by the R. A. F. but at the hands of the people of Britain, who failed to break under a rain of high explosives and fire, who carried on despite death and destruction.

"Front Line," the official account of that victory, is one of the remarkable series of books which the British government has published in the past two years. They are reports to the people written with great skill and beautifully produced, and they have sold in numbers which reduced ordinary best-seller figures to insignificance. Earlier titles include "Fighter Command," "Bomber Command," and "The Abyssinian Campaigns."

Now we have the story of how Britain "took it" during the blitz and emerged physically and morally stronger than before. It is first-class reporting, well on the sober side, but numerous illustrations, brilliantly selected, supply a comment more eloquent than a dictionary of adjectives. Some have an awful beauty, like that of the flaming spire of St. Clement Danes; some are breath-taking, like that of a burning building caught by the camera halfway in its crash to the ground; some are tender, like that of the mother bending over her sleeping child in the underground shelter. They are not, perhaps, a complete record, for the British are reticent about publishing pictures of the starkest horrors of war such as the Russians sometimes release, but only the unimaginative would ask for still more realism.

It was the British people as a whole who fought the blitz by keeping their heads, by sticking to their jobs, and by helping each other in emergencies. It was the army of civil defenders, one and a half million strong, who bore much of the immediate brunt of the attack. Like a military force they were divided into various branches. The great body of wardens can be compared, perhaps, to the infantry. During the period of "phony war," when their chief duty was to enforce the blackout, they were the victims of many jokes and sneers. But when the test came they proved to be the pillars of the whole civil-defense organization. It was their job to act as "the eyes and ears" of the control centers so that the right kind of help was sent to the right place. But equally important was their role as "good neighbors" always ready to give comfort, advice, and leadership to the people on their beats.

The fire-fighters may be compared to the artillery. Their work was spectacular, arduous, and extremely dangerous since the German habit was to drop high explosives into the midst of fires. The sappers in this civilian army were the men who tunneled into wrecked buildings to rescue occupants who were alive but trapped—a highly skilled job and no sinecure, for they always faced the possibility of being buried themselves, and broken gas and water mains provided additional hazards. Another branch of the sappers helped to clear streets, repair telephone and electric cables, plug leaks in burning gas-holders, and generally thwart the enemy's at-

tempts to bring urban life to a standstill. And there were other specialized services—the signal corps of telephonists and messengers, the first-aid workers, the quartermaster's department, which brought refreshment to fire-fighters and rescue squads and rushed mobile canteens wherever homeless people needed food. Finally, there were the regular and auxiliary police, who not only attended to their normal duties but gave a hand wherever it was needed.

This army proved to be highly disciplined—it had to be—but it was not the kind of automatic discipline which enables a mass of men to charge the enemy. The civil defenders worked in small groups, or on their own, and each carried his own burden of responsibility. The organization as a whole was decentralized and closely tied in with the machinery of local government. In practice it proved more flexible than might have been expected and readily adaptable to new situations.

Britain still suffers from air raids—172 people were killed and 205 injured in April—but the real blitz petered out in the summer of 1941. During that period casualties were heavy, although not nearly so numerous as had been anticipated, while the damage to property and particularly homes was immense. But there was no knockout as Göring had confidently expected. This book helps to explain why.

KEITH HUTCHISON

McMaster and the Usable Past

JOHN BACH McMASTER. By Eric F. Goldman. University of Pennsylvania Press. \$2.

MR. GOLDMAN observes that John Bach McMaster put himself to writing a history of the United States with the same energy and single-mindedness that his contemporaries Rockefeller and Carnegie gave to oil and iron. The comparison is apt. McMaster was, in his social outlook, a thorough conservative. During his many years of public influence he served in the press and on the platform as one of the intellectual bulwarks of the status quo. At the same time, as a professor at the University of Pennsylvania, he set American social history on its feet, and wrote books which a correspondent informed him, "are more and more attracting the attention of the laboring classes." The contradiction between his personal point of view and his historical method warrants understanding. It throws an interesting light on the problem of discovering a "usable" American past.

McMaster's great work is entitled (the italics are added) "A History of the *People* of the United States." McMaster was himself one of the "people," a product of Brooklyn and the public schools. He never attended a seminar in history till he directed one, and never studied abroad. His first positions included working with a topographical survey of Civil War battlefields, tutoring students, and writing technical books for a science series. He began his teaching career as an instructor in civil engineering.

McMaster early became dissatisfied with then current standards in American history, its emphasis upon statesmen and military campaigns; and he undertook a life-long discipline of poring over old journals and pamphlets for news of America as it had been. It is not difficult to see why the

first volume of his history, when it was published in 1883, should have been a best-seller. His work constitutes a vast notebook about common life in the pre-Civil War decades. Such subjects as "Housemaids," "Insecurity of the mails; use of ciphers," "Rage for lotteries" were developed at the expense of heroes and public issues. Moreover, his focus, as his biographer points out, was comparatively national rather than sectional.

Mr. Goldman's extended analyses of McMaster's work are likely to interest the scholar more than the general reader, but they help clarify the historian's contribution to his craft. His passion for democracy impelled him to seek out the ordinary, illuminating facts about former times, but his democracy was tuned entirely in terms of the past. For his own day, facts became a means for building partisan arguments. Reduced to their lowest terms, they could result in such a scissors-and-paste job as McMaster's history of America during the First World War.

Mr. Goldman writes well, and his judgments on McMaster are consistently accurate. McMaster's approach to American history is indeed dated in some respects. It is possible to overemphasize the importance of detail in American life. But his basic respect for what went before, his willingness to take other times and customs on their own terms, still offers as good a way as any to understand the past in order to use it properly.

LOUIS FILLER

Re Germany's Historic Guilt

THE THOUSAND-YEAR CONSPIRACY: SECRET GERMAN BEHIND THE MASK. By Paul Winkler. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

THE theme of this book is by now a familiar one. It is not only that Germany and the Germans are by nature innately disposed to military conquest and brutality toward their fellow-men, but that World War II is the direct and planned result of a conscious plot elaborated over many decades and even centuries. Leopold Schwarzschild has recently documented the processes of this supposed plot with special emphasis on the twenty years between the Treaty of Versailles and the Hitler attack on Poland. The late Roussy de Sales analyzed what he believed to be the inner qualities of soul which have impelled Germans through the ages to rebel against civilization. Mr. Winkler, who is introduced by his publishers as the founder of Europe's largest newspaper-feature syndicate and as Edouard Herriot's adviser in press matters, traces the plot back to the Teutonic Order of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. He undertakes to show that those pious gangsters who conquered East Prussia and points east wore the Holy Cross on their breasts only as a front for their plot to establish the Hooked Cross as their symbol of domination over the entire world.

Mr. Winkler brings to his exposition a wealth of fascinating lore concerning the ways and customs of these marauders—doings grimly akin to those of the Nazis in 1943 in Poland. He recounts the efforts of the Hohenstauffen emperors to make the Vatican a servant of the Teutonic state. And he emphasizes the transition of the Hohenstauffen pretension through Bull of Rimini by Frederick II to the "Prusso-Teutonic group," which authorized them to exercise in

North Europe the claims that Frederick was relinquishing in Italy. It is all very interesting and, to this reviewer, pretty remote.

Mr. Winkler then traces the spirit and even the ancestral blood of the Teutonic Order and its Junker parasites through the Great Elector and Frederick the Great down to Bismarck, and then through Wilhelm II and Weimar to Hitler. Hitler, the reader is invited to infer, is the supreme incarnation of what the Teutonic gangsters had planned all along. Mr. Winkler picks all the expected quotations from List and Treitschke and Bernhardi, and from the German democrats like Kotzebue who denounced them. Yet he does not, to the judicious reader, succeed in indicting the German people. And he hardly succeeds in building up a satisfactory detective-story image of a sinister plot.

Mr. Winkler, like his colleagues in the promulgation of this thesis, achieves his effect by ignoring all historical elements that might embarrass it. He does not suggest that Germany was a part of the entire stream of European history—and a very muddy stream it was. He hardly mentions the courageous struggles of the German people from time to time to achieve democracy. His documentation is strictly selective.

It may well be that books undertaking to demonstrate the unique depravity of the German people will presently go their way with those Hitler-inspired *opera* which demonstrate the unique inferiority of all non-German races. Mr. Winkler's is one of the best of a bad breed.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL

YALE

SOVIET RUSSIA'S FOREIGN POLICY 1939-1942

By David J. Dallin

Translated by Leon Dennen

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HANS KOHN in the *New Republic*:

"Learned, very readable treatise, based on a thoughtful perusal of available documents. . . . Dr. Dallin writes with impartiality and great serenity of judgment."

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLAIN
in the *New York Times*:

"It should be strongly recommended reading for the increasing number of Americans who will have to deal with Russia in the diplomatic, military, and economic fields in the years to come."

EUGENE LYONS

in the *American Mercury*:

"For the thinking minority, the book is a 'must.'"

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IN BRIEF

A SATIRE AGAINST MANKIND AND OTHER POEMS. By John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. New Directions. \$1.

For the latest of its "Poets of the Year" series, New Directions has issued this brief selection of poems by Rochester, seventeenth-century moralist and rake, whose work is now out of print and difficult to obtain. The book has been beautifully printed by Jacob Hammer; and Harry Levin, known for his recent study of Joyce, has selected and edited the poems and contributed an illuminating preface.

THE SWORD ON THE TABLE: THOMAS DORR'S REBELLION. By Winfield Townley Scott. The Poet of the Month Series. New Directions. \$1.

A hundred years ago Thomas Dorr, believing himself duly elected governor of Rhode Island by vote of all the people, led a rebellion against the vested and propertied interests represented by Governor King and his crowd in Newport. This rebellion, however nobly motivated, seems from Mr. Scott's verse account, to have been an inept, foolishly conducted, and pathetic affair; so that its value as propaganda for the people's cause is somewhat dubious, and the demands it imposes on a work of art seem to require more extensive and elaborate treatment than this summary version permits. To revive forgotten American annals is a task that should not be left entirely to historians; the poet who undertakes it needs to feel very sure, however, that he does so with genuine emotion, not merely from meretricious opportunism or the advantage of performing a popular exploit. He must also be sure that his material justifies his expenditure of research and talent.

GREAT BRITAIN UNDER PROTECTION. By Frederic Benham. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

This volume is the latest in the Commercial and Tariff History Series published under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. After explaining why Great Britain adopted protection in 1931, Mr. Benham closely examines the tariff, imperial preference, and other forms of protection, concluding that protection was hardly a significant factor in economic recovery. The main cause, he believes, was the low price of imported

foodstuffs, which made purchasing power available for other expenditures. A documented, somewhat nostalgic statement of the case for free trade.

MODERN JAPAN AND SHINTO NATIONALISM. A Study of Present-Day Trends in Japanese Religions. By D. C. Holton. University of Chicago Press. \$2.

This sobering book, based on the Hassell lectures at the University of Chicago, is not merely for students of religion. It shows the religion of conquest stemming from the remotest sources of Japanese history and permeating every detail of national life and thought. Total war for Japan is total indeed, and unless victory is made equally total the problem of Japan may remain.

ANGLOSAXONY. A LEAGUE THAT WORKS. By Wyndham Lewis. Bruce Humphries. \$1.

In his usual stimulating style Wyndham Lewis declares that for all practical purposes "democracy" is simply the way the English-speaking peoples work, that our parliaments are in full working order, and that we are the greatest political force in the world. Let's put all we have got into it, and let other people take it or leave it. He seems to think they will be inclined to take it.

FOREVER YOUNG: A LIFE OF JOHN KEATS. By Blanche Colton Williams. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

Dr. Williams's book covers the life of Keats from April 14, 1817, to February 24, 1821, with an occasional flashback to earlier periods. The author makes no claim to special competence as scholar, as critic, or as poet; moreover, she does not write very well. This biography, therefore, like many lives of many poets, is most interesting when the subject is presented in direct quotation, either from his poems or his letters. In these Keats comes through in bright and naked sense; elsewhere, when Dr. Williams dresses him up, refurbished, with whatever warrant, in shreds and patches of his own ideas, torn from their natural context, he seems not so much forever young, as forever quaint, forever literary. When will writers realize that the method that tries to make a biography read almost like a novel, the "fictionalized biography," is, at best, a semiasinine approach? If the sesquicentennial of Keats's birth, still two years away, is made the occasion of any general celebration, there may, if the harvest is large, be published books on

Keats that will render all previous volumes obsolete; but "Forever Young" is decidedly not in that category.

ART

SPRING SALON FOR YOUNG ARTISTS. At Art of This Century, 30 West Fifty-seventh Street, until June 26.

This is a show of artists under thirty-five years old. It is a good one, and for once the future reveals a gleam of hope. They are all promising, and some, like I. Rice Periera, are more than that. Her Composition, No. 30, which gives the impression of one abstraction neatly painted over another and precisely complementing it, is the best thing here. There are other pleasures. C. Dilworth has an Object-Collage, No. 8, that is funny as well as pretty. Matta copies himself even more superbly than usual. Perle Fine, a name to conjure with, Robert Motherwell, Fannie Hillsmith, and Ralph Rosenberg, each show small paintings which it would be a pleasure to own. Baziotes, who had a picture in the last exhibition, has two tenebrous ones in this, and there is a large painting by Jackson Pollack which, I am told, made the jury starry-eyed.

IVES TANGUY, RECENT PAINTINGS, AND CALDER CONSTELLATIONS. At the Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 East Fifty-seventh Street, until June 5.

There is nothing any more "recent" about these Tanguy paintings than there ever has been; if you already like Tanguy you will probably enjoy these empty skies and cluttered shores. The Calder on the other hand have changed. They balance and sway as delicately as before. The color which on metal often seemed an added and unnecessary thing is natural on wood. Mr. Calder treats sculpture like an engineer and produces fairy-tale objects.

MEMORY AND PROPHECY, PAINTINGS BY MRS. IRVING T. BUSH. At the Grand Central Fifth Avenue Galleries, Hotel Gotham, Fifth Avenue, at Fifty-fifth Street, until June 2.

Mrs. Bush says of her work, "They move my hand up and down and onward, across and sideways in all directions, as if measuring out the perspective. . . . They work rapidly and never fail to improve me when I do not respond readily

or if I am in any way inattentive. Suddenly I will find my hand poised over the canvas, motionless. When I ask what is the matter, They say: 'If we were able, we would box your ears.' At that They haven't done such a bad job, considering that spirit guides are not so much interested in art as in impressing their omniscience on this faulty world. If Their technique lacks subtlety, They make up for it by a dashing sense of design and a horrific imagination.

JEAN CONNOLLY

MUSIC

N. B. C.'s Studio 8H, which used to be acoustically dead, has been made live and reverberant; and this has improved the sound of the N. B. C. Symphony that comes out of a good radio; but the all-important balances in Debussy's "La Mer"—the balances of bits of sound at each point, producing the right composite sound—came out altered, presumably by the placing and operation of the microphones. In the studio the sound of the orchestra, which used to be dry and hard, now has a brilliance that gets to be harsh and noisy. One can hear that a superb orchestra is playing Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" under Toscanini; but how great an orchestra one discovers only when the sound of the performance acquires spaciousness, clarity, warmth, and richness in the acoustic conditions of Carnegie Hall.

It is a great orchestra because of its personnel—especially the young virtuosos in its string sections—and because of the training it gets from Toscanini ("You can quote me on this," said one of them excitedly after the last rehearsal of "La Mer": "We come here to go to school."). And it would be even greater if it played only under him. Part of the time it works with Toscanini, who constantly exhorts it to "play correct"—by which he means holding the tempo steady and playing every note exactly as the composer directs in the score. And some of his exhortation and labor for this purpose is made necessary by the fact that most of the time the orchestra works with other conductors, including Stokowski, who tells it that the written notes of the score are nothing, that performance must be creative, must be improvised. For Stokowski's pronouncement translated into practice results in unprecise execution which makes it more difficult for the orchestra to achieve the precision Toscanini demands. Of a

scale written for eighteen violins, for example, it makes a thrilling upward slide of gorgeous violin sound that is a composite of eighteen different scales; and this sort of thing demoralizes the orchestra for a conductor who regards the scale as a series in which each sound is produced by the eighteen violins exactly in unison.

Verdi has something to say about "conductors' inspiration" and "creative activity in every performance" in his letters. "I want only one single creator, and I shall be quite satisfied if they perform simply and exactly what he has written. The trouble is that they do not confine themselves to what he has written. I often read in the papers about effects that the composer never could have thought of; but . . . I have never found such a thing. . . . I deny that either singers or conductors can 'create,' or work creatively—this, as I have always said, is a conception that leads to the abyss. . . . Shall I give you an example? You spoke to me recently in praise of an effect that Mariani achieved in the Overture to 'La Forza del Destino' by having the brass enter fortissimo on G. Now then, I disapprove of this effect. These brasses, intended to be *mezza voce*, could not express anything but the Friar's song. Mariani's fortissimo completely changes the character of the passage, and turns it into a warlike fanfare." And elsewhere he insists on "enunciation and keeping in tempo. . . . That is the way the opera is written, and if you expect any success that is the way it will have to be performed." One finds in the volume other instances of identical attitudes that explain Toscanini's devotion to Verdi; from these two instances one understands why he presented the volume to the members of the N. B. C. Symphony (but one doesn't understand his failure to see that Mussorgsky's rights as the real and only creator of his music were violated by Rimsky-Korsakov's changes of his melody and harmony).

It is a young orchestra; and its string sections contain a number of the outstandingly talented young musicians whose capacities and expectations as solo and chamber music players have been defeated in a concert world organized by the two huge block-booking concert-management monopolies for the commercial exploitation of established big names, not for the proper use and nurture of young talent. When it is an old orchestra, and when these young musicians have played for many years, mostly under second-rate conductors, third-raters, complete phonies, charlatans, and

demagogues, they may be the hard-boiled, blasé, arrogant orchestral players that some musicians become; they may write me, as Mr. Calmen Fleissig of the New York Philharmonic did last November, about what orchestral players suffer from prima donna conductors like Toscanini. But at present they are still young musicians for whom the musical experiences they have with Toscanini are worth the exhausting effort he demands from them and the occasional rages they must take from him; who at the end of that rehearsal of "La Mer" burst into a storm of applause in appreciation of the imaginative insight and technical powers that had translated the baffling score, with all its bits of figuration and color and all its nuances of pace, into the coherent and stunningly magnificent form in sound; and who a week earlier, at a rehearsal of the program of popular favorites, grinned their delight at the phrasing and shaping that made things like the Overture to "Zampa" sound "as fresh and glistening as creation itself," and were moved to applause by the inflection of the long cantilena of the Haydn Serenade.

This was only one of several unusual programs with which Toscanini balanced his Brahms cycle. Another was the Verdi program, exciting as a demonstration of a style of performance which revealed the dramatic power, eloquence, and nobility of the early music from "Nabucco" and "I Lombardi" as well as the more familiar "Forza del Destino" and "Traviata." Also there were two programs of American works, which left one trying to figure out why, after not playing American music all these years, he should finally play so much that was bad; or, if he played pieces as good—each in its own way—as Griffes's "White Peacock" and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" now, why he hadn't played them years before; or, if he played a piece by Loeffler, why it was the feeble "Memories of My Childhood" rather than one of the earlier, more characteristic, and better works like "Poem" or "A Pagan Poem." I found the performance of the orchestral part of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" superb, but the solo piano part excessively mannered. As for the Brahms performances they were the finest he has ever given here and the finest I can conceive of anyone giving.

Possibly Toscanini could be induced to devote some of his next year's broadcasts to a Mozart cycle, and one of them to Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," which was not broadcast when he performed it with the Philharmonic. You might write and ask him.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Fischer to Culbertson

Dear Sirs: Mr. Culbertson is quite right: I do not know how to play solitaire. I have only seen it played. I thank him for the lesson in cards. I am also grateful to him for replying politely to my criticism of his World Federation Plan. But he does me an injustice in suggesting that I have not read the plan. I read it twice from first word to last, never omitting a single word. My article on the plan grew out of a book review. I will not say whether it is conscientiousness or cowardice that makes me read every word of a book I review. Especially when I feel compelled to write an unfavorable review I am afraid that the author of the book or somebody else will come and exclaim: But how could you write so-and-so when on page 127 the book declares such-and-such? I did not slight Mr. Culbertson by skimming through his plan. I rejected it after careful reading and careful weighing.

Because my article was a long review of someone else's book I did not feel called upon to present my own plan for peace. I may do that on another occasion. I believe, however, that to point out error serves a constructive purpose. Before we can move forward to a desirable peace we must know which roads do not lead to peace. I think Mr. Culbertson's plan would lead to trouble.

Mr. Culbertson's reply does not answer my arguments. I said that American control of the Dutch West Indies, Indo-China, Siam, and the Pacific islands would be imperialism. He says it would be akin to having bases on Cuba and Bermuda. That is not so. We have bases in Bermuda, but so have the British. In the Malaysian Federation we and nobody else would have bases. Since the first attribute of sovereignty is the right of self-protection, it is incorrect to say that "the full sovereignty of other nations would be safeguarded."

Mr. Culbertson, hedging, now contends that the big powers will keep their strategic zones (Malaysia, India, eastern Poland, etc.) only until the World Federation is organized, and then presumably surrender those zones. Now who is the dreamer? If the United States will need the protection of a Pacific strategic zone thousands of miles from our coasts at the very moment when Japan has been smashed and forced to her knees in unconditional surrender, why should we

expect that America would relinquish that zone later on?

Incidentally, where did Culbertson get "Mr. Fischer's seventy-odd simultaneous people's revolutions"? I never mentioned or suggested them.

To me, long-term, peace-time American military and naval control of Malaysia is imperialism. Culbertson is proud of it. I'm sorry.

Mr. Culbertson's quota-force scheme is squarely built on the readiness of the Soviet government, the United States government, and every other government to allow a World Federation to own and operate all big munitions plants inside their countries. I expressed the opinion that the Soviet government certainly would not permit this, and that the American and British governments were unlikely to permit it. Mr. Culbertson does not even try to answer this objection.

Mr. Culbertson wishes to "segregate the means of making war." That is right. He would segregate them in the hands of the big powers, which, he himself admits, are the kind of units which have always made the wars of the past. Nothing in the Culbertson plan, as I pointed out in my original article, offers a means of coping with those great powers. And that is the central problem of maintaining peace. I showed that the Mobile Corps of the small nations would be no match for the big countries.

Quite unnecessarily, Culbertson waxes dramatic about the inability of the people to protect themselves against tyrants. I agree with him. Why all the excitement? I never mentioned this subject in my article. I assumed that every politically literate person knew it. It is bad debating to set up your own argument and then knock it down.

I haven't the space in these letter columns to deal with other Culbertson points. The essential difference between Culbertson's attitude and mine is this: he thinks it is realistic to accept the expansionist appetites of some governments and the status quo tendencies of others and to build a post-war plan on those assumptions. I believe that it is my duty to fight those appetites and tendencies and to make my contribution toward arousing public sentiment against them. Culbertson bows to what is. "Has Fischer talked with any of our Senators?" he asks. What does that mean?

It means that some of our Senators would oppose a solid peace. Culbertson therefore proceeds to formulate a defective peace because he thinks he can get the Senators to approve. I say, oppose such Senators, put public pressure on them to change their policies. The imperialist governments, the narrow nationalistic governments, the domestic reactionaries and isolationists do not need Culbertson to draft a bad peace for them. They can do it themselves. They are already doing it. There is only one chance in 178,000 that they will adopt Culbertson's plan. The danger is that well-intentioned individuals will be misled into thinking that Culbertson's scheme is a desirable one and will work for it without realizing that the concessions he makes to the reactionary lovers of the status quo would, if ever adopted, lead to another war.

LOUIS FISCHER

New York, May 17

Each Man His Own Vine and Fig Tree

Dear Sirs: A strange and incredible story—this effort to discredit the New York Times's American History survey by belittling the importance of the Homestead Act.

Is it possible that on this 71st anniversary of President Lincoln's signing of the Homestead Act, we have nothing to offer but jeers?

The Homestead Act of 1862 was a major event in our history, but it is reserved for one R. N. Stromberg to suggest, in your letter columns of May 15, that the disposal by the government of more than a quarter of a billion acres of land was something that, "if anyone celebrated, it was the moneyed speculators of Wall Street."

Mr. Stromberg makes four sweeping statements, all of which are wholly wrong.

1. He says that I am concerned with a "worship of pure 'facts,' and have a disdain for interpretative accounts." This is more than ridiculous. It is fantastic. Repeatedly, I have urged in and out of the public prints that we need both facts and interpretation. My objection to Teachers' College, Columbia, and the National Council for the Social Studies is that they are stressing classroom materials that emphasize interpretations to

May 29, 1943

the neglect of the facts, when, in truth, we need both.

2. He says that the "traditional historical legend" is that the Homestead Act was "the successful climax of a thirty-year struggle," and that it "gave to millions the right to stake their own claim in the public lands." But he says "the facts are otherwise" and then cites Professor Paul Gates as his authority.

But Professor Gates does not hasten to oblige. Indeed, in "The Illinois Central Railroad and Its Colonization Work," Professor Gates says (p. 310): "The movement of population . . . was due not only to railroad and state emigration activities, but also to the existence of free land available to all citizens under the Homestead Act. This act, passed after a long and bitter struggle, provided for the granting of free homesteads of 160 acres" (my italics).

Likewise (on page 313) Professor Gates states that "had the Homestead Act not been in effect, the land sales of the Illinois Central Railroad would have been greater." Did Wall Street rejoice over this? To suggest it did is as absurd as to suggest that I am "obviously pleading somebody's special cause." I must confess, however, I am engaged in a deep, dark, sinister conspiracy to have American history taught in our schools.

3. Mr. Stromberg states that such "modern investigators as Professor Paul Gates have convinced all informed students that the Homestead Act did not end speculation in lands." The obvious inference is that I think it did. Not once—not even by the most remote inference—did I suggest that the Homestead Act ended speculation in the public lands.

Obviously, Mr. Stromberg, like General Grant, wears of long sentences. In my original letter I defended the *Times*' survey question about the minimum price of the public lands (\$1.25) on the ground that it would be impossible for one to know much about the background of the great depression of 1837 without knowing the cheap price for which government lands sold to all comers. For his benefit, I wish to say that the words "Homestead Act" and "depression of 1837" are two different terms; in fact, they do not begin with the same letter of the alphabet.

4. Mr. Stromberg says I am unaware of Professor Gates's work on the Western land question, and this fact is "thus doubly damning." It so happens I am very familiar not only with his book on the Illinois Central Railroad but also with his comments on many other phases

of the public-land question. Indeed, I have had his work on the Illinois Central Railroad and its land-colonization schemes on my shelf for five years. It appeared in 1934. If Mr. Stromberg would consult a more recent study by Gustavus Myers (1939) of how the railroads looted the public lands and charged settlers high sums for lands sought for farming, he would not belittle the one great bright spot in the whole picture—the Homestead Act of 1862.

The apologists for the railroads will not tell you this, but the Homestead Act, with all its flaws, came nearer to the ideal of "each man under his own vine and fig tree" than any other event in American history.

HUGH RUSSELL FRASER, Chairman
Committee on American History
Washington, May 15

Old Hickory Was Right

Dear Sirs: The seventh President of the United States, Andrew Jackson, considered that the United States Bank wielded too much power and was a menace to the liberties of the people under a democratic form of government. Jackson would not vote to extend the franchise for the United States Bank of his day.

Since then many people in the United States have held the same opinion of the banks that Jackson did. There is good reason for this opinion. Too many bank officials have absconded with the people's money. Too many banks have failed, and the depositors have lost all their deposits.

Once we deposited our money in the banks and our checks were honored; now if we have less than \$200 in the bank we have to pay for our banking. Formerly we received 3 per cent interest on saving accounts; now we only receive 1 per cent, but if we borrow money from the bank we must pay 6 or 8 per cent. Now if we cash a check drawn on a bank outside the locality in which we live, ten cents is charged for the exchange.

In our city of Vallejo the banks are charging ten cents for cashing government checks. I presume the banks are also doing so in other places, though the government deposits funds to meet these checks and the government checks have always been legal tender. I think this fee is illegal. I suggest that all persons interested should write letters to their Senators and Congressmen about this. No wonder many people hold the banks in disrespect.

Like Shylock these banks must have their pound of flesh (profit) no matter if the common people do suffer.

CHARLES W. SHERMAN
Vallejo, Cal., May 8

Who Started It?

Dear Sirs: I believe that the editorial comment on the All-India Moslem League in *The Nation* of May 8 will by its omissions and one-sidedness prove very misleading.

You quote Jinnah to the effect that the real issue in India is not Britain's preventing an agreement but Britain's prospective attempt to "force Moslems and Hindus into a common federation." You subscribe to Herbert L. Matthews's "modest conclusion" that the League's challenge "immensely strengthens the British contention that the people of India cannot seem to get together." And you conclude that the League's impressive show of strength in its latest annual session "has come close to justifying England's war-time policy."

It was Britain's introduction of the pernicious system of communal voting that first accentuated the normal differences between the Hindus and Moslems. It was her policy of preparing and patronizing princes, minorities, and vested interests, according to the shifting exigencies of the political situation, which encouraged them to raise demands that thwart all attempts at unity. It was essentially Britain's refusal to part with substantial political power that torpedoed the Cripps mission and heightened internal tension. And it was the subtle and indirect recognition of "Pakistan" (Partition) in the Cripps proposal that encouraged the Moslem League to make Pakistan its sacred and inviolable political platform.

What has Britain been doing recently to draw the League and the Congress closer? Rajagopalachari, after his talks with Jinnah, entertained great hopes of effecting a compromise—if only he could see Gandhi. Preposterous, said the omniscient and omnipotent Viceroy. You cannot see Gandhi. No one, not even President Roosevelt's personal envoy, shall see Gandhi. No wonder that Jinnah, while assailing Gandhi, also "accused the British of trying to keep the Moslems and Hindus apart, not wishing to have a settlement between these two great parties" (part of a Reuter dispatch of April 24 ignored by the press, including *The Nation*).

ANUP SINGH, Editor *India Today*
New York, May 9

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The Russo-Polish "Wound"

Dear Sirs: It seems to me that your article of May 8 attributes an altogether excessive share of the responsibility for "the Russo-Polish wound" to the allegedly reactionary character of the Polish government-in-exile. There are three circumstances in the situation which, I think, are just cause for resentment to the great majority of Poles, in Poland and abroad, regardless of the character of their political and economic views:

1. The Soviet claim to the eastern regions of Poland, seized after the cynical Stalin-Hitler pact, is singularly weak in both moral and legal justification. The Polish eastern frontier was recognized not only by the freely negotiated Treaty of Riga, in 1921, but by various non-aggression pacts concluded between the Soviet Union and Poland, at the initiative of the former, during the thirties. It surely is not unreasonable for the Poles to repudiate gains made at their country's expense, and by methods of naked force, during the period of German-Soviet collaboration.

2. A very large number of people—the official Polish figure is about 1,500,000—were arbitrarily deported to Russia from the occupied regions of Poland and assigned to forced labor under conditions of hardship and inhumanity. Now that the Soviet Union and Poland have been allies for almost two years, it is certainly natural for the Poles to feel resentment at the detention of these unfortunate people—those of them who have survived the experience—in Russia and at the attempt to force Soviet citizenship upon them.

3. When the Soviet government broke off relations with the Polish government headed by General Sikorski there was a good deal of comment, both from Moscow and from other European capitals, to the effect that this move was designed to force a reorganization of the Polish government-in-exile. This sort of pressure was in the best, or the worst, tradition of the Empress Catherine II, whose continual interference in Polish internal affairs was the prelude to the final national tragedy of partition.

If the ideals of justice, freedom, and national self-determination to which all the United Nations are pledged are to be upheld, I think any Soviet-Polish settlement sponsored by Anglo-American diplomacy should embody the following three points: (1) no annexation by the Soviet Union of former Polish territory except after a free, unintimidated plebiscite under neutral international auspices,

and, of course, without Red Army occupation; (2) freedom for the deportees from eastern Poland to choose Polish or Soviet citizenship, as they may desire, and freedom for those who choose the former to return to Poland as soon as circumstances permit; (3) scrupulous observance by the Soviet and Polish governments of the principle of non-interference in the internal affairs of the other country.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN
Cambridge, Mass., May 8

Race and the Draft

Dear Sirs: I have recently returned from Fort Huachuca, Arizona, where I served as Assistant Field Director, American Red Cross, with the 93rd Division, which is 100 per cent Negro. My experience there opened my eyes as never before to the conditions that exist among the Negroes, and I want to pass on to you a few of the facts that I learned while on duty with the Negro troops.

It is indisputable that the Southern draft boards have shown great prejudice in their selection of draftees. This statement was made to me by both white and colored officers. Out of a division of 15,000 to 18,000 men, approximately 2,000 are being discharged for physical disability. Many men obviously unfit for army service were inducted. During one period men were being discharged at the rate of 60 to 70 a day. I can understand how the local draft boards took these men, but I cannot understand how they passed the medical examination at army induction centers if these were conducted with any degree of honesty.

Hundreds of these misfits are being weeded out at Fort Huachuca. They are placed in casual companies, deprived of all extra clothing, mess-kits, and personal equipment, and have not been paid for months. Whether this is due to inefficiency or plan, I do not know. I do know that dozens of these poor devils came to our office asking for small comfort loans so they could purchase razor blades, toilet articles, and other necessities. I do not know whether similar conditions exist in other camps or not.

Other phases of the situation I cannot discuss because it would be revealing military information. It is unnecessary for me to write about the social conditions revealed to me by my case work with the Negro soldiers. All that is an old story to you. But the convictions I held when I came to Huachuca were

deepened by my experience there, short as it was.

Morale work among the Negro troops is futile and absurd. Actually, these men have nothing to fight for; yet only one man of the hundreds I interviewed at Huachuca expressed his sense of injustice bitterly. He did so with tears in his eyes because he is a young husband and father who was drafted from Mississippi and is afraid that his house will be sold out from under him in his absence. This leads me to my last point, which is that a majority of the draftees at Huachuca seem to be married and many of them are fathers. Evidently it has been the practice of the Southern boards to draft married Negroes and family men before similar classes of whites were called.

ROBERT WORMSER
Santa Barbara, Cal., April 14

CONTRIBUTORS

SELDEN C. MENEFFEE, a regular contributor to the *Washington Post* and the *Christian Science Monitor*, recently traveled all over the country for the Princeton Office of Public Opinion Research. He is now writing a book on the home front, to be published by Reynal and Hitchcock.

CLEMENT GREENBERG, Pfc, is a frequent contributor to the literary section of *The Nation* and was its art critic until his induction into the army some months ago. He was formerly an editor of the *Partisan Review*.

CHARLES NEIDER is on the staff of the *New Yorker*, and is also writing training films for the army and navy.

DONALD W. MITCHELL, professor of political science at Sam Houston State Teachers College, Huntsville, Texas, has been awarded one of the 1943 literary fellowships offered by Alfred A. Knopf. He is at work on a history of the "new navy" of the United States—from 1883 to 1943.

GAETANO SALVEMINI, formerly professor of modern history at the University of Florence, is now teaching at Harvard. He is the author of "Historian and Scientist: An Essay on the Nature of History and the Social Sciences."

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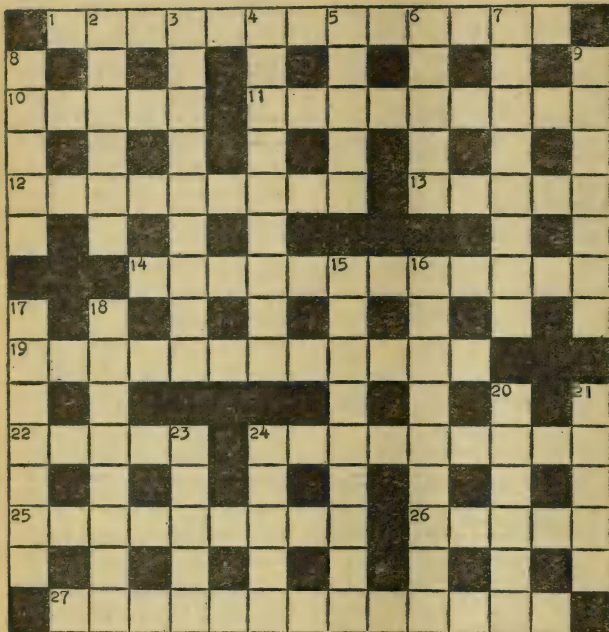
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 15

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 Diffusing eloquence perhaps, but appearing fed up with ennui (hyphen, 8 and 5)
- 10 People are often guilty of doing so unconsciously
- 11 Celestial city set against the rising sun
- 12 All Europe, and it is practicing self-restraint
- 13 Give the elbow to, ■ Wodehouse might say
- 14 The lion's share
- 19 Ours has been amended several times
- 22 Most fashionable of English race courses
- 24 You can't accumulate unless you do so, they say
- 25 Where to go if in trouble abroad
- 26 Edition to come out
- 27 Rats in saddles (anag.)

DOWN

- 2 Has sage associations
- 3 An egg in Lent is careless
- 4 Unmerciful
- 5 "Old John of ----, time-honored Lancaster" (Richard II)
- 6 All we can get from this instrument is a groan

- 7 A native of Lapland, but no Lapp
- 8 Most golfers can manage another, even after lunch
- 9 Like a man-eater
- 15 Where the pitcher went once too often (three words, 2, 3 and 4)
- 16 Darwin wrote learnedly on this
- 17 It's a handicap to start thus
- 18 Snake found in Canada? No!
- 20 It would be uncomplimentary to behead these damsels
- 21 Renew a thing to make it this
- 23 The Government, according to Henry Clay
- 24 One of a flight

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 14

ACROSS:—1 TREASURY; 5 INFLOW; 10 LINESB; 11 RUN OVER; 12 GRIEF; 13 EFACULATE; 14 ALIBI; 16 TRANSEPT; 19 ROWDYISM; 22 ADELE; 24 ESCHIEWING; 26 CARDS; 28 PALEOTOT; 29 NOISIER; 30 EASELS; 31 STANDERS.

DOWN:—1 TELEGRAM; 2 ENNUI; 3 SIEGFRIED; 4 RED CENT; 6 NANDU; 7 LOVE APPLE; 8 WARREN; 9 ARMADA; 15 ISOCLES; 17 STANCHION; 18 MEASURE; 20 IDIOTS; 21 MAGINOT; 23 KELPIE; 26 EXTOL; 27 RAISE.

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

793

EDITORIALS

Black Market	795
A Program of Inaction <i>by Freda Kirchwey</i>	796
Open Letter to Winston Churchill <i>by Louis Fischer</i>	797

ARTICLES

Enter the New OWM <i>by I. F. Stone</i>	798
Sweden and the Russian Bogy <i>by Blair Bolles</i>	799
Economic Basis for the Peace <i>by Maxwell S. Stewart</i>	801
75 Years Ago in <i>The Nation</i>	804
How Our Enemies Fight. III. Germany: Blitzkrieg and Blunder <i>by Gordon Cooper</i>	805
In the Wind	807

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

Communists and British Labor <i>by Kingsley Martin</i>	808
De Gaulle-Giraud <i>by A. del V.</i>	809
Behind the Enemy Line <i>by Argus</i>	810

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Mother and Son <i>by Henry Miller</i>	811
The Mexican Storm <i>by Bertram D. Wolfe</i>	811
The Paranoid Reich <i>by Joseph Jastrow</i>	812
Aesthetics as Libertarian Faith <i>by Eliseo Vivas</i>	814
Fiction in Review <i>by Diana Trilling</i>	815
Records <i>by B. H. Haggin</i>	817
Art Note <i>by Jean Connolly</i>	817

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

818

CROSS WORD PUZZLE NO. 16 *by Jack Barrett*

820

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The Shape of Things

THREE YEARS AGO THE FRENCH REPUBLIC was given up for dead. Seven months ago it was revived, albeit in ghastly caricature and on condition that it be governed by one of the men who had betrayed it. Six months ago, with the death of Darlan, an effort was made to establish in power a man who, while loyal to France, was hardly to be counted a champion of liberty. Today France once more has an army in the field, a capital at Algiers, and, if not a full-fledged government, at least a respected and self-respecting trustee of its traditions and its sovereignty. Thus the political nature of this war asserts itself despite all attempts to treat the struggle in strictly military terms. For this consummation, long and devoutly wished, one man is entitled to the plaudits of the democratic world—General Charles de Gaulle. Through three years of rebuffs, scarcely veiled hostility, and diplomatic scheming, he has held to his unalterable resolve to keep France fighting until the invader is ousted, the Republic restored, and the people given an opportunity to start afresh with a government of their own choosing. General Giraud has had on his side the bulk of the growing French army and the weight of Anglo-American diplomatic favor. De Gaulle has had on his side an unquenchable persistence—and the loyal support of the mass of the French people. This loyalty, discouraged by his political foes wherever possible and belittled by propaganda, has been magnificently demonstrated by the wave of joy and enthusiasm that attended his arrival in Algiers. The newly formed committee which will govern the French Empire until the liberation of France itself has a thorny path to follow, but its composition offers hope, and friends of France can only wish it well.

✱

THAT LARGE WAX-SEALED ENVELOPE WHICH Joseph E. Davies is carrying home from Moscow may contain Premier Stalin's acceptance of an invitation to confer in person with President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. If it does, the fact will confirm numerous indications that the Soviet Union's relations with its two major allies are at last rising from the level of cagey horse-trading to a plane of mutual trust and sincere collaboration. The President let it be known on three earlier

occasions that he would welcome a session with Mr. Stalin, only to be turned down on the thin pretext that the Russian leader was too busy carrying on the war. The impression was left that Stalin wished to avoid a showdown on such questions as an immediate second front and disputed boundary claims at a time when his dependence on lend-lease aid made it unlikely that he could have the last word. If he is now prepared to confer with his allies it is probable that he has found reason to trust their good-will and judgment in the conduct of the war and to abandon his understandable fears of an anti-Soviet *cordon sanitaire* with the coming of the peace. The successful Washington mission of Anthony Eden, followed by that of President Benes of Czechoslovakia, both pro-Russian, the unprecedentedly warm reception to Davies, Moscow's enthusiastic celebration, with American participation, of the anniversary of the Anglo-Russian treaty, the Russian editorial tributes to American aid, the dissolution of the Comintern, and the increasing prospects of a Kremlin accord with the Vatican—all point to a post-war world in which Russia will be a respected status quo power, and no longer the Typhoid Mary among the nations.

✱

THE JAPANESE DRIVE IN CENTRAL CHINA, which at one time appeared to offer a serious threat to Chungking, has been checked by a successful Chinese counter-offensive. With the support of American fliers, an enemy force of five divisions was routed near the eastern end of the Yangtze gorge, and it seems likely that the Japanese will be unable to hold their advance base at Ichang. Further south, where they have overrun the fertile lands bordering Tungting Lake, the situation remains obscure. This region is an important rice-growing area, and should the Japanese be able to retain their hold on it, Free China's already slim food supplies would be seriously diminished. But with the Chinese army plainly retaining its punching power, the invaders can hardly consolidate their position without strong reinforcements.

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MR. ROOSEVELT'S NORMALLY ACUTE SENSE of public relations was certainly numbed on the day he decided to restrict press coverage of the United Nations conference on post-war food problems. It is, of course, nonsense to talk about the decision as if it were part of a sinister plot to destroy freedom of the press. In fact, it seems likely that the President's intent was to discourage the common practice at international conferences of using outside publicity as a means of exerting inside pressure—a practice facilitated by newspapermen whose intelligence and sense of responsibility is subordinated to a thirst for sensation. But whatever the motivation, the proposed ban was unwise and has not proved enforceable. Step by step the Administration has had to retreat,

until the press has acquired nearly all the privileges it could reasonably ask. But while rejoicing at the victory of the press we must condemn the undignified way in which some newspapers sought to gully the conference. Claiming that they were unable to obtain any real news—a claim refuted by the excellent stories published elsewhere—their reporters burned up the wires with what *Newsweek* calls a "choice collection of trivia." This is a pretty cheap way of hitting back at the President and a poor service to the cause of freedom of the press, which, like other rights, is most easily undermined by abuse.

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THIS DANGER IS WELL ILLUSTRATED BY THE facts which the Department of Justice has brought out in its anti-trust suit against the Associated Press. The main contention of the defendants is that any order forcing them to relinquish the restrictive covenants in their by-laws would constitute an abridgment of freedom of the press. A motion by the government asking for summary judgment in this case suggests strongly that the shoe is on the other foot, that the exclusive policy followed by the Associated Press has served to create local monopolies for its members and to hamper the growth of competing newspapers. There is no need here to recapitulate the facts developed by the government, since to a large extent the same ground was covered in two articles by Keith Hutchison in our issues of February 6 and 13. But it may be recalled that in the second of those articles the writer pointed out that if the exclusive membership contracts of the A. P. were upheld, other agencies might be compelled to give their clients similar protection from competition. The government's motion indicates that this situation has already arisen. "In either the morning or evening field, or both, in 144 cities," it declares, "a new subscriber may not receive the news services of the United Press Association unless it pays competitors already subscribing to U. P. services a substantial sum of money." The International News Service has similar contracts in force in 62 cities, and in 12 it has made exclusive contracts with newspapers. The result is that in a considerable number of places anyone wishing to start a newspaper would find himself unable to obtain the services of any of the three news agencies, without which no daily can hope to give its readers national and international coverage. Thus we see freedom of the press ceasing to be a general right and becoming a monopolized privilege.

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"I CAME HERE," SAID THE BOLD SAILOR IN the House visitors' gallery, "to see how a democracy works and found them fighting the Civil War all over again." They took him to the guard room after his outburst before he could see that the North had won again. The passage of the Marcantonio Anti-Poll-Tax bill in

the House last week by a vote of 265-110 is a great victory for democracy, the first to be registered in Congress in a long while. It was a victory for poor white as well as black and, if followed up, should help rid the whole country of the reactionary members sent to Congress by the poll-tax states. Proto-fascists from the North, like Hoffman of Michigan, joined Southern reactionaries in voting against the bill, while Northern Republicans like Baldwin of New York and Bender of Ohio helped lead the fight for repeal of the poll tax. A reading of the debate, and of the benighted ideas spewed up in it, is a revelation of the forces that lie in wait in this country should free government falter. Nazi Germany could hardly show more adherence to racial myths and anti-democratic conceptions than some members from our South. The best way to keep them out of the saddle is to help the masses of the South, white and black, vote them out. The next step is to fight for the bill's passage in the Senate, where lines are already forming to block it.

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HENRY FORD USED TO REFER TO EDESEL AS "the boss," but the son was always overshadowed by the father. While he shared neither the old man's inventive genius nor his flair for publicity, he is supposed to have played an important part in the administration of the vast Ford domains. Those who knew him assert that Edsel was both more reasonable and broader in his sympathies than his father. He is credited with persuading Henry to abandon Model T, but he was not able to induce him to junk equally outdated labor policies. In that field the aging emperor has leaned heavily on his Minister of Interior and Chief of Police, Harry Bennett, who with the death of the Crown Prince is likely to become a still greater power behind the throne. In fact, he may eventually be the man to dicker with the bankers, whom Henry Ford has always hated and repelled, over the disposal of the empire. In Wall Street today its ramifications and its worth are being discussed expectantly. Ford finances have always been a closely guarded secret, but it is known that in December, 1941, the stock of the Ford Motor Company had a book value of \$629,943,031. Since Edsel is believed to have owned about 40 per cent, estate and inheritance taxes, even if the real value is no greater than this figure, will amount to something like \$187,000,000. The Fords are said to have accumulated large holdings of government bonds in anticipation of this liability, but as Henry is over eighty a further drain on the family resources must be anticipated. Possibly this situation will be met without turning the empire itself over to the bankers for sale to the public, but the question then arises whether Edsel's sons will be able or anxious to carry on the dynasty. Wall Street ponders these matters and waits, impersonal and deathless. It may yet have the last laugh at the defiant Henry.

Black Markets

THE black-market evil has assumed huge proportions in the United States. Officials no longer make an effort to conceal this unpalatable fact. Off the record they admit that at least 20 per cent of our meat is being sold through illegal channels. The actual proportion is probably much greater. Large black markets are also admitted to exist in butter, poultry, potatoes, and vegetables. In contrast to the situation in many other countries, and to the bootlegger era in the United States, these black markets are often difficult to recognize because they are not to be found in hole-in-the-wall shops in some dark alley but in the corner grocery, the neighborhood butcher shop, and the chain store that we have patronized for years. Probably in a majority of instances the housewife does not know when she is patronizing a black market.

But the evil is not less serious because it is so difficult to recognize. Unless held in check, these black markets can cause vital damage to the entire war effort. They are a direct threat to rationing and the whole principle of distributing the burden of war fairly. Because they are wasteful and unregulated, they can seriously curtail the total amount of food available for consumers. They have already severely dislocated the purchase of food supplies for the army and lend-lease. They are a threat to legitimate business and may seriously undermine the morale of the home front. They also cause a substantial loss in such strategic raw materials as hides, adrenalin, insulin, fertilizers, and bone meal, for the black market feeds on the big cuts of meat and throws away the rest.

While former bootleggers and underworld characters may be involved in some of these illegal operations, we shall not make much progress toward eliminating them if we regard the black market as merely the result of gangster activities. Nor is it safe to go to the other extreme and place the blame solely on faulty OPA regulations. Some black-market activity is almost inescapable wherever price-fixing and rationing exist. Every warring country in the world has its illegal market, and black bourses flourished in peace time in countries, such as Germany and Russia, where the distribution of food and consumer goods was strictly regulated.

The present widespread black-market operations in this country may be traced to three distinct causes. The first and most obvious is the failure of Congress to provide the OPA with adequate machinery for enforcing price ceilings and rationing. Cooperation by the local police and courts has been notable chiefly for its absence. In several flagrant cases in New York City, magistrates have released black-market operators with rebukes to the Mayor and the OPA for interfering with business. The second cause may be found in what is popularly regarded as OPA blundering in setting price ceilings below

"costs of production." In any administrative price system inequities are bound to appear. If ceilings are constantly adjusted to rising costs, a creeping inflation develops which threatens the entire stabilization program. If such adjustments are not made, supplies are lost to the black market. The President's recent hold-the-line price order represented a conscious choice between these two evils; it was a choice that increased the threat of black markets. The third and probably the most powerful factor making for the evasion of OPA price ceilings and rationing regulations is the failure of Congress to raise taxes sufficiently to mop up the fifty or sixty billion dollars' worth of excess buying power in the pockets of the American people. The existence of this huge reservoir of money at a moment when food and consumer goods are scarce creates a tremendous incentive to illegal dealings.

We may assume that a vast majority of the American people would like to rid themselves of this loathsome parasite that has fastened itself on legitimate business. But there is no clear understanding of what needs to be done. Since the causes are manifold, the attack on the black-market evil should be made simultaneously on several different fronts. Farmers and producers can help by refusing to sell except through legitimate channels, and by collecting ration stamps for all goods sold directly to retailers or consumers. They should report suspicious dealers or truckers to their local county war boards. Retailers can help by refusing to pay more than ceiling prices for products, even though this means disappointing their customers, and by insisting on getting and passing on the full quota of ration stamps for all meats and butter handled. They also should be on the watch for meat without a slaughter number and grade stamp. The chief burden of enforcement, however, rests on the consumers. As a group, and often as individuals, they have it in their power to minimize black-market dealings by carefully watching ceiling prices, by never asking a butcher or shopkeeper for goods without surrendering the proper number of ration points, by destroying all unused ration stamps, and by reporting all suspected violations to the local OPA office.

These are elementary duties of good citizenship. But it should not be supposed that their fulfillment alone will drive out the illegal markets. The other basic causes must be similarly attacked. The OPA must keep closer to market realities in establishing ceiling prices. Judicious use of subsidies will prove a far more effective weapon against illegal operations than fines and threats of jail sentences. It is even more important to attack the tax problem. Congress's action in remitting 75 per cent of the 1942 income tax has released a very considerable volume of excess buying power. A way must be found to reabsorb this and a large part of the remaining surplus if any substantial progress is to be made against the black market.

A Program of Inaction

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

THE weeks following the end of the Bermuda conference on refugee problems have brought nothing but a series of excuses for the failure of the British and American governments to do anything effective to rescue the victims of Hitler's terror who still remain alive. Indeed, the conference itself seems to have been devoted almost entirely to the formulation of those excuses: You couldn't ask favors of Hitler or of any of the governments under his domination. There wasn't any available transportation even in ships coming back from the war fronts in ballast. The extermination of the Jews seemed only too likely, but still, among all the would-be refugees of Europe, how could one single out the Jews for special treatment? Then, where would they go? England had taken more than its share, and so had the rest of the empire. Palestine's gates had been closed by a White Paper. The quota system in the United States was immutable. The conferees would therefore concentrate most of their effort on the immediate problem of transferring to temporary places of settlement refugees who have succeeded in reaching neutral countries. The Nazi victims in occupied Europe would have to wait for an Allied victory. Wait—above the earth or under it.

What little has happened in recent weeks confirms the negative impression made by the conference. A Parliamentary debate on the results of the Bermuda meeting brought statements from both Mr. Eden, the Foreign Secretary, and Osbert Peake, Under Secretary for the Home Office, agreeing that nothing much could be done for victims of fascist persecution until the war was won. At the same time the State Department announced that "a first contingent of refugees from a neutral country has been transferred to a temporary haven," but reiterated that "no negotiations with Hitler could be undertaken for the rescue of potential refugees from Nazi-occupied territory, since his entire record has left no doubt that he would only agree to such solutions as would be of direct aid to the Axis war aims."

The British and American governments are doubtless animated by both altruistic and interested motives in moving refugees from overcrowded neutral countries to settlements elsewhere, properly supervised and perhaps financed through some intergovernmental body. Such a project has the virtue of helping the refugees and at the same time relieving the pressure of unwelcome thousands on the gates of the United States and Britain—and Palestine. But the rescue of people who have already rescued themselves is at best a rather minor and tangential operation. The real job is a different one, and not all the alibis cooked up in a hundred conferences will justify its neglect.

We should examine the excuses formulated in Bermuda and decide for ourselves whether or not they are sufficient to justify inaction. Certainly it is unlikely that Hitler would yield to any pleas for the release of Jews now under his direct control. But since, in the past, he has been interested in getting rid of Jews and has not always insisted upon slaughtering them, it is barely possible that he might agree to an exodus from the ghettos of Poland arranged through neutral intermediaries. It is not likely, but it is possible.

But assuming Hitler refused to relinquish his prey, there is still a definite chance that some of the lesser Axis governments might agree to do so. Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania might well choose to dispose of a troublesome problem and at the same time curry favor with the powers that now appear the probable winners. If these Axis satellites would release the Jews within their borders, many hundreds of thousands could be saved.

But how could these hordes be transported? And where could they go? If Britain would ease the restrictions on immigration into Palestine, refugees admitted there could travel overland. This most desired of all solutions has been flatly refused. Not even to save lives will Britain go beyond the quotas established in 1939. Palestine ruled out, it still might be possible to establish settlements, temporary at least, in other parts of the Near and Middle East and in North Africa. Ships carrying war supplies to the Mediterranean could bring refugees back to Britain or the United States.

But this suggestion collides with one of the chief obstacles to a solution—the reluctance of Britain and the United States to admit more refugees. Britain has been far more generous in this matter than we have. The United States has multiplied the complications involved in getting a visa to such a degree that only a fraction of the existing quotas from Nazi-occupied countries are being filled. Without changing the law in any particular we could take in more than 140,000 refugees immediately. And today they could be used to help overcome our growing shortage of industrial man-power.

As for the difficulty, stressed both here and in London, of singling out the Jews for rescue and ignoring the 120,000,000 people who, according to Mr. Peake, would escape from enemy-occupied territories if they could, this is one of those stumbling-blocks set up to serve as an excuse for inaction. Whole populations neither can nor want to escape, however much they may hate the tyrant. The Jews alone represent a group detached by force from their homes and occupations, segregated physically as well as socially, marked as a whole for annihilation. It is disingenuous to pretend that because the entire population of occupied Europe cannot be evacuated, no effort should be made to save any special group.

The difficulties raised at the Bermuda conference are real. But they afford no valid excuse for a policy of sitting

back and doing nothing. The process of extermination may be complete long before victory is won. The only hope lies in acting now. A determined effort should be made to carry out at least a limited program of rescue. Even the attempt would bring hope and comfort to the desperate millions marked for slaughter.

Open Letter to Winston Churchill

DEAR SIR: May I, with all respect, address you briefly on the subject of India?

You, Lord Halifax, and Mr. Amery have stated publicly that the British government's proposal carried to India by Sir Stafford Cripps in March, 1942, still stands. Now all Indian parties, including the Congress Party, the Moslem League, and the Hindu Mahasabha, rejected the Cripps offer. When you say that an offer stands after all parties to whom it was made have rejected it, does not that mean that you propose to do nothing about a settlement in India?

You could reply that the Indian parties may have changed their minds. Then should you not ask them? More than a year has passed since the Cripps offer was rejected. Perhaps the parties *have* changed their minds. Why not find out?

Gandhi, Nehru, and the other leaders of the Congress Party, to be sure, are in jail. I, of course, would like to see them released, especially after Sir Maurice Gwyer, the British Chief Justice of India, ruled that they had been illegally arrested. But if Britain insists on their continued imprisonment, the Congress Working Committee could be consulted in jail. Why not do that? The British government has negotiated with imprisoned Indian leaders in the past.

I have one more question. All your public utterances, Sir, are heard and read with much interest by countless Americans. The American public was greatly impressed with your declaration in London, on November 10, 1942, "We mean to hold our own." You added, "I have not become the King's First Minister in order to preside at the liquidation of the British Empire." If the British continue to hold India, the empire will not be liquidated. But if you go on holding India, how can India become independent? Is there not a sharp contradiction between the Cripps offer of independence to India and your subsequent statement that you propose to hold India? This discrepancy might incline some persons to conclude that your government did not intend the Cripps offer to lead to Indian independence.

Very sincerely yours,

LOUIS FISCHER

Enter the New OWM

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, May 28

THE oddest thing about the new Office of War Mobilization is that it is to be headed by the man who has been doing his best to keep Congress from passing the Pepper-Kilgore-Tolan bill for—an Office of War Mobilization. It was James F. Byrnes who, last February, organized Republicans and anti-New Deal Democrats to take the bill from the Senate Labor and Education Committee, which was friendly to it, and inter it in the hostile Senate Military Affairs Committee.

The bill was transferred to the Military Affairs Committee in the hope of killing it, and the debate, which took place on February 4, was a bitter one. The vote was thirty-nine to twenty-eight, and the line-up was significant. For in it, as in the "beat Japan first" debate, one found the military bureaucracy lined up with reactionaries, America Firsters, and worse, against the New Dealers in the Senate. The unspeakable Reynolds, who is still chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, "Happy" Chandler, Tydings, Wheeler, Walsh, Byrd, and Clark of Missouri were among those who fought to take the bill from the progressive Labor and Education Committee.

The Administration, through its Senate leader, Barkley, and its "assistant President," Byrnes, was in the position of fighting those men who have been most loyal to the New Deal—Pepper, Thomas of Utah, Truman, Kilgore, Bone, Murray, La Follette, and Ellender. With the progressives in their fight to save the bill were not only such liberal Republicans as Brewster but others as far right as Taft and Vandenberg. Lodge of Massachusetts later told a closed session of the Senate Military Affairs Committee that certain high army and navy officials asked him to help transfer the bill to that committee so it could be kept from a vote on the floor. Afterward, Thomas of Utah was explosive in his comment.

That executive session and its revelations added to the protest and disgust among the New Dealers. Thomas, as true and devoted a progressive as the American people have in Washington, is not only chairman of the Labor and Education Committee but ranking member of the Military Affairs Committee. His anger bore fruit in the appointment of Kilgore to head the subcommittee in charge of the bill, and the composition of this subcommittee was such as to defeat the purpose of the transfer. The Kilgore subcommittee on May 12 turned in as favorable a report on the bill as could have been expected from the Labor and Education Committee. It declared the establishment of an Office of War Mobilization with

a War Mobilization Board "urgently necessary" if we were to meet our production goals this year. This report, coming after the unseemly and inconclusive dispute between Rubber Director Jeffers and Under Secretary of War Patterson over the rubber and aviation-gas programs, led publications as conservative as the *New York Times* to join the committee in suggesting the creation of "some central all-powerful agency . . . to do away with conflicts incompatible with total war."

In the Senate itself the revised "Pepper-Kilgore-Tolan" bill won the sponsorship of a powerful bipartisan bloc made up of Pepper, Murray, Ball, Capper, Green, Johnson of Colorado, La Follette, and Thomas of Utah. The hearings and debates on the Maloney bill for a separate civilian-supply agency helped the drive for a new and more comprehensive set-up by dramatizing the weaknesses of the old in a crucial sector of our war economy. The War and Navy departments, ever jealous of civilian encroachment and ever unwilling to see their activities meshed with other war agencies, began to feel that only desperate remedies could prevent passage of the bill. The strategy decided upon seems to have been the establishment by executive decree of an agency which would bear the same name—the Office of War Mobilization—as that desired by Congress but would be so set up and manned as to leave the military-naval bureaucracy to go on pretty much as before.

The logical army-navy candidate for the job of running that agency was Byrnes. His conception of how to run the war effort is not so much through organization and planning as through the process of "umpiring" recurrent disputes between uncoordinated agencies. The Truman, Tolan, Pepper, and Kilgore committees have amply demonstrated the weakness of this approach in their various reports, but it suits the purposes of the War and Navy departments, which like that form of organization best which interferes with them least. Unfortunately, a total effort cannot be obtained in this way, for a total effort requires the careful balancing of all factors—man-power, production, rationing, wages, prices—which enter into the efficient operation of a war economy.

It is too early to judge the efficacy of the new Office of War Mobilization, but its political genealogy, as mapped here, makes one dubious. Doubt turns to dissatisfaction when one comes to consider the executive order setting up the new office. For this order, while broad, is also vague, and contains a number of loopholes. The War Mobilization Committee, which will run the "Office," is to consist of Byrnes, Stimson, Knox, Hopkins, and

Judge Fred M. Vinson, the new Director of Economic Stabilization. Vinson is as conservative in outlook as his fellow Southern Democrat, Byrnes. Hopkins has from the beginning of his ascendancy in the Administration been an advocate of "appeasing" business, and most business men, like most of the procurement officers in the War and Navy departments, prefer a form of supervision which interferes as little as possible with the customary ways of placing contracts and doing business. Needless to say, these "customary practices and relationships" of a peace-time economy, as the recent Kilgore report pointed out, are not the way to get an all-out effort in war.

The make-up of the committee, as well as the vague executive order, points in the direction of an "umpiring" and consultative body, and though this is indeed a step in advance of the present system, it is not enough in advance to meet our needs. The executive order fails to gear several production factors directly into the new committee. Man-power is not represented at the top, and prices, wages, and food seem to be left autonomous.

Congress can best serve the nation's interests by passing the Kilgore-Pepper-Tolan bill as originally planned. A large vote for it will at least serve to push this new agency farther toward the kind of coordinated and planned program we need. Now, as in the past, the tendency—though with not a few honorable exceptions—both of the business men in army-navy procurement uniforms and of those on the dollar-a-year pay roll is to reduce our production goals rather than make the extraordinary efforts necessary to attain them. They would rather produce less than disturb their ordinary commercial practices and relationships. Under cover of the ballyhoo headlines our production goals have constantly been revised downward in response to this undertow of lethargy. This year's goal, originally set for \$75,000,000,000, has been reduced to \$63,000,000,000 and will be reduced farther if we can get nothing better than this phony Office of War Mobilization. The fight for a centrally directed war effort is a fight to save lives and shorten the war. This clever maneuver must not bring that struggle to an end.

Sweden and the Russian Bogy

BY BLAIR BOLLES

Stockholm, May 25, by Cable

A SENSATION was caused in the Grand Hotel here a few days ago when I walked through the lobby carrying a Russian flag. It was to decorate the table where English journalists were dining with their Soviet colleagues. The sight of the gold hammer and sickle on a red field made many nervous hearts beat faster, for the Swedes suffer from the Russian-bogyman complex. The dissolution of the Comintern has soothed them, but anxiety about Russia is due not only to bolshevism but to historic hatreds and to nightmare fears that Russia wants a piece of Swedish territory for a through route to Narvik. The Swedes shuddered almost as violently at the Czar's double-eagle standard in the old days as they react now to the red ensign. The prospect that Finland will be conquered and that Sweden will again have Russia for a next-door neighbor is an uncomfortable one.

The struggle toward a decision whether to try to get along with Russia or to follow a course based on mistrust of it affects all classes and all activities, even in the midst of war. Swedish peasant mothers frighten their babies with stories about bad "Ryskies," and even liberal thinkers, like Bertil Ohlin, the well-known economist of Stockholm University, favor the maintenance of a strong post-war army to protect the country from the unpredictable bear to the east. The government, however, has embarked on a policy of forming close commercial ties with

Russia. This policy was implemented by a trade treaty in 1941, and further developments are expected after the war. Cautious Christian Günther, the Foreign Minister whose negotiations to keep Sweden out of war have led some to accuse him of being friendly to Germany, holds that Swedish fear of Russia has no solid basis.

The government's pro-Russian policy has been carried out under Per Albin Hansson, Social Democrat and Premier of a coalition government since 1939. A strange opposition to him has developed in the Kooperativa Förbundet, the great Swedish consumers' wholesale buying organization, which suspects he wishes to introduce state capitalism on the Russian model. The government is now operating rayon and match factories in competition with private enterprise; it owns copper mines; and it has nationalized most of the railroads. The Kooperativa's president, Albin Johansson, complains that private industry does not oppose the trend toward state capitalism with sufficient vigor, and, indeed, it is a queer feature of Swedish opinion today that private industry is the chief friend of the Hansson-Günther Russian policy. Einer Magnusson, sales manager of the Sandvik Steel Works, which makes fine steel for Swiss watch springs and for razor blades, told me that he expects Russia to become a great market for Swedish goods when the war is over. The 1941 trade agreement between Russia and Sweden provides for Swedish sales amount-

ing to 200,000,000 kronor annually. The bourgeois Mr. Magnusson, who has made sixteen trips to Moscow, sees Russia as a potential sellers' paradise. He thinks, too, that there will be opportunities to internationalize industry by licensing Swedish patents for Russian use.

War-time industrial expansion, which has boomed the business of such world-famous concerns as SKF and Bofors, threatens to burden Sweden with an unbalanced economy after the war and with great unemployment unless extensive markets can be found to absorb the materials now used at home. In order to survive in this fortress continent, Sweden has had to become almost self-sustaining. It questions whether after the war Britain will buy such large quantities of goods as formerly, and it fears that a reconstructed Germany will be a minor market, although the pre-war Reich was Sweden's best customer. So the hopes of Swedish business men rest on Russia, which is already, by devious channels, receiving goods from the Sandviken and other factories. Sandviken maintains a trader's neutrality, selling to both Germany and the Allies, and it recently opened a factory in Milan.

Although a near neighbor of Russia, Sweden bought little from it in the past. Now the Swedes look forward to obtaining Russian hides, oil, and other raw materials. Popular education in regard to Russia is needed, however, to improve relations; a hopeful travel magazine, *Fritiden*, features in its current number a sixteen-page article on the Trans-Siberian Railway. Swedes are quick to point out places where Russian marauders struck at their coasts time after time more than a century ago, forgetting that Charles XII of Sweden overran Russia.

One reason for the prosperous state of Sweden's war-time industry is the astounding technological ingenuity that has flowered here while the country has been an oasis of peace in a warring continent. The Swedes have learned to make the most of their raw materials, especially of their forests. Much of the country is covered by a blanket of pine, spruce, birch, and oak, and the wood is proving its salvation in these hard days. Sweden used to import much of the feed for its cows. When war cut off supplies, Swedish cellulose manufacturers found nutritive elements in wood pulp, and now cattle are fed shredded cellulose enriched with phosphate and magnesium salts and made tasty with molasses. Wood also provides fuel for Sweden's automobiles, which get eighty miles from one sack of charcoal dumped into the gas-making machines they carry behind them. Sweden's iron foundries too now run on charcoal, since supplies of coal, obtainable only from Germany, have been cut in half. Tar from forest stumps is the basis of lubricating oil, which can no longer be obtained in adequate quantities from abroad. Swedish turpentine is in great demand because it can be used as a flotation oil in the refining of copper ores. Formerly American pine oil exclusively was used for this purpose.

Before the war Sweden produced 9,000 tons of copper annually; now it is producing 18,000. Huge mines have been opened in the mountains of the far north along the banks of the Skellefteo River, where at Boliden and Kristenberg the traveler finds a new frontier slowly developing. The Boliden mine produces copper, gold, zinc, and more arsenic than any other mine in the world. The problem is to discover new uses for this dangerous poison, which at present is being stored unrefined. Boliden chemists since the war started have developed a non-poisonous zinc-arsenic spray for fruit trees which is being used in many Swedish orchards, especially the great Ramlosa plantation in the south. After the war the Boliden company hopes to sell to the world its wood-preserving arsenic salt, with which it believes it can make timber termite-proof. The Forest Products Laboratory in Madison, Wisconsin, is now testing this claim.

Neutrality has been the mother of Swedish invention. Isolation has stimulated manufacturers, but industry will retain its fat only if Sweden can again become an international trader when the fighting ends. Occasionally Swedes ask themselves: Will countries which have fought through hell welcome economic cooperation with a land which managed to avoid battle? The Swedes are predominantly pro-Ally, but officials give no sign that they understand the implications of the struggle going on around them. "A war of the great powers," Christian Günther calls it.

The majority of the Swedes I have talked to during my three weeks in Stockholm and on my travels up and down the country have been complacent about neutrality, and outspoken enemies of Nazism like Torgny Segerstedt, an eminent Gothenburg editor, and Carl Gerhard, the Stockholm producer of "Arsenic and Old Lace," are apparently crying in the wilderness. Still, many Swedes are ashamed that the government permits trains carrying Nazi soldiers and arms to travel across Sweden from Germany to Norway and from Finland to Norway. This transit agreement was made in the summer of 1940, and the people discovered it only accidentally, after the traffic began. At that time, Swedish soldiers, not having been informed about this concession to Germany, met a Nazi troop train with hand grenades.

During thirty years of political activity Premier Hansson has done much to improve the lot of the industrial workers, for whom he has devised a sort of Beveridge plan, although the miserable state of thousands of lumbermen has been largely ignored. Now, however, he is old and not susceptible to new ideas. One reason for Socialist support of economic ties with Russia is that an anti-Russian policy would entail the maintenance of a large standing army, the cost of which would reduce social-welfare services.

Isolation from the west is forcing Sweden to carry on

a disproportionately heavy trade with Germany, which now takes 40 per cent of Swedish exports compared with 19½ per cent in 1939. Four years ago Sweden exported one-third of all its production; now it can sell abroad only one-eighth. Germany's share of that eighth provides the exchange for the coal and coke which the Swedish arms industry needs in order to prepare the country against a possible German invasion. The outlay for arms is now

about one billion kronor—\$250,000,000—a year, but the government has still been able to increase expenditures on social welfare from 314,181,200 kronor in 1939-40 to 459,160,000 kronor in the present year. Small farmers, formerly inarticulate and largely excluded from the well-advertised utopian aspects of Swedish life, are now organizing to get greater benefits from an open-handed government.

Economic Basis for the Peace

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

MOST Americans are prepared to help put Europe and Asia on their feet again after the war. But they think of the task as a short-time job and are frankly fearful lest our aid make it possible for European or Asiatic industry to undercut our own in the world markets. In other words, we are prepared to be altruistic, but we don't want to overdo it. Many persons still regard talk of helping other countries as misguided idealism when we have great problems to solve at home.

Actually, of course, it is common sense of the most hard-headed variety. Unless some degree of economic security can be restored throughout the world, plans to prevent World War III are only so much wishful thinking. No political formula can hope to succeed in a world plagued with poverty, unemployment, and business uncertainty. The experience of the 1930's is unmistakable on this point. It was no accident that the Japanese invasion of Manchuria, which marked the beginning of the breakdown of the world's peace machinery, came on the same day that Great Britain abandoned the gold standard. Nor did there just happen to be six million unemployed in Germany when Hitler seized power early in 1933. All these events stemmed from a common cause—the Great Depression. If we are to have any hope of outlawing aggression and building a firm international organization, we must first tackle the economic problem, and tackle it in world terms.

Hard-headed realism makes it clear also that there can be no hope for permanent prosperity in the United States while the rest of the world suffers from economic stringency. This became increasingly evident as we floundered through one domestic panacea after another during the whole of the past decade. And it is particularly true today. During the war this country has built up its steel and machine industries to far greater capacity than is justified by our own peace-time requirements. These industries can be kept busy only if they help in the reconstruction of Europe and the development of the world's backward areas. American industry and Ameri-

can agriculture as a whole are more dependent on foreign markets today than at any other time in our history. Thus we have everything to gain by raising the buying power of foreign peoples and everything to lose by a relapse into economic isolationism. Furthermore, a revival of financial health is dependent on the finding of new outlets for long-term investment.

Only a bold program, and a realistic one, can hope to succeed. For years every international conference has agreed on vague generalities. Dozens of pious statements have been drawn up in the past quarter-century stressing the need for (1) stabilization of currencies, (2) reduction of trade barriers, and (3) the establishment of international lending on a firm basis. But nothing has ever happened. And the reason nothing has happened is that the program has been essentially a backward-looking one. It has aimed to restore the pre-1914 world. A realistic post-war economic program will not ignore currencies, trade, or foreign loans. But it will forget 1914 and try to meet the grave problems that will beset us at the end of this war. Instead of seeking to restore a completely self-regulating, gold-standard economy, it will accept the fact that business is subject to controls in every country and provide ways of adjusting these controls in the interest of world prosperity.

Let us assume that for purely selfish reasons we want to raise living standards and increase purchasing power throughout the world. We want to enlarge the market for, say, Ford automobiles and Hollywood moving pictures. What steps should we take?

INTERNATIONAL PWA

It should be fairly clear that the devastated areas of Europe and Asia will have to be restored to full productive efficiency before the people living in them can buy much abroad. This is a long-range job and is not to be confused with the task of rehabilitation. Years will be required merely to replace the homes destroyed by bombing and shell fire. The rebuilding of factories, ware-

houses, and commercial properties may take even longer. Furthermore, much new construction will be necessary before economic life in the war-torn areas can be put on a firm basis. The European transportation system, for example, needs a thorough overhauling. Many parts of Europe are without even the roads needed for local trade. The railway and canal system needs to be extended in many areas. If this is true of modern Europe, what of Asia? Even today the greater part of China and much of India is without roads of any description, to say nothing of railroads. In 1941 China had only 70,000 miles of motor highways and about 6,000 miles of railroads. This was one-eighth of the highway mileage and one-fortieth of the railroad mileage of the United States, which has a population less than one-third as large as China's.

Careful consideration must be given to the organization of these reconstruction projects. After the last war American bankers lent the needed capital to European governments or private firms, and this country had little to say about what was done with it. Apart from the fact that Germany used at least a portion of this money to rearm, the whole arrangement worked badly. Far too much money was lent to some countries—chiefly Germany—and too little to others. Some of it was used for constructive purposes; much was not. A great deal of the capital advanced by this country never got farther than the pockets of promoters—on both sides of the Atlantic.

To prevent this kind of international wildcatting—as disastrous on a world scale as in a local land boom—there will have to be a large measure of international supervision. This could be assured if the reconstruction program were carried out as a joint international public-works project. The labor can, and in most instances should, be provided by the country in which the work is being done. But much of the capital, equipment, and technical supervision, at least in the countries most devastated by the war, might be provided through an international agency.

The arguments for international public works as a post-war reconstruction measure are similar to, but stronger than, those for a domestic public-works program. The amount of construction needed in the devastated areas is infinitely greater than our domestic post-war requirements, while the amount of domestic capital available for the task is much smaller. Because of the disorganization of the Continent's normal economic life and the forced demobilization of Europe's huge armies, the number of jobless in need of assistance will undoubtedly be much greater than in the United States. International action is essential because many of the needed reconstruction projects cut across national boundaries. If the railway and highway construction is to be determined by the normal geographic flow of trade rather than by military considerations, for example, it must be

planned and supervised by an international agency. Sanitary and health projects designed to aid in disease control should also be coordinated by an international planning board.

Furthermore, from a purely economic point of view, international public-works projects are better designed to provide purchasing power than national projects. They can and should be planned to aid the most poverty-stricken sections of Europe's and Asia's populations, thus raising purchasing power among the groups where the need for goods is greatest and the possibilities of self-help are least. These are the regions best calculated to furnish the new markets and new opportunities for investment for which industry and finance have been searching since 1929.

During the war international public works have been an everyday reality. American engineers, with American and British labor, built the big American land and sea bases in Northern Ireland. American money, American equipment, and American engineers, using Russian and Persian labor, have created a vast supply base on the Persian Gulf through which American lend-lease supplies are shipped to the Soviet Union. Similar miracles of international cooperation have occurred in Australia, North Africa, Liberia, and the British West Indies—wherever the United States has built bases during this war. In North Africa the French, British, and Americans participated in the economic arrangements essential to military operations.

Although these arrangements could hardly serve as models for peace-time cooperation, the experience thus gained should not be overlooked in planning for the post-war period. Lend-lease, for example, has been strikingly successful as a war-time device for pooling financial responsibility among the United Nations in accordance with their capacity. The lend-lease machinery should be kept for a while after the end of hostilities—at least until a permanent international financial organization can be set up.

WORLD ECONOMIC ORGANIZATION

But a world economic organization of some sort is clearly going to be needed if we are really to tackle the problem of raising purchasing power and living standards on a world scale after the war. And the groundwork for that organization should be laid now. This is not such a difficult task as it may seem. The world has already successfully organized international activities of the same type on a smaller scale. The International Labor Organization and the Health and Financial Sections of the League enjoyed far more success than the League's political branches.

All sorts of schemes have been proposed for a post-war economic organization that would build on this experience. For the most part, the details are unimportant, but certain principles must constantly be kept in

mind. If the organization is to succeed, it must undercut the kind of economic rivalries that brought chaos in the 1930's. *Political world organization can come only when a basis of common economic interest has been established.* For this reason we might begin with a plan for international supervision of such activities as are clearly of universal concern. Much of the world's rail, ship, and air transportation cuts across national lines. In the interest of efficiency such transportation ought to be placed under the supervision of an international board. We already have a high degree of cooperation among the postal services of the various nations. Why not establish one unified world postal service? More complete cooperation is clearly called for in public-health work; disease germs do not recognize national boundaries.

The world economic organization must itself be free from nationalistic pressures. This will not be hard to achieve so far as the permanent staff is concerned; the staffs of the various League agencies were, on the whole, capable and free from national bias. The problem is more serious, however, in the policy-making agencies, where there is always danger of domination by the great powers. Nationalistic pressures might be reduced if the world economic organization were made up, as was the I. L. O., of representatives not only of governments but of such groups as farmers, consumers, employers, and workers.

The responsibilities of a world economic organization would necessarily resolve themselves into the familiar tasks of currency stabilization, elimination of trade barriers, and encouragement of international lending. To accomplish these purposes, three separate agencies may be called for: (1) a Central Bank, which would have the authority to fix and maintain exchange rates between the various currencies; (2) a Trade Commission, whose duty it would be to obtain the removal of existing restrictions on international trade; (3) a Development Commission, having at its disposal funds for financing public works.

The first hint that the United Nations governments were working in this direction came early in April when both London and Washington announced plans looking toward the stabilization of world currencies. Although similar, the two suggestions have important points of difference. The British plan, prepared by J. M. Keynes, calls for a world bank or international clearing union. Control over this international agency would rest with a board of directors of from twelve to fifteen members drawn from the participating countries. This board, rather than the governments, would be responsible for fixing the value of the "bancor" (the international monetary unit) in gold and for establishing the value of each currency. It would, however, act under clearly defined rules. If a country became too heavily in debt to the international agency, the directors might require that it

surrender gold, reduce its foreign investments, or cut the value of its currency. Moreover, the governing board might have the right to recommend domestic measures that would help restore a balance in the country's international transactions.

Perhaps the most significant part of the Keynes scheme is its provision of funds that might be made available for international public-works schemes. A country having a "favorable" balance of payments—such as the United States has enjoyed since World War I—would accumulate a credit balance with the international fund. These balances could be lent out by the governing board much as a bank now lends the money that is deposited with it. This would prevent credit balances from being frozen, as they have been in the past, in gold bars buried at Fort Knox.

The White plan, outlined by Secretary Morgenthau before two Senate committees on April 5, is somewhat less flexible than the Keynes plan. It provides for the setting up of an International Stabilization Fund of the United and Associated Nations of approximately \$5 billion. Each country is to contribute to the stabilization fund an amount based on such factors as its holdings of gold and foreign currency, fluctuations in its balance of international payments, and its national income. The system of control is similar to that outlined by Keynes. There would be a board of directors made up of representatives from each of the participating countries. The directors would have the power, by a four-fifths vote, to determine the value of any national currency. Although they could not force governments to remove trade barriers and other nationalistic measures, they might bring pressure on an offending country, and they would have the right to prevent the adoption of new exchange restrictions of all kinds.

Although there are many differences between the two plans, they are so similar in their broad outlines that a compromise should not be difficult to contrive. Both would probably work equally well in eliminating cut-throat currency wars such as occurred at the beginning of the great depression. Either might help to flatten out the ups and downs of the business cycle. But the Keynes plan is more adjustable and more comprehensive. It is not wedded to gold and might well be operated without gold. It provides a more direct and effective control over credit than the White plan. In giving his international agency the right of investment, Keynes has greatly strengthened its powers and opened a way for financing international public works; the control of credit as well as of exchange rates should enable the fund to check depressions before they get well started. Arrangements might even be made to use the international fund as an instrument in preventing aggression. On the recommendation of an international court or executive agency, the directors of the international fund

might hold up the account of an aggressor and provide immediate financial aid to any country threatened with attack.

FREE TRADE AND TRADE CONTROLS

The outlines of possible United Nations efforts to stimulate trade after the war are less clear. The need for reducing tariffs has been stressed at the food conference. So far, no decision has been reached between the two basically different approaches to post-war trade policy represented by Secretary Hull on the one hand and Vice-President Wallace on the other. Hull has long been an outstanding exponent of free trade, while Wallace envisions a system of post-war trade controls. The choice is the more difficult because the sincerity and good-will of both men are beyond question. Mr. Hull has literally given his life to the struggle against trade barriers. But it is clear that a realistic program calls for something beyond his reciprocal-trade agreements, valuable as they have been.

From an international point of view, the success of the reciprocal-trade policy assumes an equality of bargaining power between the countries entering into agreements. In practice, such equality rarely exists. In most of the agreements between the United States and smaller nations this country has exacted greater concessions than it has granted in return. As a creditor with a favorable balance of payments, it should have—if it expected to be repaid—made greater concessions than the debtor countries. The psychology of bargaining is all wrong for this purpose. It is doubtful whether any basic improvement in trade policy can be brought about by bargaining separately with each country. There is a better chance of obtaining general post-war economic disarmament by international agreement at the peace conference.

If Hull's reciprocal program is likely to be ineffective in the face of the harsh realities of world trade policies, Wallace's dream of trade that is regulated in the interest of the common man has its dangerous aspects. Export quotas, fixed prices, and other types of trade control are ill adapted to the requirements of a cooperative international society. The existing instruments of control are all clearly recognized weapons of economic warfare. If they are retained, they will almost certainly be used to stir up strife between nations.

But above all we must avoid a return to the economic world of 1914. Seen in retrospect, that world looks much better than it actually was. Although it is true that the gold standard of that day acted as a sort of economic stabilizer, and thus kept depressions from becoming as acute as the crisis of 1929, the position of the debtor countries was far from enviable. Economic stability was maintained because bankruptcy, unemployment, privation, and hunger were accepted as inherent in the normal manner of readjustment. That view has been rejected everywhere today. A measure of control over economic

life has become imperative. But unless the disastrous consequences of nationalistic ambitions during the past twenty-five years are to be repeated, a way must be found to bring such control under international supervision.

[This article, as well as *Myths Can Wreck the Peace*, which appeared in our issue of May 8, is based on a chapter of Mr. Stewart's book, "Building for Peace at Home and Abroad," to be published by Harper and Brothers. A later article will deal with the political problems of preventing World War III.]

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE GREAT EVENT of the week in Paris has been M. Thiers's speech on the treaty of commerce with England. M. Thiers is an intense protectionist, but his advocacy of the cause is marred by total ignorance of, and in fact great contempt for, political economy and political economists. Indeed, he makes a boast of not studying the works of these gentlemen.—June 4, 1868.

ON WEDNESDAY WEEK . . . there was debate in the Senate over the name for the new territory. Territories often keep their names when they become states, so we may be glad that "Cheyenne," to be pronounced "Shy-en," was not adopted. "Lincoln" was rejected for an obvious and, no doubt, sound reason. Apparently, nobody had a better name to offer, though there must be plenty of Indian words that could properly be used, and, for the present, the insignificant "Wyoming" is retained.—June 11, 1868.

THE RAILROAD CORPORATIONS are already of immense power. They own New Jersey, and . . . we cannot tell till next October whether Mr. Drew and Mr. Vanderbilt have not entered into an alliance which puts for many important purposes the whole State of New York into their hands.—June 25, 1868.

THE CALIFORNIAN LEGISLATURE . . . have been conveying large tracts of the [Yosemite] valley to two squatters, whose cuttings and diggings and taverns and liquors would utterly deface it, and convert it into a repulsive resort of tipplers. . . . The bill has been vetoed by the Governor and passed over his head, and now only waits the confirmation of Congress to take effect; but this, we trust, it will never receive.—June 25, 1868.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS! Pyle's Saleratus, Cream Tartar, and O. K. Soap are acknowledged the most efficient and economical household articles of American production. . . . Among the tens of thousands of our patrons are some of the most distinguished personages of the age, a few of whose names are as follows: . . . Hon. Cyrus W. Field, Hon. Horace Greeley . . . P. T. Barnum, Esq., editors of the *Independent*, editors of the *Evangelist*, editors of the *Christian Advocate*, editors of the *Evening Post*, editors of the *Journal of Commerce*, and hundreds too numerous to mention. All first-class grocers keep them. (ADVT.)—June 11, 1868.

How Our Enemies Fight

III. GERMANY: BLITZKRIEG AND BLUNDER

BY GORDON COOPER

THE strategic advantages of the central geographic position occupied by eighteenth-century Prussia were brilliantly exploited by Frederick II during the Seven Years' War. In much the same manner that Hitler overran Poland, he launched a surprise offensive against Saxony, overwhelming it in a few weeks. Confronted then by the greatest coalition that had ever been formed in Europe, consisting of France, Austria, Russia, Sweden, and many of the smaller German states, Frederick used his central position to attack his opponents one after the other in a successful effort to keep them from combining to crush him.

At the outbreak of the present war the High Command of the Third Reich enjoyed the same advantages of a central position and interior lines of communication. But the experiences of the First World War had shown that the enormous armies of the twentieth century had acquired an increased power of defense which prevented such quick decisions in battle as were achieved by Frederick. In 1917, for instance, a concentration of some seventy divisions, or about 1,200,000 men, was considered necessary to achieve a single penetration over a twenty-five-mile sector. Memories of the enormous losses haunted both victor and vanquished after the war. Verdun and Passchendaele became symbols of the superiority of the defensive.

In many countries the case was considered proved. Acceptance of such a conclusion by Germany, however, would have meant military extinction, for successful operations from a central position require that the initiative be kept by a series of offensive actions. Another fundamental principle is that such offensive actions should be undertaken in only one direction at a time, thus allowing an overwhelming concentration to be brought to bear against a detail of the opponents' forces. If the Germans could not secure a quick decision in their offensives, they would be unable to swing their concentrated power along the radii of their interior position and fall on each of their opponents in turn. Another two-front war would result, and 1918 would be repeated. The only hope of avoiding such an outcome was to evolve a tactical system that would again obtain rapid decisions.

The methods of Blitzkrieg, the German solution of the problem, are too well known to need recapitulation here. By adapting its tactical system to the internal-combustion engine, the German army visualized the

possibility of repeating the decisive battles of Frederick's day. It would not have to move from tactical objective to tactical objective as in the last war. It would be able to strike directly at strategic objectives and be fairly sure of an early decision.

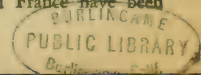
After studying the results of von Faupel's experiments in Spain the High Command laid its plans. It fixed in advance the point where the final European decision was to be reached and mapped the successive steps according to the best principles of strategy.

At the opening of the war the defensive force was massed behind the Westwall, a hastily conceived barrier whose strength has never been tested. The offensive force—the spearhead of Germany's striking power, comprising only seventy divisions—was hurled against Poland, and in sixteen days the Polish army was annihilated. Blitzkrieg had staged here its opening performance, but it had played to a nearly empty house. For psychological reasons the Germans did their utmost by means of cinema and press to call attention to their masterpiece. But their future victims were determined not to understand.

As the battle of the Lowlands and France began, a holding force was left in the east and the offensive spearhead turned west. Now Blitzkrieg in all its power burst upon the Western consciousness. At Eben Emael, Sedan, Dunkirk, and the Somme "the greatest army in the world" was crushed. The Stukas, the tanks, and the mobile 88's were all used with demoralizing effect. France recoiled from the mobility and fire-power of the German tactics, which proceeded from strategic success to decision. No further time or effort was wasted in occupying the whole of France. Having made sure of its western flank, though failing in a limited offensive against Britain, the German army turned east again.

The spring of 1941 would seem to have been the period of greatest theoretical danger for the Reich, for it had to contain two powerful nations, Britain and Russia, while it secured its Balkan flank. Britain, however, was being paralyzed by night bombing and submarine attacks, and Russia was immobilized in mud. Once again the triumph of mobility over terrain was illustrated in sharp outline. The Serbs, who had held out for months in World War I, were conquered in three weeks. By June the Germans could feel secure enough on all sides to wheel against their main enemy.

The campaigns in Flanders and France have been



estimated to have engaged actually only seventy-six German divisions out of a total of over three hundred. Consider the contrast with 1918, when seventy divisions were regarded as necessary for a limited offensive on a twenty-five-mile sector; the *economy of force* achieved in the crushing of France can then be fully appreciated. No more strength was assigned to the task than was necessary, and until the attack on Russia the German army never employed more than a quarter of its strength in one operation. As for the other principles of strategy discussed in my first article, in these "preliminary" campaigns the Germans adhered faithfully to them also and thereby achieved their strategic success.

The Russian campaign, which was to be the crowning glory of German arms and the "grand finale" of the European show, failed to turn out as expected, and the reason becomes clear when we examine the war on the eastern front in the light of these same strategic principles.

Economy of Force. The highest estimate of the size of the Axis force which attacked the Soviets in June, 1941, is three hundred divisions. Hitler himself has said that the front extended for two thousand miles. This would mean an average of one division for every 6.6 miles. In the campaign in the Lowlands and France, where the front was never longer than four hundred miles, it is estimated that the Nazis used seventy-six German divisions, or one division for every 5.26 miles. It would appear, therefore, that a greater economy of force was attempted in the Russian campaign, especially as some fifty or sixty of these original divisions were not German troops but those of Axis allies. Part of Germany's failure to achieve complete success in Russia must be attributed to an underestimation of the opponents' strength.

Surprise. While the outside world was surprised by the Axis attack, it is doubtful whether the Red Army felt the full effect, for it had adopted a strategy which robbed Blitzkrieg of much of its terror. To the Dutch, with their small area of maneuver, the tactical surprise of Blitzkrieg meant strategic surprise. The Soviets, however, used the frontier area as a cushion for the German shock and thereby avoided strategic surprise.

Mobility. The *Wehrmacht* was a marvel of mobility and came very close to achieving success by faithfulness to this principle. Russian space and terrain and Russian weather, however, proved insuperable obstacles. The swamps and forests in the north made conditions less than ideal for mechanized operations. Unexpected heavy rains slowed the advance in the fall of 1941, and winter completely stopped it. The signal successes of German mobility were confined to the Ukraine and the south. Here the Soviets let the *Wehrmacht* run until it tripped itself at Stalingrad. Unable to bring up reinforcements in

sufficient quantity, it was then forced to retire, leaving its rear guard to be surrounded and destroyed.

Offensive Action. Germany retained the initiative during the first six months of the campaign through the use of constant offensive action and regained it in June, 1942. German strategy, therefore, can be said to have adhered to this principle.

Concentration of Combat Power. As we have seen in the discussion of "Economy of Force," Axis concentration of combat power—the number of divisions per mile—was 27 per cent less on the Russian front than in the Belgian-French campaign. This thin disposition might have been sufficient if the Germans had been able to encircle and "blitz" the Russians, but Russian strategy avoided this by making use of Russian space. Moreover, the Russian tactics of nipping off the mechanized spearhead made it necessary for the tanks to be accompanied by infantry masses, which caused a further drain on German concentrations. Insufficient concentration of combat power was partly overcome by the smaller scope of the 1942 offensive, but later the German strategists magnified the defect by splitting their concentration and pushing two attacks simultaneously, against Stalingrad and the Caucasus. It was the first time in the war that they were guilty of such heresy, and they were punished by being forced to relinquish their hard-won gains in both sectors.

Security. Security was everywhere adequate until late in 1942. Only one strategic point in Europe, Rostov, was given up once it had been occupied by German troops. Rommel's operations in Africa kept the British occupied for a far longer time than was originally planned and may well rank with Stonewall Jackson's diversionary campaign in the Valley of Virginia. The Dieppe raid showed the strength of the security measures taken along the western coast of Europe for the protection of the Nazi rear during the Russian operations.

Cooperation. The analysis of Japan's successes in the second article of this series showed cooperation between the services to be one of the main factors. Cooperation has also been a noteworthy feature of all the German campaigns; the only signal defeat suffered by the Third Reich prior to the Battle of Russia was in the Battle of Britain, where reliance was placed entirely on the air arm. If the Russian invasion did not proceed according to plan, it was not because of any lack of cooperation. The Luftwaffe-submarine combination, according to American press reports, destroyed 50 per cent of the lease-lend convoys to Russia in the summer of 1942. Writing in *Red Star*, the official Red Army newspaper, Major Vasilov declares that the strategic massing of the German air force for the purpose of creating such complete air superiority in any given sector that the ground forces can achieve their objective is one of the main instruments of the German high command. A higher de-

gree of cooperation between ground combat forces than had heretofore been called for was also found necessary in Russia in order to protect mobile machines against Russian anti-tank methods.

To sum up the Germans' total effort since 1939 one may say that they have accomplished every preliminary step with complete success but failed to achieve their ultimate objectives—the capture of Moscow and the annihilation of the Russian armies. That the "battle of annihilation" is the keynote of German style has long been recognized by writers on war. It has been emphasized in German military literature for centuries; Schlieffen's modern studies of the battles of Leipzig and Cannae are quoted by Tschischwitz and Braun in their works on Blitzkrieg. In their frantic efforts to achieve a similar victory over the Red Army we see revealed the errors in strategy to which their characteristic style led the Germans at Moscow and Stalingrad. The slipping, weaving Russian retreats, always eluding the German pincers, succeeded in saving the Soviet armies from the fate of the Polish and French armies.

When the Blitzkrieg failed in the hills before Moscow, German strategy was changed to suit the means instead of the means being adapted to the strategic ends. The 1942 campaign was launched not against Moscow but in the plains of southern Russia, where armor still retained an edge. There the *Wehrmacht* won a series of tactical successes that carried it to the Volga and the Caucasus. When it failed to take either Stalingrad or Baku, these preliminary successes were put in their proper perspective. The nature of the German failure was pointed out by General Chuikoff in reply to the question of an American newspaperman. Asked what tactical errors he had observed in the German campaign, the commander of the Soviet Sixty-second Army, which had successfully defended Stalingrad, replied, "The Germans made no tactical mistakes," and went on to explain that it was in the field of strategy that the Nazis had failed. Their tactical successes proved to be Pyrrhic victories leading to no strategic achievement.

Having failed to destroy the Russian army in two years of effort, having lost their domination of the Mediterranean as a result of the Allied victory in North Africa, completely encircled by their opponents and suffering under continued air assaults on their interior communication lines, the Germans now face an attack by the combined forces of their opponents. To counter it their strategy has secured for them the entire continent of Europe as an "area of maneuver" in which they can afford to trade space for time as they did after the defeat at Stalingrad. Hitler, who started out to win another Cannae, is confronted with a situation similar to that which baffled another great exponent of operations on "interior lines," Napoleon, when he found himself sur-

rounded before the Battle of Leipzig. German studies of this battle are no less detailed than those they have made of Cannae. The analogy can hardly escape them.

[This is the concluding article in a series on the strategic styles of our enemies.]

In the Wind

THE WILMINGTON, N. C., *Post* offers a solution for absenteeism: "Hitler may be insane, but he has more common sense in dealing with this problem than many of our higher-ups in Washington." . . . As for the franchise, "We do not believe that every person should have a vote equal to some other person. Why should a man like Henry Ford have his vote paired against that of a guttersnipe?"

AT LAST the source of economic progress has been discovered. Gerhard Hirschfeld, research director of the Insurance Economics Society of America, reports the results of his researches in *Baron's*: "The wealth-owning part of our population . . . is at the same time the wealth-producing part. It has always been the most vital link in our economy and is responsible for the economic progress of the nation."

TIP: The *Wall Street Journal's* gossip column, "Purely Gossip," reports this item of interest to wealth-producers: "Those lampshades made of old Russian imperial bonds may soon be torn apart. They are up to 9, from last year's low of 1, as rumors spread that the U. S. S. R. is about to make a fantastic good-will gesture."

HEALTH NOTE: A refugee doctor who knew the assistant to Hitler's personal surgeon reports that the Führer underwent an operation for a polyp in the throat five years ago. The prognosis at the time was that it would recur in a malignant form in four or five years. The doctor who reports this information moved in the highest medical circles in Germany and is an entirely reliable person.

A TELEPHONE SURVEY by a radio research agency showed that 27.1 per cent of the homes called were listening to Churchill's address to Congress on May 19, an estimated 14,045,000 listeners. This compares with 27.7 per cent, an estimated 14,290,200 listeners, for Roosevelt's Congressional message on January 7. Night broadcasts have many more listeners. Roosevelt's talk to the coal miners at 10 p.m. on May 2 reached 56.7 per cent of the homes called, or some 43,761,000 listeners.

IN ITS ACCOUNT of the death of Edsel Ford, the *New York Times* explained his draft status thus: "In deference to his father's hatred of war, he threw himself wholeheartedly into war production, and he was exempted from military service as an essential production man."

FESTUNG EUROPA: A police investigation of the mysterious disappearance of a number of young Norwegian women has been stopped on orders from the Nazi authorities. . . . The Nazi mayor and aldermen of a Belgian town have been denied life insurance by Belgian and German companies.

Communists and British Labor

BY KINGSLEY MARTIN

London, May 26, by Cable

THE B. B. C. made an amusing comment on Moscow's decision to end the Comintern when it dryly remarked that the only protesting voice so far came from the Independent Labor Party. It is a point worth explaining.

The Independent Labor Party, which is no longer an important political force in England, has quarreled violently with the Third International. Its complaint is certainly not in support of the Comintern. It is a rebuke to Stalin for Soviet nationalism, which repudiated the conception of world revolution. For many years Stalin has seemed to be moving toward this view. Stages in his metamorphosis were his defeat of Trotsky and his execution of the Five-Year plans, which accomplished an extraordinary feat in making the U. S. S. R. strong enough to fight Germany without making it dependent upon foreign capitalism. Then came the attempt to save peace and gain security for the U. S. S. R. through collaboration with the bourgeois governments at Geneva, another sign of Moscow's nationalist rather than world-revolutionary view. Only in Spain has the Comintern had a real chance since the early post-World War period. In China the Comintern was defeated, and in Germany its errors were partly responsible for Hitler's triumph. Recently the Comintern has been maintained as a reserve weapon to be used only if the democracies became open enemies of the U. S. S. R. Now Stalin smooths the path for an alliance with America and Britain by formally liquidating the conspiratorial side of communism, which has been useful to reactionary politicians in Britain and, above all, in America.

On the international side, therefore, almost everyone is pleased. As a propaganda move, nothing could be better, because the basis of the Axis is the Anti-Comintern Pact. It is often forgotten that Germany's satellites—Italy, Hungary, Rumania, and others—are tied to Germany only by adherence to the Anti-Comintern Pact. Now that Stalin has ended the Communist International he should be in a stronger position to ask the liquidation of all that remains of the Fascist International. This is even more necessary since there is still a tendency on both sides of the Atlantic to build up as the heads of liberated states individuals who would normally work more easily with the Anti-Comintern Pact than with Soviet Russia. On the continent of Europe, where the division between Communists and other forces of resist-

ance has largely disappeared, the formal end of the Comintern should make real unity for the future much easier.

The question for Britain is whether the left can use the opportunity to achieve greater unity. The Labor Party, at the Whitsuntide conference, has as the chief item on its agenda the question of Communist affiliation. Because of its connection with Moscow and its consequent policies and divided loyalty, the Communist Party of Great Britain has long been disaffiliated. Now it supports the war, and there is an important drive by Communists throughout the country to come into the fold. Owing to the method whereby trade unions instruct delegates how to vote at the conference, it is possible to forecast the vote beforehand with some accuracy. It looked last week as though the move for affiliation would be defeated by a substantial majority. The principal argument of the Executive in its correspondence with the Communist Party and in many pamphlets and leaflets is that it is impossible for the Communist Party to be loyal to the Labor Party because of its constitutional allegiance to Moscow decisions. Its change of attitude toward the war in October, 1939, and its anti-war policy until 1941 are added points in the argument of the Executive. Now that this particular argument has been removed, many hope that affiliation may after all carry the day. The Executive might at least offer to meet representatives of the Communist Party to discuss whether, under the new circumstances, they could rely on Communist Party loyalty. These matters will be discussed by the Labor Party Executive on May 28.

Statements made by the *Daily Herald* and orthodox trade-union leaders suggest that it will be difficult to persuade Transport House to change its mind. Labor leaders may argue that Communist policy will still follow Moscow blindly and, from past experience, that Communists aiming at revolution cannot be trusted colleagues for Socialists who hold a gradualist philosophy. The *Herald* argues that it would be logical for the Communist Party to dissolve and for its members to join the Labor Party as individuals. This argument would apply to all constituent bodies of the Labor Party, and is important, not for its logic, but because it is an indication of reluctance once again to begin the struggle with organized communism within the party.

One other viewpoint is strongly expressed. In many minds the overriding consideration is the fear that the

working-class movement will again split into warring fragments, making victory easy for the reactionary forces, who will regain power as they did at the end of the last war when they defeated all hopes for post-war improvement. I have heard the view expressed by a distinguished figure in the Second International that nothing would so encourage the forces of progress throughout Europe and the world as unity within British labor. Though memories of past bitterness would make collaboration between most of the present Labor and Communist leaders difficult, there are large numbers of younger men and women, in the ranks of both labor and communism, who will insist on unity, one way or another. Stalin follows Lenin in telling the Communist Party to think out socialism in relation to particular British traditions. That must mean that it would abandon its conspiratorial attitude, a natural inheritance of the Third International, born of the revolution in czarist Russia, where liberalism had never taken root and freedom of speech and the right of association never existed. The tactics to be applied in the Western democracies ought to be founded upon a recognition of their strong moral and humanitarian tradition. And so we hope that at Whitsuntide, at any rate in the country where Socialists and Communists must necessarily work together during the war, unity based on a new realism and a new determination to achieve socialism may be realized.

De Gaulle—Giraud

DE GAULLE and Giraud—all right. But Giraud and De Gaulle—disaster for French democracy.

The issue is not unity alone. Unity was certain, once arrangements for the meeting in Algiers were confirmed. Unity was a fact when the British and American general staffs realized that they could never land in France with a divided North Africa. Once the realization came, action was simple. The British became less ardent in their support of De Gaulle; the Americans allowed Giraud to feel that their support of him was not unconditional. The two generals had no choice. For an eternally divided North Africa invited eternal occupation.

But it is to the greatest interest of the democratic cause that within the formal unity to be established De Gaulle should hold the real leadership. Everything speaks for it. Behind De Gaulle is the new "Council of Resistance," uniting all the anti-Vichy forces in France. Behind Giraud is M. Boisson, who declared, even on March 30, 1943, that West Africa should remain faithful to Marshal Pétain. Behind Giraud is René Prioux, general of the French armies in North Africa, who, even on March 27, 1943, was addressing his officers as follows: "The difference between Vichy and the Marshal is evident. General Giraud has always kept this difference in mind. Lately



Drawing by Rivero Gil

Charon: "I don't know how I'm going to solve the transportation problem."

he declared that no one may attack Pétain, while everyone must attack Vichy." Always the same tactic of indirectly asking for support of Pétain while laying all the blame, in the classic military tradition, upon the civilians.

And it is not only M. Boisson, General Prioux, General Nogués, or M. Peyrouton who can never be "united" with the people of France. Hundreds and hundreds of minor officials, appointed and kept in office by former Vichyites who under General Giraud are running the military and civil administration in North Africa, will always remain a threat to French democracy. They were fascist-minded before the outbreak of the war; they were fascist during the war; they will continue to intrigue and to work against democracy if a "non-political" general like Giraud continues to protect them. Only if the influence and the authority of a truly "political" general like De Gaulle, backed by all the forces of resistance in France, are fully exercised in the new council created in Algiers can the French people have a guaranty that they will not be stabbed in the back from North Africa.

Unity, yes. But under De Gaulle.

A. DEL V.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

KONSTANZ is an old and very beautiful German city. On May 18 the St. Galle *Tageblatt*, the newspaper of a nearby Swiss town, described the daily life in Konstanz. "Beautiful Konstanz," it said, "is steeped in gloom, and people have little hope of a better future." One reason is that the local grenadier regiment was destroyed to the last man before Stalingrad. Another is the so-called "total mobilization." "The order closing all retail stores swept over Konstanz like a tempest. Only a few shops remain open." A third cause of the gloom is the scarcity of goods, which "has reached grotesque proportions." Some fantastic happenings will illustrate. "A man climbed into a ground-floor apartment in Konstanz and stole the blanket from the bed of a sleeping child. A working woman lured an eight-year-old girl into a house and robbed her of her shoes."

But the most revealing thing is a placard headed *Verboten* which is displayed in all the stores. It warns customers that "conversation in the shops must be limited to the Hitler salute and the remarks required by the transaction." This prohibition of all conversation is for the Swiss newspaper proof of "rising irritation."

In the middle of May, for the first time under Hitler, a professor in a German university was condemned to have his head cut off. His name was Kurt Huber, and he was fifty years old. For seventeen years he had taught psychology at the University of Munich. He had never, so far as is known, had anything to do with politics.

The execution of Professor Huber was the climax of a series of happenings at the University of Munich about which vague reports have already reached America. Since it is possible that this is a development of great significance, we welcome the discovery of a somewhat more detailed account in the Swedish newspaper *Trots Allt*.

In Easter week a high party official addressed the students of both sexes at the university. With customary Nazi arrogance he made remarks about the superiority of men and the inferiority of women. He seems also to have used insulting and dirty expressions. Whereupon the unheard of happened: the masculine listeners, not the feminine, exploded. The students began to stamp their feet—the traditional way of expressing disapproval in German universities—and to call out "Enough." Soon the more spirited members of the audience began to leave the hall, and the meeting ended in chaos.

The next day some students distributed a typewritten leaflet in the university buildings. It was an attack on the Nazi Party, which they accused of "crippling the student's intellect in the most important period of his development." It demanded that students stay away from assemblies at which "party satraps" and "party satellites" spoke. One of its distributors was a student who had lost a leg at Stalingrad and who wore the highest decoration a soldier can receive—the iron cross, first class.

The university was in an uproar. The police and the Gestapo moved in and made some twenty arrests. Among those arrested were the cripple of Stalingrad and—some days later—Professor Huber and his wife. It is not known just how Huber was connected with the outbreak at the meeting or with the leaflet, but it is known that he was brought before Herr Giesler, the Gauleiter of Munich, and that there was a violent scene between them. The Special Court for the Protection of State and Party then held numerous secret trials—all separate. The younger students were sentenced to imprisonment for many years or for life, but ten of the older ones, among them the cripple of Stalingrad and Professor Huber, were condemned to be beheaded.

Two other things should be mentioned. The first is Gauleiter Giesler's statement to the leaders of the National Socialist Women's Organization, whom he called together to give them directions about the girl students. He said: "Unfortunately our attention has just been drawn to the university, and unfortunately we have seized only one professor. But we know that at least twenty more of his kind are hiding there." The second is this: Because of some connection with the Munich affair a high official in the nearby city of Salzburg was arrested—a nobleman and a *Regierungsdirektor*, Dr. Hans von Rittinger. He was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment because of a "hostile attitude toward the state and party." The official announcement said that his "frivolity" during the trial had been particularly repulsive.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Mother and Son

THOMAS WOLFE'S LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER, JULIA ELIZABETH WOLFE. Edited with an Introduction by John Skally Terry. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

THE letters of a genius are always interesting even when they are dull, and these letters of Wolfe, like his books, are dull. Every other letter seems to be about money and how it gets that way. And when finally money does begin to flow his way, then come the lawsuits. Poor Wolfe discovers that even a halfwit has the right, in a democracy, to sue you, bleed you, though he hasn't a leg to stand on. In the course of a short life Wolfe seems to have discovered many things which the ordinary schoolboy knows instinctively. One of the most amusing statements is the one concerning Professor Baker of Harvard. "I think he's bitterly disappointed because I began teaching, but he never told me by what means I could live." Aye, there's the rub. And there is something pathetic about the inability of editors and publishers, in a land that worships money, power, fame, and success, to keep alive a man of genius whose needs are few. To receive \$250 for something like 30,000 words is the sort of encouragement which makes a writer wonder if he wouldn't be better off digging ditches or robbing banks.

There is also something amusing and pathetic about the valiant and, to my mind, misguided efforts of the good Max Perkins to whip the amorphous volume of Wolfe's writings into some acceptable form. The only book of Wolfe's I could ever finish was the little volume called "The Story of a Novel." I was violently moved by this account and convinced, moreover, that a crime had been committed against Wolfe by the very man who tried to help him. It is quite possible, to be sure, that without editorial assistance Wolfe might never have brought any of his books to a conclusion. But would that have mattered? Just as his mother tried to keep him a child, so his publishers tried to keep him readable. A child who is weaned at the age of three and a half is never weaned; a boy who is kept in curls until he is a young man never becomes a young man; a giant who sleeps with his mother until it is time to find a mate never finds a mate. And a young genius who begins like a Niagara can never be made into an acceptable wooden novelist such as publishers are constantly looking for. Left to his own resources, encouraged to do as he pleased, Thomas Wolfe might have committed suicide at an early age, leaving to posterity a grandiose unfinished opus which would have been the pride of American letters.

The saddest thing about Wolfe is the feeling he gives of being alone in the world. And though he was always tied to his mother by the umbilical cord, he gives the impression frequently that he had been abandoned even by her. In trying to tell her what his first novel is about, he writes: "It says that we are born alone—all of us who ever lived or will live—that we live alone, and die alone, and that we are strangers to one another, and never come to know one an-

other." Quite naturally this feeling was accompanied by a mania to devour the world; it was the only means left him to connect with the world. Instead of incorporating the world, however, he dies of glut. In this he reminds one of Balzac. The pattern of his life is that of the treadmill. He becomes a victim of work. No death, no phoenix rising from the ashes. Just a huge machine waging a hopeless battle with time.

His malady was gigantism, in all its manifestations. His tentacles spread everywhere, but they never light upon the golden shears which will liberate him and give him atonement. He is a river with a blind mouth, a moving panorama which erases itself with every turn of the bend. He will remember everything from the day he was born, and record it with the exactitude of a physicist, but though he labor like a fiend he will never succeed in laying the cornerstone of the temple he longs to inhabit. He remains the infant Gargantua, stumbling through the world nursery and scattering debris everywhere. An utterly humorless prodigy to boot. Alone, misshapen, misunderstood. A misfit. A giant for whom a toothache assumes the proportions of a tragedy: something to write home about, something to wrest a tear from that monument to real estate who could have been a writer too—if she had had the training.

His admirers are right in regarding him as a genuine American. He had all their faults and all their virtues. "I could never be anything but American if I tried," he writes. Yet again and again he expresses his disgust with "the huge, loud, noisy madhouse" that America is. And then, like all genuine Americans, he can add: "We have it in us to be a really great people, I think, whenever we find what is sometimes called a soul." In this utterance we have an intimation of the real tragedy which confronts every great American artist. For, until that soul emerges, how are we ever going to stop killing off our creative spirits? What place is there for a poet in a garden where automobile parts are at a premium? With Wolfe's death we are left with at most two or three writers of unmistakable genius. The others are the successful writers whom the mothers worship.

HENRY MILLER

The Mexican Storm

THE WIND THAT SWEEPED MEXICO. 100 Pages of Text and Captions by Anita Brenner and 184 Photographs Assembled by George R. Leighton. Harper and Brothers. \$3.75.

THE Mexican Revolution has been sputtering and exploding in our back yard for more than three decades. No upheaval of modern times has been continuous spot news for so long or so thoroughly covered by reporters, sociologists, artists, and photographers. Nor was there ever a more colorful, dramatic, and "photogenic" setting. Indeed, the Mexican Revolution may be said to have initiated a new period in

modern news photography, marking the great turn from the unchanging scenes and solid celebrities posed before a tripod-supported camera in the settled world of the nineteenth century to the swift action shots of the world in motion and flux of the twentieth. "The wind that swept Mexico," in retrospect, proves to have been one of the first gusts of a tempest that since has been sweeping the earth.

It is not easy to give a satisfactory account of a world which is changing rapidly while you observe it. One needs more than fixed instants: their succession must form points on a continuously altering trajectory. In writing, this requires a grasp of origins and a sense of direction. In photographic illustration, the separate pictures must make a sequence, like stills which suggest that they are parts of a moving picture.

In this first attempt to portray the Mexican Revolution by uniting photography and text, both collaborators were admirably suited to their tasks, and the result is a perfect unity of text and illustration. Anita Brenner has been reporting on Mexico for almost as many years as are covered by these events. She has never written better, or as well. She has outgrown the sometimes annoying habit of seeking for the smart phrase without regard for its consequence to truth; yet her style has not lost its liveliness. Errors of detail are few and minor, less than in any previous book that has been written on Mexico. Interpretation, too, leaves almost nothing to be desired—perhaps a recognition that the Diaz regime was part of a larger setting of later nineteenth-century stability (in Europe, in the United States, in Latin America) and that not "cash-and-carry economy" but primitive subsistence agriculture is the shock absorber that cushions Mexico against the world's economic storms. The most remarkable quality of her hundred-page text is a clean simplicity of outline which could only have been achieved in the case of such complex events by long years of meditation.

What the complexities were which had to be reduced to simplicity without being simplified out of existence cannot be more than suggested here. Was Pancho Villa a bandit or a revolutionist? Is the government a military dictatorship? a fraternity of corrupt officials enriching themselves by private graft and public pillage? a channel through which the will of the masses can find some expression? Are the professed governmental ideals devices for manipulating the people, or do they—and to what extent?—take possession of those who profess them? Is Lombardo Toledano an agent of Stalinism, or of the government for working upon the masses, or of the masses for working upon the government? In brief space, without imbalance and without loss of concrete aliveness, Miss Brenner has managed to answer an enormous number of questions to which there are no simple yes-or-no answers.

George R. Leighton has shown no less expertness in his selection of the news photographs to complement—or be complemented by—Miss Brenner's text. In the new art of photo-illustration, as in any art, selection is a crucial matter. Leighton's job was not merely to track down and sift the mountain of amateur and professional news photographs, but to steep himself in the story he was illustrating until he could judge them for relevance, representative character, expressive quality. This telling of a continuous story from photographs is analogous to the cutting and montage in the editing of a film. It is so well done here that it is no longer

possible to tell whether Miss Brenner wrote the text around the pictures or Mr. Leighton chose the pictures to suit the text.

And what pictures! The aged, stony-faced dictator, full of years and honors; the glitter of Porfirian society as only the camera can catch it—a world apparently as settled as the melancholy high plateau and snow-capped sierra that form its background. The reverse side of the Porfirian peace—beggarly Indians, newly shot corpses lying on the plaza with men and women passing unconcerned in the brilliant sunshine. Guerrilla camps scattered through the brush; armies traveling atop captured freight trains with their women, children, dogs, pots, umbrellas; naive excited peons in arms; shops being raided; Villa's "golden boys" dashing on horseback right up to the camera. The "men of the Revolution"—Madero, diminutive, weak, almost ludicrous, yet unswervingly devoted to such ideals as could move him; Villa's jovial, sensual face; the melancholy dreamer's eyes of Zapata; the pedantic self-importance of Carranza; debauchery and cruelty cut deep into the face of Huerta; donhommerie on the round cheeks of Obregón. Ebb and flow of uncertain fortunes—Villa trying out his expansive seat on the presidential chair with the grin of a small boy while Zapata, huge hat on knee, sits bemused beside him; Carranza opening the Constitutional Convention; Carranza lying dead after assassination; the tough, corrupt, sybaritic face of Morones as official labor lieutenant; the lean, ascetic, Machiavelli-Savonarola face of his successor, Lombardo; the shining, impassive, metallic-bronze head of an archbishop under a bejeweled miter; Calles proclaiming full stop to the victorious Revolution; Cárdenas earnestly receiving a petition from dissatisfied Indians; a new concrete road through a timeless landscape; the British ambassador leaving in a huff after the oil expropriation; astonished Mexicans learning that their country has entered the war, and on the side of the traditional enemy, the Yankee.

So both text and pictures leave the Mexicans facing what puzzled attention a new and uncertain future, asking what fate awaits them alone on this continent with no rival European power to counterbalance the "Colossus of the North" turned "Good Neighbor," and what fate awaits their unfinished Revolution. The question at the end is as right as the rest of the text and pictures.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE

This Paranoid Reich

IS GERMANY INCURABLE? By Richard Brickner, M.D.
J. B. Lippincott Company. \$3.

AN INSISTENT need of our troubled times is to account for the phenomenon that has confounded the nations. The responsible "it," whatever its nature, was made in Germany. Its sources must be sought there. Political, economic, social, geographic conditions have played leading parts in the dénouement. All that is abundantly recognized. Beneath them lies a deeper level of interpretation, inevitably psychological. The phenomenal, convulsive "it" is a collective mental aberration. Germany is in the throes of a psychic obsession. The key clue to the most disastrous regression in the march of civilization is held by psychiatry. Upon that thesis, Dr. Brickner builds his argument and arrays his

evidence. In that conclusion and its supreme significance the present reviewer fully concurs.

Too long have historians, statesmen, economists, militarists, and the ever articulate journalists held the field and the public ear. The claim of experts in ways of mind—psychologists and psychiatrists—to a voice in the interpretation of the doings of men recorded as history presages the verdict of the future. Nazism—ideas and behavior—belongs with such derangements as witchcraft and the Inquisition to the mass-pathology of the human mind. Had the phenomenon stopped short of war, it would still have formed a major problem for reflective minds: a global upheaval has bombed it into universal concern. Germany is psychopathic. The ideas, traits, human relations, behavior-patterns, policies dominant in Germany are in reality symptoms of grave mental disorder. Is Germany incurable? is the tense question for today and for post-war consideration.

Germany's psychosis is definitely *paranoia*—a term thus raised from medical to international consequence. "Its presence as the predominant culture trait sets the Germans apart as a special world problem among Western nations." The diagnosis is unmistakable. The passion for domination, and regulation, in matters great and small, the chronic suspiciousness, the fancied grievances, the absurd megalomania, the irresponsible logic, the blindness to others' psychology, the scrapping of inhibitions, the fanatical assumption of a mission: these make the context for the paranoid conviction that he, the paranoid, and his actions are ever right and that the rest of the world is wrong and despicable. This typically paranoid complex is certified in every psychiatric text.

Paranoid trends have entered deep and wide into the German character; have been sanctioned and rewarded. In that soil, long prepared and recently fertilized, Nazism found congenial roots and attained a rank growth. Mass delusions, however virulent, are never universal. A portion of the population remains fairly immune to the contagion, and provides the nucleus of recovery. But until the sane members in German communities can cure their fellows of their paranoid thrall, the nations united in the cause of sanity no less than of freedom must accept the warden's role of rendering the patient's delusions and impulses harmless.

Dr. Brickner's mode of presentation of his thesis and its evidence is not conducive to overcoming the resistance which it meets in lay circles. The same conclusion is more forcefully expounded by H. G. Baynes, British psychologist, in his "Germany Possessed." It is likewise the accounting of Rolfe Tell in "The Eternal Ger-Maniäc," of Sebastian Haffner, of E. O. Lorimer, of Colonel Minshall (only the last is cited by Dr. Brickner), and of others.

Dr. Brickner's presentation lacks the complete demonstration of which the thesis is capable. His illustrations, medical and cultural, are none too relevant. Unaccented is the paranoid's constant recourse to lying and deception, so conspicuous in Hitler's make-up and adopted as a policy by his regime. That primary trait-symptom of the paranoid—and that is why you can't do business with him—is emphasized in the able study of the psychopathic personality by Dr. Cleckley published under the apt title "The Mask of Sanity." What baffles the layman is the fact that an ignorant, mediocre, ne'er-do-well, hopelessly insane, can attain to such a career

YALE

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MARK A. MAY

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FOR MY PEOPLE

MARGARET WALKER

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in a world presumably ruled by sane men. The paranoid mask is indeed deceptive. It deceived—though that deception alone is not the full accounting—the diplomats. It did not deceive the psychiatrists, nor so keen a lay observer as Mrs. Lorimer, author of "What Germany Needs": "Hitler is not a person, but mental disease incarnate."

The astounding and appalling phenomenon presents two problems—the insane Führer and the obsessed Reich. Dr. Brickner concentrates upon the latter and all but neglects the former—a questionable tour de force. The realistic fact remains that Nazi Germany was created by the acceptance of a paranoid and the delegation to him of unlimited power. That's the "it" that can't happen here. The idolatry of the person of Adolf Hitler is not a paranoid trait; it reveals a flaw in the German character evidenced by the university students' slogan: "We spit on freedom!" There are many complications in the cure of Germany.

The psychopathic accounting of Nazism must make its way despite the prejudice against conceding a place in affairs of state and the common weal to the psychologist and the psychiatrist. Indeed, even in intelligent circles one encounters an uncritical distrust or even a cheap sneer at both confusers of familiar common sense by technical jargon. None the less, had a competent psychiatrist accompanied Mr. Chamberlain on his mission to Munich, he would have reported to His Majesty's government that appeasing a paranoiac was putting out a fire with gasoline. Where the blind politicians discovered evidences of greatness, psychologists saw through mask and myth to the ghastly reality. "The man in the ivory tower is actually the practical man of affairs," concludes Dr. Brickner.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Aesthetics as Libertarian Faith

ART AND FREEDOM. A Historical and Biographical Interpretation of the Relations Between the Ideas of Beauty, Use, and Freedom in Western Civilization from the Greeks to the Present Day. By Horace M. Kallen. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. Two Volumes. \$6.50.

THESE two passionate volumes must be viewed primarily as a confession of faith. Thirty years, more or less, in the making, as our author tells us, they are packed with an enormous erudition. But they will impress you chiefly because they glow to incandescence with Mr. Kallen's unqualified belief in the individual's fundamental right to develop without outward restraints and with his conviction that art is "the bravest, the truest" way in which man can "affirm his freedom within, establish it without," and by means of which he "conquers fate and defeats God."

Indeed Mr. Kallen's passions seek such a violent affirmation that even when you sympathize with his prejudices you are likely to find yourself wondering whether you can trust the judgment of a man whose philosophizing seems to be so preponderantly determined by the need for self-assertion. You are reading for instance about Baumgarten, remembered only because he gave aesthetics its name, and you run into the following characterization: "Alexander Gottlieb Baumgarten, an academic packager of philosophic sedatives passed down from Leibnitz." Is this not a waste of passion? Why

send out the battle wagons of invective to reduce an obscure little atoll which no one is holding against us? The explanation is perhaps to be found in Mr. Kallen's fervid dedication to liberty. And I imagine also that it is his fervid dedication that accounts for Mr. Kallen's style. If you prefer quiet, masculine prose, stripped of all adiposity, you will be irritated frequently by orchestral effects and by an undisciplined torrent of words which all too frequently interfere with the direct grasp of ideas.

Mr. Kallen relates the history of aesthetics to the history of our Western culture from the standpoint of the central anxiety of our day. He seeks to show that the various conceptions that have been held since Plato regarding art and the relation of art to use are an integral part of the human struggle for freedom. But since theory is always someone's theory, Mr. Kallen brings biographical data to bear on the interpretation. This bald statement of the content of the work cannot, however, give an idea of its scope. Mr. Kallen's historical exposition covers close to a thousand pages, and touches not only on most of the well-known figures in aesthetics but on many well-nigh unknown names as well. To realize how varied and extensive is the range of its historical reference, one must read the book from cover to cover.

Our author finds in history two conceptions of freedom in opposition to each other. One is false and makes for privilege, being really a rationalization of oppressive tendencies. The other is the true one, and it issues finally in our day in the belief in human equality characteristic of democratic societies. The interpretation is carried out in terms of a number of assumptions to which the critical reader will wish the author had given more explicit or more extended attention in these pages. I call them "assumptions" because I do not find that they were drawn from, or modified by, the inquiry, but seem rather to have contrived it from the start. The most important of these assumptions is that freedom consists of the outward expansion of the vital urges of each individual man, to check which is tyranny. This means that each man has the right to seek happiness according to his own personal idiosyncrasies. So far as I am able to discover, this right is proclaimed without reservations, and somehow, though our author absolutely hates all absolutes, he holds that "the right to be different" is an "ultimate of human personality." Another assumption seems to be that change for its own sake is a good, and stasis is evil. Still another seems to be that in the warfare to the death between freedom and tyranny ideas are weapons. Still another is that art and freedom are at bottom synonymous terms, for "whatever opens new ways to impulses held back, to wishes unsatisfied, to feelings shut in," is "art fundamentally."

The advantage of Mr. Kallen's historical interpretations cannot escape anyone. True, he gives us a rather crude version of history; but how simple it becomes, and how easy does he make it for us to take sides. The battle is between light, goodness, and truth on the one hand and darkness, evil, and error on the other. On one side—I mean, to the left—you have sages like John Dewey, Jefferson, or William of Occam; or poets like Byron or Shelley; or children of nature like Rousseau. And opposite them the enemies of man, the false prophets who preach otherworldly hope, the philo-

sophical totalitarians, the anti-nominalists and absolutists. Heading them you will find men like St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and St. Ignatius, "who founded the rationalizations which the godmen and prophets of the latest dispensation, the Hitlers and Mussolinis, the Stalins and Francos, improve upon and surpass." Above them all you will find the arch-totalitarian Plato, who, according to Mr. Kallen, was senile when he wrote "The Laws."

In addition to making history easily intelligible, Mr. Kallen's method has the added advantage of enabling him to dispose of men and philosophic systems that he does not like, without the bother of too minute a logical refutation, by the simple device of exposing the motives back of the ideas. Thus of Plato we are told that "the notion of Beauty as ultimate, universal, eternal, and supernatural . . . shares with the rest of the Platonic Otherworld the service of compensating the thinker for his defeat and degradation in this Hitherworld." Or take Kant. He was deeply devoted to freedom, and translated into the conception of the kingdom of ends the revolutionary ideas of his age. But we must not be fooled by his devotion. "Compensatory to the actualities and habits of his conformed existence rather than expressive of them, the idea of freedom was nevertheless a projection and syncretic symbol of all hurt feelings, the frustrated impulses and deep resentments of his personal history."

Unfortunately the simplicity of Mr. Kallen's version of historical development becomes occasionally troubled by cases which refuse to be rammed into his categories, in spite of their accommodating roominess. This is the case, for instance, with Schopenhauer, whose philosophy was "transcendentalist but not totalitarian." The fact that there are transcendentalists who are not totalitarians and naturalists who are, must have given Mr. Kallen trouble, but I find no reflection of that trouble in these pages. Again, there are in the book several references to periods in which art, though deserving the name in its eulogistic sense, was nevertheless the willing servant of despotism. But if art is synonymous with true freedom, how can it express totalitarian interests without loss of quality? How can art survive and prosper under tyrannical rule and even seek to glorify it?

"The world," says Santayana, "is full of conscript minds, only they are in different armies, and nobody is fighting to be free, but each to make his own conscription universal."

ELISEO VIVAS

Fiction in Review

I AM struck by the naive frankness with which Jerome Weidman's "The Lights Around the Shore" (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50) is being announced as Mr. Weidman's first non-hard-boiled novel. It is exactly as if an optical company were to announce its new lenses as its first lenses which enabled the wearer to see with both eyes. For to say of a novelist that he is, or was, hard-boiled is not a neutral term of description. It is an evaluation and not a flattering one. It announces of a writer that he is so handicapped that he is capable of seeing and depicting only those aspects of life which fit into a single, highly restricted line of vision.

On the other hand, Mr. Weidman's own recognition of

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his earlier limitations is something else again, and much to be commended. Indeed, the best to be said of "The Lights Around the Shore"—for it is a failure—is that it has an admirable intention and an excellent "idea." It is the story of a fifteen-year-old boy who is catapulted into maturity by the double experience of being taken out of his native environment and discovering that the aunt to whom he is deeply attached is ready to sell him out for a pretty dubious lover—a first-rate point of departure for a novel of psychological exploration. But people baffle Mr. Weidman. He intended his novel to be a mystery of the kind which so much attracted Henry James, in which the secret element is the clue element in the human compound, but what he has actually produced is a novel which is full of pointless mystery: one wonders what all the psychological shooting is for. And it seems to me that his failure casts a revealing light on his earlier successful novels.

Take, for instance, Mr. Weidman's adolescent boy, his central character. Peter Landor is of Hungarian parentage, not Jewish, semi-proletarian. His aunt has been in America only a few years; she earned the money for their trip to Europe by working in a factory; the suitor whom she leaves behind is the proprietor of a candy store. All these facts are told us and even have their place in the narrative, but they are never *shown* to us. Peter's origins play no slightest part in the characterization of a boy who is at the age when "class" is of poignant importance and in a situation—on an ocean liner—where he would be keenest to measure himself against the new social experience. He travels third class, for example, but visits in first class with hardly a trace of the emotion of inferiority: there is one brief flurry with a steward, one interesting (though more appropriate to a thirteen-year-old than a fifteen-year-old) interchange with another boy passenger. He shows no interest in the mechanics of the ship, in the complications of landings and boat trains, in the million novelties of arriving in a strange country. His unawareness of his surroundings is so acute that when he returns to America and gives his high-school teacher his diary to read (another false note, by the way, for if Peter is anything, he is a boy who would rather die than expose himself by such a gesture), it comes as a surprise that anyone who had ever taught Peter should be disappointed that the diary is so bare. Is Peter supposed to be bright? Mr. Weidman failed to get it down on paper.

Or one could go through the book page by page, examining so many of his details of characterization. They are false, off-center, unconvincing. There is the matter of the aunt's hands, as an instance: her nails are scarred and shabby from factory work, she has to be shown how to care for them; but a young woman who would not know better than to let her hands betray her in this fashion would also betray her class in a hundred other ways which seem never to have occurred to Mr. Weidman—in her clothes, her speech, her table manners, even in the way she would receive the suggestion of a first manicure.

So then one wonders how a writer whose eye and ear are famed, from his previous novels, for their sharpness, as Mr. Weidman's are, could so have missed fire in this novel; and I think the answer is—cruelly—that neither Mr. Weidman nor any other of the narrow "realists" of the hard-

boiled school ever does have an eye or ear really to be counted on. Like a general staff equipped with a series of plans to cover a series of possible military engagements, but with no military genius which can pull out Plan A for such a situation and Plan B for another, such writers have just enough talent to serve them in pat situations within rigidly limited spheres; on their own in a new situation, they go to pieces. We forget, as a matter of fact, how much of their "characterizing" we always do for them, how readily, once the button is pressed, we come across with the proper conditioned responses. A detective-story writer, for instance—and the hard-boiled novelists are symbiotic with the detective-story writers—has only to tell us of a certain individual that he has a gold tooth in the front of his mouth and that he wears a striped vest with a heavy gold chain, and we supply all the rest of the characterization, from his crudeness and greed to his lascivious conduct with women and his sentimental regard for his mother. For the working purposes of a story, if not for literature, once the proper button has been pressed, a character has been created.

And of course the temptation to this kind of speed-writing characterization is particularly great when a novelist deals with the racial minorities; after all, prejudice itself is a form of speed-writing. Jews especially are a pushover for this sort of thing. In the past, when Mr. Weidman wrote about Jews his ability to reproduce the rhythms of Jewish-American speech effectively substituted for the real work of a novelist. In "The Lights Around the Shore," when for the second time he writes about non-Jews and also attempts to write on an emotional level that demands that people be whole people instead of stage props, he proves how different it is to provide us with the recognizable paraphernalia of a "type" and really draw a character.

"The White Face" (McBride, \$2.75), a first novel by Carl Ruthhaven Offord, a young Negro newspaperman, is worth study as a sociological report on one of the less well-known aspects of the Negro problem—the activities of fascist agents in Harlem. On the principle of divide and rule, and taking advantage of the bad feeling that already exists between the Harlem Negroes and their Jewish landlords, shopkeepers, and domestic employers, fascist agitators are evidently finding Harlem fertile territory for anti-Semitic propaganda. Mr. Offord's book may not be a good novel, but it is a chilling account of something that is much more than a footnote to the problems confronting us on the home front.

According to the publishers' information, C. S. Forester, author of "Captain Horatio Hornblower," spent only a few weeks on a warship of the Royal Navy gathering the material for "The Ship" (Little, Brown, \$2.50); he must have studied assiduously. For Mr. Forester's latest novel is a perfect encyclopedia of naval information, only accidentally fictionalized but fascinating technical reading. Of course, as in all the sea-battle stories of this war which I have read, in proportion as the technical information of "The Ship" is detailed and clear, the people are misty and oversimplified; but perhaps that is an accurate reflection of ship life in time of war; perhaps it is even the saving of people that they can at least put up the appearance of subordinating themselves to the giant machinery they serve.

DIANA TRILLING

RECORDS

ON Victor's May list is Griffes's Poem for flute and orchestra, played by Joseph Mariano with the Eastman-Rochester Symphony under Hanson (11-8349, \$1.05). Most of the piece—which is to say all but the dance in the middle—is very fine; and it is astonishing in its demonstration of powers that are matured and assured. Griffes absorbed a great deal from others; but he absorbed what he could make his own and use as his own—as the medium of his own imagination and feeling. The performance seems good, and is well recorded; the surfaces of my review copy are poor.

Tchaikovsky's "Manfred" Symphony, of which Victor has issued a first recording made by Sevitzy with the Indianapolis Symphony (Set 940, \$7.88), is rarely played—the only concert performance I can recall being Toscanini's with the New York Philharmonic. It was the first work by Tchaikovsky that he played; and it caused me to remark that Toscanini apparently was justifying his previous avoidance of Tchaikovsky by playing one of his weakest works. Rehearing it now I have found some of the thematic material as good as any of Tchaikovsky's (this is a mature work which stands, in order of composition, between the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies), and the use of the orchestra superb as always; but worse than an occasional passage of inferior quality is the lack of concentration throughout, which makes the work wearying. The performance is excellent, and is recorded with the clarity, spaciousness, and magnificence of sound of Victor's most recent orchestral recording. But many surfaces of my copy are poor, and sides 8 and 13 waver badly in pitch.

Fauré's incidental music to "Pelléas et Mélisande" is a sort of tonal cream-puff, valuable only as an occasion for some of the Boston Symphony's fabulously playing under Koussevitzky (Set 941, \$2.63). On the records, however, this playing is reproduced not only without the magnificence of sound that one gets from the "Manfred" records, but without cleanness even in the sound one does get. The surfaces are poor, and two sides waver in pitch.

If, as someone insisted, it was I who called Balanchine's "Wanderer" "cosmic nonsense" when the American Ballet gave it, then I thought up a charac-

terization of it which I cannot improve now after seeing the Ballet Theater's performance.

"The Specter of the Rose" has a sense which was destroyed, in the Ballet Theater's performance, by Eglevsky in the title role. For one thing he has a type of full-blown physical handsomeness which fits him for some other roles but which I would not pick to create the illusion of an incorporeal specter; nor was the illusion created, as it might have been nevertheless, by his movements. One marveled at the way the bulk was made to whirl on the ground and to soar or spin in the air, when one should have marveled at the apparent absence of any bulk at all. And worst of all was the fact that instead of a continuous outflow of emotion translated into a continuous line of movement in which each turn or leap was a mere point, there was a cessation of impulse as the body was placed in position for a series of turns, then the momentary release of impulse for the breath-taking execution of the unbelievable number of turns, then the cessation of impulse and breaking of line of pose and movement as the body was moved to another spot and placed in position for the next piece of technical brilliance, and so on. Svetlova danced beautifully.

As it happened, "The Specter of the Rose" was performed between "Aleko" and "Capriccio Espagnol," in each of which there was an exciting demonstration of continuity in movement by Lazovsky. With a non-professional eye I have tried to discover in Markova's dancing what produces its unique effect; and I have found it to be—for myself, at any rate—the emotional quality of the pattern of her body in one of those poses (analogous to the quality of the pattern of a tree in a Cézanne water-color)—the pattern completed at one end by the line of leg, of toe, at the other end by the line of arm, hand, fingers. It is the quality not only of the pattern at the end of a movement, but of the series of transitional patterns from the beginning of the movement to its end—which is to say that it is also the quality of the movement itself, created by its initial rate, its acceleration, its slowing down; and Markova's dancing is a continuous flow of such movement creating such patterns. So with Lazovsky: watch him in the third scene of "Aleko," the finale of "Capriccio Espagnol," and you will see a continuous moving pattern being created, with arms continuing the line of movement of torso, and

hands completing the line of movement of arms—a pattern made exciting in this case by its incisive rhythmic quality. I am not contending that Lazovsky is as great a dancer as Markova, but only pointing out that what she does he also does in sufficient degree to make him the Ballet Theater's outstanding male dancer outside of Massine. These two dancing together in "Capriccio Espagnol"—with Massine opposing his great presence and style to Lazovsky's sheer incandescence of rhythmical agility—are a marvelous spectacle.

The Ballet Theater now has a number of excellent works in its repertory that are superbly danced; it has a few which it and the public would be better off without. It would do well to drop "The Wanderer," "Helen of Troy," and a few others, and to give "Bluebeard" fewer times; and in any case it should stop its practice of putting one ballet like "Bluebeard" or "Helen of Troy" on almost every program, so that a person has to see the several times in order to see the other things once. In adding to its repertory it would do well to produce the ballets which Balanchine created to concertos of Bach, Mozart, and Tchaikovsky. And above all, when it produces a ballet with excellent dancers, excellent scenery and costumes, it should not have the music performed with an insufficiently rehearsed scratch orchestra.

B. H. HAGGIN

Art Note

PAINTINGS BY FORAIN. At the Coordinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison Avenue, until June 7.

This collection of Forain's paintings was assembled with some difficulty, the larger portion of his work being in France. However, there are enough here to show what a great painter he is. Ala Story says in the foreword, "As a deeply rooted human being he understood life in its entirety, and as the artist he responded to tragedy, mystery, and comedy. It is convincing truth in Forain's art which does not question but reveals a world which, even though we may not have experienced it before, seems familiar." This applies to all the paintings but is especially true of the courtroom scenes and of those depicting opera or cabaret, experts at work, and the life of the artist. At this exhibition one recaptures for a moment the beauty, harmony, and wit which France stands for.

JEAN CONNOLLY

BURLINGAME

Letters to the Editors

Last Chance

Dear Sirs: Ely Culbertson's retort to Louis Fischer in your issue of May 22 was delightful. It is time more blueprints on the "shape of things to come" were analyzed in detail. That of Governor Stassen, for example, is much less complicated than Culbertson's. Why we need eleven or any "regional" federations in a world in which aircraft companies advertise that "no place on earth is more than sixty-four hours from your local airport" is difficult to understand.

Why Culbertson misses this particular argument against "regional federations" I do not know, especially as he hit the nail squarely on the head in his article by declaring that "liberal and socialistic formulas do not suffice" because the "something that is happening is specifically the revolution in communications and in the nature of military weapons."

As for the "nature of military weapons," I might add that atomic power is almost certain to be used in any third world war which we are stupid enough to permit. There would be enough energy in a single uranium-235 bomb to erase a city like London or New York completely from the map. Compared with the 4.5 trillion calories per gram-atomic of uranium 235, the arguments of our so-called "spiritual leaders" for organizing a "Commonwealth of Man" seem puerile. "Time's a wastin'," to quote ineffable Snuffy Smith. Why fool around with "regional" federations? If we're not ready to go "whole hog or none" now, *Homo sapiens* may never have another chance.

HERBERT M. MERRILL

Schenectady, N. Y., May 24

Error on Error

Dear Sirs: I find a curious error on page 651 in your issue of May 8, 1943. "For example," you say, "the 'Radek trial' of January, 1936, and the 'Bukharin trial' of March, 1936, are telescoped into one, . . ."

Radek, Bukharin, and Tukhachevsky were all tried separately in 1937. There was one purge trial in 1936, the trial of Zinoviev, Kamenev, and co-defendants in the fall of 1936. As a reporter I covered this trial for the International News Service.

And I might say that Bukharin made

a public appearance as a free man in November, 1936, at the reception on November 7 at the home of the then Foreign Minister, now ambassador to the United States, Litvinov.

We lined up and shook hands with Bukharin. He looked pale, thin, and worried. All of us, the Moscow correspondents, had been trying to hint in our dispatches that he would be the next to be arrested, for his name had been mentioned during the Zinoviev-Kamenev trial. Now, here he was in the flesh. And nobody dared ask the shrinking fellow how long he would continue to be editor of *Izvestia*.

MILLY BENNETT

Somerton, Ariz., May 12

[Our faces are as red as "Mission to Moscow." Apparently the spirit of the film infected us.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Ideals and Facts

Dear Sirs: Every man and woman, and many children, are doing their best to help their country obtain victory at the earliest possible time. Many of us are concerned with seeing a new type of society arise out of the conflict we are now engaged in, a society based on democratic ideals, tolerance, and world cooperation. There are those of us who will live to witness a new society, but many will have died to make it possible.

We hope that the principles of the Atlantic Charter will be broadened to include not only the countries of North and South America and Europe but those of Asia and Africa, and our enemies as well as our allies; that India as well as China will be free from imperialistic domination, to which they have been subjected for centuries.

We still have, and believe in, our ideals. We have been asked to do this job and we will not quit until it is finished. But we are puzzled by the "reasons" given us as to why we are fighting. They say it is for the rights of individuals to be free to pursue the quest for happiness. They say we are fighting to have equality for all individuals, regardless of race, color, or nationality, that we fight against the fallacy of race and national superiority. And yet we witness the army's segregation of individuals because of differences in the color of their skin.

Advancement for men with ability is announced to soldiers, and to the public. Men are urged to apply for Officers' Candidate School. However it is not publicized that men do not enter O. C. S. on a basis of equality. Soldiers who speak with a foreign accent are "advised" by their company commander "diplomatically" to resign at once from the school, as there would be very little point in their completing the course. Is this equality for all individuals? Or is it sowing the seed for the next war?

CORPORAL

Somewhere in the U. S., May 21

Mr. Fry Objects

Dear Sirs: In your issue of May 15 Alvarez del Vayo refers to an article which I published in *The Nation* last year and which you called Our Consuls at Work. He concludes that "most of them sympathized with Vichy and with Franco. Most of them were ready to stamp any anti-fascist fighter as an outlaw on the pay roll of Moscow."

As I did not draw any conclusions in the article myself, but confined myself to reporting what I had seen, Mr. del Vayo is entitled to draw his own conclusions from the evidence I presented. But I should not like to leave it to be assumed that his conclusions are mine.

I found all kinds of men among our consuls abroad, just as one finds all kinds of men among government employees at home. If I were to make any generalization about them, I should say that many of them seemed to know a good deal less about the countries they were working in than they ought to have known. A few of them, a very few, were outspokenly anti-Semitic. Some seemed to have difficulty distinguishing a Socialist from a Communist. Few knew much if anything about the European labor movement. Some of them seemed hostile to all immigration and particularly the immigration of anti-fascists.

But I could not say myself that most of them sympathized with Vichy and Franco and were ready to stamp any anti-fascist fighter as an outlaw on the pay roll of Moscow. I think it would be doing them a grave injustice to make such sweeping generalizations about them.

VARIAN FRY

New York, May 20

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DR. JOSEPH JASTROW, professor emeritus of psychology at the University of Wisconsin, is now writing a book on German psychology. He is the author of many books, including "Wish and Wisdom," "Sanity First," and "The Betrayal of Intelligence."

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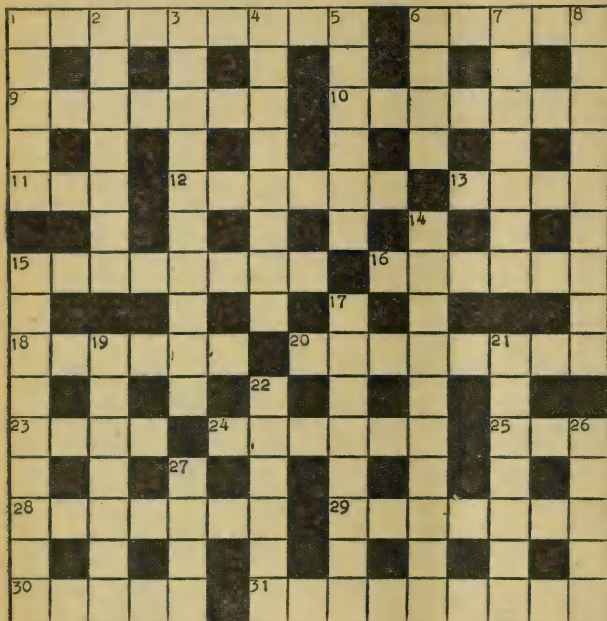
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 16

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 Quack aid for trench feet
- 6 Old admiral who might have made a far-sighted wing commander
- 9 Late to the post, and in haste (two words, 4 and 3)
- 10 Trust Pa to alter it
- 11 He trained Samuel
- 12 She is embraced by father
- 13 A question of time
- 15 Preparing to face the music, modern style (two words, 6 and 2)
- 16 A shot from it might half empty one if it penetrated it
- 18 When I'm in the water I'm ready to fill your glass
- 20 Have ■ care to the fastening of the aircraft
- 23 It is senseless not to have a key to this
- 24 "A primrose by a river's brim a - - - - - primrose was to him, and it was nothing more" (Wordsworth)
- 25 It's everything to you and me
- 28 Place by itself
- 29 Is his the lowest form of wit?
- 30 Taken by the venturesome
- 31 You should find the word you want in this

DOWN

- 1 Donald Duck must be, surely?
- World's largest inland sea

- 3 Was the "Turkey Trot" one of them? (two words, 4 and 6)
- 4 Form of gas tonic
- 5 There's use in turned-up turf
- 6 I'll be darned!
- 7 Everybody complains about it, but nobody does anything about it
- 8 Fairly tied up
- 14 American Indian river
- 15 Has called several times, but always rung his own bell (two words, 4 and 5)
- 17 Breakdown of a close pal
- 19 Roofed in roods
- 21 A tax collector, perhaps
- 22 Nigger in the wood pile
- 26 Can these instruments ever give ■ true interpretation?
- 27 Crab catchers

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 15

ACROSS:—1 SOUNDING-BOARD; 10 LYING; 11 CHUNGKING; 12 CONTINENT; 13 NUDGE; 14 NEVERTHELESS; 19 CONSTITUTION; 22 ASCOT; 24 SPECULATE; 25 CONSULATE; 26 ISSUE; 27 DASTARDLINESS.

DOWN:—2 ONIONS; 3 NEGLIGENT; 4 INCLEMENT; 5 GAUNT; 6 ORGAN; 7 REINDEER; 8 SLICE; 9 OGREISH; 15 TO THE WELL; 16 EVOLUTION; 17 SCRATCH; 18 ANACONDA; 20 LASSES; 21 NEWER; 23 TRUST; 24 STAIR.

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THE *Nation*

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

821

EDITORIALS

The Meaning of Algiers *by Freda Kirchwey*

823

The New Wagner Bill

824

Argentina's Fake Revolution

825

ARTICLES

Eso Family Reunion *by I. F. Stone*

826

Mexico's "Social Justice" Party *by Betty Kirk*

827

50 Years Ago in *The Nation*

831

The Coming Battle of Italy *by Donald W. Mitchell*

832

In the Wind

833

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

Why Did Stalin Do It?

A New United Front *by Ralph Bates*

834

Russia and the Peace *by Louis Fischer*

835

Stalin's Bargain *by XXX*

836

This Is No Maneuver! *by Paul Hagen*

837

Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus*

837

Verboten!

838

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Fighting France *by Albert Guérard*

839

The Noblest German of Them All *by Paul Rosenfeld*

839

Russia Today and Tomorrow *by John Scott*

840

Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling*

842

Films *by James Agee*

844

Music *by B. H. Haggin*

845

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

846

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 17 *by Jack Barrett*

848

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The Shape of Things

THE TAX BILL VOTED BY CONGRESS AFTER months of wrangling can best be described as Rum and water, but with the dilution no more than 25 per cent it makes a pretty intoxicating drink for the upper brackets. As Representative Dingell pointed out in the final debate, it means for the big taxpayers "an outright and irretrievable bonus, the equivalent of all the tax increases we have imposed on them in the past five years." It is the small taxpayers that will suffer the hangover, for when Congress turns to the question of raising additional revenue it will find that it cannot increase tax rates in the upper brackets by more than 1 or 2 per cent and will have to collect the necessary billions by doubling and trebling the rates in the lower brackets. Taken in the near future, this step might well prove political dynamite, and a Congressional agreement to postpone consideration of changes in income-tax rates until next year is significant. But additional revenue must be obtained somehow, and sales-tax propaganda is again being heard. For while the sales tax also falls with excessive weight on small incomes, its burden is not so immediately noticeable, or so politically dangerous, as that of an increase in income tax. Meanwhile, the Treasury has pointed out that corporation profits are expanding again and might well be subjected to higher normal tax rates. Aggregate net income of corporations for the current year is estimated at \$25 billion compared with \$19.5 billion last year and \$9.4 billion in 1940, while net income after taxes is expected to exceed that of the banner year 1941. Although we are hearing many wails about the disastrous impact of taxes on corporation finances, it would seem that we have still some way to go before "taking the profits out of war."

✱

THE WORST WE CAN SAY OF JOHN L. LEWIS is that he deserves the compliments paid him by the *Völkischer Beobachter* on June 4. His attitude is best described in the terms he himself hurled at the War Labor Board. "Self-importance . . . jealous and vindictive . . . place their own vanity above the national interest . . . piously arrogant . . . pompous and capricious . . . seduced by their own egotism"—these phrases

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from Lewis's latest salvo at the WLB are an unerring, if unconscious, self-portrait. At the President's orders Lewis has instructed the miners to return to work, but with a new deadline of June 20. That he will win a considerable victory for the miners before that date is clear. For he and the operators were reported only 50 cents apart on the portal-to-portal pay issue, and his greatest ally in hastening a settlement is the retroactive feature of the pending agreement. The government has promised higher coal prices to make up for any pay increase, and the longer the operators delay the more that retroactive feature will cost them. They cannot charge the government for coal they did not mine. But Lewis and his miners, and the labor movement as a whole, will suffer irreparable damage from a strike which was irresponsible and unpatriotic and unjustified, no matter what the miners' grievances.

✱

THE STRIKE COST THE COUNTRY A LOSS OF 2,000,000 tons of coal a day and the shutting down of more than a dozen steel blast furnaces dependent on this coal. It has disgraced labor in the eyes of our fighting men and given the right a powerful weapon in its campaign to stir anti-labor feelings in the army and navy. In Congress the strike led to the passage of a drastic bill for the control of labor and strikes by a majority so large as to make a veto by the President politically difficult. The original Connally bill, as passed by the Senate, was unpalatable enough to labor. The version as rewritten on the House floor and jammed through by a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats is virtually the old Smith bill, which was killed in the Senate after Pearl Harbor. Some of its worst features—notably the anti-closed-shop and labor-injunction clauses—were struck out at Smith's own motion. But what remains is still one of the most drastic pieces of anti-labor legislation to be passed by Congress in many years. The President should veto the bill. Labor in general has been extraordinarily successful in maintaining its anti-strike pledge, and the passage in haste and high feeling of such far-reaching legislation is nothing short of reckless.

✱

ALL THAT MARS THE PERFECT HARMONY OF the Republican Party is the question of what the world should be like after the war. The world has not been a major consideration in Republican politics for some years, and it might have been by-passed once more if a group of pro-Willkie fanatics had not forced things by organizing what they call a Post-War Policy Association—and what the *Chicago Tribune* calls "Betrayal, Inc." The association is committed to a block-to-block, farm-to-farm campaign to line up delegates pledged to the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill resolution, to a post-war international council based on the United Nations, and to the defeat of the party's isolationists, who, according to the

association's leader, now mask as "super-patriots" and "nationalists." Confronted with the issue in this ugly way, the Republican National Committee has taken steps to keep the quarrel in the family. A Council of Forty-nine has been set up to make a dispassionate study and to bring to next summer's convention a report which, it is hoped, will be quietly accepted as the conclusive findings of the party experts on post-war worlds. Absent from this official advisory council are Wendell Willkie, who wrote of "One World," Senators Ball and Burton, co-authors of the famous resolution, William Allen White and Governor Stassen, and other famous Republicans whose minds carry beyond the barriers of ocean. Among the Forty-niners, on the other hand, are Senators Taft and Vandenberg, Joe Martin, Clarence Budington Kelland, and many more who, even according to the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*, "can only see as far ahead as the ends of their noses on a very clear day." We could have told Committee Chairman Spangler that his hope of undermining the maverick Post-War Policy Association would have been better served by burying its leaders in his advisory council. But fortunately we were not asked.

✱

THE BULK OF EDESEL FORD'S HOLDINGS IN the Ford Motor Company have been bequeathed to the Ford Foundation, an institution for the promotion of "scientific, educational, and charitable purposes," and eventually his father's shares are likely to find the same resting place. Is this a generous gesture or a device for dodging taxes and perpetuating the Ford family's industrial power? Fairly clearly it is the latter, for if estate and inheritance taxes were paid on the whole Ford fortune it would be reduced by at least 75 per cent. The family would still be comfortably situated as regards income, but a majority of the Ford holdings would probably have to be liquidated to satisfy the demands of the Treasury. By turning over the majority of its stock to the foundation, however, and by sacrificing income, the family can retain power over the industrial empire indefinitely. This delightfully simple solution to the multi-millionaire's great problem is made possible by the exemption from all estate duties of bequests for "the public welfare." In the case of the Edsel Ford fortune it means that a mere \$12,000,000 or so will be paid to the Treasury instead of upward of \$150,000,000 if the whole had been subject to inheritance taxes. The Fords are not the only rich men to take advantage of a legal loophole which Congress ought to close in the next revenue bill. Income-tax payers can claim exemption for gifts to charity only to the extent of 15 per cent of their taxable income. Perhaps tax-free bequests should be limited to the same extent. But in any case exemption should be refused in cases where the beneficiary is an organization controlled by the family of the donor.

THE CHINESE ADVANCE SOUTH OF ICHANG has turned out to be one of the most decisive victories of the six-year-old war. Chiang Kai-shek's troops have not only retaken a considerable part of the territory lost as a result of the powerful Japanese offensive, but are now presenting a formidable threat to Ichang itself. While it seems unlikely that the Chinese army will be able to advance much farther at this time, its success suggests immense possibilities once the Chinese are given adequate air support. All the Japanese victories in the past have been won with the advantage of overwhelming air superiority. The Ichang battle was the first in which the Chinese had control of the skies, and their ability to storm strongly fortified Japanese defenses under an air umbrella suggests that the airplane may be even more decisive in Far Eastern fighting than it was in Tunisia. The effectiveness of a few dozen planes in turning the tide of a major Japanese offensive should convince even the most hard-boiled "realist" of the desirability of giving Chinese needs a higher priority than has been assigned them in the past. General Chenault's satisfaction with the decisions recently made in Washington suggests that more aid will be forthcoming soon.

The Meaning of Algiers

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

PEOPLE are saying that France was reborn in Algiers last week. Some are even suggesting that American and British officials in North Africa served as midwives skilfully assisting in a dangerous and painful delivery.

Neither statement is true. France was never dead. It lived on from the hour of defeat and surrender in the tough, courageous resistance of the Fighting French forces organized under General de Gaulle and in the underground, carrying out in the very teeth of the Nazi occupation a growing program of sabotage and political organization. It survived in even more effective form when these patriotic elements joined forces, when the Fighting French office in London was augmented by escaped leaders of the resistance inside France and became in fact as well as name a National Committee. Before the first American soldier set foot on an African beach, a large part of the French Empire was enlisted under the leadership of De Gaulle and administered according to the laws of the republic. In spite of immense obstacles, not the least of which was the policy pursued in Washington, fighting France was already a going concern.

The hostility of the United States government to De Gaulle has been variously explained. Walter Lippmann charitably attributes it to the "error of our diplomatic agents in failing to understand and therefore to

report correctly to the State Department and to the White House the dominating and ascending importance of the national movement which has rallied around General Charles de Gaulle." Others, of more psychological turn of mind, have interpreted our behavior as a defense mechanism resulting from our equivocal relations with Vichy: De Gaulle became the very personification of our national sense of guilt. Both explanations are plausible. Both are humiliating. But even taken together they fail to take account of the powerful current of political reaction in the State Department. To those men who hope to stave off revolution in Europe by piling sandbags around all the crumbling symbols of "authority," De Gaulle has represented the threat of popular control. They resist him not because they are unaware of the "dominating and ascending importance" of his following, but because they are aware and afraid of it.

Why did our representatives in North Africa succeed in postponing, time after time, from the first of January until the end of May, the visit of De Gaulle to Algiers? Why, when the visit was finally agreed upon, did they, with Giraud, try to arrange the meeting in some obscure spot outside the capital? Was it because they were unaware of De Gaulle's popularity? Or was it because they knew that the great tide of support which had risen around his name and the cause of Fighting France would overwhelm the political dykes set up by our own authorities and the men they had placed or maintained in power during the North African operations? The answer is clear enough. They were afraid of the popularity of De Gaulle even in Algiers. They knew that his arrival in North Africa would cause difficulties—not merely, as they like to pretend, because De Gaulle himself is "difficult," but because his stubborn insistence on a civilian authority representing all the genuine elements of French resistance meant the final end of America's Vichy policy.

No, it is too late for the State Department to claim that the creation of the National Committee of Liberation took place either under our aegis or according to our wishes. The very tone of the dispatches, the comments of officials, prove the contrary. What impatience was betrayed when the conferees took three full days to arrive at an understanding! (Was this really so long a time to devote to the creation of a *de facto* government for the French Empire?) And when it became clear that De Gaulle was proving stubborn about the Vichy holdovers in high office, what bland refusal to acknowledge that a purge of the worst collaborationists was the bare minimum he could demand and still keep the confidence of the French masses!

Luckily the French leader is difficult and stubborn. And as a result, Noguès, Peyrouton, Lemaigre-Dubreuil, Mendigal, and Bergeret have all been swept out of

office. Others are scheduled to go. And the Committee of Liberation itself, although not free of questionable members—especially the newly arrived five-star general, Alphonse-Joseph Georges—is moderately promising. The compromises De Gaulle has doubtless felt forced to make offer no fatal obstacle to a vigorous policy in support of the war and a rapid liquidation of the remnants of Vichy rule in Africa. But he will have to watch both his new colleagues and his allies.

It is probable that the Committee of National Liberation can survive its inner conflicts if the British and Americans accept without qualification the independence and sovereignty of the new body, give it prompt diplomatic recognition and representation in the Allied war councils, and regard with patience and decent respect the difficulties it still faces. To do this the United States will have to abandon both its past policy and its recent practice. From now on France will mold its own future. The demonstration of popular support in Algiers gave De Gaulle more power than the backing of American arms and diplomacy could give Giraud. If our government can find the humility to accept and understand this fact, the bitter political struggle in North Africa will have been worth while.

For the thing we should have learned in Algiers is the encouraging truth that the French people are still a force to be reckoned with—that no political arrangements made in defiance or disregard of their will are going to hold. And if this has proved true in North Africa, how much more clearly will it be demonstrated in Continental France, where organized resistance and the spirit of revolt are developed to a degree that is impossible to achieve under the conditions existing in North Africa.

It must be remembered by our leaders, military and political, that North Africa is not an end. It is hardly a beginning. Europe comes next. And in every country awaiting liberation lie political pitfalls into which our feet will surely stumble if the lesson of Algiers has not been learned. Not only will our Darlans be assassinated; not only will our Girauds be regarded with watchful skepticism; but even our most benevolent arrangements for the guidance and orderly development of the countries we "free" will be promptly overthrown unless they represent the will of the men and women who have risked their lives for their own freedom.

This urgent lesson was clearly expounded in the speech by General de Gaulle last Sunday. Let us hope it has penetrated the smug confines of the Department of State. Let us hope, too, that it was read aloud in the more enlightened classrooms of the School of Military Government at Charlottesville. It is the most important piece of political equipment our "military administrators" should carry with them on their coming foreign assignments.

The New Wagner Bill

AS A first step toward the better America that we tell ourselves must emerge from this war, Senators Wagner and Murray, together with Representative Dingell of Michigan, last week introduced a bill into Congress embodying an "American Beveridge plan." The bill, which is without question the most significant measure to come before this session of Congress, is more than a legislative version of the now celebrated National Resources Planning Board Report. Like the original Beveridge plan it envisions a single, comprehensive program providing protection against financial loss resulting from unemployment, sickness, disability, old age, widowhood, and death. It goes beyond the recommendations of the NRPB and the Social Security Board in setting forth a concrete plan for medical and hospital insurance and in providing full social-security protection to the members of the armed forces upon demobilization.

In other particulars the new Wagner bill closely follows the NRPB recommendations. It would set up a single, national system of insurance replacing the cumbersome federal-state unemployment-compensation system. It would extend the payment of unemployment benefits to twenty-six, or possibly fifty-two, weeks instead of the fifteen or sixteen weeks now in force. It would provide dependents' allowances for the unemployed so that the children in large families will not be discriminated against. It would extend the protection of old-age insurance to some 15,000,000 persons not now protected, including farm workers, domestic servants, employees of non-profit organizations, independent farmers, small business men, and professional men. It would provide protection against temporary or permanent disability.

There are actually but three important types of protection provided in the original Beveridge plan that are not included in the Wagner bill. All these omissions are unfortunate, but they probably can be explained by lack of preparatory studies by the NRPB or the Social Security Board. The first is the failure to provide for the costs of dental care along with those of medical care. The experience of Selective Service authorities fully bears out earlier investigations in the schools which revealed that a majority of American children have defective teeth largely because of inability to meet the costs of adequate dental care. Second, the Wagner bill omits coverage of the unusual costs of maternity care. Nearly all other industrial countries have found it desirable to make sure that its children had an opportunity to be born under as healthful conditions as possible. Even more distressing is the failure of the bill to provide a system of children's allowances such as Beveridge has proposed for England. Basically, no other phase of social security is more important. For as Sir William never tires of

pointing out, such allowances are an essential outgrowth of the democratic faith.

In contrast to the Beveridge plan, Senator Wagner would finance his program primarily by direct taxation on the persons who presumably will derive the greatest benefits from security. To this end he proposes that the existing pay-roll tax on employers and employees be raised to a total of 12 per cent. Since the amount of money collected under such a tax would be several billion dollars a year more than would be needed to pay immediate benefits, his plan is actually a sort of forced-savings program to help pay for the war. These savings would be paid back after the war in social-security benefits instead of cash. Senator Wagner himself attaches great importance to this aspect of his program. Politically, it doubtless represents sound strategy, since it should attract support from the groups that are seeking to place the financial burden of the war on the low income groups. But the tax and security programs do not necessarily have to go together, and it would be wise for the National Resources Planning Board, the Treasury, or some other federal agency to make a careful investigation of the financial capacities of low-income families before a regressive tax of this size is imposed. Even such a comprehensive program as Senator Wagner's can be supported by a considerably lower tax rate than that suggested.

Argentina's Fake Revolt

THE quick success of last week's revolt in Argentina was equaled only by the speed of its unmasking. Confused as were the motives behind the military upset, it was perfectly clear that the generals who during the first forty-eight hours replaced Ramón Castillo were at least as reactionary as he. Their initial moves were conclusive. They chose as the only civil members of the new Cabinet two well-known rightists. One of them, the Finance Minister, José María Rosa, is not only a reactionary but a declared enemy of the United Nations. They made no effort to obtain, even for the sake of appearances, the collaboration of distinguished conservatives like Señor Cantilo, the former Foreign Minister, or of moderate liberals like Señor Saavedra Lamas, rector of the University of Buenos Aires—both uncompromising opponents of Hitlerism. The Cabinet dissolved Congress, the bulwark of the fight for the end of pro-Nazi neutrality. It suppressed *La Hora*, a near-Communist newspaper, and one favoring a new attitude toward the Allies. It did not touch *Pampero* and *Cabildo*, which continue their abuse of the United Nations and their pro-German propaganda.

By their total lack of caution in exposing the political color of the new government, the generals sealed their own fate. The Argentine public, at first jubilant at the

overthrow of Castillo, reacted quickly. Resentment at the character of the Cabinet forced its replacement overnight. This is encouraging because it shows that opinion still has power in Argentina. But it must be admitted that the new government, headed by General Pedro Pablo Ramirez and made up entirely of military men, offers small other grounds for optimism. Ramirez drew the lesson from the fate of his predecessor and proclaimed democracy from the balcony of the Casa Rosada. He also pledged friendship to the other American republics and neutrality "for the present" toward the rest of the world. This was obviously the least he could offer. Optimistic diplomats point to the qualifying words "for the present" as offering hope that Argentina may now swing into line with the rest of the hemisphere. In internal policy the new men have so far made no move to undo the work of the first Cabinet.

The whole sequence of events, however, has demonstrated how weak was the foundation on which the Castillo regime rested and how easy it would have been for the United Nations to help the Argentine people establish a democratic government. It is no longer a secret that more than a year ago an important Argentine parliamentary delegation arrived in the United States at the invitation of our government. Among the delegates were some of the chief elements of the opposition. The delegation was very exact in foreseeing the developments that have since taken place. And it formally recommended a policy of support for the democratic forces in Argentina which favored collaboration with the United States.

Some modest gestures were made in that direction. Sumner Welles addressed a solemn warning to the Castillo government. Argentina was pointedly omitted from the list of nations participating in the food conference at Hot Springs. But those were only half measures. What was necessary was an honest recognition that only a daring policy of collaboration—material as well as moral—with the democrats of Argentina could meet the demands of the hour. Such a policy would have led to quite different results from the ones we are witnessing today. Instead of seeing Castillo replaced by a bunch of reactionary generals, with no clear orientation in the foreign field, we could have had in power a democratic government, bringing to the war effort and to the preparation of the peace the important contribution of the leading South American country.

It is difficult, in the midst of change and confusion, to predict immediate developments or to suggest a definite line of policy. One thing remains unchanged—the strong desire of the Argentine people to see democracy win within the country and to see Argentina finally incorporated in the inter-American front. That desire gives the United Nations, and especially Washington, strong grounds for refusing recognition to any regime that does not offer a constitutional, democratic set-up.

Esso Family Reunion

BY I. F. STONE

Flemington, N. J., June 1

LUNCHEON for the stockholders of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was served on the first floor of the Patrons of Husbandry Hall by the good ladies of the Grandview Grange, and in the dining-room of the Union Hotel. This ancient hotel might have provided a scene in Dickens's "American Notes." The wall panels, hand-painted by local talent, depict Thomas Jefferson, Washington Crossing the Delaware, the Barefoot Boy, and two Indian squaws husking corn. The squaws look like Anglo-Saxon middle-class matrons and carry themselves with the hauteur of Daughters of the American Revolution.

Outside the hotel, on the broad veranda, was a sizable collection of local citizens gathered for the town's one great annual event; this, the seat of Hunterdon County, being otherwise distinguished only for the trial of the Lindbergh kidnapper. The stockholders' meeting was held in the second-floor loft of the whitewashed Patrons of Husbandry building nearby. During the proceedings a rooster in the neighborhood interjected from time to time a friendly cock-a-doodle-doo. The company claque, as obvious as an Italian opera star's, seemed to think it an uproarious joke whenever a cock crow interrupted a minority stockholder's speech, though the rooster was otherwise accepted quietly as part of the meeting's Old Home Week décor.

The setting seemed designed to give the Standard Oil Company an Early American flavor. The sterner note befitting our times was also struck. Two survivors of torpedoed Standard Oil tankers, one a shy young Bostonian, the other a Swedish boatswain, were introduced, and told of their experiences with quiet understatement. "They happened to be in town," Ralph W. Gallagher, president of Standard Oil, explained, "and I just couldn't resist the temptation to ask them to come over and talk to us." The temptation was understandable. Later, when the company's cartel relations with I. G. Farben were attacked by minority spokesmen, an indignant stockholder jumped up to point at the two seamen and ask how anyone could question the patriotism of a company which had given the lives of three hundred of its men in the war against the submarine. At this point your correspondent was taken ill.

The stockholders looked like a gathering of Grant Wood faces. They seemed to stem largely from what might be termed the *Lumpenbourgeoisie*; most of them elderly folk, some a little threadbare. They seemed the

kind of good people who have retired on meager incomes from hard-saved earnings, and apparently regarded the meeting, with its free ride to bucolic Flemington and its free lunch, as a pleasant annual junket. Among them, conspicuous in the discussions, in which few took part, were a small group of stockholders unable to restrain their indignant loyalty to the company. This handful was curiously self-possessed under circumstances which would make the ordinary person nervous; they seemed accustomed to facing an audience, and I had a feeling that several of them might well be "bit" actors from Broadway—they looked their parts so well.

There was the Brooklynite who jumped up to shout "we hoid all dis before" when William Floyd II, leader of a little minority band, asked the company to promise that it would not resume its cartel with I. G. Farben after the war. There was the Jewish lady, with a nose so large as to cast doubt upon its authenticity, who might have stepped out of a comedy role in a burlesque circuit. She rose to testify to her faith in management, with lowly simplicity and a Brownsville (New York, not Texas) accent. There was the Retired Major, who asked whether the company couldn't save a little by getting a new auditing firm, and then hastened to answer his own question by suggesting that after all he supposed it cost quite a bit to audit the accounts of a company whose operations extended "the world over." There was that hardy perennial of Standard Oil meetings, former Ambassador Gerard, who reassured the stockholders from his personal observations in Germany and expressed his annual confidence in the management. Much was made of Gerard's testimony by another loyal stockholder, from whose remarks one would hardly have gathered that Gerard left the Reich ten years before I. G. Farben was formed.

The whopper of the meeting was Gallagher's unblushing statement, "We never had *any* cartel agreement with I. G. Farbenindustrie. What we *did* do was to *buy* from I. G. Farben some patent rights and part interest in inventions." The italics are his. This is a bald falsehood, as anyone can see for himself who reads the Standard-I. G. agreements reprinted in Part 6 of the Bone patents committee hearings or Part 11 of the Truman committee's. The agreements pledged the two giant firms not to muscle in on each other's markets and sought to divide the world between them. The heart of the cartel was the division-of-fields agreement of November 9, 1929, which can be found in either volume.

A committee of five minority stockholders with 744 shares among them managed miraculously to roll up 228,759 share votes for a resolution which would have pledged the management not to resume its cartel with I. G. Farben after the war. Floyd, the head of this committee, and Amos C. Basel, its counsel, were jeered and heckled as they spoke. ("It's like a scene from Ibsen's 'Enemy of the People,'" whispered their chief supporter, Mrs. Florence K. Mixer.) Gallagher had personally solicited proxies against the resolution, and obtained 17,396,705 votes from the 24,000,000 shares of common it has outstanding. Gallagher, having denied there ever was a cartel, said the resolution posed a "will you stop beating your wife?" question. The company's objection to accepting the resolution, as Alfred Baker Lewis suggested from the floor, seemed to be that it did not want its hands tied in case it decided to "beat its wife" in the future.

Little more than a year has passed since the revelations in Washington on the part played by the Standard-I. G. Farben cartel in delaying the development of both synthetic rubber and aviation gas in this country. The full effects of this powerful weapon of economic warfare in

the hands of the Hitler government will be felt this fall, when the rubber shortage will reach its peak. Yet after a persistent and nation-wide campaign of misstatement and misrepresentation, Standard Oil felt strong enough to fight an anti-cartel resolution publicly and was strong enough to get away with it. The stockholders' vote will some day be used as though it were an authorization to resume the cartel, unless the people of Germany after the war decide to make that impossible by sweeping away I. G. Farben as well as Hitler.

I hope soon, in another letter, to discuss the "free" patents offer with which Standard Oil hopes to make sure that the cartel, when revived, will control the rubber industry of our country. I note now only that there was a completely unorganized protest vote of 37,609 shares against that offer and that Basel forced E. F. Johnson, Standard Oil's general counsel, to admit at the meeting that the Alien Property Custodian had taken over as enemy-owned the rubber patents which Standard is offering free to the rubber industry. "Free," that is, with enough hidden strings attached to give Standard control of the industry and enable it to charge royalties on these same "free" patents.

Mexico's "Social Justice" Party

BY BETTY KIRK

ON NOVEMBER 30, 1942, all members of the Mexican Chamber of Deputies and the Senate signed the constitution of the National Anti-Nazi, Anti-Fascist Committee, an organization made up of Congressmen and civic leaders to fight the fifth column in Mexico. One article in the constitution says: "Given the documentary proof which we possess, we consider Sinarquismo and other organizations affiliated with it a fifth column which follows in Mexico the lead of the Falange Española and uses Nazi-Fascist tactics. Their activities are a threat to our nation and are systematically opposed to good relations between our country and other democracies."

This official statement puts the finger on the source of the growing anti-United States propaganda in Mexico today. Such propaganda is more widespread than it was when Pearl Harbor was attacked and has been growing rapidly since Mexico went to war.

Yet for more than a year a campaign has been under way in the United States to whitewash the Sinarquista movement, to sell it to the public, and to promote a similar fifth column in the United States. The whitewash campaign was given sound effects this spring when Sinarquista intellectuals began lecture tours in this country,

wrote letters to our newspapers misrepresenting the facts of the movement, and received enthusiastic support from their sympathizers here. Not content with this intellectual infiltration, the Sinarquistas and their supporters are smearing every writer or publication that dares to expose their subversive character and totalitarian program.

The battle cry of the Sinarquistas is "social justice." It was therefore appropriate that Father Charles Coughlin should be their first sponsor here. In his *Social Justice* of September 22, 1941, he published a defense of the movement which ended: "Advocates of Christian Social Justice in America, Christian Americans who once dreamed of a national union to effect a sixteen-point reform and who have watched the progress of the Christian states headed by Salazar, De Valera, General Franco, and Mussolini, will want to hear further from Mexico's Sinarquistas with their sixteen principles of Social Justice." Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* has since been suspended as subversive literature by Attorney General Biddle.

The next sales talk on Sinarquismo appeared in the *Tablet*, published by Father Jerome Holland of Brooklyn, in its issue of November 8, 1941. On April 18, 1942, *America*, published by the Society of Jesus, took up the cudgels for the Mexican movement. The *Sign for*

November, 1942, brought forth an article of the same character, which was reprinted in the *Catholic Digest* of December, 1942. The West Coast was heard from in February, 1943, when Mt. Angel College in Oregon issued a pamphlet called "Sinarchism—the Hope of Mexico's Poor." On April 18, 1943, the National Catholic Rural Life Conference issued a publicity release whitewashing the Sinarquistas, and on May 8, 1943, Father Holland, fresh from a trip to Mexico, published the Sinarquistas' sixteen-point program. In the same issue the Brooklyn priest defended the Franco regime.

It is time that the people of the United States—particularly loyal, democratic Catholics who support our war effort and are not Coughlinites—understood how they are being hoodwinked. The best way to unmask the Sinarquistas is to quote from their own publications. But first it is essential to see who they are.

SINARQUISMO IS BORN

Five men met in the city of León, Guanajuato, on May 23, 1937, to organize the National Sinarquista Union. It was the year in which the Falange Española was organized in Mexico and Father Coughlin's Christian Front began to operate in the United States. The original members of Sinarquismo were José Trueba Olivares, José Antonio Urquiza, Manuel Zermeño, Ruben Mendoza, and Francisco Ornelas. They were all Jesuit-trained aristocrats and intellectuals.

The five original members were joined by fifteen organizers, young intellectuals who canvassed the country for recruits, using methods best described as "a Franciscan program and Jesuit tactics." Each went among the poor like the friars of old, eating their bread, sharing their roof, and organized in every humble village a cell of five. Each member of this cell recruited another five, each of the twenty-five enlisted five more, and so on. In six years they built up an organization of 700,000 adult male members. If each man has a family of five, 3,500,000 persons are dedicated to the cause out of a total population of less than 20,000,000.

The movement is directed by a national committee which appoints and governs regional committees. These in turn appoint and govern municipal committees which have rural subcommittees under them. It is a hierarchic system, appointive from top to bottom, the perfect pattern of the corporate state. Elections are unknown.

The directors are aristocratic intellectuals, many of them members of the old *hacendado* class, masquerading as popular leaders. The membership is made up almost entirely of Indian peasants, illiterate and devout. The members are called "soldiers"; their recruiting is a "conquest." They are organized in military formations and given military training, and they call their leaders "Chief." The members give a salute—of the right arm crossed over the chest, the hand extended above the opposite shoulder. They wear arm bands and carry a flag with

a white circle on a red background; in the center of the circle is a green map of Mexico stamped with the letters P. N. S.—Partido Nacional Sinarquista. In this regalia they are led on marches about the country chanting, "Fe y Patria! Viva Cristo Rey!"—"Faith and Country! Long Live Christ the King!" It is the cry of the fanatic Cristeros who led a bloody civil war in Mexico in the twenties.

The Sinarquistas have a weekly newspaper, *El Sinarquista*, and a monthly magazine called *Orden*. Both talk of persecution and martyrdom and exhort the people to die to "save Mexico." They must "save" it from the Revolution, the Bolsheviks, the gringos, the Masons, Protestants, and Jews. Mexico will only be saved when it is restored to its traditional patterns. These were described in the anniversary issue of *El Sinarquista* for May 23, 1942, as "Catholic faith, Spanish traditions, home, village, hierarchy, Christian political order, common good."

The name comes from the Greek and means "With Order." The leaders call this order new, but it is really a very old system that they are working to restore.

SINARQUISMO AND THE REVOLUTION

Mexico's Revolution, which began in 1910, attempted to abolish domestic feudalism and foreign imperialism. In its thirty-two-year struggle it has gone a long way toward achieving both, and the term "Revolution" has become synonymous with "government." During this period governments have distributed more than 60,000,000 acres of land to the peasants, set up banks to finance its cultivation, formed and financed workers' co-operatives, organized labor unions, adopted minimum-wage and social-security laws, expropriated the rebellious foreign oil companies, established thousands of rural schools and dozens of technological schools, and guaranteed civil liberties, including freedom of worship. The Revolution is the greatest emancipating movement in the Americas. It is wholly dedicated to the welfare of the common man—the very Indian peasants whom the Sinarquistas are leading on a crusade to destroy this work.

The aim of the new crusade is to liquidate the Revolution and inaugurate the counter-revolution and its corporate state. In its issue of May 23, 1942, *El Sinarquista* printed this threat: "The Revolution has attempted to reform Mexico, but it has only deformed Mexico. . . . Sinarquismo is aggressively anti-Revolutionary." At about the same time the organization published a manifesto which said: "Sinarquismo considers that the Mexican Revolution is a process of vicious disintegration which began with our independence movement [against Spain] and has culminated in the Communist program of recent years. . . . Sinarquismo, which is only an instrument in the struggle of the new generations, proclaims that it will destroy the Revolution and restore the Christian order which the Revolution annihilated."

THE CHURCH IS SPLIT

The Sinarquistas insist that no member of the clergy can join their movement, that they have no connection with the church. Yet their slogans are "Faith and Country"; they will establish a "new Christian order." If they have no connection with the church, then they are asking us to believe in another virgin birth. Commenting upon the movement's exploitation of religion, the government newspaper *El Nacional* declared: "It is evident that the use of religious beliefs for the purpose of power politics and agitation is an abuse of the innocence and good faith of the believers, a prostitution of the true religious spirit, and a deliberate outrage against the most backward classes of the nation."

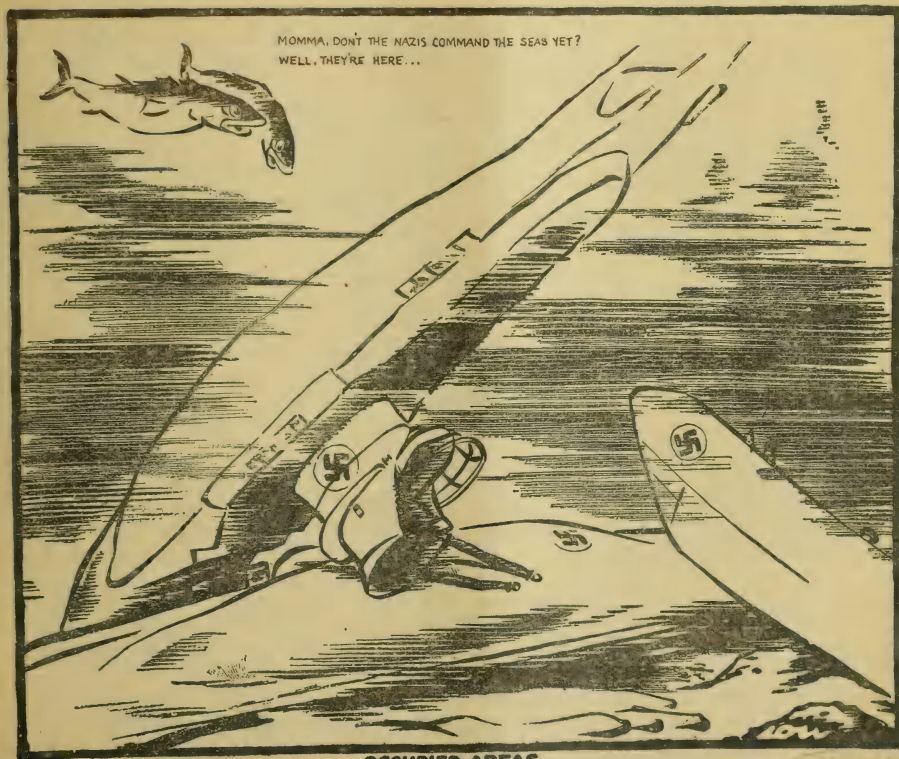
Mexico's liberal archbishop, Luis M. Martínez, has repeatedly denied that his church has any connection with the Sinarquistas. Indirectly he has tried to undermine their influence by twice calling on Mexican Catholics to support the government and the war "even against their consciences." Despite the Archbishop's instructions, "some members of the clergy" have been publicly accused by liberal spokesmen, government and labor newspapers, and government officials of "pro-Axis

activities." The existing schism was first revealed in the spring of 1940 when Senator José Maria Davila, speaking over a national radio hook-up, said: "At present the Mexican clergy is divided into two groups: one is orthodox and conservative; the other, unfortunately small, is mildly Revolutionary . . . [and] works with the government. The Archbishop works with the latter group, and we Revolutionaries sympathize with him. Because of his attitude, some of the high clergy condemn the Archbishop as a liberal."

It is clear that there is an open split in the Catholic church in Mexico, just as there was in pre-war Europe. A parallel can be found in the United States in the difference between such liberals as the late Cardinal Mundelein and Father Coughlin.

SINARQUISMO CROSSES THE BORDER

At first Mexican citizenship was a requirement for membership in Sinarquismo, but after a few months this was changed to Mexican descent. It was changed so that the movement could infiltrate into Mexican communities in the United States. The process began with the establishment of the Southern California Regional Committee at Los Angeles on November 1, 1937. A year



OCCUPIED AREAS

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later a Regional Committee was organized at El Paso.

Today the Sinarquistas are registered with the Department of Justice as alien agents. The Los Angeles Regional Committee states in its registration that it has branches at Pacoima, San Fernando, San Bernardino, La Verne, Ontario, Watts, El Monte, Oxnard, Pomona, and Azusa. The El Paso group has registered cells at McAllen, Mission, and Laredo. Other cells are found in New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Indiana. The total membership in the United States is given as only 2,000, but *El Sinarquista* has reported that the movement is growing rapidly. Alfonso Felix Diaz Escobar, a member of the Mexican Chamber of Deputies, has estimated that it has 50,000 adherents in the Los Angeles district alone, but this figure is considered too high in informed circles.

It should be enlightening to loyal Catholics here to read the Sinarquistas' own pronouncements on the subject of the United States and democracy. In May, 1941, they declared that their foreign policy was against pan-American solidarity and cooperation with the United States, against the atheism of the Soviet Union and the paganism of Nazi Germany, but for the socialistic programs of both these states. Its object, they said, was to create a bloc of Latin American nations to oppose the United States and follow Franco Spain. This frankness had such repercussions that the Sinarquista leaders began to hedge a bit, but on May 23, 1942, they reprinted a statement of policy which had appeared often before in the pages of *El Sinarquista*. It ran: "Sinarquismo struggles for the restoration of the Christian social order. *Liberal democracy*, as well as fascism and communism, *is contrary to this order*" (italics mine).

The current propaganda line is that "Sinarquismo is loyally endeavoring to cooperate with the attitude and point of view of the United States," but the document mentioned above, which was signed by all the members of the Mexican Congress, refutes this.

"WE SUPPORT THE WAR BUT . . ."

President Avila Camacho ended his declaration of war upon the Axis with the appeal, "Mexico expects every one of her sons to do his duty." The Sinarquistas answered with the statement, "We accept the President's decision with the respect it deserves. . . . [But] Sinarquismo warns that its adherence to the decisions made by the government will not stop it from fighting the Bolsheviks, who now more than ever are the gravest danger to the nation." (All labor and liberal government officials are called "Bolsheviks" by the Sinarquistas.) Manuel Torres Bueno, the organization's "Supreme Chief," wrote blandly in *El Sinarquista*, "The state of war may precipitate a civil war." Anti-war, anti-government, anti-United States propaganda is given out at Sinarquista meetings. Armed bands of Sinarquistas shot up conscripts training in two villages in Zacatecas.

A representative of the Anti-Nazi, Anti-Fascist Committee who attended a meeting held at Tepic, Nayarit, in January of this year testified in a signed report that membership in "the local Sinarquista organization was increasing and that the leaders were the same men who directed the Cristero revolt. He summed up the party line thus: (1) other states are already up in arms; (2) military instruction is being given Mexicans only so that the United States can use them as cannon fodder; (3) Germany, Italy, and Japan never injured Mexico but the gringos have always been enemies; (4) President Avila Camacho and Minister of Defense Cárdenas have sold out Mexico to the United States; (5) reports of the democracies' victories are lies, and the United States and England have already lost the war; (6) the sinking of the Mexican tankers which brought the country into war was done by the Yankees, not the Nazis; (7) all Sinarquistas should produce only enough food for their families, nothing for sale, as the gringos would get it and this would be treason to the country; (8) Sinarquistas are infiltrating into government offices in preparation for overthrowing the Avila Camacho regime.

A report of a meeting held in the same month at the village of San José, near El Paso, Texas, shows how closely integrated is their propaganda in the United States and Mexico. The San José Sinarquistas were told that Mexican farmers sent by their government to this country to relieve our labor shortage would be conscripted by the Yankees and used as cannon fodder; that the Sinarquistas have a "mission" to stop this; that Mexico owes nothing to the United States, which has always robbed it; and that the obligatory military service must be opposed by Sinarquistas. At a subsequent meeting this group was told to "combat the Yankee fifth column" but was warned that supervision of their movement in the United States had been transferred from the State Department to the FBI and all must be on their guard.

In cooperation with the Acción Nacional and the Partido Autonomista Mexicana, both blatantly *Franquista* groups, the Sinarquistas are responsible for the anti-"gringo" sentiment which is reaching the danger point in Mexico today.

THE GOALS OF SINARQUISMO

"On Your Guard, Mr. President" was the warning given by Senator David Ayala in the spring of 1942. "Surely," he wrote, "we don't suppose that the Sinarquista organization, which now has newspapers, hierarchic chiefs, and organized masses, has a divine objective. . . . This organization is human, with essentially political ends, and it is attempting to get hidden control of the Mexican government. There is in all this a similarity to the beginning of the totalitarian governments in Germany and Italy. . . . The Sinarquistas are in fact a fifth column, already so powerful that their presence

is visible; they flaunt in public their increasing strength, and in a short time will make demands on you. Later, throughout the country, they will resort to unified action which will be difficult to suppress *because Sinarquismo is undermining the Revolution at its roots . . .*" (italics mine).

The sixteen-point program of the Sinarquistas issued in February, 1942, and reprinted in the Brooklyn *Tablet* of May 8, 1943, is a blueprint for this undermining process. Sinarquism seeks "the restoration in Mexico of the Christian social order. . . . No nation shall accept a social program contrary to its historical traditions. . . . Sinarquism is a social movement among the masses. . . . in accord with the cultural and religious traditions of Mexico." Such traditions are identified in all Sinarquista propaganda as Spanish, never as Indian, and all the great liberal heroes who fought to free the Indian are smeared as traitors.

It is stated in the program that the movement approves of land division so that every peasant can be a small property holder but that it will "protect property" too. It has "undertaken the gigantic task of rehabilitating the national agriculture"; but it demands the dissolution of the agrarian reserves, formed by the Revolutionary governments to protect the farmers to whom land has been distributed, and places itself in competition with a government already administering that same "gigantic task." It will carry out a vast educational program "according to the aspirations, the faith, and the traditions of the Mexican people"; but it forced the appointment as Minister of Education of Octavio Vezar Vázquez, who is reversing the whole liberal educational program and who has said, "There can be no education in Mexico without the sign of the cross behind it." It "wishes to see formed true labor unions made up of workmen without leaders"; but it opposes existing labor unions and peasant leagues and demands that "the strikes destructive to our incipient industry be ended." Sinarquismo, in brief, would disarm the peasant and the worker of all weapons—agrarian reserves, leaders, and strikes—and place them at the mercy of the authoritarian state.

Franco's "spiritual reconquest" of Spain's lost colonies is already half won in Mexico. The Sinarquista movement today is much stronger and better organized than was the Cristero rebellion which drenched Mexico in blood in the twenties. But it has not even the excuse that led to the Cristero revolt—religious persecution. There has been no religious persecution in Mexico since 1936. The church is back in full power, convents and monasteries operate openly again, and religious buildings are being renovated for the first time since 1910. A program of appeasement has been adopted in order to remove all cause for a religious revolt. But this civilized policy is being exploited by the Sinarquistas to undermine the very government which gives them religious

freedom. Under the guise of the democracy to which Mexico aspires the corporate state is building its "new order"—new only in name, old as feudalism in truth.

50 Years Ago in "The Nation"

AT THE RECENT graduation ceremonies of the University of Edinburgh seven women were "capped" for the degree of Master of Arts. The first woman to come up had taken her degree with first-class philosophical honors, and she received "an overwhelming ovation, . . . but all were greeted with loud and sympathetic applause by professors, students, and the general public."—*June 1, 1893.*

THE PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE has made Saturday afternoon a half-holiday in that state, as it already is in New York, and there are indications that the rule will become general within a few years.—*June 8, 1893.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK: "Muldoon's Wrestling: A Complete Treatise."—*June 8, 1893.*

ACCORDING TO THE CATALOGUE of the German section of the Chicago Exhibition, nine-tenths of all the artificial coloring matter of the world is now produced in Germany.—*June 15, 1893.*

THE IMPIETY of opening the Chicago Fair on Sunday is to be punished. The Rev. Dr. McAnney of Tarrytown . . . recently declared that "the Lord knows how to close the doors of the fair on Sundays, and He will do it," and, as one of the "tough instruments" He might use for the purpose, suggested that He might "let the cholera spread its black wings over us this summer, and let 10,000,000 people die of this dread disease."—*June 22, 1893.*

A HARVARD STUDENT who had some Negro blood in his veins was recently refused attention in a Cambridge barber-shop, and the legislature promptly passed a law forbidding any barber in the state to make such a discrimination.—*June 22, 1893.*

IT IS SIMPLE TRUTH to say that the whole country was startled on Tuesday by the news that Governor Altgeld of Illinois had pardoned the three Chicago anarchists who were in the penitentiary for their participation in the riots of 1886. . . . Governor Altgeld's reasons for setting the verdict aside are even more astonishing than his action itself. . . . In fact, the document reads almost as if the Governor himself were an anarchist.—*June 29, 1893.*

"THE UNITED STATES, with an Excursion into Mexico: Handbook for Travellers." Edited by Karl Baedeker, Leipzig, New York: Scribner's. . . . The appearance of an American "Baedeker" marks an epoch in our history as supplying evidence that European tourists have become numerically of importance in this country.—*June 29, 1893.*

The Coming Battle of Italy

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THERE is a story to the effect that when a group of young army officers stationed in Washington recently conducted a pool on the Allied invasion of Europe they selected no fewer than fifty-three places as the probable location for the opening of a second front.

However, speculation regarding the next step on land of the United Nations is not entirely guesswork. If the most important fruit of the African victory, the reopening of the Mediterranean, is to be fully enjoyed, Axis air bases in Sardinia, Sicily, Pantelleria, and conceivably even in southern Italy must be effectively neutralized. The logic of the present strategic situation thus demands an amphibious move against Italy either as the next step or as one of several related steps in the war against Germany.

Nor is pure reason likely to prove misleading. The air war in the Mediterranean is fundamentally different from that over Germany. The effort here is to wipe out opposing air and sea forces and destroy base facilities and fixed defenses rather than to concentrate mainly on industrial objectives. In Germany and along the Channel Coast Allied bombers are paving the way for the ultimate defeat of the Nazis on land; in the Mediterranean they are destroying the defenses of a power that is not regarded as too strong for direct land attack. If Spanish reports of large ship concentrations about Gibraltar are correct and Allied communiqués indicate accurately the damage done by their bombers, this attempt is likely to come at once.

The invasion of Italy will not be direct. Sicily in particular and probably Sardinia as well must be cleared of Axis forces before an all-out land assault would be strategically sound. The reduction of these islands will open the way for at least three further moves. Sicily leads only to southern Italy. To the north the capture of Corsica and the ultimate invasion of the Italian Riviera or southern France from the island bases are distinct possibilities. But Sardinia could as easily provide a starting-point for an attack on central Italy.

That collection of diverse units known as the Northwest African Air Force has already made great progress in paving the way for occupation of these islands. The repeated highly successful attacks by British and American planes, the low ratio of losses of the attackers and the heavy casualties of the defenders, the absence of effective anti-aircraft fire, all attest to a growing demoralization among the Italians. Even over southern

Italy the Allied air forces are clearly predominant, though the fact that the Axis can obtain reinforcements quickly from the north makes it unlikely that our fliers will gain the overwhelming superiority they enjoyed in the last phases of the Tunisian campaign.

However, air superiority alone does not insure attackers against heavy losses, as the British found to their cost at Dieppe. Italian sea and sub-surface power, shore defenses, and minefields must be reckoned with. Of these the third is easily the most important. Superior Allied sea and air power and low Italian naval morale will probably prevent any attempt at a finish fight by the fairly strong sea forces still in Italian hands. The shore defenses can to a limited extent be "jumped over" by parachute troops, and in any case are not apt to be as strong as those of France and Germany. But minefields can be planted overnight by submarines, and only the work of minesweepers under naval and air protection can provide security. This necessity, in turn, would deprive an expedition of the advantage of surprise and permit the enemy to concentrate his available forces at the threatened spot, provided he moved with sufficient speed. Thorough scouting to detect minefields and perhaps feints at several points are the counter-measures indicated. In short, to establish beachheads in Sicily and Sardinia is a much more difficult problem than was our landing in North Africa but a far easier one than the invasion of Europe along the Channel.

The armies available for an Italian adventure are now larger than those at the disposal of Eisenhower a month ago. To the British First and Eighth armies there has probably been added the greater portion of the American Fifth Army, which should no longer be needed for garrison duty in Morocco. At least ten divisions of French troops have likewise been reequipped and reorganized. To the thirty-five to forty divisions composing these armies other units would almost surely be added before an invasion attempt.

The least certain feature of an Italian campaign is the seriousness of the opposition to be expected. With heavy air and sea superiority we should, after establishing beach-heads, be able to get troops into the Mediterranean islands with greater speed and freedom from loss than the Axis. Stiffer resistance can be expected in Italy proper, where land communications are considerably more reliable. The defenders will quite probably have superiority in numbers, but in equipment, experience, morale, and air power we should have a definite margin

over them. The great question is the amount of strength which Hitler may choose to devote to rescuing his ally. With a growing Allied army in England capable of striking across the Channel, he cannot afford to weaken his forces greatly in the enormously vital areas of the French and Dutch coasts. Nor can he safely recall many divisions from the Russian front or even the Balkans. However, if the Germans choose to risk disaster in the east and southeast they can probably put into Italy more divisions than the United Nations will have at their disposal. Whether these will be as well equipped and of as good quality as ours is now very doubtful. Certainly they cannot expect to match us in the air.

Perhaps the best method of weighing the probability of an Italian campaign is to consider its possible consequences. In case of success, Allied air bases would be brought within closer range of virtually all the strong points in Hitler's fortress which are at present too far away to be bombed economically from England. In addition, the conquest of Italy would place a further strain upon Axis man-power. The Italian divisions in the Balkans and Russia, however slight their combat value, do free a certain number of German units for other work.

Balancing these clear-cut advantages are certain other considerations. Italy has been more of an economic liability than an asset to Hitler, and its occupation is not likely to prove an unmixed blessing to the United Nations. Its civilian industry needs large quantities of coal and iron and some oil, and if our North African policy of feeding destitute populations is to be maintained, its 47,000,000 people will constitute a drain on our food reserves. The necessity for garrisons will likewise impose a drain on our man-power.

A greater drawback is the fact that even a highly successful invasion would be inconclusive. For the Italian peninsula, which presents few serious obstacles of terrain to an invader marching up from the south, terminates in one of the most effective natural barriers to be found anywhere in the world. Germany could hold the Alpine passes with a small fraction of the number of men that would be needed to break through them. Thus an Italian campaign, valuable in its contribution to ultimate victory, is a strategic blind alley so far as getting directly at Germany is concerned.

There are, to be sure, certain alternative moves to an attempt to penetrate Germany from the south. One is the invasion of southern France by way of Corsica or the narrow strip of shore along the Italian and French Riviera. Another possibility is the use of Italian bases for an attack on Yugoslavia. Either move would contribute to German defeat, though neither would strike the Axis where blows are immediately fatal.

With greater success over submarines, ever-increasing aerial and naval dominance, and growing strength on land, the Allies are clearly winning the war. Only enor-

mous and highly unlikely success in the Battle of the Atlantic or on the eastern front can save Germany from defeat, and even this would not rescue it from terrible aerial punishment. But the tide of war, now running heavily in our favor, has not yet reached the flood stage. The invasion of Italy means one more year of attrition without bringing the war to an end. Barring the unexpected, we shall not gain a final European victory before 1944.

In the Wind

COMMUTATION of the death sentence of Max Stephan, Detroit restaurant keeper convicted of aiding an escaped German prisoner in an attempt to return to Germany, is recommended by a group of prominent citizens on the ground that it "cheapens the high crime of treason" and should be "reserved for serious war-time offenses involving direct aid to the enemies of the United States with the intent of promoting their success."

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE of the United States no longer openly objects to progressive measures. It merely asks questions. Its current bulletin, commenting on proposals for an international food program and international currency stabilization, asks, "Will an undue burden be imposed on American taxpayers? Will the various government enterprises tend to restrict opportunities for private capital and initiative and to promote totalitarianism?"

DELETION of those anti-Semitic footnotes from pocket-size New Testaments issued to Catholic soldiers in the United States army constitutes an attack on freedom of religion, according to *The Cross and the Flag*, organ of Gerald L. K. Smith's America First party. "If the time has come when we must change the Bible to satisfy the Jews who think it's anti-Semitic," it says, "then it's time for the Jews to produce some far-seeing statesmen who will put an end to such foolishness."

STEP RIGHT UP: "The University of California," says its president, Robert Gordon Sproul, "is no longer an academic main tent with military sideshows. It is a military main tent with academic sideshows."

FESTUNG EUROPA: It is now legal to use cattle to draw vehicles in the streets of Paris, if you can find the cattle. . . . The Nazi youth service recently tried to organize a branch in Lillehammer, Norway, but the children refused to sing any song except their national anthem. There is no Lillehammer branch. . . . A Dutch Nazi S. S. officer recently stated the official attitude in a broadcast: "Even if 90 per cent of our present population think we should not win the war . . . we shall say, 'It is we who are right and the 90 per cent who are wrong.'"

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Why Did Stalin Do It?

[As was to be expected, the dissolution of the Comintern continues to be passionately discussed—by the right and by the left. In order to present our readers with a thorough analysis of the subject, we have asked persons with widely divergent points of view to state their conclusions for us. Last week we published an account of the British reaction by Kingsley Martin, editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*. Other commentaries are printed below. In addition to these we have asked various labor leaders for expressions of their opinions, which we hope to print in a later issue. My own view was presented in a brief editorial, *The Great Hour*, two weeks ago. I continue to see in the dissolution of the Comintern an excellent counter-Axis blow and a unique opportunity for labor and progressive forces to unite and to win.—A. DEL V.]

A New United Front

BY RALPH BATES

Formerly an official of the National Union of Railwaymen in England and later an officer in the International Brigade during the Spanish War

LONG before the dissolution of the Communist International, the course of the war had convinced me that there was no practicable socialist alternative to combined action by all groups to the left of center. The decision taken by the Presidium of the Comintern, however, offers fresh arguments in favor of the United Front. I shall deal chiefly with these new considerations, restating only the central argument of the general case.

That argument assumes two things: that a new society can be built only by the working class and its allied groups, and that no single party in Europe or America can reasonably hope to win exclusive control over working-class action within the time limit likely to be set. If these assumptions are correct, there is but one course open—to form a new United Front.

We have, of course, not the slightest guaranty that a United Front will achieve victory. But in calculating the striking power or the educational efficiency of a United Front, one cannot use simple addition. When the Second and Third Internationals fought to the death for the allegiance of, say, any hundred possible supporters, each group won not fifty, but twenty-five. The remaining fifty were disgusted by the spectacle of everlasting feuds and withdrew from politics. Eventually many of them voted for fascism. Similarly, when the two tendencies, origi-

inally represented by the two Internationals, grew together and formed the French and Spanish popular fronts, their combined strength was not the mere sum of their separate forces. They also won a great part of the inert mass. In time they might have won all if the British opposition to Chamberlainism had also created a popular front. Nearly everyone who is now against the United Front at one time agreed with this assertion.

Naturally, a new front will have to avoid the mistakes of the old. One of its principal errors may easily be avoided now that the Comintern, with creditable candor, has declared its methods to be out of date. Léon Blum's greatest mistake, I am convinced, lay in not compelling the French Communist Party to enter his government. Whether or not the French party wished to share office I do not know. But I know the situation that existed in Spain. The Spanish Communist Party did wish to be represented in the government, and the Comintern, at first, forbade it. Only the absolute refusal of Largo Caballero to form a government without Communist participation eventually forced a change of decision. Those who know the behind-the-scenes political life of the Spanish Republic will agree with me that Spain's magnificent resistance to Franco was largely made possible by this original firmness on the part of Caballero.

The dissolution of the Communist International has eased another difficulty. It has always been objected that because of disciplinary ties the Communists obeyed Moscow implicitly, even against their native judgment. This objection continues to be raised in two forms. Some insist that the Comintern has not been abolished. Others declare that the American and British Communists, even though freed from Comintern control, will continue to use the Russian "yardstick" in devising their line. Of course they will. There is no reason why they should not, or why that should create difficulties.

The British Communist Party used a Russian "yardstick" in drawing up its inspiring resolution of September 3, 1939, in support of the war. The Russian "yardstick" prompted the simple and sound argument advanced by Harry Pollitt that if the workers listened to "revolutionary-sounding phrases" and opposed the war, the democratic capitalist powers might be defeated and the U. S. S. R. be left alone to face the onslaught of Hitler's Reich. On October 6, however, the Communist Party of Great Britain changed the line. The Comintern's instructions had been received. But so strong was the native opinion that the man who reopened the debate

was forced to rely upon the irresistible plea of loyalty to the International. The alternative to submission was not merely expulsion from the Comintern but the inevitable splitting of the Communist Party of Great Britain. What is more important is that, having reasoned out their position according to Harry Pollitt's original argument, the British Communists were able to preserve in full force their anti-fascist convictions. I do not say this in order to revive old controversies, but to support a vitally important contention relevant to the United Front proposal. The British Communists' original position that, bad as the British system was, it was far better than Nazism, was sincere. They are therefore a vital force, to be valued as allies. And the abolition of the Comintern, in permitting the Communists to stand by their own analyses, will again make them reliable companions in action. This is the new perspective opened by the Presidium's decision.

Russia and the Peace

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Author of "Men and Politics," "The Soviets in World Affairs," and "A Week with Gandhi" and for fifteen years The Nation's correspondent in Moscow

IS THE end of the Comintern a sign that Russia wants to discard its isolationism and cooperate with certain foreign powers? I think it is.

Stalin has been ready to cooperate with us to the extent of unloading the ships that bring him lend-lease material. If his cooperation goes much farther, I have yet to hear of it. One can, in an appeal to war-time emotions, flamboyantly declaim about the Red Army's heroic struggle against Hitler. I yield to none in my admiration of the Soviet armed forces, for I learned to love that gallant generation during fourteen years' residence among them. But the Russians are fighting because they were attacked, not to cooperate with us. If Stalin had wished to cooperate he might have started fighting earlier. Instead, he sold goods to Hitler and told the French, British, and American Communist parties to obstruct the anti-Axis war effort.

Today, however, Stalin needs more help and should get it. It is the policy of the American and British governments to give him as much as possible. That is the only sensible policy, for the Red Army has killed, wounded, and captured millions of Germans who otherwise would be fighting us. If the end of the Comintern dissipates suspicions which have inhibited all-out aid to Russia I shall be glad.

Stalin's suicide order to the Comintern also seems to indicate his desire to cooperate in the post-war settlement. But there can be several kinds of post-war settlement. I believe profoundly that the end of the Comintern is one symptom of a powerful trend inside Russia which could ruin the peace. It is a trend away

from internationalism toward narrow nationalism and pan-Slav expansionism. The liquidation of the Comintern may reflect Russia's hope of establishing a concert of two or more great powers to dominate Europe.

What are the signs? No word in favor of collective security has come out of Russia for years. Maxim Litvinov, veteran champion of collective security, has been silenced by his masters. Russia has given no indication since this war started that it is thinking of the peace in terms of international organization. One will search in vain for declarations by Soviet statesmen paralleling those in which Vice-President Wallace or Willkie or Sumner Welles or Anthony Eden or Chiang Kai-shek has advocated anti-imperialism, world federation, freer world trade, a world court, or internationalism. Instead, Russia has demanded Baltic, Polish, and Balkan territory and stressed the potential role of the Anglo-Russian alliance in making the peace.

Once, the Soviet Union was the synonym of internationalism and collective security. But governments sometimes change their policies. Moscow may have abandoned the policy of collective security because the powers refused collectively to save Ethiopia, China, Spain, and Czechoslovakia. Other factors also have stimulated Stalin's efforts in the last nine years to develop a strong domestic Russian nationalism.

Beginning in 1935, and since then in mounting crescendo, the czarist past of Russia, which all good Soviet citizens hated, has been resurrected and refurbished. Czar Ivan, known as "the Terrible" even during the czarist regime, has become Ivan the Fourth, and Sergei Eisenstein, who produced "Potemkin," a film about the 1905 revolution, and "October," about the 1917 revolution, is working on a picture to glorify Ivan. Peter the Great, cruel self-driver, is another new Soviet hero. The Soviet Union always had links with Russia's past: they were Herzen, Belinsky, the Decembrists, and other revolutionists. Now the links are czars, princes, generals, and medieval knights. America's nationalism harks back to Washington, who fought for the colonies' independence, Jefferson, who preached democracy, and Lincoln, the emancipator. Stalin's Russian nationalism acclaims autocrats and oppressors. The Soviet press, which I see, nowadays emphasizes Slav "blood brothers," "war of the fatherland," and "soil." The American and other Communist parties have been devoting much energy to winning the sympathies of Slav communities. In Lenin's time all this would have been inconceivable. It is anti-Bolshevik and reactionary.

These phenomena are the source of Russia's new-found interest in Polish, Finnish, Baltic, and Balkan lands. What protection could Russia get, in the next war, from an additional hundred miles of territory, when airplanes will be flying a hundred miles in eight minutes? Territorial appetites, narrow nationalism, and power politics



Drawing by R. Lozano
Courtesy of Futuro (Mexico)

On Guard

are stupid in the air age. Yet they are Stalin's policy.

This bodes ill for the post-war settlement. A vigorous American peace-internationalism might help counteract the Muscovite tendency. Without such influence, the present war may be lost in the peace. Since this is my fear, silence would be criminal.

Unless foreign Communists realize that Russia has grown nationalist and expansionist they will continue to allow their opinions and acts to be shaped by Moscow even though the Comintern's central office has been closed. The Comintern's dissolution, however, may ultimately open their eyes and liberate them from their ideological slavery to the Kremlin, where communism and idealism have ceased to dwell.

Stalin's Bargain

BY XXX

A noted economist from Central Europe whose identity cannot be divulged because of the work in which he is engaged

THE dissolution of the Comintern raises three questions: (1) Why was it dissolved? (2) Was the move a bluff? and (3) What are the immediate results? The Comintern was dissolved because Stalin considered the move politically advantageous—and just now political strategy is as important as military strategy. The Soviet Union today, in the early summer of 1943, is still locked in a life-and-death struggle with Nazi Germany. It is of the utmost importance to the Soviets that the war be won as quickly as possible. They have been at war barely half

a year longer than the United States, but their losses, some 7,000,000 men, are about 100 times as large as those of the United States. Stalin was afraid the Soviet Union would continue to bear most of the weight of the war in 1943. Only by a full-scale invasion of the continent of Europe can England and America do their full share of the fighting. Stalin was therefore willing to remove all political obstacles to a second front.

By the dissolution of the Comintern Stalin has answered the big question in the minds of conservative elements in England, America, and the Nazi-occupied countries: If a second front is established, if it is supported by the people of the occupied countries (including Italy!), will the defeat of the Nazis be followed by Communist revolutions?

Soviet Russia, it seems to me, is interested first of all in hastening the military victory, and after that in rebuilding European Russia. It is definitely not interested in revolutionary movements now, nor will it be in the years after the war, when it will be trying to reconstruct its devastated territory. Stalin will want a considerable part of Germany's productive machinery for use in rebuilding Russian industries; he will also want help from England and America, not only in the form of food and other immediate necessities, but in the form of raw materials and machinery. For all these things—for hastening the victory and for help in the reconstruction of his country—Stalin is willing to pay a price. Part of the price will be paid after Hitler is defeated, in the form of air bases from which we can bomb Japan; part is being paid now in the dissolution of the Comintern, by which Russia renounces any direct Communist intervention in the political reconstruction of Western and Central Europe.

If this analysis of Russia's motives is correct, it answers the further question, Is the dissolution of the Comintern merely verbal, a bluff, or does it have the substance of reality? I do not think it is a bluff. Neither now when Russia is fighting for its life nor in the future when it must be rebuilt can Stalin afford to bluff. I believe the Comintern is really dead.

It is of course not possible at present to foresee all the consequences of the dissolution, but one is clear beyond a doubt. Those who are working for unity in labor, liberal, and intellectual organizations will have their hands strengthened, and cooperation among the progressive elements in every country will be facilitated. This is important for America and for Europe, particularly for Germany. After the destruction of the German military machine and the Nazi Party organization, the way will be open, though under the most difficult conditions, for a progressive Socialist movement. And if there is then no Comintern—if, that is, there is no German party whose policy is determined by developments in Russia—the fight of the progressive Socialists will have a much better chance of success.

This Is No Maneuver!

BY PAUL HAGEN

German Socialist, Research Director of American Friends of German Freedom, and author of "Will Germany Crack?"

IN ITS declaration disbanding the Communist International the Presidium made use of the example of "the great Marx," who also dissolved an outgrown International. The analogy is fairly close. The First International, after being transferred to the United States, lost all contacts in Europe. The English branch broke away; the French, destroyed in the slaughter of the Commune in 1871, was not rebuilt; in Germany, Bismarck was preparing to outlaw the young and weak movement; in Switzerland, in Italy, and in Spain Bakuninism had infected the branches. And no progress at all was being made in the United States. It was only years later, after the death of Marx, that his partner Engels occasionally gave a retrospective interpretation of the liquidation of 1876 as simply the abandonment of an outgrown form. Identifying its step with Marx's action, the Presidium makes it clear that the liquidation of the Third International is a genuine liquidation like that of the First.

This time too the step had been in the making for a long time, ever since the Comintern became an appendix to its founders, the Russians. Russian confidence in it passed away with their own illusions of an imminent world revolution. The Presidium's reference to the "growth and maturity of the Communist parties," which, it said, make this dissolution easier, is mere window-dressing, or at least another pious self-deception. Only one party in the Comintern has grown and matured, and in the grown-up organization one would not recognize the child one knew. An entirely new national and international policy is followed. Soviet patriotism and not Lenin's internationalism prevails in this party of the new generation of Soviet intelligentsia, a party for which the Comintern must have been more a liability than an asset. There may have been underlying reasons for liquidating it just now—Washington, perhaps, or the Vatican. But they were accidental. They determined only the date. The outcome was certain in this contest between the United States government and lease-lend on one side and Mr. Browder on the other. As it was also between Churchill and Pollitt. And in a body like the Comintern there could be just now no possibility of a reconciliation between, say, a German section and a Polish. The statement of the Presidium puts that frankly: "The war has placed a deep dividing line." Long before the war it had become obvious, the statement continues, that with increasing international complications "any sort of international center would encounter insuperable obstacles in solving the problems facing the movement in each separate country." Those suspecting a temporary maneuver are wrong. There

will not even be a new Russian alliance with a German revolution after Hitler's defeat. After this war Moscow will certainly not grant the Germans what it still considers a nation's best weapon, a strong Communist Party.

What will follow? First, the "freed" Communist parties in Allied countries will be immediately weakened; they will pay any price to become respectable, but their offers will be rejected. Take as an indication Mr. Browder's correspondence with the *New York Times* two days after the decree. He says he is ready to discuss the dissolution of the American Communist Party and even "the question of suspension of the right of free political association" ("strongly opposing the proposal," to be sure, but "ready to submit to the responsible decisions that regulate our national life for the war"). To this "curious offer" the *Times* answers, Your party is the chief obstacle to complete American-Russian understanding; please disappear. Apart from Mr. Browder's clumsiness and the attitude of the *Times*, the offer will be the same all over the world, and so will be the echo.

But, as in the past, progressives can find hope too in the picture: genuine democratic and radical movements, encouraged by the liquidation of an outgrowth movement petrified into a totalitarian sect, will be strengthened by the accession of many honest and courageous Communists, particularly from the underground movements, now released from their allegiance to Moscow. The competition which characterized the recent prolonged split will gradually disappear. The factionalism developed in the past twenty-five years cannot, of course, be eradicated overnight. It will take time. But the first step has been taken. And not only will this step improve official relations between Russia and the United Nations; it will also lay the groundwork for new relations between Russia and both the coming democratic revolutions in Axis countries and the democratic movements in Allied countries. In this sense the Presidium's historical analogy is true. The new rallying point, however, will not be a revived Comintern.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

DETAILS are still lacking about conditions in the bombed regions in Germany. But the *Essen Nationalzeitung* of May 18 gives us one bit of news. An announcement carried by the paper on that day said that the city water was no longer drinkable, that it must be boiled before it was used. No explanation was given. One can only assume that the aerating and filter plants of the Essen water system, which serves a region containing at least 750,000 inhabitants, have been destroyed.

On May 21 the same newspaper revealed another fact. Of Essen's 200 school buildings 179 have either been

destroyed, or are being used as emergency dwellings by persons bombed out of their homes, or are occupied by bombed-out offices. Radical measures have been taken to continue school instruction. All the primary schools of the city with their pupils and teachers are being moved to other provinces, as are also the four lower classes of the secondary schools. Accommodations are being provided for them in camps. It appears to rest with the parents whether their children shall be moved with the school which they attend. Many parents seem determined not to be separated from their children, and to these obstinate citizens the newspaper addressed urgent warnings, asking them what they thought would become of children who grew up without schooling, like savages, in the devastated city.

To the Very Last Consequence is the title of an article in the May number of the *Bewegung*, the official Nazi student magazine. This issue of the magazine was eagerly awaited because of the disturbances at the University of Munich described in this column last week, and it does in fact give some important hints about the background of the Munich revolt and executions. In veiled phrases the article makes it clear that the Nazis are dissatisfied with the spirit in many universities, not simply with that revealed at Munich. It begins:

Not everything that the soldiers observe at German universities corresponds to what they imagined while they were passing hard days at the front. We all know the type of student that gives a university a bad name, those strange outsiders who allege their preoccupation with scientific studies when called upon to do useful work. They are the ones who started the wild rumors that circulated at the end of the winter term; they always knew which universities would be closed and which sections would be "totally mobilized." Is it astonishing that such characters, disliking the honest effort and clean living of German students, have in some extreme cases instigated excesses?

This was followed by a passage which shows very plainly to what lengths the student opposition in Munich—and apparently in other universities also—must have gone. A propaganda advising the people to practice passive resistance and the workers to engage in sabotage must have been discovered:

Those irresponsible elements who in times like these summon the German people to passive resistance and ask German workers to commit sabotage in factories and to produce unserviceable weapons will be exterminated in the name of the German people now struggling for their existence. Fortunately, such crimes are not protected by a student's card of admission to the university.

As usual—and perhaps with justification—the newspaper warned against too inclusive generalizations. "Certainly from these physically and mentally decadent out-

casts no conclusions can be drawn about the entire student corps." But then it revealed—and this is the first report of the event to reach a foreign country—that in the last few weeks a comprehensive "purge" of university students has been inaugurated.

Committees of rectors, deans, and student leaders have not been idle during the Easter vacation; they have been making thoroughgoing inquiries concerning every student. If the new term shows that some strange characters have disappeared, it is because they were among those who were weighed and found wanting. Nobody need fear being condemned unjustly; but on the other hand nobody must think that the knowledge he has already accumulated will assure him the opportunity of continuing his studies. A clear political attitude, unreserved and absolute loyalty to state and party, is the prerequisite for attendance at German universities. He who is unworthy will fall a victim to the hard laws of war.

It should be recalled that since Hitler the German universities have accepted only students whose fitness was properly attested by the party. The mere fact that a person was a student implied that when he began his course he had been certified as politically "safe." Not a few who two or three years ago were "safe" have in the meantime, as we see, become "unsafe."

Verboten!

THE Nazi occupation authorities in France have just issued a new black list banning the sale of certain books:

1. All English works. (Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley, and several other classics, however, may still be offered for sale.)
2. Books by Jewish authors, and biographies of Jews. (For example, the biographies of Giacomo Meyerbeer, Jacques Offenbach, Henri Bergson, and Sarah Bernhardt are banned.)
3. All books on Germany, Pan-Germanism, 'Prussianism, Nazism, etc.
4. The French translation of "Mein Kampf" is also included in the Nazi "Index," apparently out of fear that the French people may learn the aims of Hitler, so carefully concealed by the Déats, the Dorjots, the Maurras, and the Lavalis. Books by such well-known collaborationists as Suarez are on the black list if they were written before their authors entered the service of the Third Reich.
5. Finally, the works of Malraux, Remarque, Benda, and Thomas Mann, and the novels of Jules Verne, who is considered a dangerous Anglophile.

At the end of the Index are a number of technical studies by Jewish scientists on which judgment is "reserved." The Nazis evidently feel that they may be able to learn some technical tricks from "non-Aryans."

The underground paper *l'Université libre* offers its readers the following advice with regard to the Nazi black list: "It is the duty of every French intellectual to obtain a copy of the Index, to use every means of obtaining the banned books, to discover for himself the ideas which caused them to be blacklisted, and then to disseminate those ideas as widely as possible."

BOOKS and the ARTS

Fighting France

THE FIGHTING FRENCH. By Raoul Aglion. Henry Holt and Company. \$3.

RAOUL AGLION can speak of the Fighting French with authority. He was one of the first members of the French diplomatic service to rally to General de Gaulle, and he is now in New York on the staff of the French National Committee. He has written a concise and modest book; the ardent patriot in him is constantly held in check by the jurist. There is no lack of passion and drama in these pages, but they are revealed only through a sober recital of the facts.

American opinion was stunned by the sudden collapse of France. To the present day there are still good democrats on this side who believe that the downfall was due to *Front Populaire* incompetence, and not to a fossilized general staff; to parliamentary corruption, and not to the forty-year-old conspiracy of Maurras and his thugs, eager for a chance to "strangle the old whore," that is, the Republic; to the Socialists and Communists, and not to the men who openly professed "Rather Hitler than Blum!" I never admired the constitution of the Third Republic; but it had stood many crises—Panama, Boulanger, the Dreyfus case, the First World War. French democracy before 1939 was no more bewildered in its policy than England or ourselves. France was no more unready than we; it was only more exposed. We have no right to cast the first stone.

It was not "France" that gave up three years ago. For the French masses the war had barely begun. They would have been eager to fight on, in Brittany, in the intact fortresses of the Maginot Line, in North Africa. France was betrayed. Only one name could insure the success of that incredible conspiracy. Maurras and Laval, the twisted brains and the dirty hands that prepared the coup, would, by themselves, have been unable to carry it out. Pétain was a legend—the modern Bayard, the Knight without Fear and without Reproach, the hero of Verdun, the incarnation of invincible resistance: "They shall not pass!" Aglion shows that *Mittelhauser* in Syria, Boisson in West Africa, Noguès in Morocco reacted at the first moment like genuine patriots. They wanted to fight on. Pétain's prestige overwhelmed them. Once they had submitted, the road back to national honor was barred. As for the civilian masses and, in the army, the rank and file, they never had a chance to express a choice.

But the spirit of resistance was there. De Gaulle was the first volunteer; and other volunteers flocked to his improvised headquarters. Aglion relates extraordinary deeds of heroism: young boys from Brittany, for instance, drifted far into the Atlantic before they were picked up by a British steamer. In a way which is both diplomatic and equitable Aglion tells, in the same chapter, of Giraud's escape from Germany: Giraud too refused to submit and to collaborate; he too wanted France to remain free, and on the fighting line.

The book is crammed with dramatic episodes and striking personalities: Eboué, the colored governor of the Chad

region, who made his choice from the very first and saved Equatorial Africa for France; Admiral Thierry d'Argenlieu, a Carmelite monk, an authority on St. John of the Cross; General Philibert Collet, a French Lawrence of Arabia; Savet; Koenig, the hero of Bir Hacheim; Leclerc, who led the epic fight across the whole Sahara, first from Fort Lamy to Kufra, then to Ghadames and Tripoli; Catroux, Larminat, Legentilhomme, Auboyneau, Muselier—we cannot name them all. They have not allowed the flag of Valmy and of the Marne to remain in the mire.

There are substantial chapters on Resistance Inside France and the Underground Press. That home front, the most dangerous of all, was loose and sporadic at first. Gradually it became an organized movement. André Philip, as its delegate, went to London and recognized De Gaulle as its leader. The Fighting French are not a faction of émigrés; their chief power derives from the people of France.

Raoul Aglion is a diplomat and an official, not a free lance. He has no desire further to antagonize the State Department. He does not slam the door in the face of those misguided Frenchmen who, after hesitating somewhat too long, have at last broken, somewhat too cautiously, with the Vichy *Kommandantur*. He recalls the patriotic velivities of Noguès and Boisson; he finds it wiser not to mention Marcel Peyrouton at all; and he indulges in a bit of wishful thinking about the anti-fascist sentiments of the Bey of Tunis. But although he pulls a few punches, there is no lack of spirit in this fine little book. Reluctant as some may be to admit it, Fighting France is France—the France we love, and the France we need.

ALBERT GUÉRAD

The Noblest German of Them All

SOME POEMS OF FRIEDRICH HOELDERLIN. Translated by Frederick Prokosch. New Directions. 50 cents.

THE author of a number of the most magnificent lyric poems in German and of a fierce stigmatization of Germany, Friedrich Hoelderlin died, an old man, exactly one hundred years ago—after having lingered on earth, a peaceable lunatic, for almost forty years. Physicians who in recent times have examined reports of his malady call it dementia praecox; and with an eye on the poems of his brief period of ripeness, the psychoanalyst Jung has declared that Hoelderlin in childhood had enjoyed a bliss which he was unable to forget, and dream-pictures of it progressively had estranged him from a real life which he could not but find contrastingly coarse. Laymen in earlier decades used to ascribe his calamity to more external causes. Disappointments, misfortunes, humiliations, they thought, desolated his sensitive spirit. For all its romanticism, their conception is not entirely to be ignored.

A nursling of German idealism, the friend of Hegel and Schelling, he hymned the all-animating totality of nature; drunken with powerful sensations of it as with wine. He addressed its gods in elegiac odes and alcaics ■ Father Aether,

as Sun and Earth; felt their presence in himself and their language in the secret, inborn melodies and rhythms of his soul. Probably no modern believed more single-heartedly in inspiration. And this divine poet certainly was a solitary among his fellow-countrymen. "Barbarians from of old" he called them; "become even more barbarous through industry and science, through religion itself, and incapable of any godlike feeling." Also he was seriously involved in a love affair which came to an abrupt and humiliating end, and suffered further mortification at the hands of his people's great literary representatives.

Hoelderlin had begun writing under the influence of Schiller's hymnic poems—the poems of his second period, known to us through the example the "Ode to Joy," which Beethoven incorporated in his Ninth Symphony. Schiller for a while interested himself in his young fellow-Swabian; helped him to a position as a private tutor; published the commencement of his novel "Hyperion" in one of his magazines. But Goethe's ascendancy over Schiller was increasing, and Goethe, who shrank from exalted temperaments, shrank from the intense Hoelderlin as later he did from Kleist and from Beethoven. Schiller grew icy. At Weimar Hoelderlin's inspired translations of Sophocles became subjects of mirth. The hymnist, in great material distress, once again appealed to Schiller. His letter remained without answer. During his madness, he refused to permit the names Goethe and Schiller to be mentioned in his presence.

Poetry as unfaithfully deep in mood and musical as are his elegies and dithyrambs, as singularly sublime in pitch, rhythmically unified, and ethereal in phraseology, naturally kindled other enthusiasts. Among them was the young Nietzsche, who later also was to have something to say about Schiller and about Germany. Brahms gave one of the lyrics a majestic choral setting: "The Song of Destiny." Yet it was only in our century that, mainly through the solicitude of the circle about Stefan George, Hoelderlin's supreme position amid the authors of the German ode generally was recognized. What particularly attracted the circle was his realization of the Greek ideal of the Poet—the interlocutor of the gods; and pointing to "The Archipelago"—a nostalgic rhapsody conveying Hoelderlin's dream of a Hellas drunken with divinity—Gundolf called him a Greek born out of his era. The French translations of a few years since largely were dictated by this notion. Not so the even more recent English ones, the product of the surrealist poet David Gascoyne.

What directed Gascoyne to the subject was the surrealist fascination by insanity. During his illness Hoelderlin composed a few preternaturally still poems which he dated anachronistically and on occasions signed "Most submissively, by Scardanelli." Entitled "Hoelderlin's Madness," Gascoyne's volume included translations of these curious verses. The opusculum on the whole was unfortunate. It falsified the facts: included one poem, the famous "Song of Destiny," written before Hoelderlin gave indications of his coming collapse, and two others, "Half of Life" and "Patmos"—rapturous productions, strange indeed in their mixture of gigantic imagery and colorless statements—dating from the time when, after the first manifestation of his insanity, the poet seemed to be recovering. While poetic, the translations were fluid and soft, untrue to Hoelderlin's nobly pathetic style.

The Prokosch pamphlet, on the contrary, is to be saluted. Its exhibits, fifteen in all, which face their translations, represent a comprehensive perception of the man's genius. They include "To Nature," one of the best of his odes cast in the iambic strophes of Schiller's "Gods of Greece"; two of the irregularly rhythmic prodigies of his period of dissolution; and certain of the high-songs of his maturity—among them, the alcaics "Man," "In the Morning," and "Evening Fantasy." Something like a glow cast up from a mysterious world seems to meet the mind's eye through these pensive incantations. To be sure, the translation at times verges on doggerel. It is cold in spots. Where Hoelderlin sang, "My heart called the stars brethren; the spring, God's melody," we hear, "My heart . . . discerned its brothers in the burning/Planets, and the song of God in spring." In at least one other it is false. Where Hoelderlin wrote, "Once I lived like the gods, and no more is necessary," Prokosch says, "Once I lived like the gods, and desire now nothing." Admirably, none the less, it keeps the elevated pitch: this, in the circumstances, is of prime importance. And we want Hoelderlin for English readers: not only for the reason that he possessed a perfect sincerity equaled by no recent German poet, not by Rilke or by George. He is decidedly a most desirable prize and ally because of the dazzling purity with which the transcendental direction sustained itself in him. That direction is the finally noble one. In the transcendental lies the only commonwealth. There alone all men can meet.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Russia Today and Tomorrow

MOSCOW DATELINE. By Henry C. Cassidy. Houghton Mifflin and Company. \$3.

HENRY CASSIDY is an experienced war correspondent. Before he went to Moscow he covered the Spanish civil war on the Republican side, the *Sitzkrieg*, and the German *Blitzkrieg* in France in 1939 and 1940. After watching Paris fall and following the development of Vichy, he went to Berlin on a troop train and thence by train to Moscow. For more than a year Cassidy, like the ten or twelve other Anglo-American correspondents in Moscow, stumbled through the confused period when Germany and Russia were bound by a pact of friendship and making intensive preparations for war. Cassidy succeeded better than most in understanding what the Russians were trying to do.

When the war broke out, things became coldly clear. Cassidy had accumulated a useful store of knowledge about Russia and had made numerous valuable contacts in the diplomatic corps. His account of the diplomatic negotiations in Moscow and the military operations on Russian soil is thoroughly competent. But he spoke very little Russian and therefore did not understand too well the character of the Russian people "toiling and fighting with no thought of politics but only of winning the war."

When Winston Churchill flew to Moscow in 1942 for his conversations with Stalin on questions of Allied strategy and the second front, many people in Britain and America believed that the British Prime Minister had made a hit. This, Cassidy tells us, was not the case. Churchill attempted to meet the Russians on their own level by coming to a formal dinner

in something described as a pair of overalls, and quibbled over questions of protocol at a time when the Russians were speaking informally and directly. The inference one draws from reading Cassidy's account, although he does not say it in so many words, is that Churchill did not succeed in impressing the Russians as favorably as he impressed the Americans.

Willkie, on the other hand, Cassidy says, made a splendid impression on the Soviet leaders; he was realistic and fair in his attitude toward the Russians as well as objective in his reports about them. Cassidy considered Willkie and his two companions, Mike Cowles and Joseph Barnes, first-rate reporters and worthy representatives of the United States.

Two chapters of "Moscow Dateline" deal with the Cassidy-Stalin correspondence. As the author modestly and correctly points out, Stalin chose the Associated Press and its correspondents in Moscow as a channel through which to say something to the world at large, thus avoiding the unfavorable reception which the statement might have met in many quarters had it been made in an official speech or through the Soviet news agency Tass. Stalin has said much more important things to his own press which have passed almost unnoticed in foreign countries. By writing a letter to Cassidy, Stalin got the ideas he was interested in putting across on the front pages of newspapers throughout the English-speaking world under the most reliable and conservative auspices, namely, the A. P.

These ideas were (1) that Russia expected a second front; (2) that the African campaign was all very well and would relieve the pressure on the Soviet Union to a certain extent, but the Red armies were still fighting the major battle of the war and would continue to do so with honor.

In his interesting remarks about Russia's future Cassidy is consistently logical. After the war, he says, Russia will be what it was before the war—Soviet. However, the Soviet system may become to a considerable degree democratized. "Stalin, who turned sixty-three years of age on December 21, 1942, may well relinquish the chairmanship of the Council of People's Commissars and the Commissariat of Defense after the war. But he will probably retain the Secretary-Generalship of the Communist Party as long as he lives, and the men of his native Georgia live to ripe old ages. As Secretary-General he will remain the autocrat of Russia, but one who is not in principle opposed to democracy."

Cassidy finds numerous indications that this partiality to democracy is already resulting in certain changes inside the country. "The regime . . . is showing its benevolence in many ways, some small, almost intangible, but all significant. The days of purges, for example, have ended." As instances, Cassidy remarks that certain streets in Moscow previously reserved for the use of official Kremlin cars are now open to traffic at large without restriction. No generals or other military men of high rank have been purged. The only one to disappear is Marshal Kulik, who has been in obscurity since well before the outbreak of the Soviet-German war.

In other words, the Soviet Union can be expected after the present war to develop in the direction of democracy. With this kind of Russia, says Cassidy, we can and must cooperate if the Allies are to win the peace as well as the war.

JOHN SCOTT

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Fiction in Review

A SOCIAL-WORK novel, despite the fact that it is unsparing in its criticism of that profession, Caroline Slade's "Lilly Crackell" (Vanguard, \$3) is the most estimable novel I have read this week. A story of America's lower depths, "Lilly Crackell" traces the career of a young girl raised in the squalor that is so apt to fringe American prosperity. When we first meet Lilly, it is 1918; Lilly is a lovable child of fourteen, about to become the mother of an illegitimate baby; twenty-four years later Lilly is the mother of six children and still the victim of almost unbelievable misery and privation. Mrs. Slade has not written an exciting novel, or even a novel which is very creative in a fictional sense. "Lilly Crackell" is a painstaking sociological report on certain aspects of democracy which we prefer to ignore for the duration. It is a salutary corrective to the fashionable assumption that because we are at war against fascism abroad, we have the right—perhaps even the duty—to close our eyes to the poverty and injustice within our own land.

Mrs. Slade's indignation that people like Lilly Crackell can exist in this country is of the slow-simmering variety that indulges neither author nor reader, and her candor is completely unsensational. She writes barely and factually, with none of the "literary" overtones that make poverty good reading: it is unlikely that "Lilly Crackell" will have a fraction of the popular appeal of a "Grapes of Wrath." But the book is no less courageous. It takes courage, for instance, to make explicit the meaning of the war for people who have never had a chance to be anything but a drain on society. When Lilly's four sons are drafted, their army allowance is her first promise of decent food and housing, but it is a bitter promise: Lilly loves her sons, and their possible loss is a high price to pay for what may be only a temporary freedom from want. As for the boys themselves, they know nothing of what they are fighting for, and, indeed, why should they? All they know is that at long last they will have enough to eat and the medical and dental care they have needed so desperately. I have no particular fondness for fiction as reform, and there were even moments when I found "Lilly Crackell" tedious. But in the current flood of propaganda novels compounded of Hollywood-Life sentimentalized generalities, a book like Mrs. Slade's shines out for its old-fashioned zeal for decency.

At quite an opposite pole from Mrs. Slade's study in social responsibility is Edith Morris's highly individualistic first novel, "My Darling from the Lions" (Little, Brown: An Atlantic Monthly Press Book, \$2.50); Mrs. Morris has published a volume of short stories but I am unacquainted with her earlier work. Her novel is set in Sweden, where she was born, and has two heroines, the sisters Anna and Jezza, who tell their first-person stories in alternating chapters. Both girls are excruciatingly precious, and precious to themselves; self-love seems to be a concomitant of sensibility in women writers, and Mrs. Morris is one of those ob-the-aching-wonder-of-it-all literary women for whom a snowflake or a sausage is equal matter for ecstasy. Yet whatever my dislike of so much preciousness, I have to admit Mrs. Morris's talent. Cumulatively, her sensibility loses some of its exacerbation and even begins to take effect; after the first hundred

pages I found myself acutely aware of the charm of her village in northern Sweden, almost as nostalgic for it as if I had experienced it myself. And it is certainly no denigration of Mrs. Morris's gifts to say that she frequently invites comparison with better writers than herself: for example, her gallery of decayed gentlewomen—Anna and Jezza's aunts—is suggestive of Chekhov, and the spiritual stature which she can give to the life of privacy suggests Isak Dinesen.

Edita Morris is Swedish by birth, but her experience has been cosmopolitan and she writes in English. "Ride This Night!" (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) has been translated from the Swedish of Vilhelm Moberg. An apologue of present-day conditions in Nazi-occupied Europe, "Ride This Night!" is an account of a peasant revolt against feudal oppression in the days of Queen Christina. The outline of Mr. Moberg's novel is pretty conventional: his hero, the sole member of his small farming community who has the courage to resist subjugation, loses his land, his friends, his sweetheart, and finally his life, but dies with the knowledge that he has died for freedom. More interesting than this familiar story is Mr. Moberg's convincing description of seventeenth-century peasant customs, especially his recreation of peasant superstitions. His fund of folklore rather than his right-mindedness makes tolerable the Knut Hamsunish bread-and-water, ox-and-plow rhythm of his prose.

Ayn Rand's "The Fountainhead" (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3) is a 754-page orgy of glorification of that sternest of arts, architecture. What Ruth McKenney's Jake Home is to the proletarian movement, Ayn Rand's Howard Roark is to the public and domestic buildings—a giant among men, ten feet tall and with flaming hair, Genius on a scale that makes the good old Broadway version of art-in-a-beret look like Fra Angelico. And surrounding Howard Roark there is a whole galaxy of lesser monsters—Gail Wynand, who is Power, and Peter Keating, who is Success, and Dominique, who is Woman. When Genius meets Woman, it isn't the earth that rocks, but steel girders. Surely "The Fountainhead" is the curiosity of the year, and anyone who is taken in by it deserves a stern lecture on paper-rationing.

Although I came to Xavier Herbert's "Capricornia" (Appleton-Century, \$3) after it had already established something of a reputation as an exciting novel, I found it singularly dull and heavy-handed. Beginning about forty years ago when the Port Darwin section of Australia was just being opened up, it is a saga of pioneer life in a country in which all of us are very much interested nowadays. But although Mr. Herbert has an intense love of his land, his attitude toward the people who live in it is unrelentingly ironic and even contemptuous. All the characters in "Capricornia," and there are scores of them, are lower-middle-class people without education or tradition; what is disturbing is that they are also without dignity in the eyes of their author. Yet theoretically Mr. Herbert is always on the side of the angels. In his treatment of the blacks and half-castes, for instance, he supports their social and political cause by laudable if stilted argument; at the same time he never represents them with any of the virtues he assigns to them in theory. And in contrast to American pioneer life, Mr. Herbert's picture of pioneer life in Australia is markedly lacking in gaiety and heroism.†

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FILMS

PRELUDE TO WAR" is the first of the army orientation films put out by Lieutenant Colonel Frank Capra's Special Services Unit. It is the sort of thing one can expect when capable film-makers work for a great and many-eveled audience—the best, I suspect, which this country has ever had—under no obligation to baby or cajole, and for a serious purpose.

The intention of the film is to tell the history of fascism from the Mukden incident through the invasion of Ethiopia. Interested experts will object that it does not tell that history *whole*; I think it more important that here for the first time an American film tries to give the general dimensions of a theory and practice which has customarily been treated, in government and Hollywood films alike, as if it were the hate that dare not speak its name.

The method is more verbose than I wish it were or am sure it need be; but if the American addiction to word-dominated films is crystallizing into an American form, this is a useful model. The profuse text has been vigilantly researched and on the whole is respectably written. More shrewdness has been used here to make screen images point, edge, impregnate, or explode the spoken text than I have seen used before; at times the border line is crossed into full cinematic possibility, and words serve the screen instead or even do it the greatest service, of withdrawal. For a film made up chiefly of old newsreels and confiscated enemy footage, a surprising amount is new, and a surprising amount of the new is excellent. There is an eye for the unprecedented powers which can reside in simple record photographs—the ferocious inadvertent caricature, the moment when a street becomes tragic rather than a mere street, the intricate human and political evidence in unknown faces—which is here equaled only by the quiet, dry-touched forcefulness with which such images are cut in. A newsreel poll of American war sentiment in 1939 is brilliantly used. There is a long, pouring, speechless sequence, intelligently sustained by rudimentary drumbeats, of marching children, youths, and men which is a virtuoso job of selection and cutting, and the grimmest image of fascism I have seen on a screen.

There are also faults. Over-all, the film is so crowded and so ramified that it has no ultimate musical coherence.

Things like the drummed march, which had every right to be cinematically overwhelming, are merely impressive. I found repeated references to a Mr. John Q. Public embarrassing, for I felt they betrayed an underestimation of the audience of which the picture as a whole is hearteningly free. A few production shots, like the salon bit showing the withered, rosaried hands of an old woman (which may, heaven forbid, be a stock shot after all; the salon manner has infected so much), are unnecessarily dissonant. In the effort to relieve the monotony of one commentator's voice, too many voices are used, and too many of these voices suggest the cheerful drawers peddlers and the flunked divinity students who are the normal cantors for our non-fiction films. I also noticed with regret that many of the shots devoted to demonstrating that John Q. Public's country is a horse of another color were indeed of another color, glossy and insipid; but I blame this less on the country than on the fact that few of us, conspicuously excepting Walker Evans, have yet learned how to make a camera show what a country it is. It was extremely disconcerting at the end to see a "two worlds" image of Vice-President Wallace's overdrawn to a point at which an image of the Western Hemisphere, described as "free," totally eclipses the "slave" hemisphere. The film as a whole indicates that this unfortunate piece of misorientation could not have been deliberate, but it should be rectified.

Suffocating to meet nose to nose (it is over two hours of Virginia Dare wine, women, and song), "Stage Door Canteen" is beautiful as a preview of a period piece. Any film is, but this one carries a saturation of the mannerisms of fourth-degree entertainment, patriotism, and sub-idealized lovemaking which could supply almost any twenty others. The best of the patriotism is implicit rather than overt. The lovemaking is strictly church-supper. The entertainment is best. Lack of space, libel laws, and a fondness for entertainers, all prevent any detail on the subject; but we can safely remember that every piece of entertainment, like every political speech or swatch of advertising copy, has night-marish accuracy as a triple-distilled image of a collective dream, habit, or desire. My favorite few minutes was Gracie Fields's rendition of the Lord's Prayer as set, it sounded, by Stainer or more so. In the music itself, in every gesture used to sell it and every inflection, in the reverent, faintly embarrassed audience, this is the most touching and com-

plex bit of religious history which has ever reached the screen; the whole footage of "The King of Kings" is just a Ford hour by comparison. "Stage Door Canteen" is achingly long; a lot of the dialogue is dragged in by heels who should never have been hired even to drag it out; and Frank Borzage should have used a spare cameraman with first-rate eyes to work the Canteen floor for its wonderful possibilities. Yet this is a nice harmless picture for the whole family; and it is a gold mine for those who are willing to go to it in the wrong spirit.

George Stevens's last film as a civilian ("The More the Merrier") is partly nice and partly disappointing. The chiseling, cringing sex and claustrophobia of war-torn Washington might have delivered a really original, really native comedy, and the types set up to carry this comedy are not bad in conception; they are spoiled in the execution. Stevens has a free, pretty feeling for business (like Jean Arthur's awkwardness after the love scene on the steps), for special colorations of talk (there is some good adlibbing), and for gratuitous satire (a poke at the G-men and a snort at the surplus of women in Washington). Yet the film as a whole is a tired soufflé, for unfortunately Stevens doesn't know where to stop. Farce, like melodrama, offers very special chances for accurate observation, but here accuracy is avoided ten times to one in favor of the easy burlesque or the easier idealization which drops the bottom out of farce. Every good moment frazzles or drowns. The most flagrant example is Jean Arthur, whose mugging and whinying seemed to me as redundant and, at length, as ungratifying, as if a particularly cute monkey, instead of merely holding out his hat for a penny which I might gladly have made a quarter, insisted that he was working his way through Harvard.

I recommend a look at "Wings Up," the best OWI short I have seen, and at Paramount's "African Report" because it seems to try, even though it fails, to learn some much-needed lessons from "Desert Victory." I wanted to write here of fifteen fragments of avant-garde films which were recently shown by Hans Richter at the Museum of Modern Art, but there is only room to say that though I respected their intentions, and believed great things can still or always come of small-audience films proudly made on shoestrings, there is no substitute for the born cinematic talent which René Clair's "Entr'Acte" so delightfully showed and

which nearly all the rest so depressingly lacked. Finally, I regret having missed "The Ox-Bow Incident" and for the moment can only pass on the word of trustworthy people that it is worth seeing, as I would expect a William Wellman film to be.

JAMES AGEÉ

MUSIC

A FEW concerts at the close of the season require mention. There was fine work by the Philadelphia Orchestra at the New York concert at which Szigeti played Mozart's A major Concerto and Prokofiev's Concerto No. 1; and Szigeti himself was in top form, though his phrasing in the finale of the Mozart work was excessively accented and arch. The Budapest Quartet ended its series at the Y. M. H. A. with an unforgettable performance of Schubert's C major Quintet, with Frank Miller of the N. B. C. Symphony as assisting cellist. And the National Orchestral Association provided an opportunity to hear Schubert's early pint-sized Mass in G, which has some lovely music. On this occasion the chorus was the Collegiate Chorale of Robert Shaw, which sang three more terrible pieces by William Schuman, and, as an encore, a Negro spiritual in a way which leads me to characterize Mr. Shaw as the young Stokowski of choral conducting.

My report on the lethally dull performance of Bach's Suite No. 5 by Luigi Silva brought me a letter from a young member of the armed forces who had attended the concert while on leave. Encountering Virgil Thomson after the concert, he writes, "I asked him would he mind telling me what did he think of the cello playing, and he said he thought it was the most wonderful in the world and asked me what did I feel about it and . . . I answered quite sincerely that maybe I was prejudiced because I was a cellist but that I thought it was incredibly dull. Whereupon all the way to Times Square I was regaled with a lot of nonsense about the secret of Bach was you should do his bowings upside down with a modern bow and the color of the Suite No. 5 is marvelous because the low A removes the sudden change in quality across the strings and that the variety of color was in the score *di tura* whatever that might be and then the next day the *Tribune* carried the final say on the subject, which you can or have read for yourself."

My warmest thanks to my correspondent; and will he now write me a letter

about Mr. Thomson's recent fantasyspinning on the French style. For this calls for my correspondent's technique, rather than my own mere presentation of such facts as the flatness and insipidity of Casadesu's phrasing of the long cantilena in the middle section of the slow movement of Mozart's Concerto K.595, as against the life created in the phrases by the contours and tensions of Schnabel's phrasing (and for Casadesu substitute any other French pianist); or the stolidity of the Cortot-Ecole Normale performances of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos, as against the buoyancy and sparkle of the Busch Chamber Players' performances; or that the greatest phrasing and style we have heard has been that of musicians who have not been French by birth or, as far as I know, by training—Casals, Toscanini, Schnabel, Beecham, Szigeti, Landowska, Hempel, Matzenauer, Rethberg, Schumann.

In the preoccupation with what this war has done to whole populations in Poland, Greece, Yugoslavia, Norway, there has been a neglect of the havoc it has created in the lives of our expatriate musicians in tearing them away from the culture embodied in those Paris concerts under the patronage of Princess This and Marquise That at which was played the latest piece by Satie or Sauguet or Markevitch or one of the expatriates, and in compelling them to return to a land in which the public—the wisps of hay clinging to its hair, the cow-dung to its boots—stamps into Carnegie Hall to listen to Beethoven performed by Toscanini. And the courage with which exiled Europeans in this country have fitted together again the pieces of their broken lives is not more touching than the persistence that recently produced a bit of old Paris at the Museum of Modern Art—the Serenades sponsored by a committee with a Marquise and a Prince, and devoted to "rare music ancient and modern."

The rare ancient music at the first concert turned out to be Mozart's G minor Quintet; the modern music was rarer, and I hope will be even more so, including as it did Debussy's Sonata for flute, viola, and harp, which is one of those late exercises in Debussy's style in a vacuum; a new Piano Quartet by Martinu, which provided another example of this composer's ability to spin out nothing much into nothing much more; and Virgil Thomson's Seven Chorus from the "Medea" of Euripides, on which the texts of Euripides (in Countee Cullen's translation) them-

selves constituted an annihilating commentary.

At the second concert there were to have been a rare harpsichord concerto of Mozart and symphony of Méhul; instead there were Mozart's early G minor Symphony, of which the performance conducted by Beecham was very exciting, and Bach's great Concerto in D minor, with the solo part played on the harpsichord by Ralph Kirkpatrick with an ostentatious lack of feeling for either the music or the instrument. And there was a Little Suite of Handel-Beecham, which turned out to be too big and with too much Beecham in the arrangement. Having no desire to rehear Falla's Harpsichord Concerto I left, and missed Anell's Divertimento No. 2, which someone told me afterward was very good. The third concert began with what was described as the first New York performance of Revueltas's "Homage to García Lorca," which turned out to be the atrocious music used in the Ballet Theater's "Don Domingo." Then came Paul Bowles's "The Wind Remains," described as a "zarzuela in one act," after García Lorca, adapted by the composer," which, as it was staged with painfully amateurish actors, carried incoherence to the point of sheer lunacy. There was also to have been an opera buffa, "Pedro Malazarte," by Camargo Guarnieri; instead there was "El Café de Chinitas," a ballet based on a folk-song recorded by Lorca, which was danced and sung by Argentinita and her company, and which was delightful. And at that point, looking ahead to what the last two concerts of the series promised, I stopped.

"El Café de Chinitas" was presented later as part of the Spanish Festival that Mr. Hurok put on for two nights at the Metropolitan Opera House. There it suffered from the huge size of the auditorium and even more from the gigantic Dali décor which had been designed as usual to prevent the eye from looking at anything else. In this expanded version the finest Spanish male dancer I have seen in recent years, Juan Martínez, made a brief appearance, in addition to José Greco and Manolo Vargas who danced superbly with Argentinita and Pilar López all evening.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Culbertson Replies

Dear Sirs: Louis Fischer has a fine, idealistic streak in him. Unfortunately, however, he represents that section of the liberals who suffer from the unworldly disease called "Perfectionitis." There is nothing more unrealistic than the goals of an unlimited liberal in a world of limited means. Reactionaries and imperialists thrive in the face of such opposition.

If liberalism has suffered many disastrous defeats in the past, it is mainly because the liberals have dispersed their creative efforts by seeking to achieve all their goals at once. Louis Fischer conducts his crusades in total ideological isolation, inspired by a mystic faith in the power of noble resolves and "aroused public sentiment."

The World Federation Plan has only one goal—to stop future wars of aggression. Everything else is subordinated to this. All available means are carefully calculated so as to achieve the maximum promise of the realization of this goal *within the next few years*. There are three tasks which we must accomplish if we are to achieve this goal:

First, we must attack the means of making war by segregating the decisive heavy weapons and armed forces and placing them in the hands of a world organization. Heretofore this has been impossible because there has been no method which would satisfy the individual military defense of the great powers and at the same time create an overwhelming world police, independent of the power politics still prevailing in the relations between the great states. The Quota Force Mechanism achieves exactly this. Nothing so far proposed by Mr. Fischer could achieve it.

Second, we must create a framework for a World Cooperative of Nations with proper executive agencies, independent of the rivalries and selfish interests of the sovereign states. Only within such a framework can we carry out the program of world-wide economic reconstruction which is indispensable as a second line of defense against a world counter-revolution and future Hitlers. We must avoid the grievous error of putting an economic cart before a political horse. We must avoid, also, the grievous error of trying to build a purely ideal framework without taking into account the powerful forces of nationalism

now dominating our world. After all, my best answer to Fischer has been made by Stalin in his dissolution of the Third International. I do not seek, like Louis Fischer, to abolish nationalism. Abolishing nationalism is like trying to abolish love. We can abolish love only by abolishing women. And we shall abolish nationalism only when we abolish nations. I merely seek to distil from the poisons of nationalism an antidote for the social cancer of war. The outcome of the coming Battle of the Peace will depend on whether we succeed or fail in integrating the forces of nationalism and internationalism in a workable synthesis. The structure and politico-economic organs of the eleven Regional Federations and the World Federation can achieve such a synthesis. Nothing so far proposed by Mr. Fischer could achieve it.

Third, we must, within this new framework, create institutions and methods for a program of world-wide education and scientific research. This is our third and most important line of defense against social injustice and violence by the few. The program of world-wide education and scientific experimentation must include experimentation in the social forms of government, which can be carried out only by free and sovereign nations. Once the nations are free from the terrible threat of aggression, the emancipated world will move by leaps and bounds toward Fischer's ideals, which are also mine. Then, and only then, shall we see the dawn of a new era for humanity—the era of world citizenship. The World Federation Plan offers at least a promise of such an achievement. Nothing so far proposed by Mr. Fischer could achieve it.

It is all very well for Mr. Fischer to conduct a sniping campaign from the clouds of dialectic sophistry. He says: "I believe that the criticism of harmful proposals is in itself constructive. . . . If I have convinced anybody, the way is cleared for a better plan." I await Louis Fischer's "better plan."

Fischer says that in his recent travels over this country he observed everywhere the urgent need for inspiration. I too have recently traveled up and down this wonderful country of ours. It is true that the people want an inspiration and seek a positive ideal. But

there is something else they want much more. They want a concrete, specific, and detailed presentation of the terrifying problems of the post-war world. They are sick of noble resolves, of appeals for economic justice, of imprecations against the forces of evil. They want exact blueprints for the House of Peace they are determined to build. Not everyone was in favor of the World Federation Plan. But everyone was enthusiastic about the fact that it is the first concrete and specific proposal dealing with the vast architecture of war and peace. This was something for them to chew on. They could line up for or against it.

I don't expect Louis Fischer to line up in favor of the World Federation Plan. But I do not intend to let Louis Fischer or other intellectuals like him enjoy in peace the fruits of their convenient rationalizations. The World Federation Plan is far too organic, too concrete, and too realistic to be dismissed with elegant innuendoes.

Louis Fischer has a sensitive conscience. He must not only do a much better job of proving the "harmfulness" of the plan. He must also lend his creative efforts, adding perspiration to inspiration, and produce a better and equally concrete plan.

ELY CULBERTSON

New York, June 3

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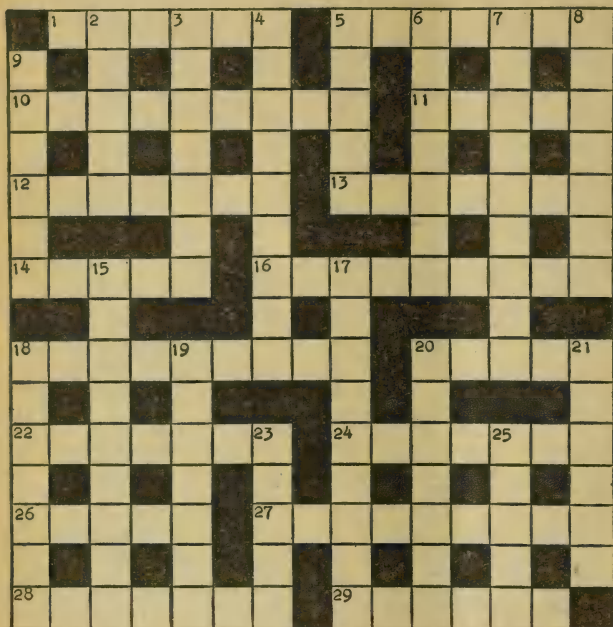
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 17

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 and 5 They attempt colorfully to reinforce threadbare prose
 10 I hate rock! (anag.)
 11 The poet called the butterfly's wing a living one
 12 Funeral procession
 13 Hide away
 14 A rarity in the Isle of Man
 16 I rose late (anag.)
 18 Sport fans who attend the first part to see the second (hyphen, 4 and 5)
 20 A slight change will make him after
 22 Ran back surrounded by bees!
 24 Leaves, or leafless tracts
 26 Has this girl a heart of stone?
 27 Climb on this and join the party!
 28 Article of apparel for a slave-driving employer?
 29 A priest will give you this spirit

DOWN

- 2 Say, isn't this complete?
 3 There'll be little change in them this year
 4 Absolve from single tax
 5 Its representatives don't mind accepting paper money
 6 The Capitol brought up-to-date
 7 A warm toddy around 10 is common in South Africa

- 8 Patches up the military men when I withdraw
 9 "The Daughter of the Regiment," for example
 15 In a hundred I've a stimulus
 17 The people who live there
 18 Their purpose is not to make typewriters look more attractive
 19 Item of clothing with only one arm
 20 There is some discussion as to whether we should plan for this world now (hyphen, 4 and 3)
 21 Take ill
 23 It simply isn't drunk
 25 Whether we move towards this is in this direction depends on the political viewpoint

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 16

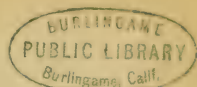
ACROSS:—1 DUCKBOARD; 6 HAWKE; 9 ALSO RAN; 10 UPSTART; 11 ELI; 12 DASHED; 13 WHEN; 15 TUNING IN; 16 BARREL; 18 WAITER; 20 LOCKHEED; 23 CODE; 24 YELLOW; 25 ALL; 28 ISOLATE; 29 PUNSTER; 30 RISKS; 31 THESAURUS.

DOWN:—1 DRAKE; 2 CASPIAN; 3 BARN DANCES; 4 AGNOSTIC; 5 DOUSES; 6 HOSE; 7 WEATHER; 8 ENTANGLED; 14 LACKAWANNA; 15 TOWN CRIER; 17 COLLAPSE; 19 INDOORS; 21 EXACTOR; 22 DEFECT; 26 LYRES; 27 OARS.

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 849

EDITORIALS

- Something to Veto 851
The Elk Hills Scandal 852
The Uncertain Future *by Freda Kirchwey* 853

ARTICLES

- The Downfall of Joseph Weiner *by I. F. Stone* 854
Let's Look at Labor. I. Jobs and Unions on
Demobilization Day *by Stuart Chase* 855
25 Years Ago in *The Nation* 858
Burmese Stumbling-Block *by H. G. Quaritch Wales* 859
Georges Mandel *by Emile Buré* 861

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

- "Collaboration"—Three Stages *by Fritz Sternberg* 863
Behind the Enemy Line *by Argus* 864
News from Spain 865

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- "We Will Walk Like the Tapir" *by Marianne Moore* 866
Now It Can Be Told *by Gastano Salvemini* 867
Waldo Frank's Journey *by Ralph Bates* 869
Capitalism as a Fascist Plot *by Alfred Winslow Jones* 870
Art Notes *by Jean Connolly* 871
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 872

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

- 873

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 18 *by Jack Barrett* 876

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The Shape of Things

THE PRESS CONTINUES TO ACT AS IF THE debate between De Gaulle and Giraud were no more than the wrangling of horse-traders or the jealous bickering of a couple of prima donnas. That temperament and ambition play a part cannot be doubted. But the same would be true of any great political struggle, from a Presidential election down, and the intrusion of such personal factors in no way diminishes the importance of the issues at stake. De Gaulle's effort to purge the Committee of Liberation and the administrative offices under it of fascists and collaborationists cannot be effectively countered with the charge that he is self-seeking and vain. Yet this is what a major part of the press is trying to do. It seems to believe that for every Vichyite Giraud is generous enough to lay on the table, De Gaulle should be prepared to toss in a Fighting Frenchman. From a political point of view, this is nonsense. The only hope of a genuine concentration of French power and patriotism lies in a purge of those men who, because of their records, are disliked and suspected by democratic elements in France as well as North Africa. Americans who had an opportunity to watch the behavior of the Vichyites during the early days of our invasion tell hair-raising tales of political sabotage and anti-Allied maneuvers. And yet today De Gaulle is attacked because he wants to clean these men out. We hope and believe he will stand firm.

✕

TO POPE PIUS XII WE ARE INDEBTED FOR A revealing picture of Italy on the brink of social upheaval. It is noteworthy in the first place that in a moment of dire crisis, with the country's man-power presumably on the alert, 25,000 workers are permitted by the Fascist regime to gather at the Vatican to hear the Pope's words. Apparently there are tides running in Italy which can no longer be checked by the Ovra. Their nature is clear from the emphasis in the pontifical address: "The weight of the present difficulties is felt by the mass of workers, who are burdened and afflicted more than others." "Working men and women conscious of their responsibility for the common good feel and appreciate their duty not to aggravate the burden of extraordinary difficulties under which peoples are groaning by presenting their claims in this hour of universal and

imperious needs in a noisy manner and through inconsiderate action." Denouncing the "false prophets" of revolution, the Pope revealed their open activity. "Such friends of the people you have already heard in the public streets. . . . You recognize their promises on handbills." Perhaps even more significant, he reflected the growing opposition to the war by condemning the propaganda now "circulating among the people . . . that the Pope wished the war, that the Pope supports the war." It is a bitter day for Mussolini when he must either let Italians hear his great martial adventure denounced by the Pope or deny himself the Vatican's aid in stemming the tide of revolution.

✱

THE LATEST APPOINTMENTS ANNOUNCED BY James F. Byrnes as head of the new Office of War Mobilization confirm the diagnosis put forward by our Washington editor two weeks ago, when the OWM was first announced. Although ten Senators asked Byrnes to appoint WPB Vice-Chairman Charles E. Wilson as his production adviser, Byrnes chose Bernard M. Baruch and Frederick Searls. Both Baruch and Searls are associated with the army crowd that is hostile to production scheduling and to the creation of a genuine over-all war-mobilization machine. Baruch's point of view has always been that a civilian war agency like the WPB should confine itself to the job of supplying raw materials, leaving control of the production and scheduling of munitions to the armed services. Searls resigned as head of the WPB Facilities Bureau when Ferdinand Eberstadt, former chairman of the Army-Navy Munitions Board, left the WPB. In our opinion the only hope of meeting this year's giant production goals is by more stringent scheduling than ever, but a large section of big business and of the military-naval bureaucracy is opposed to this. There is grave danger that through Byrnes and his new office they will succeed not only in subordinating Wilson but in pushing him out of the picture. With him would go the principal hope of a more efficient flow of components, materials, and men to the production line.

✱

THE RIDICULOUSLY MILD SENTENCES THAT Federal Judge Thomas W. Slick imposed on the Anaconda Wire and Cable Company are certainly no deterrent to cheating the government in time of war. The Judge levied a total of \$31,100 in fines after the company and its indicted officials had pleaded *nolo contendere* to a \$5,000,000 fraud. Prison sentences were suspended. A plea of *nolo contendere* is the equivalent of a plea of guilty in most jurisdictions, and the indictments the company preferred not to contend tell a story that can only be called sabotage of the war effort, deliberate sabotage. This is made clearer in the statement issued by Attorney General Francis Biddle after the sentences were imposed, a statement almost univer-

sally ignored by the press. Biddle said the government was prepared to prove not merely the sale of defective wire and cable to the armed services but deliberate use of mechanisms to fool inspectors. Inspection labels were removed from tested and approved material and affixed to untested defective cable. Such practices, according to Biddle, had been going on for ten years. This makes it easy to understand the confident statement made by the general manager of all Anaconda mills to his mill foremen. "Any employee," Biddle quotes him as saying, "who is not able to get wire past these jerk inspectors ought not to be working in the plant."

✱

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE'S 1943 "food goals" have been badly upset by floods in the Mississippi Valley, drought in North Dakota, and unseasonable weather in other sections. The aim was an over-all increase of 4 per cent in plantings, but this has not been achieved, and in any case it would not have meant a corresponding increase in production unless conditions were as favorable as last year. Now the department's crop forecasters have stated that aggregate yields will in fact be lower than in 1942 although above the 1931-42 average. Unfortunately, the demand for food for both domestic consumption and export is also much above the average for the last decade. And it is no great comfort to be told by Food Administrator Chester Davis that total food production this year will "about match" that of 1942. For if this prediction is borne out by events, it will be because of an increased livestock production beyond the country's feed capacity. This would probably result in excess slaughterings next winter and a temporary flush in meat supplies followed by a severe shortage in animal products thereafter.

✱

NOT MUCH CAN BE DONE NOW TO ENLARGE the current harvest beyond seeing that the necessary manpower is made available and distributed properly. But if we are to maintain sufficient supplies to feed our population and fulfil our obligations to hungry Europe we must begin immediately to plan for 1944. This was the burden of Mr. Hoover's speech last week to the American Farm Bureau Federation, though unfortunately he was more concerned with scoring political points than making constructive suggestions. For instance, while he rightly criticized the division of authority in regard to food production and distribution, his suggestion that all power should be concentrated in the hands of Chester Davis would mean abandoning the consumers of the country to a man closely associated with the farm bloc if not completely under its thumb. Moreover, while the ex-President damned the Administration's mistakes freely, he failed to mention—perhaps out of consideration for his hosts—the extent to which its hands had

been tied by legislation dictated by the agricultural lobbies. Mr. Hoover made great play with the fact that since 1932 land planted to the seventeen leading crops has been reduced by 47,000,000 acres. He did not mention that a considerable fraction of this acreage was devoted to cotton, of which we have an unwieldy surplus, and that a good part of the remainder was marginal land which should never have been brought under the plow. Out in Kansas men are already worried lest the pressure for production force the breaking up of grassland and the creation of a new dust bowl. Before resorting to such desperate measures we should attempt to make better use of our arable acres even if this means upsetting Mr. Hoover's Farm Bureau friends by restricting unneeded crops which have been made profitable by artificial supports.

✱

FROM ICELAND, INDIA, AND AFRICA COME stories about what our fighting forces think of the semi-monthly refusals of John L. Lewis and his miners to "trespass" on company property without benefit of contract. To anyone with an advance thought for the stresses and strains of the demobilization days, these reports do not make light summer reading. The resentment is acute, and the overtones are threatening. "It is a sad commentary on the American trade-union movement," writes Herbert Matthews from India, "that hundreds of thousands of soldiers would gladly become strike-breakers." It would be a great mistake, we believe, to imagine that these stories are merely the exaggerated effusions of a hostile press. Whatever the men in the army may feel about the merits of the miners' case, however much they may uphold the processes of collective bargaining, it is dead certain that they are storing up a bitterness for those who down tools while they themselves fix bayonets. We wonder if they know that Lewis today leans for support not on the labor movement as a whole, or on the Roosevelt Administration, but on elements whose distaste for the war or whose loathing of the Administration exceeds even their traditional hatred of trade unionism. We should like it to be known to the men at the front that Westbrook Pegler indignantly defends Lewis against the charge of striking against the government. And we should like them to know of the touching sympathy displayed by the *New York Daily News* for the heroic measures taken by Mr. Lewis to return his men to the mines at once when that untouchable in the White House compelled him to back down.

✱

MAYOR "I-AM-THE-LAW" FRANK HAGUE OF Jersey City has once more made use of his dictatorial power over the administration and courts of Hudson County to attempt to "liquidate" all opposition to his rule. Two members of the City Affairs Committee, a small group of men who have been seeking to reform

Jersey City politics for years, have been indicted for "tampering" with the election records. One of these men, J. Owen Grundy, is reported to have confessed under great pressure and to be prepared to testify against the other, John R. Longo, an Edison-appointed deputy county clerk who has already served one jail sentence for opposition to the Hague machine. The indictment of Grundy and Longo is especially strange in view of the fact that no indictments have ever resulted from the hundreds of fraudulent election charges presented to the Hudson County grand jury by the Superintendent of Elections. Leo Rosenblum, another member of the City Affairs Committee, who was appointed to the State Tax Board in Hudson County by Governor Edison, has been charged with draft evasion by a Jersey City draft board, although he has twice been rejected by the army and had appealed to the board to be placed in Class 1-a. Prior to these incidents another vigorous Hague opponent, Mayor Donovan of Bayonne, was indicted on what appear to be trumped-up charges just before election. The case has never come to trial, but Donovan is reliably reported to be ruined financially and crushed mentally as a result of his experiences. There is little hope that any of these men will receive justice in the Hague-controlled courts unless public interest and concern for civil rights by decent citizens outside Hudson County is sufficiently aroused to frighten Mr. Hague.



Something to Veto

THE labor movement as a whole has no need to apologize for the part it has played in fighting the battle for production. In a period of great strain, when there has been a huge influx of workers into the unions, when all kinds of new personnel problems have arisen, when living conditions for millions have become increasingly difficult, some friction between employers and employees was inevitable. But by and large labor's pledge not to resort to the strike—its one dependable weapon—has been honored. Where stoppages have occurred they have usually been unofficial and brief, impulsive actions by local groups which were speedily checked by responsible union officials.

The one glaring exception has been the series of strikes in the coal fields. It is not our purpose to discuss again the rights and wrongs of the miners' case, but it is clear that John L. Lewis, unlike the leaders of the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O., has adopted the attitude that winning the war is not his primary concern and has intimated that essential supplies of coal will be forthcoming only on his terms. This belligerent and unpatriotic stand has been made the excuse for the passage by Congress of the Connally-Smith bill, one of the most ill-considered pieces of legislation ever presented

for Presidential signature. Seizing a long-awaited opportunity, bipartisan anti-labor forces have struck their first blow against the status which the unions have won in the last ten years. True, it is an emergency measure, due to lapse after the war, but if it succeeds in its design of weakening labor now and at the 1944 election, we can be sure it will be succeeded by harsher measures.

The ostensible object of the bill is to give the government power—which it already possesses—to seize war plants and to make the instigation or encouragement of strikes in such plants punishable by fines and imprisonment. It was the possibility that this clause might put Lewis behind bars which made some otherwise liberal Congressmen vote for the bill. But even if the government is foolish enough to martyrize him, prolonged legal proceedings are likely to keep him out of jail. Another provision of the bill orders that in the event of labor disputes in war plants a thirty-day cooling period followed by a ballot must precede any stoppage of work. This would not have prevented the coal strike, and as Senator Thomas of Utah has pointed out, if this procedure were applied to the thousand disputes now before the WLB, the whole machinery would break down. But in any case it is doubtful whether the WLB would survive the passage into law of this bill, which gives it statutory authority, for its labor members would almost certainly decide they had no place on a board transformed by Congress into an instrument directed against labor.

The final, and perhaps the most illuminating, provision of the bill is the prohibition of political contributions by unions—a clause clearly aimed at the expanding American Labor Party and the mobilization of labor votes in 1944. What this question has to do with war production is completely unclear, but war production is only a secondary interest of the promoters of this bill, which we hope the President will consign to the limbo it deserves.

The Elk Hills Scandal

ELK HILLS, California's famous oil reserve, once linked with Teapot Dome, is in the news again. Last November 18 Secretary of the Navy Knox quietly signed a contract with the Standard Oil Company of California to develop these publicly owned reserves. Two days later, without waiting for Congressional approval or a Congressional appropriation to defray the cost, Standard rushed drills and derricks to the field. On December 11 the Navy Department issued an obscure press release, which has since proved deceptive, about the signing of the contract. The contract was signed by Secretary Knox and approved by the President on the advice of Rear Admiral Harry A. Stuart, director of Naval Petroleum

Reserves. In February Admiral Stuart went before the House Appropriations Committee to ask an appropriation of \$1,748,000 to defray the cost of the drilling. Two members of the naval subcommittee, Representatives Sheppard of California and Coffee of Washington, became suspicious, and the committee in its report to the House on March 3 declined to approve the appropriation and expressed doubt as to whether the contract was in the public interest. On March 1 Secretary of the Interior Ickes, who had not been consulted, sent Secretary Knox a memorandum signed by Ickes's Under Secretary, Abe Fortas, terming the contract "detrimental to the public interest" and asking that a report be made to the White House.

Knox sent the President a defense of the contract prepared by Adlai E. Stevenson, the Chicago banker who is special assistant to Knox. From the White House this went to Attorney General Biddle, who assigned Assistant Attorney General Norman Littell to investigate. Littell was so shocked by what he uncovered that he went to Director of Economic Stabilization James F. Byrnes and recommended that the request for an appropriation to defray Standard's drilling costs be withdrawn. Byrnes agreed, and the Navy Department complied, discretion here being the better part of valor. In May Representative Voorhis of California told the House that he feared that under this contract Standard would have a virtual monopoly of the field and asked the Public Lands Committee to investigate. Last Thursday, in the midst of the Senate debate over the FSA, Langer of North Dakota put all that is yet known of the story on the record. Most of Elk Hills belongs to the navy. Of the 43,000 acres, Standard owned only 8,000 acres, "most of them," according to Langer, "overrun with salt water." In return for these 8,000 acres, Langer charged, Standard gets all of the oil for five years and "two-thirds of the oil after the first five years."

Yet Standard assumes no risks, and all costs would be borne by the government. This is not a fair bargain. It's a steal. And it is the kind of thing that is bound to happen when the government depends for its advice in oil matters on oil-trust men and their banker friends. The day after Senator Langer's attack, the Attorney General announced that the Elk Hills contract—approved by the President last November—had been sent to the Justice Department for study on March 26, a somewhat belated safeguard. Biddle said he expected to submit his recommendations on the contract to the President "at an early date." We believe steps should be taken to abrogate the contract, and we hope that the House Public Lands Committee, which promises to investigate the deal, will make a thorough study of it. Elk Hills is only the latest and most dramatic and scandalous instance of the rich hauls the oil trust is making under cover of the war.

The Uncertain Future

BY FRED A. KIRCHWEY

THE enthusiasm, justified or not, with which last week's victories in the Mediterranean were welcomed in every Allied country is easy to understand. The fall of Pantelleria under a blasting air attack backed by naval bombardment, and the fall of Lampedusa to Sergeant Cohen of the R. A. F., who dropped in by accident in the course of a rescue flight from Malta, were promptly taken as symbols of Italy's will to get out of the war. President Roosevelt expressed this view by advising the Italian people to abandon the struggle and set up an anti-Fascist regime. Air-power advocates, too, were quick to accept the victories as proof of the efficacy of air attack operating without support of land forces. Besides these optimistic interpretations there were tangible benefits to be noted. Pantelleria puts Sicily within easy range of fighter planes, which can now protect the Allied bombers during their raids on that island's harbors and coastal defenses. In addition, the shipping route through the Mediterranean will be far easier to defend with Pantelleria's plane and submarine bases in Allied hands. And a short step has been taken along the sea road from Tunis to the European mainland.

But even granting all this, the satisfaction displayed in the ranks of the United Nations was clearly out of proportion to the military importance of the events themselves. As George Fielding Eliot said in last Sunday's *Herald Tribune*, the "capture of Pantelleria was not a great victory; it was a creditable local success," and we dare not take it as proof either that air power alone is capable of deciding the war or that Italian resistance is on the point of collapse. The fact is, as Major Eliot points out, that the overwhelming concentration of bombing on this small, isolated island fortress cannot be duplicated in action against a large territory. Nothing that has yet happened justifies us in assuming that Italy as a whole will yield a quick and cheap victory. Mussolini and his Fascist henchmen know that defeat spells their end and that of their regime. They still have a large Italian army at their disposal and several German divisions. Surrender, in advance of invasion, could come only as the result of a military coup d'état—a most improbable event.

Nor will the Italian people save us the trouble of invasion. They may sense the coming defeat of their dictator; they may secretly, in great numbers, hope for it—some as a means of deliverance from oppression, more as a way out of a war that has brought suffering without gain. But even if they heard the President's advice and took it to heart, today they will not and cannot act. Italy is an occupied country, and the forces of occupation are the armies of Hitler and Mussolini. Unless Hitler withdraws his troops, which serve both to

bolster the defenses of Italy and to terrorize its people, and the Fascist army turns against the regime, the people must continue to submit. Apart from scattered acts of sabotage there can be no rebellion until our troops make a successful landing in Italy. This is self-evident, and the President's words were undoubtedly intended as a stimulus to the Italian imagination rather than a spur to immediate action.

It is not likely that excessive enthusiasm will distract Allied military leaders from the heavy task ahead. They know the exact value of the victories already won and the long and bloody struggle that lies ahead. The danger is that sensational reports in the press and on the air and over-optimistic comments by public officials will have an unhealthy effect on the public mind. What the people need is not the temporary stimulation produced by exaggerating modest successes but a sturdy courage based on sober facts. This is the only sort of morale which can be counted upon to survive the agony and loss that face our armies in the months to come.

Meanwhile a sense of uncertainty hangs over the broader European theater of war. Eager speculation about the time and place of the coming great offensive, stimulated by Churchill's recent visit to Washington, has again simmered down into a mood of impatient waiting. Is Russia holding back until the British-American armies are ready to invade in force in the west? Is Germany afraid to move against Russia lest it set off that invasion? Are the Western allies delaying in order to give the Germans and Russians a chance to come to grips? The questions are anxious ones, expressing fear of a prolonged stalemate on the important fronts.

In informed circles it is believed that two contrary plans of action have long been under discussion among the leaders of the chief Allied belligerents. The first plan, apparently favored in the British and American high commands, provides for early local actions against the Continent—powerful thrusts through Italy and the Balkans which would establish permanent Allied footholds but would not amount to an invasion in full force. This strategy anticipates no early conclusion of the war; the local invasions might consume the remainder of 1943, postponing the final war on the Continent until next year. The other plan, undoubtedly backed by Russia, calls for a major invasion launched chiefly through the Low Countries with other simultaneous actions in the north and south. This plan, it is conceded, presupposes heavy early losses, but it is urged by its sponsors as offering the one chance of concluding the war within six or eight months.

Which plan has been decided upon we cannot know at this hour; the next few weeks will probably reveal the strategy of the coming year. And it is on this longer perspective that wise observers will concentrate.

The Downfall of Joseph Weiner

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, June 11

JOSEPH L. WEINER, director of the Division of Civilian Supply, has at last been forced out of the War Production Board. Chairman Donald M. Nelson, who has been trying to get Weiner's resignation for months, finally obtained it last Monday. Weiner has been here since May, 1941, when he became Assistant Administrator and Director of Civilian Supply in the old Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply under Leon Henderson. He has been associated with the Civilian Supply Division ever since, in OPACS, OPM, and WPB, first as Henderson's deputy, then, after Henderson's resignation from that division last December, as its chief. This correspondent, who has specialized in covering the defense and war production agencies, wishes to record his own humble opinion that no official in them has a more honorable and devoted record than Weiner. None has served the interests of this country and its armed forces more faithfully or with less concern for personal ambition or interest, and few have been so shamefully attacked.

Nelson, who has never had the courage to live up to his speeches, has been mumbling for several months about the need to get a "broad-gauged man" to take over civilian supply. The quoted phrase, an odd one, is Nelson's, and I am not sure about its meaning. The less patriotic section of the big-business crowd—a sizable gathering—has regarded Weiner as an obstacle to their hope of resuming production of civilian non-essentials, luxuries, and gadgets now that Tunisia has been reconquered and, in some people's opinion, the war is practically over. Nelson didn't have the nerve to fire Weiner, but on April 15 he merged the Civilian Supply Division into a new Office of Civilian Requirements and appointed Arthur D. Whiteside of Dun and Bradstreet as its chief. Whiteside was head of the steel division in the Gano Dunn days when the President was being assured that talk of a steel shortage was "a deliberate lie." This may give one some idea of the breadth of the new Civilian Supply chief's gauge.

Weiner and Nelson have been at odds for several months. Weiner angered Nelson by supporting the Maloney bill for a separate civilian-supply agency. Though we are a considerable distance from bedrock in civilian requirements, shortages have begun to make their appearance which are serious in effect though minor in amount. The civilian economy is like a used refrigerator which needs a little repair and some replacements if it

is to continue in operation, and its operation is an essential part of the war machine. All the problems of war production—materials, man-power, scheduling—reappear in miniature in the field of essential civilian supply, and the attention paid to civilian supply must increase as the total supply decreases. Officials of aircraft companies report that a major cause of absenteeism is the shortage of commercial-laundry facilities; women stay home one day a week to do the washing. Someone must obtain man-power and facilities for public laundries. Nails and tacks for shoe repairs take very little steel, but someone must see to it that that little is provided. Time is lost in key war plants when plumbing breaks down; someone must find plumbers and repair parts. Even the beauty shop is worth some attention, as war plants have discovered when they have installed such facilities and thereby cut down absenteeism. But though these interstitial activities may keep a few more small businesses alive, they offer no profit to the big fellows, who would rather use the complaints arising from these minor shortages as an excuse for resuming large-scale production of consumer durables. To the accomplishment of this objective, Weiner was an obstacle.

Big-business strategy was visible in the testimony by Walter D. Fuller on April 15 before the Maloney committee. Fuller is chairman of the executive committee of the National Association of Manufacturers. He said we were suffering from overproduction of war material, that as a result cutbacks in war orders had been decreed, that with this "backlog of war material" created by the "staggering proportions" of war production we could now begin to resume civilian production. (The N. A. M. may be staggered, but all our war fronts are still inadequately supplied.) Given these purposes, the N. A. M. might have backed the Maloney bill and sought to control the civilian-supply agency it envisaged. Instead, Fuller opposed the bill. He said that while the N. A. M. had "not been entirely satisfied" with the way the WPB handled civilian supplies in the past, the bill's "enactment is unnecessary because of the trend now increasing within the War Production Board toward greater attention to the welfare of civilian *producers* and consumers." The italics are mine, but the emphasis, I suspect, is Fuller's. Thus the N. A. M. lined up with Nelson, who opposed the Maloney bill because it would curtail his authority by making civilian supply independent of the WPB. *The day Fuller testified was the day Whiteside was appointed.*

Weiner's downfall began when he tangled last year with the farm bloc and the Big Seven of the farm-equipment industry. This part of his story is intensely illuminating, for it is another instance of the power wielded by the farm bloc and its industrial allies, power greater than that of any sector of industry or finance. It must be recalled that Weiner began his work here under Leon Henderson in May, 1941, by tackling the most powerful branches of big business. On Henderson's instructions he scheduled hearings for the curtailment of the great industries producing durable consumer goods, including automobiles, and their conversion to war production. Though these industries, acting through Knudsen, were powerful enough to retaliate by taking civilian supply from Henderson's OPACS and placing it under Knudsen's OPM, Weiner retained his job and eventually won the fight for curtailment, thanks to the pressure exerted in his support by Under Secretary of War Patterson.

But in the fight with the farm bloc and the big farm-equipment companies Weiner won but a fleeting victory,

and he was eventually smeared in Congress and deprived of authority over this important field of civilian supply. One would never guess from the attacks made upon him that here, too, the armed services were on Weiner's side, that he acted with the approval and in some instances on the instructions of Under Secretary Patterson, Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, chief of the army service forces, and Ferdinand Eberstadt, then chairman of the Army-Navy Munitions Board, though they lacked the courage to back him publicly when the fighting grew hotter. This part of the story also involves the first of recent lapses by the Truman committee, which here served the business-as-usual forces it had formerly exposed and denounced. Because the farm bloc and the Big Seven farm-equipment manufacturers have just won a major victory from Nelson, obtaining a huge and unnecessary slice of our badly needed steel supplies, and because of the misrepresentation and misstatements which have flooded the press on this controversy, I want to tell that part of the story in full next week.

Let's Look at Labor



I. JOBS AND UNIONS ON DEMOBILIZATION DAY

BY STUART CHASE

BEFORE Pearl Harbor it was legitimate to talk about the special interests of "labor," "the farmer," "business." The terms referred to pressure groups, often highly organized, intent on looking out for number one. The concept of the national interest, of the community-as-a-whole, had pretty rough going in the clash and uproar of these specialized aims.

Today, in 1943, the clash and uproar still go on. The farm bloc all but controls Congress. Mr. John L. Lewis clearly thinks more of the wages of his miners than he does of the threat of inflation. The American Medical Association continues to be dedicated to the principle of self-help. The silver Senators propose to die before they retreat. Heaven only knows how far our war effort has been set back by dollar-a-year men, each with his good eye on post-war markets and his bad eye on the national interest.

The boys have not yet discovered that we are in a total war, and that money is a decreasingly important consideration in total war. This, after all, is not surprising. Pressure-group politics is a kind of Grand Canyon sunk into American folklore. It is, indeed, part of the democratic process as we have known it. It is not to be filled up overnight. It took a Dunkirk to fill it up in Britain.

Even if the Nazis were moving on Pittsburgh, it is a safe bet that Cotton Ed Smith would be bawling for a subsidy for God's favorite crop, and that Dr. Morris Fishbein would be busy rooting group medicine out of Kansas.

Despite the Pollyanna headlines, the war will not be over tomorrow. The longer it lasts, the more difficult it will be for the pressure groups, even the most worthy of them, to resist the steam roller. It promises ultimately to roll them flat as pancakes. There is obviously no way to bring the war to a successful conclusion without running over those who are more interested in helping themselves than in helping their country.

This is a long introduction to a simple point I want to make about the American labor movement. As the war goes on, "labor" as a distinct concept will more and more melt into a unified national purpose, together with all other special interests. By 1946 there may be little we can call a "labor problem." There is practically none in Britain now, and none at all in Russia. In total war there is always a *work* problem, but it involves the whole able-bodied population. We are gradually getting around to mobilizing the man-power and woman-power of America, an undertaking which swallows up the "labor problem" as an avalanche swallows up a lonely skier.

II

What will the American work force look like as we approach Demobilization Day? As I picture it, it will number at least 65,000,000 persons. There will be 12,000,000 or more in the armed forces, 33,000,000 in the war industries and services, 20,000,000 making and distributing civilian goods. Of the 65,000,000 total, at least 18,000,000 will be women. There will be no unemployment except for those moving from one job to another—probably by official command. All available Negroes will be at work, together with levies of Mexicans and West Indians. There may be a large army of Italian, German, Hungarian, and Japanese prisoners of war wielding picks and shovels.

There are today about 11,000,000 organized workers in the country, 5,000,000 each in the C. I. O. and A. F. of L., and 1,000,000 in independent unions like the Railway Brotherhoods. On D-Day the number may be greater, but the mass infiltration of men and women from the white-collar classes, and of aliens, will present a problem in tight organization which may be insoluble. How is one to get college girls, wives of professional men, Puerto Ricans to pay \$100 initiation fees and uphold the principle of labor solidarity? These newcomers will receive a liberal education in what it means to punch a time clock, but they will be as hard to organize as so many jack rabbits. If a national service law is enacted, as I think it may be, unions may lose effective control of their membership. Labor leaders are fighting such a law, and one can sympathize with them, but it seems to be essential in total war.

Though labor unions, like farm blocs and business blocs, are likely to lose power as the war goes on, they have an exciting new outlet for activity in the labor-management production committees inaugurated by Donald Nelson a year ago. There are already nearly 2,500 such committees in operation, of which 500 are said to be really going to town. They rarely go to town unless there is a union in the plant, and unless union and management respect each other. The technique of workers and managers cooperating to produce a better product more efficiently has been pioneered by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad shops and by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. These pilot plants in cooperation are now being pushed into mass-production, as it were, through the Nelson committees. By D-Day there may be many thousands of them, giving a whole new philosophy to organized labor.

American workers as a whole, irrespective of union affiliations, will be in a stronger position on D-Day than ever before in history. Practically none will be unemployed. Average wages will be at an all-time high, with the substandard groups hauled up close to average levels. Sweating will have disappeared, and fancy pay rolls will be frozen down, resulting in an unprecedented leveling

of the whole wage structure. Even the lowly farm laborer and migratory worker will be comparatively well paid for the first time in their lives. It has at last been discovered that we cannot feed ourselves and our armies without them.

The workers who used to be very poor will have both ration books and money to buy things, especially kinds of food which they could never before afford. They will derive solid satisfaction from having about as much as anybody else. Rationing is a great engine of equalization. All workers will have the satisfaction of feeling that they have an important place in the community, that they belong, that their human dignity is respected. No able-bodied person will be on relief; all the odium of charity and of handouts will have vanished. Hours will be longer than they are now, far longer than in 1940, but overtime will be paid for.

American workers will be better nourished, healthier, better dressed—even if we have rationed clothing—more self-respecting, than was ever the case in the past. No family anywhere will be in actual want. Workers will have more money in their pockets and more government bonds in the dresser drawer than they can spend. Their debts will be largely liquidated, with no high-pressure salesmen and no instalment payments on the car to worry them. Their housing, especially in war-boom towns, will continue to be deplorable. Such housing as there is, however, will be rented to them without profiteering—which is something for them to remember, both now and later.

III

When D-Day comes, the federal government will probably be underwriting the jobs of 70 workers out of 100. If the government should stop its spending overnight, 70 per cent of 65,000,000, or 45,000,000 workers, including the 12,000,000 soldiers, sailors, and airmen, would be on the street. The good health, good wages, self-respect, equality of sacrifice, money in the bank, bonds in the dresser, all rest upon government orders for war—100 billion dollars' worth a year or thereabouts.

If the orders stop, the whole social and economic structure collapses. It will take months, in some cases years, for industry to retool its plants for peace-time production, and so be in a position to hire workers in a big way. Only a few skilled men are needed during the retooling process. It will take a long time for private business to unscramble the war economy, where contracts, prices, markets, brands, advertising, distribution channels, competitive positions have been twisted into strange new patterns. If millions have no work after D-Day, no matter how much money people have saved during the war they will not spend it freely. They will be afraid, and only dole it out a dollar at a time. So the business men, when they are at last ready to produce, may find severely restricted markets.

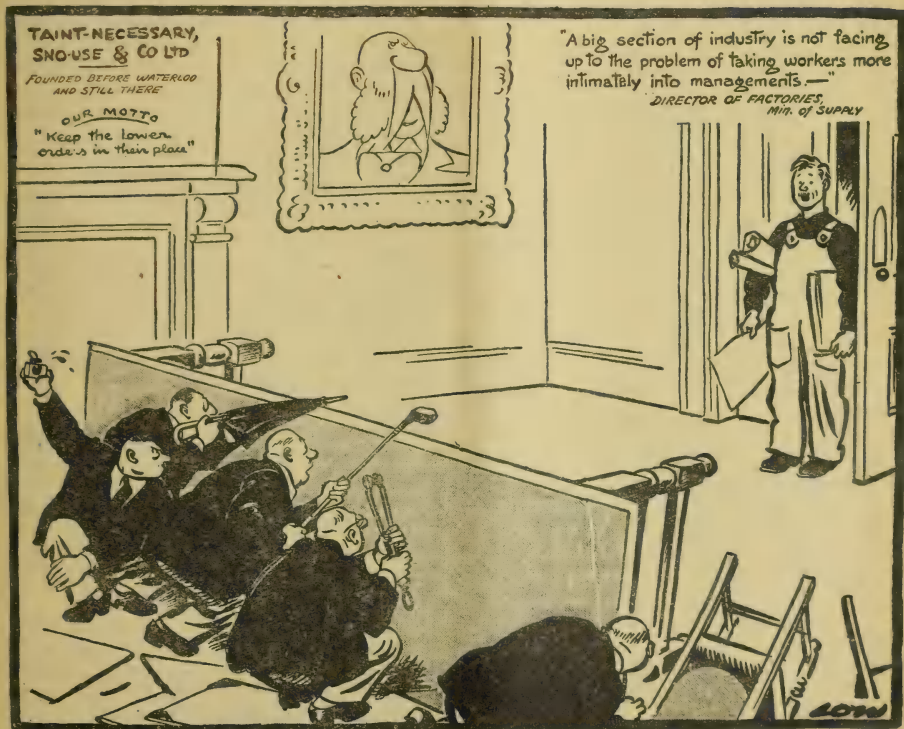
Some incurable lovers of free enterprise are going about saying that the government must get out clean on D-Day and let private business take over. Otherwise, they say, we shall have "socialism," "communism," "totalitarianism," the end of "liberty," and other verbal terrors. They do not seem to realize that naughty words are not so hard for people to bear as 45,000,000 lost jobs. Their imaginations need retooling. Whatever you want to call it, the government will continue to direct the economy after D-Day—the alternative being the most stupendous economic smash the world has ever seen. Happily, the government will haul out of some things, like gas rationing, probably at once. Later it can haul out of food rationing, after starvation cases in Europe are attended to.

Some people have the strangest notions about our economic situation today. They remind me of the peasants under Vesuvius who look at the slumbering volcano and confidently expect it to slumber forever. Because business men are operating all out and do not have to worry much about costs or competition, because farmers are bringing every Class 4-f apple to market and getting a price for it, because semi-skilled workers are making \$42.50 a

week plus all the overtime they want to put in, because professional people—except lawyers—are in great demand, it is widely assumed that this is the natural order of events, will automatically go on forever, and the sooner the bureaucrats quit messing around the better even a good thing will be.

Great heavens! If "bureaucrats" in the persons of Messrs. Byrnes, Patterson, Forrester, Nelson, Land, Jesse Jones, Morgenthau, Perkins, Eccles, Ickes, Wilson were not busy ordering goods and services now at the rate of some \$8,000,000,000 a month, and pumping the money to meet them with out of taxes and bond sales, there would still be 10,000,000 unemployed, Tobacco Road, and the Grapes of Wrath. If the bureaucrats calmly fold their hands on D-Day, they will make the bottom of the depression in 1932 look like a Roman banquet. Some people seem to think that if you are sitting on the top of the Washington Monument and somebody knocks the monument over, you can still sit there.

Well, the bureaucrats will not and cannot fold their hands, but they are going to have a tidy problem trying to keep the economy from falling apart when \$8,000,000,000 a month of war orders are withdrawn. They will



THERE'S A WAR ON

need all the help they can get from the rest of us—workers, farmers, business men—and tomorrow morning is none too soon to start planning for it. A retreat to pressure-group politics will be as unhelpful as a hue and cry from the National Association of Manufacturers to the effect that if everybody will just wait a few months or years—presumably without eating—private enterprise will find jobs for all.

Private enterprise has never employed all Americans, from the days of the canal builders onward. In the 1930's the gap was so great that even the PWA, the CCC, and the WPA could not fill it. After the war the increase in technical efficiency will be prodigious, with labor-saving devices and time-cutting methods in every industrial establishment. If private enterprise gets some help from the bureaucrats in the critical months after D-Day, it can ultimately employ a lot of workers, perhaps relatively as many as in 1940. To promise more than this is cruel nonsense—as every honest business man knows in his heart.

We have got to work together at least as closely as we are doing in the war, animated by the national interest, if we are to replace enough of the \$8,000,000,000 a month to maintain full employment. Where can we find the necessary new orders? I will indicate where, but my space does not permit me to try to indicate how. Maybe you should chew on that yourself for a while anyway. It expands the imagination. The orders will cover essential post-war work. The work is to be found in six major categories, as follows:

1. A continuation of such military output as the state of the world demands.
2. The continuation and perhaps stepping up of lend-lease to feed and supply war victims abroad. This Santa Claus role cannot of course continue indefinitely, but it will be essential for some years.
3. The expansion of the production of consumers' goods—food, shelter, clothing, health services, education—to raise mass living standards.
4. The expansion of luxury items for those who can afford them.
5. Public works neglected during the war—highways, schools, hospitals.
6. Public works and services, not just to restore the country to its pre-war status, but to build it higher and finer and deeper. Another dozen TVA's. The reconstruction of a hundred cities to make them fit for the power age. The integration of our transportation system, spanning the continent with airways, railways, waterways, super-highways, pipe lines, in better order than ever before.

There is work enough here to keep all the workers of America busy for a long, long time. It is not coming down the chimney, however, while we lie cozily in bed.

We have got to get out and hustle for it, all of us; for neither the bureaucrats nor the business men can do it alone.

[This is the first of a series of seven articles on the problems confronting the American labor movement. Others will follow at two-week intervals throughout the summer months.]

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

A MILITARY expedition to Russia has become the topic of heated discussion in the last few weeks. . . . That such a scheme should find even a moment's consideration only shows the extent of popular ignorance in matters concerning the Russian revolution, and the popular belief in quick remedies against fundamental social evils.—*June 1, 1918.*

TWO REVOLUTIONARY STEPS have just been taken by the government in handling the railway situation. First, the Director-General approved in one lump sum improvement and betterment expenditures aggregating \$937,000,000. Next, all of the railroad presidents in the country were discharged by giving out one blanket order, which went first, not to the railway executives themselves, but to the Washington newspaper correspondents. Railroad presidents receiving \$50,000, \$75,000, or even \$100,000 a year learned of their dismissal at their breakfast table in the headlines of their favorite morning paper. . . . Many of them will be taken back as federal managers. The malcontents will be allowed to shift for themselves.—*June 1, 1918.*

IN SPITE of persistent reports of economic exhaustion, Germany continues to plan for the extension of her foreign trade.—*June 8, 1918*

"JAPAN AT THE CROSS-ROADS," by A. M. Pooley. . . . The author of this book . . . regards the country as being at present run by a clique of Choshu and Satsuma men in the interests of themselves and their followers; the administration as hardening into a bureaucracy, throwing sop to the people, but doing nothing to educate them into cooperation.—*June 8, 1918.*

THE MOST INTERESTING political news of the week has been the acceptance by Henry Ford, Republican, of the nomination for the Senatorship from Michigan unanimously tendered him by the Democratic convention. He stated that he did so at the request of the President, and it is not unlikely that he will receive the Republican nomination as well. . . . Mr. Ford's views on public questions seem no profounder or wiser than his opinions as to peace when he sent the peace ship to Europe in 1915.—*June 22, 1918.*

AS WE GO TO PRESS the news from Italy is of the best. Not only have the Austrians been defeated in their offensive; they have been thrown back across the Piave, with the Italians pursuing them along the eastern bank, which they have held since last fall.—*June 29, 1918.*

Burmese Stumbling-Block

BY H. G. QUARITCH WALES

WHEN Senator Chandler asserted that a British army of 2,000,000 in India was being held off from Burma by about 60,000 Japanese he was speaking only a half-truth, but he was no farther from the mark than those who believe the reconquest of Burma and the reopening of the Burma road to be just a matter of releasing sufficient sea power to convoy an expedition to the Irrawaddy Delta. We cannot risk another Burma disaster. Yet we shall be paving the way for precisely that if we talk of mounting anything less than a full-fledged Pacific offensive.

Two sets of factors, strategic and human, are opposed to the success of an offensive limited to the direct reoccupation of Burma. The impregnability of the long land frontier with India must by now be generally known, especially since the appearance of Jack Belden's excellent book "Retreat with Stilwell." Suffice it to say here that but for a single track through Manipur there are only hill paths crossing range upon range of steep, jungle-covered mountains. The Arakan coastal strip offers little more hope. Below Akyab the Arakan Yoma mountains come right down to the sea and interpose an insuperable obstacle in the way of an advance to Rangoon. Besides, Arakan is the most malarial district in Burma, and we have learned that malaria is an enemy scarcely less dangerous than the Japanese. We must rule out direct invasion by land.

Suppose instead we transport an army by sea to the mouth of the Irrawaddy. We should secure a bridgehead only to find our position similar to that of the Axis in Tunisia. Our supply line would be at the mercy of enemy submarines operating from Singapore and of land-based aircraft from the many new airdromes Japan is being given time to construct. Even if we could spare enough sea and air strength to guard our very vulnerable communications and maintain our bridgehead, we should still be only at the beginning of a long and costly, as well as probably unsuccessful, undertaking.

With adequate armored forces we might make headway on the baked plains of central Burma after the dry season sets in, despite the fact that by then the enemy would be in a position to pour in reinforcements from Thailand over much-improved overland lines of supply. But in any case, before we had progressed very far, before the real battle for the Burma road had begun, we should be getting into jungle country, where our superiority in armor and aircraft would avail us little. And that is where the human factor comes in.

"The average Briton and Indian is too doctor-minded, too civilized," said Brigadier Wingate, the man who led the recent commando raid far into Burma. "We are not skilled as individuals. Our minds are dulled by the narrow troughs in which we live." Much more intensive training will be needed if the mass of our forces in India are to recapture something of the old ruthlessness and self-reliance that are as necessary for jungle fighting as they were for empire building.

There are other human factors too. A large-scale invasion of Burma would have to be carried out by Indian troops, for they alone are available in sufficient strength and with adequate equipment; and unfortunately the Burmans have a deep hatred for Indians. When I was in Burma in 1938 the current bazaar gossip ran, "We are going to have the Indians out in three years and the Europeans in five." The priority is significant, and the outbreaks in Rangoon shortly before had been almost entirely anti-Indian. In fact, there was no markedly anti-British sentiment in Burma until it was fanned by Japanese propaganda.

This does not mean that British policy can be excused of all responsibility for Burmese hostility. Before the British conquest Burma's relations with India had always been friendly. The Burmese were indebted to India for their culture and religion. Indian traders and settlers were welcome in Burma. Only after the second Burmese war in the middle of the last century was this traditional good feeling destroyed. Indian immigrants were then introduced to farm the rice lands from which the Burmans had fled northward. And when all Burma came under British rule as a province of the Indian Empire, Hindu middlemen and moneylenders flocked into the country. In later years these Indians drew the full fire of growing Burmese nationalism, for they were judged to be the immediate cause of the province's economic difficulties.

This hatred of the Indians should not be overlooked in any plan to reconquer Burma. It is said that during the Japanese invasion only 10 per cent of the population was hostile to the British, the majority being apathetic; but the active 10 per cent did a great deal of damage. Since that time a taste of Japanese occupation methods, with the shelving of independence and the impossibility of disposing of their rice crop to the Chinese, has no doubt brought disillusionment. Nothing would be better calculated, however, to throw a much larger proportion of the Burmans again into the arms of the Japanese than



scale Pacific offensive. Shall it be in the north, with the direct object of knocking out Japan, or in the south, pursuing the more tedious method of cutting Japan off from its ill-gotten gains, bringing aid to China, and ultimately staging a further offensive from Chinese bases? Unfortunately, the northern short cut forces us to depend on the unknown quantity of Russia. We have no time to indulge in wishful thinking. We must plan for an offensive in the Southwest Pacific.

To me it seems that the correct strategy for such an offensive, the strategy that offers better prospects than any attack aimed primarily at Burma, with its complex strategic and psychological problems, must envisage the bypassing of Burma. We should outflank, not frontally assault, the Japanese overland supply route to the plains of central Burma. To this end our objective should be the seizure of the three-hundred-mile stretch of South Thailand—Lower Siam, between Victoria Point and the Malayan border—for here is the one really vulnerable gateway in the "Malay barrier," the chain of mountainous peninsula and islands linking Asia with Australia.

In 1934-35 I explored the old trade routes that lead across peninsular Thailand. It is a region that has seen much history and is likely to see more. Unlike Malaya to the south and Burma to the north, its chief features are not mountains and jungle. There are many excellent landing beaches. The hills are low and do not offer any real obstacle to a rapid march to the east coast. The country has good communications and a long-settled appearance.

Once the monsoon is over, conditions would favor an invader from the west, a strong Indian expeditionary force covered by overwhelming air strength. The terrain is well suited to the use of armored units, and little jungle fighting would be necessary. There is much hard open land on which new airdromes could be improvised, and the inland sea of Singgora would make an ideal seaplane base. There should be no problem with the natives, a mixed lot of Malays, Thai, and Chinese who have had little experience with the modern Indian—or with the white man either for that matter—and who are no doubt by now thoroughly dissatisfied with the Japanese occupation. Established in South Thailand, Allied forces would be in an excellent position to bring their superior air power to bear on the vital nerve centers and arteries of the occupied regions to the south. By systematic bombing they could spread havoc in a wide arc through Bangkok, Saigon, and other points on Japan's overland supply route, and southward through Singapore to submarine and naval depots in Java and beyond.

Of course the conquest of South Thailand, though of primary importance, should not stand alone. If only to divide the attention of the available Japanese forces, no doubt General MacArthur would at the same time begin the reduction of Rabaul, and the navy would conduct further "island-hopping" operations to the northward.

a full-scale invasion by an Indian army. The Burmans are tough guerrilla fighters, and sabotage is a deadly weapon. If the offensive did not bog down in the Burmese jungles, an unwilling Burma would have to be held by force. This would be a poor start for a new era under United Nations auspices, one, indeed, that might lead a good many other Asiatic peoples to doubt that it was to be a new era at all.

Moreover, what might have been militarily just possible a few months ago will no longer be so, I am convinced, after the monsoon, when Japan will have had another six months to consolidate its position. Easy passes, many of them well known to me, lead from Thailand into Burma. Tracks that for reasons of policy were long left to mules and bullock carts have now been macadamized. Troops and supplies can be poured into central Burma the moment they are needed. And only Changsha stands in the way of Japan's completion of a railroad from Korea virtually to the Burma border.

These growing difficulties do not mean that nothing should be done. Something must be done, and soon, if China is to be saved. They simply mean that half-measures are likely to end in disaster.

What we must visualize, in six months' time, is a full-

China, summoning its remaining strength, might also make an effort to break through the thinned Japanese lines in Yunnan. Thence thrusting southward, along a natural line of advance through the Shan states, its armies might aim for Bangkok.

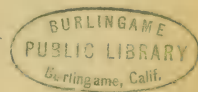
Among the first fruits of a successful general offensive on these lines should be the cutting off of the Japanese forces in Burma without employment of a large Indian army and the attendant devastation of the country. By that time the Burmans would have seen that the United Nations meant business. If they were showered with leaflets guaranteeing real freedom, their support might be won for a specially picked Allied force which, with the help of the native population, could make short work

of the isolated Japanese garrison. Instead of engaging in endless guerrilla warfare and sabotage, the Burmans might cooperate in the reopening of the Burma road and the establishment of an Allied front against Japan proper.

It is for those who have all the facts before them to balance one against another the possibility of Germany's early collapse, Russia's probable intentions, and China's ability to hold out. But it must be plain to anyone who knows the local conditions that there is no easy way to reopen the Burma road. Immense tasks lie ahead in the Pacific. Can we tackle them in time? At long last we are about to face the full implications of the loss of Singapore, which Mr. Churchill rightly calls "the largest military disaster in British history."

Georges Mandel

BY EMILE BURE



LAST week London newspapers carried the report that Georges Mandel, the former French Cabinet Minister, had died in a German concentration camp. If the account of his death which has come to me from France is true, he began to vomit blood after his first meal in the fortress of Königstein, to which he had recently been removed, and died soon afterward in great agony. He had apparently been poisoned.

I first made the acquaintance of Georges Mandel in 1903 when I was parliamentary editor of *L'Aurore*. It has been said that "journalism leads to all things, provided the journalist knows where he wants to go." Georges Mandel knew exactly where he wanted to go. For him the editorial room of *L'Aurore* was the anti-chamber of the Palais Bourbon. By the sheer force of his will, his tenacity, and his patience, despite his lack of eloquence and physical presence, he was resolved to enter the Chamber of Deputies, after which *quo non ascendam!* And he was prepared to reach this seat of struggle by imposing his ideas on the electorate, not by accommodating his ideas to theirs.

When Georges Clemenceau became Prime Minister for the first time, in 1906, he promptly chose Mandel, who had served him in the corridors of the Chamber with a zeal that Clemenceau's enemies at times thought excessive, as his assistant chief of cabinet. After the fall of the Cabinet in 1909, Mandel continued to be the intimate counselor of Clemenceau, always treated rudely by him but often heeded by him, too, and later acted as director of Clemenceau's newspaper *L'Homme Libre*. When the World War came, Mandel had serious doubts about an Allied victory. He was convinced only when President Poincaré in 1917 named his patron to head a new Cabi-

net. To Mandel fell the task of choosing Clemenceau's ministers. It was he who during Clemenceau's premiership actually directed France's internal politics, using both persuasion and force but always preferring force.

After the war, as deputy from Bordeaux elected in 1918, he was the founder of the *Bloc national*—a union of nationalists, liberals, and radicals—whose task it was to consolidate the victory. The organization failed to accomplish its purpose. Mandel recognized this at once and ceaselessly denounced the German peril. He became one of the most powerful speakers in the Chamber and even succeeded in checking Briand himself, whose pacifism he feared.

Before and after Munich Georges Mandel was the hope of farsighted patriots. They rejoiced when Daladier named him Minister of the Colonies, though they would have preferred to see him in the Ministry of the Interior, rightly believing that he was the only leader capable of clamping down on the fifth columnists, who since February 6, 1934, had been undermining French morale with impunity. The fact that he was a Jew precluded such an appointment. He said to me, "I shall be Minister of the Interior when things are at their worst and no one cares any more about the shape of a minister's nose." He was not mistaken. Just a few weeks before the débâcle he moved to the Interior office. I called there to see him before leaving Paris in June, 1940. "Things aren't going so well, Mandel." "No, things aren't going well at all. I've always said, we'll go from defeat to catastrophe until final victory. In any case, nothing of political importance will happen before December." His optimism seems unbelievable, but Georges Mandel had unshaken confidence in the Parliament—unlike Georges Clemen-

ceau, who once exclaimed as he watched a covey of partridges flushed by some hunters, "Ah, the handsome majority!"

Soon Mandel was courageously and intelligently attempting to keep Marshal Pétain, General Weygand, and others from asking for a shameful armistice. At the Council of Ministers held at Tours just after the departure from France of Winston Churchill, Lord Beaverbrook, and Lord Halifax, who had learned from Paul Reynaud of France's decision to stop fighting, General Weygand said: "Gentlemen, we must not delay in declaring hostilities at an end. I have received a telegram from the Admiralty announcing that serious disturbances have broken out in Paris. The Communist Thorez is installed in the Elysée." Mandel, however, had himself telephoned the Prefect of Police, Langeron, before the meeting and had been assured that complete order reigned in the capital. He therefore challenged the statement of the General. "Are you questioning my word?" demanded Weygand arrogantly. Mandel calmly replied, "I don't doubt your word, but I have equal confidence in the word of Langeron, who I know is a capable administrator. Why should the Admiralty, which is not at Paris, be better informed than the Prefect of Police? I suggest we get this matter cleared up at once."

Called on the telephone, Langeron confirmed what he had said an hour earlier to the Minister of the Interior. The council therefore broke up without making a decision. But Mandel had also to deal with Camille Chautemps, the "specialist in mediation." Winston Churchill had proposed to Reynaud that France and Britain form a union. To which Chautemps had replied, "France will never become a dominion." Only one voice, Mandel's, took up Chautemps's challenge. "Would you prefer it to become a *Gau*?" Again the Council of Ministers reserved decision. The next day, however, it voted thirteen to ten for an armistice.

Marshal Pétain, who became the head of the government after the resignation of Paul Reynaud, immediately ordered the arrest of Mandel. I am told that for a short while Georges Mandel still believed that Parliament would observe the laws of the republic. Convinced at last of his error, he left for Morocco to form a government of Free France and to maintain contact with the British government. When Duff Cooper and General Gort arrived at Rabat he had once more been arrested, this time on the order of General Nogués.

Back in France, Mandel was remanded to prison, where his patriotic bearing disconcerted his jailers. Daily he confounded them with his scorn. The story is told that he was so certain of the future that he said to one of them, "Consider yourself dismissed as of today."

That Marshal Pétain and Pierre Laval, those two miserable traitors, should have delivered Georges Mandel to the Gestapo passes the limits of human infamy. How

tragic for one of France's last great parliamentarians to suffer such an end, for a leader who never despaired of victory to die before the victory is won. "Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante" will see that Georges Mandel shall rest one day in the Panthéon.

In the Wind

THE NEW ORLEANS Association of Commerce, as part of its campaign against the social-security report of the National Resources Planning Board, is distributing reprints of an article that appeared in the *Review of World Affairs*, a British magazine whose editors are opposed to post-war planning in general and to the Beveridge plan in particular. The British people, it says, don't want the Beveridge plan, because "Britain is a country of highly aristocratic instincts. The masses are radical, democratic, and rough, but they are aristocratic to the core."

BEVERIDGE PLAN or no Beveridge plan, the Mellon plan is still going strong. Sir John Ramsden, in a recent interview printed in the *London Express*, put it this way: "In these times we must make every sacrifice. But if a director sees a loophole in the income-tax laws he should make as much money as he can for his shareholders and himself."

SIGN OF THE TIMES in a Radio City restaurant: "Please be polite to our waitresses. They are harder to get than customers."

THE COMPLEX problems of war-time government were analyzed by Representative Clare Hoffman of Michigan at a recent public meeting in Chicago. His analysis: "Washington's crazy. I'm crazy too, but not that crazy." The meeting was sponsored by the American Institute of Economics, four of whose founders were also founders of the Midwest Monetary Federation. Last year the latter organization sponsored a series of lectures on social problems by Joe McWilliams, New York street-corner sociologist.

THOSE who are worried about the post-war world will be relieved to know that a group of advertising agencies is even now making plans for commercial television programs when peace comes. *Broadcasting*, radio trade magazine, describes an experimental program thus: "A skit in which a comedian crushed his hat into a shapeless mass was sponsored by Adam Hat Stores to demonstrate how much punishment an Adam hat can take; Butterick Co. presented a model wearing clothes made from Butterick patterns; Adolph Flesher, King of the Sea Restaurant owner, and a girl stooge demonstrated the right and wrong ways of separating a lobster's meat from its shell."

FESTUNG EUROPA: The Czech practice of laying wreaths on the tomb of the Czech Unknown Soldier in honor of executed hostages has led the Nazis to remove the tomb.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated.]

"Collaboration"—Three Stages

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

GERMAN policy in conquered France has changed many times, and in the last six months it has taken a completely new direction. None of these changes have been made voluntarily; they have all been dictated by the increasing strain the war is putting on Germany's military and economic structure.

This evolution of policy can be divided into three stages: one lasted from the collapse of France to the spring of 1941; the second from the spring of 1941 to the autumn of 1942, during which time French industry was taken over and converted to German military needs; the third began when North Africa was invaded and the German general staff found itself compelled to consider the possibility of a second front in Europe.

After the defeat of France the German general staff counted on an equally rapid victory over Germany's other enemies and a quick end to the war. Its "military policy" in France, accordingly, was one of robbery on the greatest possible scale. Machines, stocks, materials, and railroad equipment were carried off. German industry was producing more war material than its armies could use, and Germany's leaders were therefore not interested in strengthening their war production by operating factories in France.

This beautiful picture faded, however, as it became apparent that British resistance would not be so quickly overcome. The Germans were still sure of victory, but they began to figure on a somewhat longer war. In the early part of 1941 plans were made for the push through the Balkans and the war on the Soviet Union. For this war it was necessary to draw on all the economic resources of the conquered countries.

The changed military situation made necessary a new attitude toward France. In the leading German economic weekly, *Deutsche Volkswirt*, long articles appeared on the proper policy to follow in France, urging a new approach. Only in exceptional cases, it said, should French factories or machinery be brought to Germany. This point of view was adopted officially, and some machinery was even taken back to France. Production in French factories was then systematically resumed, though naturally not in all of them. The Nazis were not interested in restoring consumer industries for the French people—most of the textile factories, for example, stayed closed—but every plant that was useful to German war production began running twenty-four hours a day. The period of industrial collaboration had begun. German firms

placed larger and larger orders in France, and the German government promised that if France behaved itself the costs of the army of occupation would be reduced from 400 million francs a day to 300 million.

Then came the war with Russia. At first it brought its rewards, but the winter of 1941-42 witnessed costly retreats, and at the same time America entered the war. Germany's dream of a short war vanished.

The longer the war in Russia dragged on, the more urgent became the greatest possible expansion of German industry. German control over France grew tighter and tighter. After the Dieppe raid, moreover, the German general staff ruled out the possibility of an Anglo-American invasion in 1942. French factories were therefore allowed to continue producing for Germany. In only one field did the Nazis begin to prepare for a fundamental change—in the field of labor.

Already in 1942 Germany had a serious man-power shortage. To make up for losses at the front the government was forced to take 100,000 Germans away from their jobs on farms and in factories and put them into the army. The French prisoners of war were not available to replace them, for they had already been absorbed by German war industry. Therefore, in the spring of 1942 appeared a new phenomenon—a sudden influx of French "volunteers" for work in Germany. Before that time Hitler Germany had attracted very few workers from France. But by July, 1942, almost 160,000 had entered the Reich.

The terrible defeats in Russia were followed by the British and American invasion of Africa, and Germany's military and economic high command began to prepare for a second front in Europe. This necessitated once more a complete change in German-French relations.

Germany's economic high command had completely taken over French industry, but it felt more and more strongly that here was one of the most vulnerable spots in the German economy. The British and American aerial offensive against French factories working for Germany grew constantly heavier; losses were serious; and the proportion of raiding planes shot down was—and continues to be—far smaller than in Germany. This may be because the shorter distance from England to France makes it possible for the bombers to have stronger fighter escorts; it may be because the aerial defenses of France are considerably weaker than those of Germany. Nazi Germany is simply not in a position to give all French

industrial centers as much protection as German cities. But if it isn't able to defend them it will be obliged to move a great many factories from France—and of course from Holland and Belgium too.

If England and America succeed in establishing a second front in Europe, the Nazis will adopt the scorched-earth policy of the Russians. When they have to retreat, they will leave nothing useful behind them. They are preparing for it even now. Orders to French firms are being drastically reduced, and efforts are being made to evacuate some French factories to Germany, even as the Russians moved their factories out of the war zones long before the Germans reached them.

The extent to which Germany depends on French production is shown in a statement recently issued by the German war-production chief, Dr. Michel. He reported that in the first three months of 1942 German orders in France totaled 100 billion francs. Orders placed in the first three months of 1943 will total barely 25 per cent of that amount. It is clear that the Nazis are beginning to liquidate their French "investments."

The Nazis have taken from France, as "occupation costs," sums ranging from 9 to 12 billion francs a month. Part of this money has been returned in "payment" for the product of French industry, but the Nazis at the same time have assembled "investments." At the beginning of 1942 the *Wehrmacht's* assets amounted to 65 billion francs; toward the end of the year they had dwindled to 25 billion. Thus, in 1942 the *Wehrmacht* spent the whole of the year's indemnity, plus 40 billion francs of the surplus left from 1941.

It may be remarked, incidentally, that because of these tremendous German expenditures inflation in France has increased with almost incredible speed. The note circulation of the Bank of France increased by 45 billion francs in 1941 (from 218 to 263 billion) and by 90 billion in 1942 (from 263 to 355 billion). And as a climax to the farce, the Nazi financial wizards now explain that because of the declining value of the franc the rate of exchange between the Reichsmark and the franc must be readjusted.

Since the Nazis expect an Allied invasion of France, since they are moving as many French factories as possible to Germany, it is obvious that they must increase the pressure on French workers to come to Germany. This is being done. The general staff also wants to make sure that when the Allies land in France the number of Frenchmen of military age who might help them will be as small as possible.

Germany's economic high command thought at first that economic pressure alone would be enough to make French workers come to Germany—that when their factories were closed in France they would follow the machines to Germany. When it didn't work out that way, the Nazis took their ration cards from workers who re-

fused to come. Even so, the number who consented was so small that the Nazis had to resort to more direct compulsion. By instituting forced labor service they finally got results. At the beginning of 1943 there were about 400,000 French civilian workers in Germany. Of this number, 150,000 are said to be skilled workers. In the first quarter of 1943 a steady stream of men and women workers continued to enter Germany. And according to a United Press report, "Chief of Government Pierre Laval has placed at the disposal of Fritz Sauckel, German labor chief for the occupied territories, the entire 1,250,000 French soldiers held as war prisoners." The latest estimate of the French labor force in Germany, including civilians and war prisoners, is two million. These people are hostages in the hands of the Nazis, and as such will be used to discourage French cooperation with American and British invading forces.

As the time of invasion draws nearer, Germany's drain on the conquered countries increases. All Europe's economic life is being concentrated in Germany. Between Germany and the invading armies will lie a broad expanse of economic desert.

The two million captive French workers are an important factor in Germany's war production, but we must not forget that they, together with five million other foreign workers from all parts of Europe, will be a serious danger to the Nazis when the invasion comes—if they are given real reason to believe that we are waging political war on Nazism as well as military war on Germany.

Behind the Enemy Line

By ARGUS

THE shortage of consumer goods in Germany is much more severe than the shortage of food, and is growing worse. A great number of items, especially all articles of clothing, were rationed soon after the outbreak of war and can be bought only on points. But it is practically impossible to introduce the point system for all goods. A new device has therefore been invented. It is called the "household passport."

The "household passport" was first instituted on May 19 at Ludwigshaven on the Rhine. Now no one can buy an unrationed article, not a saucepan, sieve, or sheet of writing paper, without presenting his booklet. The shopkeeper for his part is obliged to write in the passport exactly what was bought, together with the name of his firm. Thus everybody's purchases can be controlled. If a housewife asks for coffee cups, the shopkeeper must look in her book to see whether she has perhaps already gone too far in buying coffee cups. If he thinks she has, he must refuse to sell her any. In any case the authorities can determine whether a person against

whom suspicion has been aroused has been so lacking in patriotism as to consume too many brooms or lead pencils. It is a risk no one will want to run.

It is hard to understand what the German internal propaganda expects to accomplish by its continuing philippics against "grumblers." Anyone who grumbles shows by that act that radio talks and newspaper articles have no effect on him. But we can be grateful for these philippics, for from no other source do we learn so much about the real *Stimmung* in Germany. The Berlin *12 Uhr Blatt* of May 27 devoted its front page to grumblers. And it went farther than usual with an adjective which it prefixed to the noun. The article was entitled The Ubiquitous Grumbler, a creature whom it described as follows:

He whispers the enemy's lies. He repeats the newest Jewish slogans and the most idiotic rumors. He casts suspicion on worthy men and grumbles about necessary war measures. He spreads the filthiest Jewish jokes and knows every piece of news that is likely to discourage our people.

That picture came from Berlin, where there are now as few Jews as in any German city—which makes one wonder about the "filthy Jewish jokes." Indeed, the jokes now being invented and circulated in Berlin are typical Berlin humor—pure Aryan. A Swedish traveler repeated one of the newest in the Stockholm *Arbetsdet* of May 31. After the last heavy bombing raid this story made the rounds: "The attack was so severe that hours later pictures of Hitler were still flying out of the windows."

Other wags live in Leipzig. The leading local newspaper, the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten*, complained of them in a bitter article printed on May 29. The editorial offices, it said, had lately been flooded with hundreds of telephone calls a day asking "whether this or that news was true." And it was always a question of some "atrocious tale" or other "lie" which the persons who called up had heard during "their illegal sessions with the London wave length." The most repulsive aspect of these incidents, the paper continued, was that the jokers were such cowards. "They never say who they are but simply hang up abruptly." It drew the astute conclusion that there must be malicious hostile elements in Leipzig and asked the public to cooperate in unmasking them.

More important is the revelation that dangerous elements have been discovered—for the first time—among the higher government employees. On June 2 the leading article of the *Nationalsozialistischen Parteikorrespondenz*, a paper not intended for the general public, launched a sharp attack upon persons "in responsible positions" who have shown themselves to be "merely trained experts, without genuine principles." The article

demanded their discharge. "In critical times such people are a danger in public office. Their bad attitude, their lack of energy, their spiritual disintegration have a fatal influence on the morale of the people." "Anyone in a responsible position today must be capable of combating indifference, stupidity, and ill-will with strong convictions. He must be a father confessor who can hearten the doubters, punish the vicious grumblers, and extirpate the criminals." The experts show all too often a "sickly mentality."

News from Spain

Excerpts from the Talk of Three Spanish Sailors Recently Arrived in Cuba from Spain

I WAS in the port of Malaga the day news arrived that the Allies had entered Tunisia. It was a day when all restraint was cast off. The people embraced one another in the streets. They congratulated themselves. Crowds gathered everywhere, gesticulating and discussing. Many hundreds of persons were arrested that day.

The former *Guardias de Asalto* have been transformed into *Guardias Nacionales*, a new force of repression, on the pattern of the Gestapo. It has become extremely active in trying to prevent the civil population of the towns and villages from giving aid and support to the *guerrilleros*. *Guerrillas* have existed, as everyone knows, in Asturias and Andalusia since the end of the war, and no effort to dispel them has been successful. Now they have extended their influence into Castile, especially the province of Toledo. They are becoming a source of serious worry to the authorities.

In the port of Valencia I saw empty barrels being loaded on a boat for the United States. A group of Phalangists were watching the operation. Suddenly a voice came from the group: "How I would like to be one of those barrels!"

The middle class belongs to the past. In the last years people have become either very poor, real proletarians, or nouveau-riche. The best way to become nouveau-riche is to go into the black market and speculate with food.

One is a constant witness to the subjection of the Spanish police to agents of the Gestapo, which controls their activities in large cities and in small towns. It is the Gestapo which rules.

The terror in Spain has not lessened in four years. Sometimes for one month, two months, the number of executions drops, but only to mount again. It is a cruelty born of fear—fear that the Republicans will come back to power again to start *la segunda vuelta*.

Lately ships with wheat and meat from Argentina do not even pretend to unload at Spanish ports. They tie up for a little while, then proceed to Nazi-controlled French ports and to Italy.

In the ports of northern Spain one can see submarines entering or leaving the harbor in full daylight. They carry no flag. Everybody guesses that they are German.

BOOKS and the ARTS

"We Will Walk Like the Tapir"

BY MARIANNE MOORE

SAVAGE" and "brutal" are false terms, the brute is so often the man. In a documentary-film close-up, some years ago, of an elephant trimming a turf-bordered walk, the fingertip of the trunk was shown, plucking off grass to an edge of better than humanly sheared precision. The elephant that piles teak scans the result from a distance, and if a timber projects too far, returns and pushes it into place with his head. Here at home, as the press seems to enjoy reminding us, the army is being reinforced by paratroop dogs and patrol dogs.

In the September, 1927, issue of the *Forum*, in an article entitled Can Man Keep Savage Virtues, Dr. Herbert J. Spinden says, "Brutality is hardly a proper character of savages or even of brutes. . . . Real people of the wilds are timid and retiring creatures, for all their sturdiness of bone and muscle"; and in the same article he speaks of a museum exploration trip in Honduras, made with the help of Paya Indians. Despite his "ignorance of the first arts of life," he says they were willing to aid him—seven of them, besides a woman with a baby—poling their way up the Plantain River in two boats hollowed out of mahogany logs. Having several specimens of worked stone to carry, they came to a deep pool in the creek with precipitous walls on either side. The stones were lashed to poles and could perhaps have been dragged through the water by means of ropes, but saying, "We will walk like the tapir," they tramped into the pool, and across, in water three or four feet over their heads. Dr. Spinden preferred to climb the rocky wall rather than go through the water, but before beginning the climb he handed his watch to an Indian, explaining that it was to be kept dry. "The Indian wrapped the timepiece in a leaf and putting the little package in his mouth dived to the other side." The woman was taking home a large grinding stone that weighed at least seventy-five pounds, and with the child slung in front carried the stone on her back the eight miles out to the river, helped by the men only at the deep pool.

A recent lecture by Dr. Spinden—Many-Sided Latin America was the title—augmented the view set forth in the *Savage Virtues* article, especially certain comments on Columbus as discoverer of the discoverers of America—the Indians, namely, who brought him the first pineapples he had eaten and excited wonder by "sleeping in a strange net they called a hammock." Then in answer to questions touching on the superiority hobgoblin, Dr. Spinden said anthropologists "think there is little difference between the highly skilled people of every race. The man with skill has a flair," that is all; or should one say, that is everything. "The difference is between the best members of a group and the worst members of the group, and the trouble comes from the people who haven't quite so much superiority as they think they have." (This feeling about flair would seem to be related to Amédée Ozenfant's thought that "talent in art is the innate awareness

of what is great." Nor is Henry McBride playing cat's-cradle with us, one suspects, when he says he has the answer to a question young painters incline to ask. They wish to know what makes painting great, and the answer is easy—greatness of character.)

One of the most eloquent phases of savage resourcefulness is thrift, involving as it does responsibility to nature. "The actual use is a technique"—to quote Dr. Spinden's good-neighbor discussion again—"but back of it is a discipline." When the Indian caught a salmon and threw head and backbone into the river to generate new salmon, "it was unscientific, but as emotional restraint against waste it was magnificent." After removing a plant, the Indian was careful to drop a seed in the hole, and it is humbling to realize that no species of animal or growing thing was exterminated in America till the coming of our savage selves.

In England paper, metals, rags, and bones are salvaged. One pays a fine for throwing away a used bus ticket that could have been conserved as waste paper, and the grocer is not expected to furnish a bag with what he sells but to put it into the basket or shopping bag brought by the purchaser. If inadvertent waste is dismay, intentional waste is treason; one does not like to be told by a fastidious, supposedly educated person that if we process our cans, "forty people who are paid to remove the paper from cans will lose their jobs." Self-interested waste, moreover, as part of chain advertising, is now a curious porcupine quill in the torso of slumbering civic indifference. Launched in rapid succession from widely separated cities, stout packets of order blanks and data with illustrations importune us to buy nuts, fruits, garden tools, magazines, electric appliances, dishes, or wearing apparel; and in answer to a request that one's name be removed from such and such a list, one is told it is not the firm's intention to burden anyone with an unwanted volume of mail, but that it is impossible to remove names on request, since circulars are mailed to addresses rented from others who have compiled them!

We could bear it if cosmetics that resemble house paint when worn, bugaboo perfumes, circus-wagon shoes, and lapel ornaments of the weather-vane variety could be converted into munitions. If uncompact printing and non-acute, speciously luxurious publishing could see themselves in a Joyce distorting mirror of energetic economy, alas, "Suffoclose! Shikespower! Seudodanto! Anonymoses!"

Morale, Professor Henry Wyman Holmes tries to persuade us in his book "The Road to Courage," implies something "over and above one's own advantage." What if the promoters of mother-father-brother-day spirit, and of commercialized sacred days of the calendar, should take to heart General MacArthur's words about Corregidor and commemorating an anniversary? "Until we claim again the ghostly remnants of its last gaunt garrison we can but stand humble supplicants before Almighty God. There lies our Holy Grail." Surely we are not fit to live if we have not that indomitable feeling of being strong in defeat; if we are not, as Eugene

Ginsberg puts it, under "command of the dead"—if they cannot "sineu us to victory"; if we do not "see them when we most are gay" and "feel them when we most are free."

"Be gentle and you can be bold" is an ancient Chinese saying; "be frugal and you can be liberal; if you are a leader, you have learned self-restraint." W. H. Hudson was unwilling to extol the bees for building their wonderful hexagons, since they were merely following instinct; but we are not bees, and when we undertake to be workmanly it is different; the most scientifically self-interested effort cannot effeminize one who walks like the tapir and works like the elephant.

Now It Can Be Told

WE CANNOT ESCAPE HISTORY. By John T. Whitaker.
The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

HAD this book been issued at the beginning of 1942, before the American market was flooded by the volumes of newspapermen returning from the Axis countries, it would have been a best-seller. It is written with youthful liveliness and gusto, and many "good stories" may be gleaned from it which seem plausible even when they could not, obviously, be substantiated by unimpeachable evidence. The chapters on Germany, Spain, and Russia are excellent. The chapters on France and Britain tell us nothing which has not already gone the rounds. As for the chapter on Italy, it belongs to what may be termed "now-it-can-be-told" literature.

While living in Italy on very friendly terms with Mussolini and his son-in-law and Foreign Minister, Ciano, Mr. Whitaker published in the *Saturday Evening Post* of December 23, 1939, an article under the appealing title *Italy's Seven Secrets*. He revealed that Ciano jealously kept hidden in a safe three small books, "one bound in red and two in blue." They were written in Ciano's "small smooth Italian hand," but they showed also "notations in another hand," "the extravagant jottings of Il Duce." They contained "Italy's seven secrets." Mr. Whitaker was in a position to reveal those secrets.

Anyone who knew anything about Mussolini's foreign policies during the preceding seventeen years knew most of those seven secrets before Mr. Whitaker buried his nose in Ciano's books of revelations. In the end, Mr. Whitaker could claim a monopoly on no more than two disclosures: (1) Mussolini had signed the treaty of alliance of May, 1939, with Hitler with the aim of preventing him from going to war; and (2) Hitler, by attacking Poland, had broken the Axis. The truth of the matter was that on December 16, 1939, one week before Mr. Whitaker disclosed Italy's secrets, Ciano officially stated that when signing the treaty of May, 1939, he had explicitly informed Hitler that Italy could not go to war during the next three years. The fact that the treaty had been signed with such a qualification meant that Italy's non-belligerency was in keeping with the alliance, that Hitler was at the moment content with Italy's neutrality, and that the Axis had never been broken. Had Mussolini wanted to prevent Hitler from going to war, he would not have signed the unconditional treaty of May, 1939, but would have kept

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Hitler guessing whether Italy would remain neutral or join the Atlantic powers.

The climax of Mr. Whitaker's revelations in December, 1939, was reached in the story of Hitler's and Ciano's meeting before the invasion of Poland. Ciano had told Hitler that the British and the French would fight. "The German turned on him, screaming and sputtering in his paroxysm: 'You ass! You son of an ass!' " "The conversation was terminated *and with it the Axis.*" Inference: the French and the British should not disturb Mussolini and Ciano during the next months. Nay, they should furnish them with the raw materials necessary to build up their artillery and their tanks; when Italy's war preparations had been completed, Mussolini would fly to the aid of the "victors"—please notice "victors" in the plural, that is, not Hitler, in the singular, but the British and the French.

This was precisely what Mussolini and Ciano wanted of the appeasers of London, Paris, and Washington. They needed "all their diplomatic astuteness" to get raw materials and to prepare to attack the appeasers.

In December, 1939, Mr. Whitaker wrote: "The Italians are beginning to love him [Mussolini] as a benign figure. The people speak of him with affection and pride." When people had something to grumble about, they vented their ill-humor on the minor party leaders. But Mussolini remained, with "his matured political genius," the "wise and paternal leader." In 1943 Mr. Whitaker has revealed two more secrets. The first is that "power corrupts. Mussolini was no exception to the rule." Now it can be told. The other secret is that three months before the invasion of Poland Mussolini suffered a stroke. He then devoted himself to eroticism. He was no longer a "mature political genius," "the daring pupil of Machiavelli, Bismarck, and Cavour." He had become a tool in the hands of the German ambassador in Rome, who furnished young girls for his whims. He was now "as horrible a megalomaniac as Nero and Caligula." The man who in December, 1939, was described as "a typical affectionate Italian father romping on the floor with his youngest children" has become in 1943 an obscene, senescent satyr. That is why he attacked France and England in June, 1940. Had it not been for the stroke, he would have stabbed in the back Hitler and not France, and as a consequence he would still be a "matured political genius" and a "wise paternal leader" for Mr. Whitaker no less than for Mr. Churchill, the career boys of the American State Department, and many other respectable torch bearers of the four freedoms. I suspect that not only Mussolini but also Ciano suffered a moral stroke, not three months before the invasion of Poland, but on the very day that they were born.

While throwing mud at Mussolini, Mr. Whitaker remains loyal to Ciano. He reveals another secret. Ciano always has disliked the Germans. The Germans "ultimately will murder him." Clear is the inference to be drawn from such a harrowing prospect. The British Foreign Office and the American State Department must do away with Mussolini, but they can always do business with Ciano.

If this is "history," I intend to "escape" it with the maximum possible speed, and rather than teach it, I would hang myself.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

June 19, 1943

Waldo Frank's Journey

SOUTH AMERICAN JOURNEY. By Waldo Frank. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$3.

I IMAGINE that most readers will find vastly more pleasure, as I do, in the vivid incidental murder than in the principal theme of "South American Journey." An account of the author's pro-Ally propaganda tour is of insufficient interest for a book of this length. I believe that Waldo Frank does accurately describe the state of the Latin American mind. And if there is a doubt, it is because one cannot believe that the North American or Anglo-Saxon intellectual, even when his mind contains so much valid Latinity as Waldo Frank's, can ever hope to feel the spiritual plight of the masses in the republics to the south. In fact, one's Latinity usually misleads one, for all that is truly Latin contains within it the will to fight. And if a man's Latinity is derived from the "rock, oil, and wine," as Ruben Dario put it, of Spain, then the hard rock will out and he will be mettlesome, and he will fight.

But that the war can have no interest whatsoever to a three-quarters starved Indian of Peru so long as our collaboration with the Peruvian dictatorship merely consolidates its power, Waldo Frank knows better than most of us. He knows it with his brain, however. He acknowledges that truth but does not feel its omnipresent power to depress and destroy. The reviewer is as earnest a supporter of the war as most men of his profession; yet he would hardly venture upon the spiritual insolence of asking a *roto* to go to war. As Frank says, we have bought the Peruvian cotton crop, for the duration, at boom prices, but the money does not go down to the workers in increased wages; it supports police persecution of those workers. Without our support of the Peruvian government, he roundly insists, unrest would suffice to stir the people to overthrow it. That the wretched *sertanejo* of Brazil has nothing to hope from this war is as true as that the Mexican land worker certainly has something to defend, even during the present recession of the Mexican Revolution.

With this reservation, then, that the poorer folk with whom Frank spoke comprise only one part of the mass, one can accept the author-traveler's reports. That a large part of the Argentine people were opposed to Castillo; that the intellectuals in particular are uneasy, if not enraged; that most of the clergy are not enthusiastic democrats; that the weak labor movement makes a rather pusillanimous opposition; that the pro-Axis organizations are tireless, wealthy, insolent, and violent; that the war seems geographically remote to the dweller on the pampas, are all important facts. The author's analyses of cause and effect, too, are good. He is not swept off his feet by a regime which he chiefly approves. That Chile has a popular-front government does not blind him to the fact that Chilean reformists and revolutionary parties, like most others, usually betray their followers. Nor does he give up his sensibilities when he travels in Brazil, of whose government he disapproves. Wherever he touches upon political or intellectual realities, Frank must be given full attention. But how he was entertained bores me to desolation.

Yet I would not sacrifice more than a few pages of the many that remain. In them you will find the old opulence of

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vocabulary that reminds one of Francis Thompson and prompts the thought that the Catholic strain in Frank is as visible as his Latinity. There is the same rich jungle of vivid "conceits" to slash through, the same spawny dampness in the air, the old rottenness underfoot and the invariable glades across which flutter the same huge blue Morpho butterflies that startled and delighted one in his other books. Unless one has Frank's metaphysical interests one will tunnel through long obscurities, or if one soars with him, as sometimes he will make you do, too often the strong wings will turn to gauze.

And, as before, you will turn over quickly the inevitable sentimental pages which tell of sexual encounters, and you will shortly come upon vigorous and manly things. After these will come embarrassing egotisms—egotisms so appalling that one wonders whether Frank dare be caught doing anything so common as listening to the Eroica. Hard upon the heels of these things will follow passages of insight quite unspoiled by petulance, egotism, or any other middle-aged emotion. You will be startled by such horrible great zombies as Frank's description of a folk as "earth-strong, earth-sick with the langorous longing of all earth to emerge and transcend itself: whether in trees, in bodies, or in dream." And on the same page you will nod your head approvingly at such a phrase, vivid, slightly overripe, and characteristically Frankian, as "*Uriburú*—Brazilian buzzards—wheel and dip; black, wise birds with red heads to show the carnality of their brains." In short, "South American Journey" is typical Waldo Frank—a jungle, but not by the orderly, clarity-loving Henri Rousseau.

It is, one notes, not his propaganda mission which brings out the best in Frank as a writer. His account of Brazil, where he lectured but little, far surpasses the chapters on the other countries. It is as if the vast spaces of the Argentine pampas allowed this forest-mind, this wanderer in damp green caverns, to become too diffuse, as if they flooded him with an excess of light and air. His Amazonian interlude is one of the best accounts of that land of heavy rainfall, brown forest rivers, and will-less derelicts that I have ever read. His warm-hearted and exact appreciation of the Negro people will give delight. It is a fascinating land, and though I know no more of Brazil than Rio, as I read I felt as if Frank and I were talking about a journey that we had made together.

RALPH BATES

Capitalism as a Fascist Plot

BUSINESS AS A SYSTEM OF POWER. By Robert A. Brady. Columbia University Press. \$3.

SOME people these days are working on the problem of post-war corporate reserves—trying to see how the shift back to peace can be made easier. Others raise their sights and aim at stable, full employment through supplementary government action, or at keeping the market as free and competitive as possible by means of lower tariffs, anti-trust enforcement, dissolution, cooperative competition, and the like. Pessimists, fearful about our own lack of social and economic inventiveness, hope that Britain or Europe will work out something that we can borrow if and when the

need arises. Still others talk about a mixed economy and how it can keep political power divided and flexible.

Professor Brady will have none of these things. Instead, his latest book is in the corrosive tradition of the early 1930's and consists of an indictment of the élite of capitalism and their power system. The book is not even a complete bill of indictment since it lacks a prayer for relief. And since it contains a sustained, though low-pitched and querulous, polemic, it can hardly be called a work of scientific scholarship. It does, nevertheless, marshal a tremendous array of facts, and its footnotes are often fascinating.

A chapter is devoted to the formation and behavior of each of the peak associations (*Spitzenverbände*) of manufacturers of Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, Japan, Vichy France, Britain, and the United States. Final chapters weave together the economic, social, and political implications of these power concentrations.

Professor Brady tells us that "nothing fundamental in the history, program, structure of organization, or social outlook divides clearly the policies of the *Spitzenverbände* within the 'totalitarian' countries from those of the liberal-capitalist states." And having isolated the supporting facts from everything else, he proves the point. This seems to me a good deal like proving that all steel rolling mills have a close physical resemblance to each other, whether they are found in Russia, Germany, or the United States.

But the author is a first-class fact-gatherer. He is aware of the notorious political impotence of the German middle classes and the contempt for democracy of the Prussian Junkers. As the most important spiritual source of Italian fascism, the book describes at length the social views of the Catholic church. In Japan the present consciously totalitarian set-up "represents in principle nothing essentially new for the Japanese," and Brady then stresses the past and present might of the *Zaibatsu*, the term being generally confined to the four great commercial families—Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Sumitomo, and Yasuda.

Thus by playing fair with his readers Professor Brady has spoiled the implications of his own case. He will convince many that Axis humanity and its habits come from Mars and not from this earth. The answer is almost too easy: In this country we have no feudal ruling class of democracy haters, and our middle people have usually been up to their political jobs; all we know about medieval Catholicism we have read in books; and for us a totalitarian regime would be as new as an epidemic of bubonic plague. On top of it all, we are on our way toward twelve years of the administration of our government by a regime heartily hated by our own peak association, the National Association of Manufacturers.

Actually, of course, the case is impossible to prove either way. The three Axis nations are and always were uniquely different from the liberal capitalist democracies and different in ways in which the democracies do not differ from each other. On the other hand, another Huey Long could certainly some day be bowed into power by some of our leading magistrates—there is no social law that would prevent it happening eventually even here.

A serious book like this, written during the second world war in a generation and while most of the melancholy problems of the between-wars period are still unsolved, demands

a sequel. What sequel the author could possibly write remains hidden during the reading of most of the book. He clearly could not work on the problems of the free market and monopolistic competition because he believes that economic power frustrated by political means will seek and get political power. He could not, apparently, work toward a mixed system with powers permanently divided between different groups, because for him economic, social, and political control moves steadily toward unity, and whoever tries to stop the confluence is wasting his time.

Toward the end of the book, however, there is a hint about the needed sequel: "Contrary to certain implications of current usage, 'totalitarianism,' like 'bureaucracy,' is not necessarily undesirable if it is a coherent unifying philosophy and a general program of action which comprehend the totality of organized social life." And on the very last page occurs the phrase "anti-democratic 'totalitarianism.'" This implies of course that there is a "democratic totalitarianism" that can save us before it is too late.

Professor Brady should write his next book about "democratic totalitarianism," which seems to me to be a squared circle and a semantic monstrosity.

ALFRED WINSLOW JONES

Art Notes

EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS from "Me and the Army" by Corporal Richard Gaige. Knoedler Galleries, 14 East Fifty-seventh Street, until June 18.

Every possible innocuous activity of Corporal Gaige's life in the army is covered by these neat but uninspired drawings. They should reassure any anxious mother about the busy dulness of her soldier son.

RECENT PAINTINGS by Milton Avery. Paul Rosenberg and Company, 16 East Fifty-seventh Street, until June 26.

Milton Avery paints large flat empty people in large flat empty spaces. Why do people who have so little to paint always choose the biggest canvases? Two of the landscapes, "Gaspé" and "Little Fox River," have a certain charm owing to their color, and "Green Settee" has design as well.

ALFRED H. MAURER. Buchholz Gallery, 32 East Fifty-seventh Street, until June 26.

Alfred H. Maurer, who was pursued by that "single hound, my own identity," is a really stimulating American painter. He committed suicide in 1932, and as is so often the case with good painters, received very little recognition until after his death. Elizabeth McCausland says in the preface to the catalogue that his work is dominated by "two categories of content, abstract still lifes and portraits of a woman. . . . It is as if the energy of his life had split into two streams running side by side—the one devoted to aesthetics, the other to the sublimation of personal experience." If this is true, then his capacity for personal experience fell far short of his capacity for aesthetic experience. His abstract still lifes have immense vitality, while the portraits become less alive as they become less abstract. One of them, however, No. 23, is superb and can compare with the best of the still lifes, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 11, and, finest of all, No. 13.

JEAN CONNOLLY

MUSIC

THE Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo has in "Rodeo" a beautiful ballet which is still fresh and bright and excellently danced, not only by the principals but by all the participants. It gives Franklin one of his best roles—one which makes good use of his agility and charm; Roudenko is very good as the cowgirl, though de Mille herself is even better; but Pagent, whom I saw once in place of Kokitch, was very poor.

In addition there is "Le Beau Danube," suffering from the general shabbiness and half-heartedness, the general deterioration of personnel, the particular loss of Massine, but still delightful with Danilova in her old role of the street dancer, Youskevitch youthful and brilliant as the hussar, if not all that Massine was, and Woickovska once in a while as the first dancer.

There is "Gaité Parisienne," also down-at-the-heel, with the great hope where Massine's Peruvian used to be not filled by either substitute that I saw; but made exciting by the exquisite grace and emotion of Danilova's dancing as the glove-seller—the trouble being, however, that half the time one is likely to see instead the meaningless twirling and

kicking of Slavenska in the part, which the audience applauds just as wildly.

Of older classics there is "The Afternoon of a Faun." In his comment on the Nijinsky photographs in *Dance Index* Edwin Denby remarks: "One can see that present dancers of Faun have not even learned Nijinsky's stance." That is something my unprofessional eye is unable to perceive; but I have no doubt of its truth, and of the fact that the "Faun" I saw a few weeks ago is vastly changed in detail from the one I saw in 1916. But what remains of the original conception is enough to make it a wonderful thing even in its present state. As for Youskevitch's performance, I think I would have found it impressive if I had not been seated so near the stage as to be distracted by grease-paint, straining muscles, and the like.

Of "Carnaval" I could get only a few glimpses from the second row on the extreme side—some of them of Woickovska's vivacity and brilliance as Columbine. "Les Sylphides," with Slavenska, I did not see. Things like "The Magic Swan" and "The Nutcracker," which are endurable only if perfectly done, were made unendurable by the bad costumes, the sloppiness of the supporting company, the meaningless agility of Slavenska—the only redeeming feature being the few moments of Youskevitch's solo leaps and turns. Of that sort of ballet "Coppelia" came out best—with some brightness and life in the production, and Slavenska quite charming. "Scheherazade" and "Prince Igor" I did not dare to see.

The new ballets were Fokine's "Igorouchki," a little Chauve-Souris piece with Danilova, and his "Elves," which was even worse than the new ballets of last fall, Nijinska's "Chopin Concerto" and "Snow Maiden." "Pas de deux classique" turned out to be the *pas de deux* from "The Magic Swan," with Danilova giving the movements the flow of pattern and emotion they had lacked in Slavenska's performance.

Mark Woods, president of the Blue Network, was reported by the *Times* to have said that in commissioning Roy Harris to write a Sixth Symphony he had "made no demands or even suggestions"—don't applaud yet—"other than to hope that since he is essentially a man of the soil and one of our own his Sixth Symphony will be dedicated to the American fighting forces, and that it will be a symbol of the struggle which our nation is making and has made throughout its eventful history for the freedom of mankind." Only a hope; and

such a modest little hope, too; and right up the alley of the Shostakovich of America, who on any occasion of blood and tears stands ready and eager to commune publicly with his soul in forty-five minutes of incoherently bombastic sound accompanied by several pages of program-notes about why he did it and how he did it. In accepting the commission, reported the *Times*, "Mr. Harris said he would compose a 'major moral symphony' that would dwell on the Lincoln era, as significant today as were the trying times of Lincoln's presidency." I can hear it already; and I can hear Mr. Harris telling us what he did to make it moral, and what he did to make it Lincoln, and so on.

My ears are still aching from the Fifth Symphony, in which Mr. Harris told a world that had to know how he had been affected by the heroism of the Russian people. It was broadcast by the N. B. C. Symphony under Frank Black; and I heard it while waiting for Aaron Copland's "Lincoln Portrait." Copland, unlike Harris, is a man of musical talent; one has been aware of his command of his medium even when it produced ugly and repellent works; and for the ballets "Billy the Kid" and "Rodeo" it produced music that was fine-sounding and engaging. The music of "A Lincoln Portrait" is of this style, and could be used for another ballet like "Billy" or "Rodeo"; but in this piece its use and effect are those of incidental music in a play—to create an impressive atmosphere for the words of Lincoln. These words are well chosen; but I squirmed at the business of "He was six feet tall, and he said."

B. H. HAGGIN

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CONTRIBUTORS

STUART CHASE, one of the foremost American economists, is now writing a series of books for the Twentieth Century Fund, of which the third, "Where's the Money Coming From?" will be out in August.

H. G. QUARITCH WALES spent most of eighteen years in India and other parts of the Far East. He is the author of "Years of Blindness," which deals with the changes that are revolutionizing the East.

MARIANNE MOORE, one of America's most distinguished poets, was acting editor of the old *Dial* during its last three years. Her most recent book of verse is "What Are Years."

Letters to the Editors

"Double Talk"

Dear Sirs: What kind of doubletalk is my friend James Agee handing us in his review of "Mission to Moscow"? He seems to approve the film's political objectives—except for the Moscow trials, where he shifts into tripletalk—and to detest its moral, aesthetic, and intellectual qualities. It might have occurred to him, in the course of his fancy ruminations, that there is generally a connection between the human and artistic value of a propagandist work of art and the quality of the cause it promotes. If "the deeper effect [of 'Mission to Moscow'] is shame, grief, anaesthesia, the ruin of faith and conscience and the roots of the intelligence"—he certainly throws the language around—one would expect so painfully scrupulous a reviewer to suspect something rotten in the film's thesis. The simple fact is that "Mission to Moscow" is what it is because it has a very dirty job to do.

The bias with which Agee, for all his protestations of political virginity, approaches "Mission to Moscow" emerges clearly when he admits "a painful impotence" to take any stand on the truth or falsity of the Moscow trials—after having written the following extraordinary lines: "It is good to see the conservatives of this country, Great Britain, France, and Poland named even for a fraction of their responsibility for this war. It is good to see the Soviet Union shown as the one nation during the past decade which not only understood fascism but desired to destroy it, and which not only desired peace but had some ideas how it might be preserved. . . ." How can Agee be so agonizingly indecisive about the trials and so blatantly, unqualifiedly cocksure about the even more complex questions of the Soviet Union and war, fascism, and appeasement?

Reluctant as I am to widen the area of Agee's impotence, I must ask him: (1) If Munich appeasement was shameful, as it was, why not also the super-appeasement of the Nazi-Soviet pact? (2) If the conservatives bear heavy responsibility for the war, as they do, why not also the Kremlin, whose pact was the match that touched off the explosion? (3) If the Soviet Union "understood fascism" so well, how does Agee explain (a) the "Social Fascist" theory of the late twenties, and the refusal of

the Communists to make a united front with the German Social Democracy against Hitler; (b) Stalin's failure to send decisive aid to Spain, because of respect for the "non-intervention" farce, and his followers' joining with the conservative democrats within the Loyalist government to strangle the developing social revolution, which might have brought victory over Franco; (c) the Communist slogan in 1933, "After Hitler, our turn"—hardly a good example of "understanding" fascism; (d) Molotov's famous remark in 1939 about fascism being "a matter of taste"; (e) the support given to Hitler's peace drives, after he had conquered Europe, by Communist groups throughout the world—up to June 21, 1941, that is?

My friend Agee has a right to whatever opinions he likes, but he also has the obligation to harmonize these opinions one with the other. To leave unresolved the internal contradictions in his criticism, in the hope of somehow pleasing everyone, is doubletalk at a time when clarity on the kind of issue posed by "Mission to Moscow" is of vital importance.

DWIGHT MACDONALD

New York, June 2

Mr. Agee Talks Back

Dear Sirs: It was foolish to venture an opinion on a matter of which I am ignorant; I should have left that to men so conspicuously qualified to have political opinions that they are constantly crushing one another's skulls with the documentary evidence which proves, beyond any doubt, that each of them is right. Hereafter, I will try to stay out of it. Meanwhile I accept my friend Dwight Macdonald's reprimand as well deserved, and will proceed to answer his letter in detail as best I may.

As a matter of gratuitous honesty I must first say that the opinion which so particularly upset Macdonald remains unchanged. But it also remains, as it always was, a purely personal opinion. I will not try to defend it. I don't know enough to, and don't much believe in that sort of knowledge anyway.

But to reply more in detail. I recognize the existence of "a connection between the human and artistic value of a propagandist work of art and the quality of the cause it promotes," but question Macdonald's broad sequiturs. Much that

is bad about "Mission to Moscow" is, merely, characteristic of Hollywood, as Macdonald himself would be well qualified to recognize if his political focus did not blur every other. On the other hand, quite a bit of the propagandist drive in "The Birth of a Nation," "Ten Days That Shook the World," "Old and New," Dovschenko's "Frontier" and his "Liberation" was questionable; but that did not prevent these from being great films.

In a highly qualified way, I approved just two of the political objectives of this film.

I neither "admit" nor "profess" an impotence to "take any stand" on the Moscow trials; I merely state it.

Macdonald's more pointed remarks I will find it hard to reply to—impossible, indeed, in the terms in which he makes them, for I am immeasurably (1) less well-informed than he, (2) less interested in being informed, (3) less concerned to have a consistent—or much of any less consistent—political point of view. So I shall have to answer merely as a politically unsophisticated—not to say uninterested—individual.

Speaking very generally to begin with, my remarks about the Soviet understanding of fascism and of the means by which peace might have been preserved were not intended to suggest that the Soviet Union had either total wisdom or a snow-white record. In answering Macdonald's questions in detail, I am not embarrassed, as I might well be if I felt bound either to defend or to attack every action of the Soviet Union, or if I felt Mr. Macdonald's reverence for fact.

1. There are appeasements and appeasements, with more of a difference between them than the word "super." One, I should say, was made without adequate understanding either of the enemy or of the consequences; the other, with a clear understanding of both. Both were shameful if you like, but one was intelligent, the other not.

2. Why not, indeed? But it does seem to me that by that time—for what complex reasons I don't know, nor, probably, does Mr. Macdonald—the Soviet desire for peace had shifted to the simplest and coldest possible desire for self-preservation. Yes, the pact set off the war; and I don't like the chestnut-pulling game, whoever plays at it (not even when my friend Macdonald constructs a

device which causes me to do it for him); but I do assume it as inevitably to be expected of any nation—above all, of any nation which has to recognize that it is without a reliable ally on earth; and I feel, as Mr. Macdonald either does not or does not want to show that he does, that this is a secondary form of responsibility, the true weight of which rests again on the conservatives and the fascists.

3. As far as I could explain it at all, I would explain it as the characteristic, expediency-governed twisting and turning which I fear would seem—or perhaps be—necessary to those under the difficult obligation of practicing politics rather than the easier profession of theorizing about them. This does not seem to me incompatible with "understanding" one's enemies; indeed, it seems symptomatic of understanding—which I will grant is not synonymous with infallible probity, wise judgment, or successful conduct. (a) I know nothing of the Social Fascist theory and will attempt neither to explain it nor to learn anything about it. I would suppose that the refusal of a united front with the Social Democrats came more from a reluctance to join with an old set of enemies than from a lack of understanding of the new. (Am I wrong, by the way, in remembering that Trotsky, later on, disparaged the Popular Front; and if so, does this imply that he failed to understand fascism?) (b) Stalin, I always supposed, knew better than to get into a war without allies, and did everything he could for Spain under the treacherous circumstances. Perhaps Stalin's followers did not share Macdonald's opinion that the kind of social revolution which was developing in Spain might have brought victory over Franco. (c) I have no idea of the cause or context of the slogan, but remember a time when Mr. Macdonald and many other leftists felt that fascism was an inevitable late-stage historical process. I would agree that this implies an inadequate understanding of fascism, but I never claimed that that understanding was—or is—absolute, in anybody's mind. (d) During much of 1939 I was not reading the papers, so I first heard this famous remark only a few weeks ago. I have no idea what Molotov meant by it, nor will I bother to find out. I am quite willing to presume that it was a crooked remark or an ironic one; far less willing to imagine that it was a naive one, implying a lack of understanding of fascism. (e) I suppose that the Soviet Union desired peace for the time being, at whatever price to

others immediately and to itself ultimately; and was as willing, during that period, to see the democracies defeated as the fascists. That this policy was reversed after the invasion of the Soviet Union is too obvious an irony either to amuse or to embitter me.

I cannot agree that I am under obligation to harmonize my opinions on matters which seem to me disharmonious beyond any sane possibility of harmonizing one's opinions about them: quite to the contrary, in fact. Any doubletalk, to say nothing of tripletalk, in my review or in this letter is open to the interpretation of the reader but is entirely unrealized by the writer. Macdonald is incorrect—as I half-suspect he knows—in saying that I wrote "in the hope of somehow pleasing everyone." That would have been characteristic of depths of political respect which I do not feel, of cowardice which I feel still less, and of a conscious disintegrity which I entirely disclaim. That I pleased anyone surprised me; for on this sort of question, unlike those who are at rest either within some faction or in the non-factionalism I am by no means at rest in, I am incapable of pleasing myself. I agree with Macdonald that clarity on such issues is important; it is important, too, that we learn whether the human predicament is tragic or no worse than a bad cold, and act accordingly; and it would be convenient if clarity on that important question and quite a number less important were possible. As matters stand, though, one man's clarity is another man's poison—or may, which is worse, poison large portions of the human race; and my only point of rest is that though I desire clarity, I would rather be confused by confusion than by false clarity.

JAMES AGE

New York, June 8

The Forgiven Man

Dear Sirs: As a very rich man I suppose I should be gratified by the new tax bill, but I confess that it not only alarms me but poses a very difficult personal problem. I am a married man without dependents, and my income for some years past has been about \$1,000,000 annually. As a prudent man I have naturally made it a practice to set aside from income as it accumulated enough to meet my tax obligations. Now, thanks to Congress, I need not hand over to the Treasury the \$854,000 I had earmarked for the payment of taxes on 1942 income. Instead, I will only owe \$213,500, the payment of which can be spread over

two years. Of course, 1943 taxes have to be paid, but these I shall meet out of current income. Consequently I have \$640,500 in the bank to use as I like, and my problem is what to do with it. Even for a man of expensive tastes, it is difficult to spend a sum of this size. Of course, you may say why not invest it in war bonds; but this is where prudence and patriotism clash, for the inflationary implications of this tax bill, and other Congressional actions, make investment in fixed-interest-bearing securities quite a gamble. Shall I then hedge against inflation by buying common stocks or speculate in land? Perhaps you or your readers can advise me.

PERPLEXED MILLIONAIRE

New York, June 8

[We often get letters intended for the *Nation's* Business and we suspect this may be one of them. Nevertheless, we print it because of the light it throws on "the Ruml plan set to three-quarter time," as Representative Dingell described the forgiveness bill. We don't know how to advise our correspondent, but we should like to suggest to the Treasury that it relieve him of part of his worry by applying the rules governing the taxability of forgiven debts. If A owes B \$1,000 and B generously tears up his note, that sum becomes part of A's taxable income for that year. Now why should not the \$640,500 which our "perplexed millionaire" owed the Treasury and now will be excused from paying be added to his 1943 income? That would reduce his problem to a more manageable size, while the application of the same rule to all income-tax payers would produce for the public purse a considerable proportion of the extra \$16 billion it needs this year.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Congratulations!

Dear Sirs: Belatedly responding to a long-felt urge, I congratulate you on the acquisition of Diana Trilling as a regular contributor. Her intelligent criticism makes the weekly advent of *The Nation* particularly pleasurable. May her connection with *The Nation* endure.

PHILIP CHAPIN JONES

Northport, L. I., May 16

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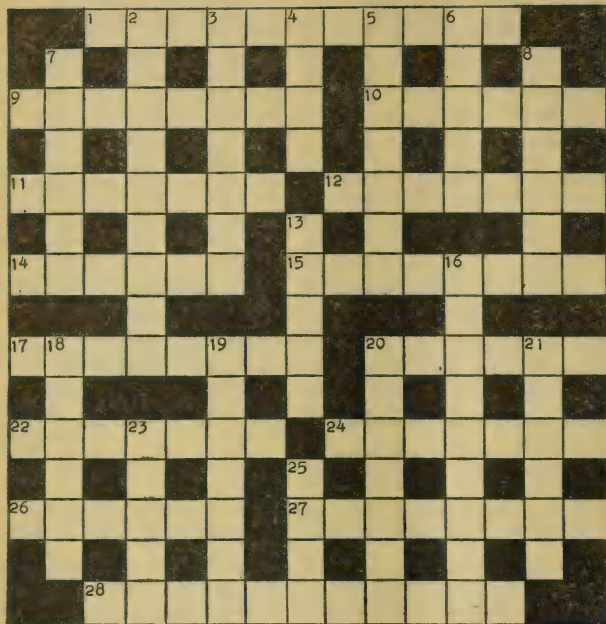
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 18

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 Reverse the parts of this weapon (?) and it's what bachelors do
- 9 Special weight, when it's same ship, only different
- 10 You ought to see us do it in this work room
- 11 Better halved, so to speak
- 12 A bit above the Roaring Forties
- 14 Largest family in the English-speaking world
- 15 Large numbers in power
- 17 Fishy result of giving an operator tea
- 20 American war correspondent
- 22 In this case the German variety is preferred
- 24 It's very marked how was differs from is
- 26 Barbers and fiddlers do it for a living
- 27 Its wartime operations are beyond the ken of most of us (two words, 3 and 5)
- 28 Though no great interest is shown in Government issues, they rank among these (two words, 4 and 7)

DOWN

- 2 He takes what's left
- 8 Flame-throwers of an earlier and more peaceful period (two words, 3 and 4)

- 4 Otherwise in dregs
- 5 Stir tea to make it this
- 6 This craft is a feature of a tennis champion
- 7 How to keep well
- 8 Proud claim of New York City's police force
- 13 Consuming in this case is not using up!
- 16 We learned from him (two words, 3 and 6)
- 18 The more you cut it the longer it is
- 19 Scowled over the darkened landscape in Paradise Lost
- 20 Of his family tree nothing is known but the bark
- 21 Followed without intent to catch
- 23 Rude if prolonged
- 25 Dissolute fellow with teeth that stick out

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 17

ACROSS:—1 PURPLE; 5 PATCHES; 10 ARTICHOKE; 11 PETAL; 12 CORTEGE; 13 SECURE; 14 TAILS; 16 AEROLITES; 18 RACE-GOERS; 20 PATER; 22 BENARES; 24 DESERTS; 26 OLIVE; 27 BANDWAGON; 28 SWEATER; 29 SPRITE.

DOWN:—2 UTTER; 3 POCKETS; 4 EXONERATE; 5 PRESS; 6 TOPICAL; 7 HOT-TENTOT; 8 SOLDIERS; 9 MASCOT; 15 INCENTIVE; 17 RESIDENTS; 18 RIBBONS; 19 GARMENT; 20 POST-WAR; 21 RESENT; 23 SOBER; 25 RIGHT.

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

EDITORIALS

- | | |
|--|-----|
| Czar or Subsidies | 879 |
| British Labor Marks Time | 880 |
| Expediency in Argentina <i>by Freda Kirchwey</i> | 881 |

ARTICLES

- | | |
|---|-----|
| How Weiner Was Tractored Out <i>by I. F. Stone</i> | 882 |
| Strategy for Negroes <i>by James Boyd</i> | 884 |
| Decline of the Sea Wolves <i>by Donald W. Mitchell</i> | 887 |
| 10 Years Ago in <i>The Nation</i> | 888 |
| Tensions in British Politics <i>by Reinhold Niebuhr</i> | 889 |
| In the Wind | 890 |

POLITICAL WAR *edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

- | | |
|--|-----|
| Collapse of a Satellite <i>by F. C. Weiskopf</i> | 891 |
| Behind the Enemy Line <i>by Argus</i> | 892 |
| Papal Guidance | 893 |

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- | | |
|---|-----|
| Mr. Lippmann's Realism <i>by Albert Guérard</i> | 894 |
| Isak Dinesen <i>by Louise Bogan</i> | 894 |
| Concerning Cartels <i>by Rifat Tirana</i> | 895 |
| The Unconquered <i>by Marcus Duffield</i> | 896 |
| A Fighting European <i>by Rustem Vambery</i> | 898 |
| Fiction in Review <i>by Diana Trilling</i> | 899 |
| Records <i>by B. H. Haggin</i> | 901 |

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

- | | |
|---|-----|
| CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 19 <i>by Jack Barrett</i> | 904 |
|---|-----|

The Shape of Things

ONCE AGAIN THE COAL FIELDS ARE IDLE, and once again the country faces the prospect of almost total disruption of war production should the dispute last more than a week or two. It would be hard to acquit the various government agencies which have sought to deal with the situation of all responsibility, but the chief blame rests squarely on the shoulders of John L. Lewis. From the beginning his attitude has been: "Meet my demands or else." By his refusal to recognize the jurisdiction of the War Labor Board, by his insistence on negotiating with the strike weapon in hand and thereby violating the pledge he had given in common with other labor leaders, by his openly expressed determination to smash the Little Steel order, he created a situation in which the government could only satisfy his demands by abdicating its authority. In their dissenting opinion on the "portal-to-portal" issue the labor members of the WLB accuse the majority of resorting to a "technical and narrow interpretation" of their powers under the President's directive. Nevertheless, the argument that the proposed flat-rate compensation for travel time would not remove the admitted inequalities of the face-to-face system is difficult to controvert. Nor can it be gainsaid that miners' pay on a six-day-week basis compares so favorably with that in many other industries that an increase under any formula would make it hard to refuse a general upward revision of wages.

✱

UNDER LEWIS'S LEADERSHIP THE U. M. W. HAS been brought to a point where it is defying both public opinion and the government so flagrantly that the Administration is bound to use all means of breaking the strike. Even so, we still think that the War Labor Disputes Bill, which makes Lewis's intransigence an excuse for undermining the rights of all unions, should be vetoed. We realize, nevertheless, that it would require tremendous courage on the part of the President to refuse to sign. For a veto would leave him wide open to attack on the ground that he had met a threat to the national safety by thrusting aside a proffered weapon to withstand it. Whether the bill, if it becomes law—and the indications are that it will before this issue of *The Nation*

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reaches its readers—will, in fact, prove effective in opening up the mines remains to be seen. Possibly the strike might be broken by seizure of the U. M. W.'s funds, but we expect Mr. Lewis would be able to muster enough legal talent to prevent this and to keep himself out of jail. A more hopeful procedure, we believe, would be for the government to take over the mines—not on paper, as it has already done, but by leasing them for the duration. The miners would then feel that they were working directly for the government and were no longer creating private profits. In such circumstances the President would be in a much better position to insist that they disregard the orders of John L. Lewis.

✱

AS A STATESMAN SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL, who is to take office as Viceroy of India next October, is an unknown quantity, but at least he has no political record of the kind that would damn him from the outset. This is more than can be said for a number of the men who had been mentioned as possibles for the appointment. Wavell has been a soldier all his life, and many good authorities think he is among Britain's greatest. His campaign in Libya and his direction of the successful conquest of Ethiopia have been overshadowed by more recent events in Africa, but these operations will be remembered in history as brilliant examples of brick-making without straw. Although Wavell is the first military man ever to be appointed viceroy, the breaking of precedents can be justified by the fact that strategic insight is a necessity for the chief executive of a country so close to the war as is India. And his choice may be taken as a plain indication that the British government still thinks that victory comes first and Indian independence second. Certainly, Indian nationalists who believe that this order should be reversed declare that the appointment means no change in British policy. We hope that Wavell will prove this pessimism premature. The advent of a new viceroy is always an opportunity for an amnesty, and with Gandhi and Nehru out of jail it would become possible to reopen negotiations.

✱

ELMER DAVIS'S REMARKS ABOUT THE WAY Washington news is handled by reporters and their bosses may have precipitated the action of the House in abolishing the domestic activities of the Office of War Information; but the way in which that speech was used by Senator Styles Bridges and by Representatives Short and Starnes make it clear that anything Davis might have said would have been seized upon as a stick with which to beat the Administration. Bridges accused Davis of wanting to "silence the nation's press"; Short and Starnes brought up the name of Goebbels. (Arthur Krock meanwhile put in his two cents' worth of spleen by saying that Davis had become merely a yes-man for

the Administration—Krock himself being chief no-man.) In the same off-with-their heads session, the House voted to prohibit continuance of the OPA's food-subsidy program; it also stipulated that all price-policy officials should have at least five years of actual business experience—no wonder the Chamber of Commerce raised its voice in fulsome praise next day. We hope the Senate will temper the rash actions of the House on these issues, though its own action directing the liquidation of the National Resources Planning Board is not encouraging. None of these extravagant performances are motivated, we may be sure, by a desire to save money or avert inflation or preserve a free press. The right is on a rampage. That being so, a more cautious man than Davis might have deferred his free speech—which a bureaucrat is entitled to—until after the vote on OWI appropriations. But we can't help admiring him for not refusing to cross Bridges.

✱

THE HOUSE FOREIGN RELATIONS COMMITTEE took a notable step toward prevention of World War III when it unexpectedly adopted the Fulbright resolution pledging the support of Congress for "appropriate international machinery with power adequate to establish and maintain a just and lasting peace." While the Fulbright resolution lacks the clarity of the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill resolution now pending in the Senate, it embodies the essentials of post-war organization. Passage of the resolution by the House should have a most salutary effect abroad. For it makes clear that the United States has no intention of relapsing into the kind of pre-war isolationism that was marked by the Neutrality Act. The fact that staunch isolationists like Hamilton Fish and John M. Vorys approved the resolution indicates that much ground has been won. While we shall doubtless find many of these isolationists opposing all specific plans for post-war organization, their assent to the general principle of American participation in world affairs suggests that they are aware of the present temper of public opinion as expressed in the opinion polls. The situation in the Senate, where the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill resolution has been held up for months, is much less satisfactory. Possibly because Senators only come up for reelection once in six years, isolationism still appears to have considerable influence in the upper chamber. But there is at least a fighting chance that in an effort to keep the House from stealing the show, the Senate will feel compelled to go that body one better and adopt the Ball resolution.

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ALMOST A FULL YEAR HAS PASSED SINCE Donald M. Nelson promised to appoint two labor vice-chairmen to the War Production Board. The promise was made when Ferdinand Eberstadt and the Army-Navy Munitions Board were about to take over the WPB; the

promise has finally been kept at a time when the Byrnes-Baruch-Eberstadt combination is again on the verge of engulfing the WPB. Clinton S. Golden, of the United Steel Workers, is to be vice-chairman for man-power liaison and at the same time vice-chairman of the War Manpower Commission in charge of labor relations. We know his great ability and applaud his selection. Joseph B. Keenan, former secretary of the Chicago Federation of Labor, is to be vice-chairman of the WPB in charge of the labor-production division. We note with amusement that Nelson unctuously makes much of the fact that they will go on government salary and break off their union connections; most of his business recruits are still drawing salary from the home office. More important than that, however, is the fact that we see no evidence that either Golden or Keenan will give labor a voice in production problems. Golden's duties are to be confined to man-power liaison, though he knows more about production problems than most business men. Keenan, who made a good record under Sidney Hillman in the OPM, is assigned to deal with problems of "worker productivity." Though some of the most fruitful ideas of the war program first came from labor, there is every indication that its representatives at the WPB are to be kept out of management's production counsels.

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Notice to "Nation" Readers

In order to overcome the increasing delays caused by war-time curtailment of transportation, *The Nation*, beginning with this issue, is advancing its press date by twenty-four hours. This should result in prompt delivery of *The Nation* to subscribers as well as to newsstand buyers.

Czar or Subsidies

OPPONENTS of the Administration have apparently decided to take advantage of bad weather and the exceptional food requirements of war time to make as much political capital as possible out of the food shortage. Their cry at the moment is for a "food czar" with full control over production, processing, distribution, and pricing of food. On the surface, the demand seems not unreasonable. Greater coordination and centralization of authority are usually necessary in war time. Mr. Davis's powers, though great, are by no means absolute. He does not have the authority, for example, to allow farm prices to skyrocket, even though it may be argued that a sharp increase in agricultural prices would certainly bring increased production. He does not have the power to reduce army or lend-lease allotments, although such a reduction would certainly mean more food for civilians. He cannot compel men to work on farms if they prefer the high wages of the war plants. The advocates of a "food czar" probably have no de-

sire to upset our man-power or lend-lease arrangements. Their one interest is in getting higher prices for farm products, and their demand for an over-all food authority is largely a cloak for a drive against the existing price controls. The larger interests of a balanced war-production program have been wholly overlooked.

The farm bloc particularly has been angered by the proposed rollbacks in food prices, and it has taken advantage of the squeeze caused by the rollback to parade alleged instances in which farmers are not meeting the costs of production. That the opposition to the rollback is political rather than economic is made clear by the farm bloc's antagonism to a system of subsidies which would guarantee the farmer full costs of production plus a reasonable profit. Fortunately, the opponents of the subsidies have not been able to think up an effective argument against them. Protests that the subsidies would be "inflationary" carry little conviction from a group that only a few weeks ago was urging passage of the Pace bill to include farm labor costs in parity prices. The truth is that subsidies offer the one method by which the existing inflationary spiral can be controlled while Congress procrastinates in its task of increasing taxes sufficiently to mop up excess buying power. As the President pointed out at his press conference last week, it is possible to correct an inequity through the payment of a subsidy without giving new impetus to the inflationary spiral. A boost in farm prices, on the other hand, would be immediately reflected in an increase in the cost of living, thus creating a demand for higher wages and salaries and raising the prices of the things the farmer must buy. Subsidies also have the advantage of flexibility. They can be used to stimulate the production of nutritious foods, such as soy beans and peanuts, which might otherwise be neglected. Properly administered, subsidies also may be used as a weapon to combat the black market. The OPA can make certain that no subsidies are paid to anyone who has in any way aided black market operations.

In view of Britain's success with food subsidies in combating inflation the President and Price Administrator Prentiss Brown are to be commended for sticking to their guns. As a result of their tenacity it begins to look for the first time in months as if the OPA had the price situation reasonably well in hand. But it must be recognized that they are going to have a tough job holding their position for, while repelling a frontal attack from Capitol Hill, they also have to deal with sniping from the rear. Encouraged by the demand for a "food czar," Mr. Chester Davis has presented an ultimatum demanding full power over price and rationing policies for his War Food Administration. He also insists that he must deal directly with the President instead of with the Office of Economic Stabilization as at present.

The grant of such sweeping powers to Mr. Davis would be popular with the farmers—or at least with the farm

lobby—but we have grave doubts whether it would be in the interests of the consumers. True, he has let it be known that he is not wholly opposed to subsidies, but he seems to accept the Farm Bureau's view that prices must go up. Yet it is in the food price sector that the anti-inflationary front is already cracking, and if this gives way the line cannot be held.

British Labor Marks Time

THE end of its most controversial conference since the war started sees the British Labor Party signaling "no change." By a large majority it voted for continuance of the party truce in the interests of national unity; by a rather smaller one it rejected the view that either national or working-class unity would be promoted by accepting the affiliation of the Communist Party. These were the two major issues debated, and the conclusions reached were in accordance with informed forecasts. A more open and exciting contest was that between Arthur Greenwood and Herbert Morrison for the treasurership of the party. Greenwood won by a substantial but not overwhelming majority.

Some American commentators have interpreted this duel as one between right and left, with the victory going to the left. Actually both men can be described as right center, and there are no very serious differences between them either on long-range policy or short-range tactics. Both believe in the gradual approach to socialism; both favor the continuance of the party truce and the exclusion of the Communists. On the other hand, the rivalry between them is not purely personal, although personal factors do enter. Rather it represents a structural fissure in the party which is scarcely visible when Labor is in opposition but is likely to gape widely when Labor again takes office.

The British Labor Party is really a federation in which the two chief components are the national trade unions and the local labor parties. The trade-union element is both the strength and the weakness of the organization. It supplies the mass backing and much of the financial support, but the individual members of the local parties do most of the practical work. Thanks to the voting weight they exercise and their monetary resources, the trade unions in a great many of the most promising constituencies have the last word on Parliamentary nominees, and all too often they use this as a means of pensioning off elderly officials. The result has been to raise the average age and lower the mental caliber of the Parliamentary Labor Party. More important than this, however, is the fact that trade unions, as professional bodies, tend inevitably to put their special group interests first. During the war, it is true, they have consciously resisted this temptation and have made victory their foremost object. But

in times of peace a measure which infringes on some vested trade-union interest may be strenuously fought even though it is in accord with the Labor Party program.

Arthur Greenwood, although not a union official, has always been close to the big trade unions. Morrison, on the other hand, owes his place in the party to the way in which he built it up in the London area, where owing to the multiplicity of trades no one union predominates. Of the two, he is perhaps the more aware of the fact that if ever labor is to win full power it must broaden its base and become less of a "class" party in the old sense. In a series of remarkable speeches he has made during the past few months, the keynote of which has been the paramountcy of the consumer in the promotion of economic welfare, he has attacked the evils of sectionalism, monopoly, and restriction in a manner which may well have irked some of his trade-union colleagues. "Labor," he said in one of these addresses, "must be more in practice than a party of social services and wage standards. . . . The one general principle that has some meaning and can be defended is that the interest of the community, and not the interest of this or that group in industry or elsewhere, must decide.

There is great danger that after the war Churchill's prestige will sweep the Conservatives back into power on a victory flood tide and that, as Reinhold Niebuhr suggests elsewhere in this issue, the war-time promises of social and economic reform will be forgotten. This is why some of the most vigorous members of the Labor Party have urged that the political truce should be ended now. Lack of activity and the necessity of maintaining the status quo by not fighting by-elections is, they contend, sapping the party's energy and organization. And, after the war, they fear, Churchill will be in a position to force them into a continued coalition on take-it-or-leave-it terms. These factors cannot be lightly dismissed but the political truce cannot be broken without breaking up the national government—a step which would almost certainly prove a costly blunder. It would force Churchill to seek a new mandate at a general election with the Conservatives appearing as the embodiment of the national will to victory and Labor as pursuers of sectional ends.

Labor will not win power by such tactics but rather by making itself a vehicle for the widespread though not fully articulated demand in Britain for a new social order. Herbert Morrison, we believe, has grasped that truth and alone among the leaders of British Labor he is hammering out a far-sighted policy. That is why we regret his defeat by Greenwood who, despite his ability and charm, no longer seems to possess the dynamics of leadership. Marking time in the electoral field is one thing but British Labor cannot afford to stick in the mental rut into which it fell after the downfall of the Labor government in 1931.

Expediency in Argentina

BY FRED KIRCHWEY

THE action of the State Department in recognizing the military government in Argentina was a dubious move from every point of view. It was not, one must admit, without precedent. Although our government has sometimes withheld recognition from regimes which came to power through unconstitutional means, it has sometimes, as recently in the case of Panama, established relations with them promptly and without asking embarrassing questions. In other words, we have kept the principle of constitutionality on ice to be used when convenient—turning principle itself into an instrument of expediency.

So there's no use scolding the Administration for forgetting, in the case of Argentina, its theoretical disapproval of governments born of rebellion. The problem is a different one. The problem is to decide whether, since expediency is to be our guide whichever course we follow, the quick recognition of the Ramirez dictatorship was a wise move. *The Nation* believed, and said at the time of the coup, that the State Department would do well to insist upon a constitutional regime which could be counted upon to adopt an honest, anti-Axis foreign policy. We pointed out that the reactionary character of the new government offered little reason to expect that Argentina would become a full, dues-paying member of the anti-Axis coalition.

Now, too late, Washington is beginning to discover facts that were evident from the moment the Ramirez junta took power. Not only has Ramirez given no sign of anti-Axis sentiment, but suspicion is gaining ground that the coup was actually engineered by a pro-Nazi military group which believed that Patron Costas, Castillo's hand-picked successor, might, when elected, favor closer relations with the United States. Whether this turns out to be the case or not, it is obvious that the new regime is playing a cagy game, proclaiming solidarity with the other Americas while announcing as its international policy a new variety of "true" neutrality.

Argentina's military men and other nationalist elements have watched with alarm and natural resentment the rearming of its neighbors, particularly Brazil, with American lend-lease material. If the new government can get a share of this valuable booty and at the same time maintain its happy intimacy with the Axis powers, the hopes of the reactionaries will be wholly realized. Every gesture so far made must be taken as a hopeful bid for material aid from the United States. But in this gamble the Ramirez regime stands to lose. Recognition is one thing; guns and planes and tanks are more precious commodities, and our government is not likely to hand them out for anything less than a break with the Axis.

Since this is so, one cannot exclude the possibility that a break may come. If its present tactics should prove unsuccessful, Argentina, also applying the test of expediency, might decide that a share of lend-lease material was worth the formal severing of relations with Germany and Italy. It is even conceivable that Hitler might connive in such a move, believing that a well-armed, powerful pro-Axis state in South America could be of greater help, even in the absence of formal relations, than a state ostracized by the rest of the hemisphere and deprived of access to the great arsenal to the north.

This is speculation; but it is worth indulging in if only that we may prepare ourselves mentally for a situation which would hold almost as many chances of trouble for the United States and the Allied cause as the present one. If Argentina should break off relations with the Axis, the activities of German and Italian diplomatic agents would be taken over, as in other Latin American countries, by the Phalanx and Franco's embassies and consulates. Spain's fascist government has maintained particularly close ties with Argentina, with which it recently signed a new trade pact; the two reactionary regimes share an open sympathy for the Axis, a hatred of democracy, a partiality for political clericalism; and the agents of the Phalanx are solidly established in Argentina's social and business life. Nothing known about the new regime suggests that this situation will change.

Meanwhile, a reactionary gang of generals and admirals is busy clamping its control over the whole of Argentina. Not only has Congress been abrogated; the elected governments of the states are being forcibly thrown out and supplanted by governors appointed by Ramirez—in one case by a known and active pro-Nazi. The government has also called off the Presidential election scheduled for September, and has made the meaning of this action doubly clear by announcing that the word "provisional" no longer applies to a regime which has been approved by the Supreme Court and recognized by foreign countries. The last vestiges of constitutional rule, with which even Castillo dared not tamper, are being wiped out. Washington's misguided haste in giving diplomatic sanction to the new regime must have greatly enhanced its prestige, both at home and among the other Latin American republics. On the other hand, a delay in recognizing Ramirez, for which we could have found even nobler precedents than for recognition, would have created doubt everywhere, encouraged honest democrats and pro-Ally elements in Argentina to force a change of policy or another change of government, and announced to the world our interest in acts rather than words.

It took us sixteen years to decide to recognize the Soviet government, which had been established by a people's revolution; we might profitably have waited sixteen days to recognize the reactionary government of Argentina, set up by a military coup.



How Weiner Was Tractored Out

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, June 18

I HAVE before me a pamphlet published by one of the termite outfits still covertly operating despite the war. The pamphlet is called "Famine in America—Home Grown by the Farmers from Union Square." It works back from the farm-machinery question through the League for Industrial Democracy to a long list of Jewish names and the usual paranoid hints at a worldwide conspiracy. I open it to a speech by Shafer of Michigan shrewdly appealing to interests threatened by the war effort. "If the free press of America," Shafer said, "is in danger—and it is—it is Weiner who is to blame. It is Weiner who advocated an 80 per cent slash in newsprint. . . . If prohibition creeps into America through the back door—with all the attendant evils of gangs, murder, and poison liquor—Weiner is to blame, with his program for a 99 per cent slash in distilled liquor. . . . It was Weiner, Russian-born Wall Street lawyer, who slashed farm-production machinery 70 per cent without rhyme, reason, or authority."

This speech is only one of the more extreme examples of the attacks made in Congress upon Joseph Weiner, who, as I explained last week, has just been elbowed out of the War Production Board by Donald M. Nelson after two years as head of civilian supply in the successive alphabet war agencies. Perhaps Weiner was not "broad-gauged" enough—to borrow Nelson's phrase—to understand that it was as important to keep in the good graces of the distillers as to provide alcohol for smokeless powder and synthetic rubber. The distillers, however, are now turning out industrial alcohol for war, whether they like it or not. The farm-equipment manufacturers, allied as they were with the farm bloc, proved more powerful. They objected, as did every other civilian industry, to having their production cut after Pearl Harbor. The Big Seven in the industry protested against the concentration order which handed over curtailed production schedules to the smaller companies and cleared the decks of the big ones for war work.

"There was, of course, tremendous pressure from the armed services to get everything they wanted," Senator Truman of Missouri said to Weiner at the Truman committee hearings on farm equipment last January. ". . . I am morally certain that there was not any pressure group down there pounding you on every side to get this farm machinery for the farmer." This is one of the few cases in which Senator Truman's moral certainties do not survive empiric test. The big farm-equipment companies

and the farm bloc have succeeded in recent months in deceiving the Truman committee, getting authority over farm equipment shifted from the WPB to the Department of Agriculture, and obtaining constant upward revision in their steel allocations. On June 9 Nelson announced that in the year beginning July 1 the farm-equipment companies would be allowed to produce 80 per cent of the 1940 level, and gave them a preliminary allocation of 900,000 tons of steel. He also announced that concentration of production would be abandoned.

Here are the facts of the farm-equipment story. The years 1937, 1940, 1941, and 1942—despite Pearl Harbor—were the four years of highest farm-machinery sales since the First World War. Farmers entered 1943 with the greatest aggregate quantity of machinery in history. A curtailment program went into effect on November 1, 1942. In July of that year, after considerable prodding, the farm-equipment branch of the WPB, a branch dominated—typically—by the big manufacturers, had recommended that in the twelve months beginning November 1 production be permitted at 50 per cent of the 1940 level. Their opposite numbers in the Department of Agriculture agreed, but Secretary Wickard, as chairman of the Food Requirements Committee, cut this to 38 per cent. The Civilian Supply Branch of the WPB recommended 27.6 per cent for the reason, among others, that liberal appeals methods generally permit production 20 to 25 per cent in excess of quotas. The Army-Navy Munitions Board, through Ferdinand Eberstadt, its chairman at the time, urged a deeper cut because of the urgent need for raw materials. As a result, Weiner was instructed to cut farther. His final recommendation of 23 per cent was approved by the all-powerful Requirements Committee, on which the armed services are represented, but in September that body cut the farm-equipment program again, allocating to it only 120,000 tons of steel instead of the 176,000 tons called for by the 23 per cent program. Weiner at this point appealed and got the original allocation restored. Output of repair parts was permitted at 145 per cent of the 1940 level. It was felt that with this generous allowance for repair parts and the large stock of machinery on hand, we should have ample equipment with which to meet food goals.

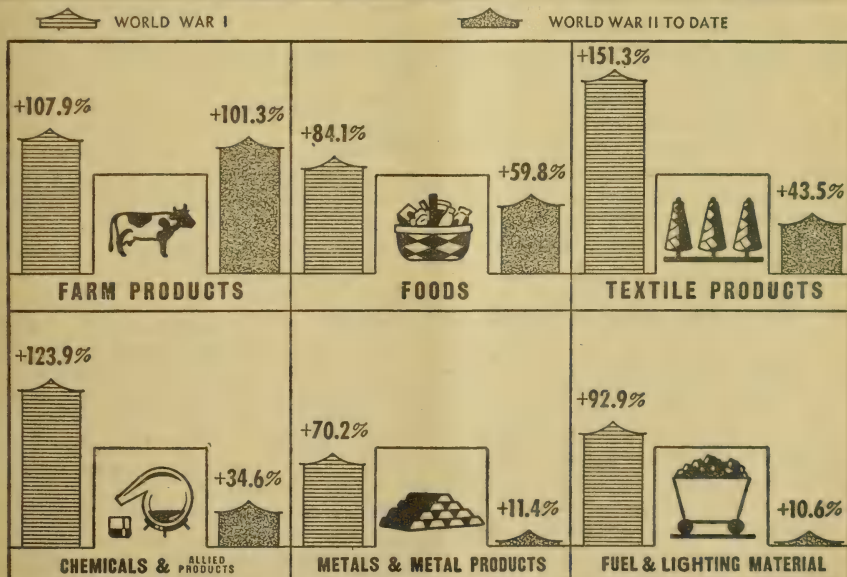
In the summer of 1942, while the industry was still going full blast on civilian work, it had a huge backlog of unfilled war orders, most of them on the books of the large companies. Only the Big Seven can make trac-

tors and combines, but the Labor Production Division of the WPB and Weiner's Office of Civilian Supply proposed in July that production of other farm machinery be concentrated in the smaller plants. In August both Lieutenant General Somervell, chief of the Services of Supply, and Under Secretary of War Patterson urged Nelson to put Weiner's concentration program into effect as quickly as possible. So did the War Manpower Commission. The industry balked, and the WPB balked with it, but a modified program was finally adopted in October. Ever since, there has been retreat, one concession following another. "Farm equipment," the *Wall Street Journal* says today, "is being fixed by politics." And by big business.

In the retreat Weiner was left to become the goat of industry and the farm bloc. The Shafer type of attack upon him began in Congress in December. When the Truman committee looked into the situation, with malice aforethought, in January, it did not summon Patterson, Somervell, Eberstadt, or Nelson. Eberstadt let the committee know privately that he would increase the allotment for farm machinery before the hearings, and Nelson announced an increased allocation the day after the Truman report was rushed into print. The committee,

which praised Weiner last June for "advocating an all-out effort," was shamefully unfair to him in its farm-machinery report in January. Previously suspicious of dollar-a-year men, it criticized Weiner for not heeding the advice of the personnel of the Farm Machinery and Equipment Branch, "drawn in large part from the industry, having a wealth of experience gathered over a long period of time in planning an industry program under conditions free from governmental restriction"—a new note in Truman reports. No one would have gathered from that report that the farm-machinery branch of Weiner's Civilian Supply Division was headed and staffed by farm-born and -bred agricultural experts. While Weiner was being attacked in Congress as a "Russian-born Wall Street lawyer," no one pointed out that William Russell, who drew up the farm-equipment report for the Truman committee, was formerly with Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine, and Wood, Wall Street's most famous firm of corporation lawyers. Weiner has been trampled out by the Big Seven, and the price will be paid in battle. Though the armed forces are still short of steel, International Harvester and its allies will probably get 1,000,000 tons in the next twelve months. *Ce n'est pas la guerre.*

INCREASE OF COMMODITY PRICES IN TWO WARS



SOURCE: BUREAU OF LABOR STATISTICS

GRAPHIC BY VESL

Strategy for Negroes

BY JAMES BOYD

[Convinced that Negro-white relations cannot be substantially improved solely by protesting against individual cases of discrimination, we have undertaken to give our readers a consideration of the deeper problems involved. To get at the roots of the matter it is not enough merely to present the views for which The Nation has always stood, to reiterate, that is, our traditional advocacy of racial equality. Neither is anything to be gained by publishing the well-known views of professional Southern hate-mongers. Our purpose in printing the following article, with which we sharply disagree at many points, is to demonstrate the magnitude of the problem by presenting it through the eyes of an enlightened and sympathetic Southerner. Whatever we and the majority of our readers may feel about the urgency of effecting complete racial equality, it is vital to know the gap that must be bridged between our position and that of even the most advanced Southern liberals. Mr. Boyd's article is to be followed in our next issue by the views of a liberal Negro writer who finds the Boyd approach no longer convincing.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

RECENTLY A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, was quoted by *PM* as having said that the Ku Klux Klan was behind John Temple Graves of the *Birmingham Age-Herald* and Virginius Dabney of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*. Asked by the present writer to comment on this report, Mr. Randolph declared that he had said rather than the two expressed the spirit of the Klan. This distinction is minor. Two outstanding Southern liberals have been classed with the Klan by one of the most prominent Negroes in America. It is not a unique incident: there have recently been numerous Negro attacks on liberals, North and South.

So general, in fact, on the part of Negroes is this new attitude toward both white and Negro liberalism that it carries the mark of deliberate strategy. If it is strategy, then it should be based on what is called in military parlance an "estimate of the situation." No strategy is likely to be effective that does not first weigh the elements for and against its success. But so far as is known, this estimate has not been made by the Negroes who are practicing the strategy. Before discussing the prospects of their campaign then, it will be worth while to make that estimate, taking into account the basic factors which affect the Negro's position in American society.

Most rudimentary of those factors is man's primitive antagonism to the strange. The alien cast up on the beach

is killed because his color, speech, smell are different. The impulse is rooted in nature's urge to eliminate the atypical from her breeding program and must therefore be reckoned with in all contacts between physically different races, however tragically misapplied. When instead of the solitary castaway great numbers of aliens are involved, this primitive instinct against the strange is powerfully reinforced by a group instinct to defend the cultural heritage. Probably the strongest motive behind this attitude is the determination of a race to keep its children like itself. It is characteristic of all races to be uneasy lest the succeeding generation fall away from the parents' precious standards. A threat to change children from replicas of ourselves into beings of a different kind stirs us to fierce resistance. This is true even though the alien host was deliberately imported, as were both the Negroes in the South and the Orientals on the West Coast.

Lastly, wherever there is a history of violence and outrage between physically different races, it is obvious that the prejudices will be intensified on both sides. The victim seeks his vicarious revenge, and the perpetrator seeks reasons to explain and justify his crimes.

And, of course, when a difference in economic levels makes one group a supposed threat to the other's standard of living, all prejudices are exacerbated. In the case of the Negro the threat has been met by wage and job discrimination. This keeps large sections of the Negro population poor, ignorant, and lacking in ambition. These attributes are then cited as reasons for discrimination. The answer is obviously that if the Negro is actually inferior, discrimination is superfluous: he will not be able to compete.

All the factors so far mentioned affect the relations of races in general and of the many racial groups within this country. But in the case of the Negro, added to all these considerations is another circumstance, apparently unique in history, that utterly overshadows them. The Negro is an ex-slave who carries the mark of his former status in his pigmentation. It is the status rather than the color which is the key to his present position. An Apache, for example, is as dark as the average Negro, but a white American would feel no chagrin at finding an Apache in his ancestry. For the Indian was not a slave.

That this susceptibility to enslavement is a permanent characteristic, that the stigma is "real" or deserved, is contrary to the teachings of history, philosophy, religion, and ethnology. Races and cultures rise and fall more slowly than individual families but in the same fashion.

Certainly, to discuss the issue on its lowest plane, many of the bound-boys, indentured servants, and transported felons who arrived in this country were as much "slaves" as the Negro. Certainly, too, the development of both races in this country shows that talent and ability are latent in slaves of any color. It may well be that a white man's emigrant ancestors were substantially slaves, economic or penal. But it is the white man's good fortune that the fact cannot be determined by his appearance.

We have, then, a racial group that while by no means "foreign" is nevertheless not generally accepted either as a social or an economic equal. Many of this race "pass" as whites, but unless a Negro's color is light enough to permit this he remains under the shadow of his heritage. Nothing could be more natural, more creditable to the Negro's spirit, than the determination to escape this shadow, to better himself, to obtain an opportunity equal to that of other men. It is impossible to think of any reason whatever against this honorable desire. Certainly, therefore, the Negro is justified in having some plan of action, some notion of what he is after and of what is the best way to go about getting it.

GRADUALISM OR EXPLOSION?

Roughly two lines of strategy are open to Negro leaders. But they cannot, as they seem to be trying to do now, follow both lines simultaneously. They must choose and choose soon. Their choice would logically be determined by their theory of history. If they are of the gradualist school, the procedure would be to exact, by a combination of persuasion and pressure, as much as the white man in the present state of the two races is willing to concede. That is the method by which peoples and classes, under the slowly developing democratic system, have in the past won a measure of justice. It is a method which never achieves perfect justice and indeed does not present, even theoretically, any perfect state toward which the democrat can strive. Since there is no compelling end, there is nothing to justify the means. The means must justify themselves; they must, however compromised and inadequate, at least represent amelioration of present ills by methods generally agreed on and protected by law. Under democracy there are some things which cannot legally be done to a Negro or any other man. Under a total government, where any policy may be promoted and defended as being in the interest of a promised Utopia, there is nothing which cannot be done. The Negro has under democracy a certain minimum protection, pitiable though it may be, and historically these minimum rights of oppressed classes in a democracy do tend to expand toward equality.

That this protection, however limited, is not, within its frame, negligible may be illustrated by the fact that Negro Communists who obstructed our war effort before Germany's attack on Russia are alive and active today, whereas similar activity in their spiritual fatherland or

any other total state would long ago have brought their liquidation. In the same way the Communist theater in London continued to give plays strongly and no doubt justly critical of the government during the German air raids. The British government has never attempted to achieve, or even had any picture of, a perfect state. But by compromise, concession, belated adaptation, and above all by honorable adherence to such few legal principles as it did admit, it has managed to exist without internal violence since the time of Cromwell. Therefore it was not disturbed by the Marxist theater, nor, with its principles, would it have been easy for it to act if it had been.

So much for democracy and its limitations and its gradualisms. The other theory of history is, of course, the explosive: it holds that all progress, so-called, is produced by fracturing a social mold—or at least by attempts to fracture it. In the case of the American Negro it would have to be the second method. He has not the military strength to challenge the white man. And it is doubtful whether he can get much help. No honest American can be happy about the Negro's present lot or anything but contemptuous of the whites who would worsen or even stabilize it. But though Americans fought once to free the Negro from slavery, they will hardly fight again over the precise status of a race which in the seventy years since it was freed has shown an advance unparalleled in cultural history and which now occupies positions of esteem in the arts and in some branches of learning, of rank in the army, and of influence in Congress. In this picture, it is true, there are plenty of gaps and inadequacies to move a well-disposed white man to indignation and to further effort, but they are not sufficient, taken in their historical setting, to move him to a crusade. Except for problematical Communist support, the Negro would fight alone.

Even Communist support cannot be greatly relied on. Communism is prevalent among the Negro intelligentsia, and its characteristic tactics of provocation and disruption, pursued long after they have ceased to be of service to Russia, may be seen in occasional manufactured incidents and in the Negro's studied attitude of hostility to all whites in some localities. But numerically it is weak, and its leadership has neither the quality nor the native air required to move Americans.

Above all, Soviet Russia, following the course indicated by the dissolution of the Comintern, is almost sure to become more nationalistic, particularly if victorious. In that case it will abandon its local efforts here for the sake of the more strictly national advantages which presumably we shall be able to offer after the war. But even if it were intent on creating for itself a favorable condition of chaos here, it probably would discover that the Negro, for several reasons, was not a suitable agent for the purpose.

The Negro, then, would have to fight alone, and the

most the explosivist could hope for would be race warfare that could not succeed but that, when it burnt itself out, would so move the whites to shame by its record of brutality that the Negro's lot would be ameliorated.

Those who determine the Negro's strategy at this point in our history will have to make the choice. They cannot benefit from both explosion and adaptation. The temptation to produce an explosion is immense. It is easy; the luxury of passion is a grateful one; morally there is justification—the Negro's wrongs are bitter—intellectually there is every reason for claiming the abolition of all distinction. But the real question is whether an explosion will retard or accelerate the Negro's progress. We can try to guess the answer by examining the Civil War, the only departure from gradualism in our internal affairs. The Negro's advance since then has been remarkable, but if we look at the history of the Negro in other countries where slavery was abolished, the long-run advantage of the Civil War seems more dubious. Far from being irrepressible, the conflict now seems to have been synthetically manufactured over an issue that was in danger of being solved peacefully, as it was solved in the British Empire, by economics and the moral sense of mankind.

As it was, to give the ex-slave the vote overnight and at the same time disfranchise the white, while defensible on the grounds of abstract justice or of punishment for rebellion, did in practice so far exceed the cultural limits of both races then that reaction was inevitable. Its paralyzing effect on Southern political intelligence is only too well known. There is less recognition of how profoundly the experience undermined the Negro's confidence in the white man's method of government and also in his own capacity. With no preparation he was raised to some of the highest offices in the state. Almost as swiftly he was deposed and disfranchised. What had been done without forethought was undone by violence at the polls. Inevitably such a sequence poisoned the whole atmosphere of transition.

Nor did the evil consequences of this violent rupture cease with those directly affected. It has been a further misfortune to the nation that a feeling of remorse for its part in Reconstruction has moved the North to condone Southern intransigence and even to regard it with a certain affectionate amusement. No one can demonstrate that a different approach to the problem would have had happier results, but certainly no other method could have been worse.

The Civil War, then, so far as its main issue was concerned, could show for its masses of dead men, of griefs and hatreds, only the bare abolition of chattel servitude. Beyond question, if there was no other solution, the war had to be fought and the curse and shame destroyed. But if a peaceful solution had been worked out, as was done everywhere else, Negro and white man would both be farther advanced in brotherhood today.

By the same token, if violence can advance his cause now, the Negro is justified in not stopping short of it, and, of course, he is justified in denouncing those who counsel moderation. But he should be sure of his strategy and realistic about where his present technique is leading him. As matters are developing, the attitude of some leaders and of most Negro newspapers, intentionally or not, is tending to produce a race war. If this attitude is intentional and if it is adopted by the Negro people, it will have to be justified by the results. If it is not intentional and the war occurs as a sort of mass accident, the tragedy will be absolute.

WASTED ASSETS

Meanwhile, the possible advantages of a campaign of gradualism are being frittered away. There is no space to give details. But a characteristic example may be found in a recent story by Richard Wright in *Harper's Magazine*. Wright tells how the experimental animals in a laboratory were accidentally let out of their cages by the Negro attendants, who then to avoid detection put them back indiscriminately. According to the author, the change was never noted by the scientists. The story is marked by infantile glee at the triumph over white stupidity. Such glee is characteristic of an oppressed people's attitude toward its oppressors, but in a racial leader one would expect some recognition that faithfulness to his trust is an asset in the Negro's struggle. If the Negro can be persuaded by his leaders that deceit and unfaithfulness are commendable, his economic value is reduced and so is his power to improve his status.

The oppressed are always tempted to make an idol and scapegoat of their wrongs. But the imposing rise of the American Negro has been effected by those members of the race, great and humble, who resisted that enticing by-path. It is precisely because they did not resent their wrongs as much as they might justly have done that they have made the Negro a symbol of beauty and dignity among us.

This is no place to sentimentalize over the Negro's virtues. And of all substitutes for justice, sentimentality is the most offensive. But since some of those virtues, at least, are of strategic value, it is permissible for the Negro to count them in planning his campaign. His good manners are notable and have saved large areas of this country from savagery. A magistrate of long experience recently remarked, for instance, that Negroes were the only gentlemen in New York. The Negro's skill with children, with the sick, and with animals is a by-word among us. His religious feeling has brought a sense of mystery, love, and reverence to Americans.

If a campaign of gradualism is decided on as the most promising, these recognized assets should not be wasted in a crusade for social acceptance; efforts should be concentrated on the economic front. Here the enemy is weakest; here the Negro's friends are most numerous. Not

many Americans deny that a Negro ought by rights to have a job and pay suited to his skill. With economic betterment, social amelioration is bound to follow; but if the Negro reverses the process and attacks on the social front, he is likely to alienate many who would normally stand with him in his economic campaign.

Above all, let him remember how slowly history moves and that all must accept responsibility for their part in it. He is freer now, but still not so free as the white man.

How fast and how far he travels toward equal freedom will be determined not by his demands but by his brains and character.

Meanwhile, he needs proved friends and friends of practical experience. Can he afford to discard those white Southerners who, not in the comfortable isolation enjoyed by more distant idealists but in daily contact with the problem, have devoted themselves to attacking the Negro's natural enemies?

Decline of the Sea Wolves

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE Battle of the Atlantic seems to be at last turning in our favor; the U-boat is less of a threat at the moment than at any other time since the fall of France. A few figures will show the gains of recent months. In March American shipyards alone completed 1,510,000 tons of new ships. In the same month the Germans claimed the destruction of 851,000 tons. For April the comparable figures were 1,600,000 and 415,000 tons. In May, when American yards finished a stupendous total of 1,780,000 tons of new shipping, German claims went down to 372,000 tons. Actual sinkings may have been still less, for the Nazis, never modest about the feats of their submarines, included an inexplicable 90,000 tons at the end of the month. Thus in the last three months the United States alone has added at least 659,000, 1,185,000, and 1,408,000 tons to the stockpile of United Nations shipping. And in the same period the reopening of the Mediterranean has contributed another huge increment. These gains are an accentuation of an earlier trend, for 488,000 and 664,000 tons were added in January and February.

Another gauge of progress is the destruction of submarines. For only two recent months, March and May, do we have any figures for this. British estimates for these months are seventeen and thirty, and thus in May the losses probably exceeded the estimated building rate of twenty. While this is good news, we must remember that the enemy has from 300 to 500 U-boats, of which from 100 to 150 are in operation at one time. Far more serious for the Germans is the loss of skilled commanders and well-trained crews. The recent practice of placing one skilled commander in charge of an entire "wolf pack" has made good leadership more effective than in the earlier days of the war, but men like Prien are still the first to be killed.

Such figures as these are in no sense absolute. For instance, we have no statistics on time losses for damaged ships; and, on the other side, the very considerable ship

output of the British Isles and Canada is not included. But it is noteworthy that the sharpest reduction in sinkings occurred during the best hunting months of the year. All these things are reliable indications, though not a complete guide, to the situation in the Atlantic. Average losses of 550,000 tons a month are bound to delay the day of victory, but unless Germany can increase them enormously it is certain to be defeated in the end.

The most encouraging aspect of this improvement is that it has been brought about by something more substantial than a periodic subsidence of submarine warfare. Earlier anti-submarine efforts were often poorly organized and directed. There were certain "blind" areas; various agencies duplicated each other's work; a common command was lacking. After the Casablanca conference the Allies worked out a scheme whereby the British and Canadian navies assumed responsibility for guarding the convoy lanes to Europe in the middle and eastern Atlantic, while the United States provided protection in the western and southern Atlantic.

Much of the progress made is due to the larger quantities and far better quality of anti-submarine weapons. Our navy, like the British, long neglected the unspectacular drudgery of improving on the technical means of combating the U-boat. The outbreak of war found us trying to beat the 1941 German U-boat with the weapons of 1918. And we did not even have enough of those. Of course the full story of the development of new secret weapons and the multiplication of old ones will not be told before the end of the war. However, we know that several new types of patrol vessels, including the destroyer escorts now being produced in mass, are becoming available. Radars and improved hydrophones are in use, and the escort plane carrier has proved its value. Recently, after a severe internal struggle, the navy adopted helicopters, which have the advantage of being able to operate from a limited deck space. The peak in our production of anti-submarine weapons will not be

reached until 1944, but the present turnout is impressive. In fact, as is the case with all weapons, the defense seems to be rapidly catching up with the offense.

Finally, the persistent pecking away at U-boat bases and production centers is apparently at last having some effect. Submarines in port can be almost perfectly safeguarded by bombproof shelters, but these "garages" cost too much in time and labor to be constructed everywhere. Nor can the many factories making engines and other parts be adequately protected against the precision bombing of our Fortresses and Liberators.

The main instruments, then, of our present limited success have been an increased output of new and old weapons and aerial bombing. Inasmuch as the peak of both is still approaching, our outlook for achieving control of submarines is relatively bright. We are sure to have individual bad months, and the U-boat will remain a danger as long as the war lasts, but we have already surmounted the worst period. One of the teachings of Mahan has again been vindicated: the *guerre de course*, or war against commerce, causes grave difficulties, but alone it does not win wars.

The value of the U-boat has been emphatically proved by the very troubles it has created for the United Nations. Shortage of merchant tonnage prevented our launching a land attack for nearly a year after Pearl Harbor. All through 1942, while the war at times hung in the balance, we were unable to intervene effectively. And today, even though we appear to have gained the upper hand at sea, our difficulties in concentrating the men and supplies needed for an effective invasion of Europe may give Hitler one more chance to win the war in Russia.

In the Pacific the war of attrition is being waged under fundamentally different conditions. Here Japanese submarines, crippled by the distance of their bases, have made very little effort to interfere with our seaborne transport of men and supplies. We, on the other hand, are definitely on the offensive, and in eighteen months of war have destroyed more than 200 enemy merchant ships, or nearly 100,000 tons a month. Our submarines are less numerous than those of the Germans, operate from more distant bases, and have far fewer targets. In view of these facts their success has been nothing short of astonishing. Very few have been lost, and the toll of enemy shipping, while small compared to our losses in the Atlantic, represents an even greater proportion of the Japanese merchant marine. Its replacement will also impose a far greater strain on national resources.

While the outlook here is relatively encouraging, Americans have always had a tendency to take too much for granted with respect to Japan—a habit of mind which not even our defeats at Japanese hands have eliminated. The conclusion is being drawn in some quarters, for example, that because our sinkings of enemy merchant

ships exceed the *pre-war* output of Japanese yards we are therefore winning the war of attrition, and Japan's far-flung island empire will ultimately fall from inability to keep open its lines of communication. Such a conclusion is not warranted by the facts. It is quite likely that Japan has not made the phenomenal increase in shipbuilding of the United States; but it is ridiculous to judge its present output by *pre-war* standards. The Japanese are being hurt by the kills of our submarines, but they are certainly not being defeated. In short, we must not mistake our gains in either the Atlantic or the Pacific for decisive victories.

10 Years Ago in "The Nation"

ANOTHER NATION to throw sand in the gears of the creaky international machinery is Japan. A very definite check to progress at Geneva has resulted from Mr. Sato's announcement that Japan would demand naval equality with Great Britain and the United States in 1935 . . . to maintain control over vast territory on the Asiatic mainland. . . . It may have the one salutary effect of impelling the United States to draw closer to the nations of Europe and to Russia. Isolation is a desirable quality only when it pays to be isolated.—June 7, 1933.

DISCLOSURE BEFORE the Senate Banking and Currency Committee that Morgan and his nineteen partners, including such celebrities as Thomas Lamont and E. T. Stotesbury, paid no income taxes in this country for 1931 and 1932 . . . has excited tremendous surprise and no little indignation. . . . I am reminded, incidentally, of the severe lecture which Mr. Lamont read the Senate Finance Committee eighteen months ago on the deficiencies of Congress. He was thoroughly dissatisfied with the manner in which the country was being governed. . . . It would appear that he might have done better to leave criticism of the government to those of us who pay the costs.—PAUL Y. ANDERSON, June 7, 1933.

MAGISTRATE BENJAMIN GREENSPAN of New York City has dismissed the case brought by the Society for the Suppression of Vice against the Viking Press for publishing Erskine Caldwell's novel, "God's Little Acre." . . . Mr. Sumner, head of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, had protested that no consideration should be given to the defense of the book made by various literary critics because, so he said, literary critics were to be regarded as "abnormal people." To this Magistrate Greenspan replied: "The court is of the opinion that this group of people, collectively, has a better capacity to judge the value of a literary production than one who is more apt to search for obscene passages than to regard the book as a whole."—June 7, 1933.

WITH THEIR CUSTOMARY foresight, the railroads have contributed their bit toward industrial recovery and the restoration of purchasing power by announcing that they will ask their employees to take another 10 per cent wage cut.—June 21, 1933.

Tensions in British Politics

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

London, May 30

THE questions most frequently asked by British friends of American visitors concern the party struggle in America and the continuance of strikes. Britons find both conditions in America quite incomprehensible. One has to explain that the American constitutional system does not permit of so complete a truce in party conflict as prevails over here, since even if the President invited more Republicans into the Cabinet the Congress would still not be bound to keep the truce.

In regard to our strikes I think the British have a rather exaggerated impression, and I have sought to assure them that on the whole we have lost very few labor hours in strikes. They find John L. Lewis an intriguing figure and are somewhat mystified by his political motives.

It goes without saying that President Roosevelt is extremely popular over here. The British feel that he understood the world situation from the beginning. I was assured by one American that Roosevelt was actually more popular than Churchill, but I do not think that is so. It is true of course that liberal and labor people are critical of Churchill on domestic policy and are inclined to compare his general domestic orientation with Roosevelt's, to the disadvantage of Churchill; just as our conservatives express their disapproval of Roosevelt by their admiration for Churchill.

On the other hand, Churchill has a quite remarkable hold on the whole population. For the first time in my many visits to Britain I find that photographs of someone besides royalty dominate the store windows. The King and Queen are popular enough, as they always will be in the British scheme of things. But one sees pictures of Churchill everywhere. When I asked a friend about this he spoke with great emotion of the service Churchill had rendered the nation in the dark hours and months of their deepest anxieties, when he expressed the British courage and dogged determination to carry on so robustly and so eloquently. In the days after Dunkirk he both created and expressed a nation's determination, and a hope for which little justification could be found in the actual military situation.

Few leaders have the good fortune to become so wedded to their people by tragic circumstances. The difference between Roosevelt's and Churchill's political fortunes at this point is very great. Future historians may assess very highly Roosevelt's contribution in anticipating the realities of this conflict, which the nation as a whole did not foresee. But whatever our peril, it was not imme-

diate or obvious enough to make a deep impression on the imagination of the people.

There is this difference also: that most Britishers speak of the days of their "appeasement" policy with disgust, even if they happen to have been champions of it. If they were, they give Churchill credit for understanding what they did not understand. We could hardly find such a mood of contrition among our "isolationists."

Churchill's popularity and the party truce do not of course eliminate all political tensions; and democracy would be dead if this were the case. The government's failure to do anything positive with the Beveridge report has left labor very dissatisfied. Labor is apprehensive that on the day of victory even the tentative promises of implementing the report will be forgotten. One prominent non-labor observer suggested that as the international outlook became brighter he could already discern a tendency among privileged groups to withdraw the measure of approval which they had given the Beveridge plan. He thought it would be the old story of "When the devil is sick the devil a monk would be."

Despite the various points of friction between the Conservatives and Labor, it now seems quite likely that the party truce may continue for some time after the war. There is every indication that Churchill's suggestion for an inter-party government, made in his address on post-war problems, will be accepted in some form or other. I have been a little surprised at the unanimity with which this idea is regarded as a probability even by those who do not approve of it. But upon examination it is not surprising. First of all, barring some unforeseen calamity, Churchill's prestige will be much too high after the war to be successfully challenged by the Labor Party. Labor might reduce the present Tory majority, but it would certainly not be able to establish a majority of its own. It therefore sees greater possibilities of gaining some advantages in post-war reconstruction by exerting pressures inside a national government than by being completely on the outside after losing an election.

A contributing cause of this state of affairs is undoubtedly the lack of any really powerful leadership in the labor movement. Sir Stafford Cripps is for the moment non-political, in the sense that as Minister of Aircraft Production he is successfully conducting one of the big administrative jobs. Though, unlike our various production "czars," he is a member of Parliament, he is not now an active parliamentarian. The strongest leader at the moment is undoubtedly Herbert Morrison. His political

authority has eclipsed that of Bevin, who is now merely highly respected as a first-rate "man-power" administrator and who speaks little on great political issues.

There are able men in the labor leadership for the day-to-day problems of administration, but there is no one who would give new intellectual or moral content to the labor cause or marshal popular emotion behind it. Some of the most vocal critics of the government are in fact not labor people at all but the Common Wealth group around Sir Richard Acland, which represents middle-class radicalism with a strong tinge of Christian socialism. There is also a group of young Tories who are about Disraeli's business of refurbishing up the old Conservative creed with new and more radical meanings. This group supports the Beveridge plan, though with some reservations, and wants the "public" schools of Britain—that is, the private schools—democratized.

Stalin's dissolution of the Comintern has aroused more enthusiasm in left-liberal than in labor circles. The liberal *News-Chronicle* is taunting labor leaders for their lukewarm attitude toward the new Stalin line. The Labor Party executive has already acted on the plea of the Communist Party to be allowed to join the Labor Party. It had been widely assumed that the dissolution of the Comintern would alter the determination of the Labor Party not to let the Communists affiliate. But labor has stood pat. The executive declares that the new situation affects only one of their two objections to the Communist Party. It removes the objection that the Communist Party is subject to foreign control but does not alter the fact that it believes in revolution.

The left-liberal critics of labor point to this stand as proof of the stodginess and general lack of progressive imagination in labor. They may be right. On the other hand, the attitude of the non-labor enthusiasts for the Russian cause seems a bit too certain of the consequences of the dissolution of the Comintern.

There is probably no greater difference between the general public opinion in America and that in Britain than on this question of Russia. Even before the dissolution of the Comintern it was quite apparent that the closer comradeship in arms between Russia and Britain, the gratitude of Britain for the support given to the common cause by Russia, and the feeling that Russia and Britain must cooperate in peace as well as in war had made the British attitude toward Russia more cordial than ours; and the difference runs through all ranks from the most conservative to the left. In that sense the intransigence of labor is somewhat surprising.

On the left the debate on Russia seems to be for the moment paramount. One hears little about India, though I write some typical Bloomsbury leftists are carrying banners down the street protesting against Gandhi's continued imprisonment. Until I saw them I was afraid that India had dropped out of sight.

In the Wind

DURING THE RECENT New York visit of President Benes of Czechoslovakia, Johannes Steel of the *New York Post* asked him what he thought of the efforts of the Archduke Otto to restore the Hapsburg dynasty. Dr. Benes smiled and said, "That is an American affair."

CORNELL UNIVERSITY is offering a new series of lectures this summer on Russian history and culture. It reports a growing demand for its Russian-language courses.

TOTAL WAR: Radio station WCHS, of Charlestown, West Virginia, is sending out promotional literature in the form of a questionnaire satirizing government questionnaires. A typical item is, "Give names, addresses, color, race, and creed of five citizens other than relatives who were present at your birth." The station suggests that the form be left blank and mailed to the garbage department.

ENGLISH SCHOOLBOYS, on the other hand, have advanced a suggestion for saving paper. In a letter to the Liverpool Board of Education some boys of that city wrote: "We feel that everybody should make some sacrifice for this great effort. It is the custom of masters here to impose as punishment 'lines'—senseless repetition which we have to write out on sheets and sheets of paper. This is a waste of good paper. We are prepared to stop it if the masters are."

THE COMMON TOUCH: C. E. Gishel, writing on employee relations in *Printer's Ink*, an advertising trade magazine, tells of a "very smart plan . . . developed by one labor-relations adviser who directed the president of the company to set up a little apartment and to live part of the time right at the plant. By prearrangement this president would be called into the plant every once in a while at two or three o'clock in the morning for consultation when things were not going just right. The workmen were first astonished and then gratified to see the big shot work just as hard as they."

PERHAPS FREUD could explain how it happened. In Ralph Bates's review of Waldo Frank's "South American Journey" for last week's *Nation*, the first sentence read, "I imagine that most readers will find vastly more pleasure . . . in the vivid incidental music than in the principal theme." The word "music" came out "murder."

FESTUNG EUROPA: The Stockholm newspaper *Ny Dag* reports that a number of Czechs who had escaped from German labor camps have joined the Yugoslav partisans. . . . The *Deutsche Tuberkuloseblatt* says, "There has been an alarming increase in the number of cases of lung disease in industrial plants. The cases are of an acute and dangerous character."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Collapse of a Satellite

BY F. C. WEISKOPF

CONDITIONS in the small nations which have been woven into the design of an Axis-dominated Europe are a fairly accurate gauge of the demoralization which is gradually gaining momentum within the Nazi stronghold. Slovakia is a striking illustration. Slovakia was not overrun by German armies, nor has it been governed by a Nazi *Kommandantur*. The conquest of Slovakia was accomplished before the outbreak of the war, by Munich, and Slovakia was received into the Greater German Reich as an "honored ally." If the Nazis bled Slovakia of its soldiers and carried off the gold in its National Bank and its skilled labor, they did it behind a screen of Slovakian "independence." Slovaks sat at government desks, though their Nazi advisers sat behind them in the shadow.

For a time, immediately after Munich and in the first stages of the war, the fascist elements in Slovakia—the élite of the Hlinka party, the Hlinka Guard, and the Nazified German *Volksgruppe*—foresaw an easy internal victory, with the whole population won over to the cause of National Socialism. Today all available evidence—the reports of the underground as well as the testimony of the Nazis and their Slovak puppets—indicates very clearly that a wave of deep unrest is sweeping over the country from the Danube to the Carpathians.

Moreover, the belief in German invincibility has been destroyed. Defeatist rumors flood the country. "The people, terrified by bad news, are losing their desire to work and their faith in the future," said Monsignor Tiso, President of Slovakia, in an article published last spring. "We must all work against this terrible infection," he continued, "mainly by showing that we ourselves are not stricken with it. A good Slovak does not allow enemy propaganda to influence him. He lives confidently, he works ceaselessly, and he faces the future calmly." Little is left of the vigor and confidence that prevailed in September, 1940, when Tiso felt sure that Slovakia was "on the road to unprecedented glory."

The causes of the "defeatist infection" and the rising unrest are found in the rapid deterioration of the standard of living resulting from the Nazis' systematic looting of the country and in the disastrous fate of the two Slovak divisions sent to the eastern front. When news of the complete rout of the East Slovak Division in the Kuban valley, of the desertion of several companies to the Russians, and of the cruelly suppressed mutiny of the Third Infantry Regiment reached the homeland early this year,

both the Hlinka Guard and the Gestapo were put to considerable trouble to control the agitation. In March the strong man of the Slovak puppet government, Sano Mach, issued a decree closing "all bars and cafes suspected to be centers of whispered propaganda." One of the largest movie theaters of Bratislava was closed in April after repeated demonstrations by the audience over newsreels of the war. When Adolf Hitler's picture appeared on the screen with the inscription, "Help me, and you're helping yourself," people laughed and shouted, "Stop the war! Stop the slaughter of our Slavic brothers!" The strength of the defeatist mood was acknowledged by one of the leading Slovak Quislings, Professor Bela Tuka, in a speech at Zilina. After condemning the "political guerrillas in Slovakia . . . not only Jews, Czechs, and Bolsheviks but also their helpers and followers," Tuka asserted vehemently that "to think, to discuss, or even to admit the possibility of a victory of the other side is treason; defeatists should be shot."

Anger and hatred, sabotage and resistance are the people's response to the Nazi policy of plunder and coercion. The Food Administration of Slovakia has had to order the seizure of cattle "at the source." The administration was forced to take this step by "the total failure of the system of relying on voluntary discipline and patriotic duty." And Adolf Hitler's paper, the *Völkische Beobachter*, has admitted that Slovak sugar-beet growers in 1942 tilled only 80 per cent of the 1941 acreage, despite the incentive of higher prices.

Industrial sabotage has markedly increased during the past year. The German-language paper of Bratislava, the *Grenzbote*, which is directed by State Secretary Karmasin, the Führer of the German *Volksgruppe* in Slovakia, has repeatedly attacked the paper, metal, and textile plants for allowing "tool damage, slowdowns, and output of poor quality." One of the boldest acts of sabotage was the bombing of the new munitions factory at Szisska Nova Ves. Another wrecked the Bata Shoe Works at Simovany; 20,000 pairs of boots for the German army were burned and precious machines were ruined.

Opposition to the Nazis and their Slovak henchmen manifests itself vividly in the attitude of the people toward the Jews. Anti-Jewish propaganda has utterly failed. Anti-Jewish decrees are widely disregarded. The newspapers of the Hlinka Guard and the German Nazis in Slovakia are filled with reports of trials of violators of the anti-Jewish laws. For example, the district court

of Kosice sentenced the farm hand Josef Drotar to five months' imprisonment because he had sheltered in his hut eight young Jewish refugees. An article in the *Grenzbote* of April complained bitterly that "the Slovak population in eastern Slovakia still tries to protect Jews and to keep them in jobs."

Catholic and Protestant clergymen are openly taking issue with the anti-Jewish policy enforced by the Nazis. On January 30, 1942, the *Gardista*, organ of the Hlinka Guard, reported that a Greek Catholic priest, Father Michal Slabata of Lastovce, had been sent to the concentration camp of Ilava because he "baptized thirty-six Jews to save them from deportation."

After the Protestant church had protested against the growing loss of religious freedom and of the dignity of man, seven of the eight Catholic bishops issued a pastoral letter condemning "sentences without trials," defending their right to baptize Jews, and demanding that state protection be extended to every citizen irrespective of nationality or creed. This step of the bishops is the more important because the Hlinka party, main pillar of the fascist regime in Slovakia, is a Catholic party.

Last winter defeatism became so widespread that the policy of suppressing all news of it was abandoned and the press and spokesmen of the Hlinka Guard began to campaign against persons preparing "alibis in the event of a victory for the other side." The *Gardista* referred to "those armchair strategists who are talking as if the Red Army would walk through the streets of Berlin in a week or so, and as if American scouts were already appearing at the Brenner Pass." As an example of the growing boldness of the "alibi seekers" the same paper cited the publication of a book entitled "Theory of Literature," by Professor Mikulas Bartok. This book, it said, "even contains a contribution by a Soviet Jew." What is worse, it "was named as one of the best books of the year by a number of artists, actors, writers, and other intellectuals."

Listening to Allied broadcasts seems to be a general practice to judge from the number of persons tried for tuning in on London, Moscow, and sometimes the short-wave broadcasts from Boston. The grim business of stamping out "black listening" was enlivened by an amusing incident reported in the fascist press. A certain radio operator in a small town felt an unholly curiosity about the London broadcasts of the Czechoslovak government-in-exile. One day he succumbed and tuned in, forgetting in the excitement of the moment to switch off the town's loud-speaker system. Suddenly the surprised townspeople heard anti-Nazi propaganda trumpeted through the streets. The populace demonstrated, the local fascists were in a panic, and the radio operator was sent to a concentration camp.

No sketch of the situation in Slovakia would be complete without mention of the general hatred for the neighboring Axis partner, Hungary. So strong is this

feeling that even the puppet government and the Hlinka Guard must bow to it and emphasize from time to time their dislike of their comrades-in-shame of Budapest. Slovak public opinion, moreover, is showing a tendency to favor the restoration of the Czechoslovak Republic. Even Axis sources admit the existence and strength of this trend; from 80 to 85 per cent of the total population is said to support it.

The drive for Slovak volunteers to be sent to the eastern front failed spectacularly. According to a recent report from the underground movement to the Czechoslovak government-in-exile, Sano Mach, the most ardent of Hitler's Slovak puppets, was called to Germany and asked to furnish the Führer with 10,000 Slovak volunteers. He promised to do so, and his assistant, Murgas, started a mammoth recruiting drive. Just fifty-seven volunteers were garnered. Whispered rumors and jokes in Slovakia have it that after the result had been announced at a meeting of the Slovak Cabinet, one of the ministers proposed to shoot the fifty-seven recruits at once in order to save transportation costs to the eastern front, where they would either surrender or be killed anyway.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

MORE and more the Nazis are directing their remarks about "bad morale" toward the upper rather than the lower levels of society. At the end of May the newspapers of the province of Hesse-Nassau published an article by Gauleiter Weinreich attacking once again the "fantastic rumors" being circulated—rumors, it said, which were spread "especially by high-titled dummies." "These people should not imagine," it continued threateningly, "that we do not know how to deal with them. We have handled others like them. Our methods have not become gentler in these days, and we do not forget that the chancellors of the German Reich at the beginning and the end of the last war were called *von Bethmann-Hollweg* and *Prince Max of Baden*."

Even today many thousands of German families do not know what happened to their relatives who fought at Stalingrad. That is the reason for a drive which has been officially named "Stalingrad Information Service." The *Neue Wiener Tageblatt* of May 7 printed the order authorizing it, but nowhere else has it received any publicity. In troop quarters, barracks, and similar places a notice has been posted asking all who took part in the Stalingrad campaign to write out anything they may know about the fate of any comrade and hand it in to their superior officer. Information so obtained is "cleared" in various centers, to which the relatives of soldiers can address inquiries. The authorities considered it necessary

to state expressly that "families making inquiries must be treated pleasantly and given any needed assistance."

One might have thought on June 6 that one had been carried back to the best days of the Nazis. At least that would have been the impression of anyone who had a glimpse of the Berlin Sportpalast or tuned in on a German radio station. Crashing music, a forest of flags. Theatrical entrance of delegations. A galaxy of party pashas and generals. An audience that at the given signal rose to its feet and roared in transports of ecstasy. And the exalted tone of the radio announcers!

What was staged so pretentiously was this: "For the first time the Führer is allowing the German people to be given more exact facts about the gigantic development of our arms production."

The task was assigned to Albert Spee, the Minister of Munitions. In his speech Herr Spee declared that Germany possessed greater armaments in May, 1943, than at any time before. And to support his claim he gave some figures. They were not figures of absolute quantities but comparative figures. And the comparison was between the month of May, 1943, and the already remote "monthly average of 1941." Thus the production of locomotives in May was stated to have been three times as large as the 1941 average; that of munitions, six times; of cannon, four times; of heavy trucks, twelve times. The number of persons employed in war industries, in spite of the stream of inductions into the army, was stated to be 23 per cent higher than a year ago—and with that we have almost everything that the Minister imparted to his audience. U-boat production he did not mention. Of aircraft he said that even comparative figures would be too useful to the enemy to be revealed.

Of course the figures would have told little even if they had been correct. Nobody knows what the "average of 1941" was. It may have been very low. In any case Germany faces quite different enemies and a quite different enemy production from those it faced in 1941.

It is interesting that German propaganda felt the pressure of Allied production figures. The public must have found it suspicious that the exact German figures were never set off against them. Hence the sudden announcement of the pseudo-exact figures—with the maximum pomp and circumstance. Goebbels himself left no doubt about the purpose. He followed the speech of the Minister of Munitions with one of his own—one of his most excited and screaming speeches—which showed plainly what ideas in German heads the grandiose celebration was to sweep away. "Nor is the potential of the enemy unlimited," he cried. "With respect to number of workers he simply cannot attempt to compete with us. It is only boasting that he understands better. But we have no reason to be disturbed by the enemy's fantastic figures. The Jewish numbers-acrobats cannot make us nervous."

Papal Guidance

POPE PIUS'S speech last week on the "labor question" may have a demoralizing effect upon large sections of the European underground. It was made before 20,000 workers from every part of Italy, who crowded the transportation lines to the Vatican with the beneficent approval of the Fascist authorities. At least three times the Italian workers heard the Pope specifically condemn revolution.

"False prophets would have us believe," said the Pope, "that salvation must come from a revolution which will overturn social order and assume a national character." But, he insisted, "your salvation does not lie in revolution." And again, "Salvation and justice are not to be found in revolution but in an evolution through concord."

In short, as the time approaches when the Allies will need all the help they can get from the Italian workers, their spiritual adviser tells them not to revolt. Obviously, the speech was not intended purely for Italian consumption. It was very promptly dispatched, by cable and radio, to all parts of the world. And it must have hit with equal force in other countries where the job of the underground and guerrilla fighters is primarily revolutionary; that is, in Germany, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, and to a lesser extent France. Revolution in those countries is indispensable to the establishment of democracy, but in Italy and Hungary, at least, the influence of the Catholic church can be decisive. If Catholics in those countries take their guidance from the Pope, their aid will be withheld from the underground.

Nowhere in his speech did the Pope attempt to give guidance to Catholics in countries where the task of the underground worker is primarily to wage a war for national liberation—Norway, Holland, Belgium, Greece, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. But much can be inferred from recent Vatican broadcasts emphasizing the "constant solicitude" and the "feelings of sympathy and affection" which the Holy See has for Poland. It appears that the Vatican would not object to Catholic participation in the liberation of countries under direct Nazi administration.

The anti-revolutionary parts of the Pope's speech have a significant relationship to the numerous rumors circulated during the past two years to the effect that the State Department is planning to back post-war reactionary regimes in just those countries where the underground is working for revolution. In the countries where the underground is working chiefly for national liberation, on the other hand, conservative elements welcome a certain amount of underground assistance; after liberation there will still be the possibility of by-passing leaders whose principal aim is the establishment of democracy.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Mr. Lippmann's Realism

U. S. FOREIGN POLICY: SHIELD OF THE REPUBLIC.

By Walter Lippmann. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book.

Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.

FOR generations America cherished the shibboleth of independence and refused to face the reality of interdependence. We did that which was right in our own eyes, and without caring to investigate what the others were doing, we sternly told them not to. Old Romans, pacifists, and humanitarians shared in that flattering delusion.

A delusion it was, and Walter Lippmann exposes it without mercy. A country whose commitments are out of all proportion to its means of action is literally "insolvent." We shouldered two heavy commitments, the Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door in China. Now for many years we had no power to enforce the policies we had proclaimed. If Germany did not grab southern Brazil, if Europe did not partition China, the one obstacle was not our fiat but the British navy. While we were twisting the lion's tail, the lion was faithfully guarding our gates.

I may add that no power on earth is equal to its commitments. Denmark was not equal to its modest commitments—to preserve its neutrality and independence. England and France were not equal to their commitments—to defend the European order and their own empires. Their "insolvency" is patent. To be fully solvent, each power should have armaments equal to those of the rest of the world combined.

This confirms Lippmann's main thesis: that safety can be found only in a combination of armaments and alliances. Not purely Machiavellian alliances, among nations which thoroughly distrust one another, but genuine ententes among peoples which have deep and permanent interests in common. The model of such alliances, according to Lippmann, is the tacit understanding which for 120 years has linked England's policies with ours.

Lippmann feels, however, that a formal alliance, a "Union Now" with the British Commonwealth *alone*, is an impossibility. I heartily concur. The world dreads Anglo-Saxon supremacy and would band together to resist it. We have no desire to underwrite the British Empire as at present constituted. We do not want to be embroiled in the problems of Europe, and England, most reluctantly no doubt, is an integral part of Europe. The "nuclear" alliance advocated by Lippmann should include, at once and on equal terms, Russia and probably China.

The word "nuclear" is capital. Lippmann wants the alliance to be opened, gradually, to all like-minded nations. His plan is not sheer power politics, or a revival of that ancient fallacy, balance. We want to destroy forever the balance between the forces of order and the forces of disruption. The "nuclear" alliance is intended to develop into a world commonwealth. But power, unquestioned and wisely wielded, is necessary to permit the growth of such a complex and delicate organization.

This, by the way, was Clemenceau's idea. He was not averse to the world republic adumbrated by the League of Nations. But he wanted, for a generation at least, a "nuclear" alliance between England, France, and America. We induced him to abandon material defenses—the Rhine as a permanent military frontier—in exchange for the promise of such an alliance. Then we tore up the alliance, sabotaged the League, and called Clemenceau a wicked old man.

I like Lippmann's tough-minded realism. If Wilson had told the world, and America, that our motive was enlightened selfishness, his case would have been far stronger. We were then, we are now, defending in Europe the frontiers of American life and security. If this had been understood, we could not, virtuously and vainly, have attempted to exact repayment from our comrades in arms. They did not "hire the money" any more than we "hired their soldiers." We fought in a common cause.

However, a tough-minded realist has no right to say: "Therefore we must consider first and last the American national interest." An unimpeachable sentiment, no doubt; but a sentiment all the same. For a true realist and rugged individualist, the only proper rule is: "Myself first, and last, and all the time!" I admit that in defending our territory we are defending our way of life; but as the Hibernian would say, no way of life is worth dying for. I shamelessly confess that in fighting for America I am fighting for a principle which I identify with my own dignity—a very quixotic thing to do. And a principle ignores boundaries: there are servants of liberty in Germany, and fascists in America.

From the point of view of the realistic historian, the weakness of Lippmann's book is that he ignores Europe west of the Curzon line. That Europe does exist, although Hitler is turning it into a hideous caricature. It will never accept dictation from either the English-speaking world or from Russia. United, as it must and shall be, it will inevitably upset any "order" that we might attempt to impose. For a Western European the current talk about the Big Four would be offensive, if it were not naive. Mr. Lippmann's book therefore needs an additional chapter. But with the ten chapters he has written I am in accord, an accord full of subtle dissonances, as required by the laws of modern music.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Isak Dinesen

WINTER'S TALES. By Isak Dinesen. Random House. \$2.50.

WE NOW know Isak Dinesen to be Baroness Blixen of Denmark. It was apparent from the first that the author who published, in complete pseudonymity, "Gothic Tales" in 1934, was a woman, a native of Northern Europe, and a person whose sources were in some manner attached to the feudal tradition. "Gothic Tales," because of their exuberance (severely regulated as it was), their civilized bitterness and range, their brilliantly informed fantasy, were

clearly an end product of some kind. They had the quality, under the surface classicism of their style, of that sparkling improvisation contrasted with melancholy reverie so usual in Romantic music: the romance of the incompletely lighted and fantastic nineteenth-century "soul," at the end of one thing as much as at the beginning of another; caught back into nostalgia for the past and filled with premonitory anguish. But unlike Romantic music, these tales came to some sharp conclusions. Their intellectual underpinning was sturdy. They were highly conscious productions. The author behind them was not one to be taken in, least of all by herself.

"Out of Africa" (1938) brought the unknown author before us in the round. An autobiographical account of Baroness Blixen's life as owner of a coffee plantation in Kenya Colony, it showed exactly what a feudal heritage had given this woman, and to what use she had put inherited ideas of responsibility. Her growth as an artist is also described; so that the reader, having read "Gothic Tales" with only the information he could deduce from it, comes to any later work knowing more than one usually knows concerning a modern writer. He knows, for example, the writer's courage, both physical and moral, having watched it at work in rude and isolated surroundings. He knows by the facts and their manner of presentation that she is as tender as she is courageous, as profoundly perceptive as she is sensitively humane.

The new book is not "Gothic Tales" all over again. The inventive extravagance has been reduced; the stories do not multiply, one within another, in the earlier manner. They share the simplicity and background, often, of the folk tale. But unlike the folk tale, they do not repeat some obsession of the simple mind—fear, desire for power or wealth or luck or freedom from restriction. And it is interesting to see how completely they differ from those "fairy tales" composed by Isak Dinesen's fellow-countryman, Hans Christian Anderson. In Anderson the folk tale took on, for all his charm of treatment, elements of sentiment and "rise": the Ugly Duckling is a far more bourgeois character than Cinderella. The majority of the characters in "Winter's Tales" aren't going anywhere, in the success-story sense. And those who have some selfish or insolent plans for themselves are soon taken down by unforeseen small circumstance. Destiny's plans, far more noble than any they could have invented for themselves, take over (as in the case of the young wife in *The Pearls* and the writer in *The Young Man with the Carnation*). These plans of destiny often have heavy justice in them and work on two planes. The cruel feudal despot who misuses his power (Sorrow-Acre) is baffled not only by the selflessness of his victim but by the unfaithfulness of his wife, whose child by her lover will break the closed line of succession. And at the center of the book stands the child Jens, the pure poet and "comic fabulist" who knows his place in this world without having to be taught it; when he is transplanted from poverty to riches, he can look back on poverty with pleasure, accepting luxury the while, and remember the pleasing elements in the nature of his former friends, the rats.

The blunt and flourishing optimism of middle-class materialism could not have produced these stories. That we get them at this particular period of history is a remarkable thing in itself. They are, it is true, from time to time informed

with the sharp bite of the civilized fable. But they are not fables, but parables. They deal almost entirely with inner themes of "love, hate, and reparation"; with spiritual, not "practical," truths. The witty yet profound treatment of the artist and his public in terms of God and Job (*A Consolatory Story*) sums up the author's view of one problem of reconciliation. Here light is thrown upon a situation by means of irony. Elsewhere Isak Dinesen prefers to irradiate mysteries of conduct by mention of other mysteries, as when, at the end of *The Invincible Slave Owners*, the perplexed lover, realizing that certain human situations exist which nothing can change, contemplates the waterfall and thinks of the fugue. As in all good parables, the lines of meaning are not pulled tight. The reader is left with the threads in his own hands, and can examine and combine them according to his own experience.

The period quality is exquisitely managed. The publishers, it is true, have built up all the fustian possibilities of this atmosphere. The book is very nearly bound in seafoam and stardust; and one must grin and bear the book-jacket surrealism which runs over on to the end-papers. The little blurbs provided by the publicity department for each story should be ignored; their facts are sometimes wrong and their interpretation almost always queer. These are by no means special or bizarre stories. They belong to an old and great tradition and are worthy of it. That they have been written in English is our good luck, the chance of contact with European tradition at present being what it is. It is good to be able to read them early, even though they are certain to be around for a long time.

LOUISE BOGAN

Concerning Cartels

GERMANY'S MASTER PLAN: THE STORY OF THE INDUSTRIAL OFFENSIVE. By Joseph Borkin and Charles A. Welsh. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.75.

ECONOMICS IN UNIFORM: MILITARY ECONOMY AND SOCIAL STRUCTURE. By Albert T. Lauterbach. Princeton University Press. \$3.

CARTELS are nearly half a century old, and their operations affect practically every sector of the economic life of most modern countries. Yet a good all-around book on cartels has not been available to the general public. Messrs. Borkin and Welsh, of the Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice and of the OPA, set out to provide such a book. In this they have not been too successful. For the specialist and economist their book contains little that cannot be found in such standard works as the reports prepared for the League of Nations in 1930 and 1931, the report and proceedings of the Temporary National Economic Committee, and Dr. Liefman's book. The reader of an outstanding daily and of the liberal weeklies will also find little that is new in the book. In fact, articles such as those which appeared in the *New York Herald Tribune* in the autumn of 1941 as part of that paper's campaign to release the war economy from the restraints of foreign cartels or those written by Guenther Reimann for the *New Republic* have covered the ground at least as effectively.

In their effort to write a popular book the authors have

adopted a peculiar style and a very strange approach to their subject. The style is flamboyant and fatuous, presumably in emulation of the style of the big-circulation daily and the popular radio program. The chapter headings are as colorful as the title. Here are some examples: I. G.—The Vials of Wrath; The Frozen Rage Across the Rhine; Mosquitoes, Malaria, and Monopoly; Krupp—the Hammer of Thor; The Wizards of Jena; The Sorcerer's Apprentice. The contents of the chapters abound in such passages as: "Without I. G. [Farben] Germany could not, twice within a generation, have filled the vials of wrath and hurled their Prussian acid in the face of the world. What might have been was not to be." Or: "In 1912 explosives for Krupp's cannon were still in hostage to the nitrate beds of Chile. The long hand across the seas dominated by Great Britain was the leash which bound Germany to peace. In 1913 Germany cut the knot by making nitrates out of air. In 1914 Germany went to war!"

Messrs. Borkin and Welsh have adopted a narrative method reminiscent of that of the popular thrillers. An attempt is made to turn the world of dyestuffs, chemical discoveries, and cartel organization into a world of secrets revealed for the first time, plots and counterplots, and diabolical scheming, and highly efficient and precise planning and organization. All that is fundamentally wicked in the modern world, including World Wars I and II, is attributed to I. G. and kindred organizations. German sorcerers succeed in making nitrates out of air, and, bang! Germany goes to war. German sorcerers try again and this time discover how oil can be obtained from coal and rubber from oil. Again the plot is hatched, and again, according to the authors, "war became a certainty. Only time and timing were in doubt."

Despite the devices to which the authors have resorted in order to make their subject popular, it is hardly likely that "Germany's Master Plan" will ever attain best-seller status in view of the mass of detail, quotation, and testimony which the authors have piled up in order to make their plots real and gruesome. This is a pity, because a simple and a balanced account of cartels would be very timely. Balance, however, is necessary simplicity. The chemical world and cartels are not the devils of the piece, nor are they the result of schemes of "artistic and scientific perfection." The rapid development of chemistry just happens to be the principal feature of the modern age, and Germany with its I. G. was not alone in this. The growth of Imperial Chemicals in the British Empire and of du Pont in this country has also been phenomenal. The danger behind cartels is not the masterminds and perfect scheming which Messrs. Borkin and Welsh attribute to them. It is precisely the opposite—stupidity, narrow-mindedness, and cupidity. To be convinced of this one has merely to read Fritz Thyssen's autobiography, "I Paid Hitler." It was because of their stupidity that German business men became easy dupes of Hitler and the Nazis; they became accomplices later, when they had been completely taken in and could not turn back. It is this very stupidity that makes it highly dangerous to allow such powerful tools as cartels to remain in the hands of those who now control them.

"Economics in Uniform" is quite a different sort of book. It is not so amusing as "Germany's Master Plan." It is a scholar's systematic, patient, and thoroughgoing treatise on

the evolution of the totalitarian economy. The scope of Dr. Lauterbach's book is admittedly narrow. It is to the world of ideas and concepts in this field, rather than to the physical or outward development of totalitarian economy in its various forms, that the author devotes his efforts. The result is an introduction to the origins, meanings, definitions, and evolution of the concepts of the *total* economy, serving a limited but, nevertheless, a very useful purpose. This introduction will prove helpful both to the teacher and to the serious student of the economic development of the past twenty-five years.

RIFAT TIRANA

The Unconquered

THE LAST DAYS OF SEVASTOPOL. By Boris Voyetk-hov. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

MIRACLE IN HELLAS: THE GREEKS FIGHT ON. By Betty Wason. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

AFTER so many solemn tomes about the U. S. S. R. as a political phenomenon it is refreshing to discover that the Russians are still people, not just specimens in a sociological laboratory. Boris Voyetk-hov, a young playwright, takes the Soviet regime so much for granted that he scarcely mentions it and even allows himself the occasional luxury of grousing about official red tape. The destroyer that bore him to Sevastopol dodged shells, mines, bombs, and submarines; at the conclusion of the hellish voyage a party functionary met them at the dock and asked the ship's commissar how many meetings he had held during the trip. "We had a meeting," said the ship's commissar, "to discuss the liquidation of fools like you." The zealous party official went away, showing "neither shame nor regret in his dim fish-like eyes."

Human beings are more absorbing to Mr. Voyetk-hov than political systems. He is interested in the fact that a Russian plane crew, after barely escaping death in a fight with a Heinkel, celebrated by throwing a party for a bear, a donkey, and two foxes, former residents of an abandoned zoo. He notes that the fliers coined silly nicknames for each other. He is amused by their system of awarding each other point scores for bright-cracks which, like witticisms the world over, must surely have sounded funnier at the time than they do in print. He observes that the elderly Sevastopol postmen, having to work underground during the siege, were irked by the lack of house numbers; so they took numbers from wrecked homes above ground and placed them over dugouts.

The Germans, having besieged Sevastopol for eight months, began their third and final land offensive soon after Mr. Voyetk-hov arrived. It opened with an eight-day air offensive during which not only bombs but also scrap metal—"pieces of rail, tractor motors, cart wheels, and plows"—were showered on the city. There was a steady accompaniment of artillery shelling. At the end of this German aerial photographs "proved conclusively that Sevastopol had ceased to exist." It still did exist, however, because the Russians had burrowed. In one of the underground labyrinths hundreds of lathes hummed and rattled, producing mines; light was generated by a tractor motor, "puffing and smoking like a bad old samovar"; a cook and a typesetter worked side by side, and the potato peelings lay among the type.

Perhaps a grim sense of humor saved the sanity of these defenders of Sevastopol. By day the front-line fighters fought with bullets; at night their propagandists fought with words over the radio, blaring at each other's trenches. "The announcers came to know each other well during the siege and loudly reproached each other for professional faults, for bad grammar, poor jokes, traces of drunkenness in their voices, and other technical shortcomings." Sailors were fighting in the front-line trenches, and one evening the German radio promised a motor launch to every deserter. The Russians roared with laughter, and their radio made a record and bounced the magnified laughter back at the Germans.

The incredible heroism of the Russians shines through the incidents Mr. Voyetekhov recounts. One sailor showed his courage in an unforgettably macabre fashion. He was arrested and about to be shot for robbing Russian bodies at night in no man's land. Then he explained: if the Germans had the nerve to go out and rob the dead, he asked himself why he couldn't find spunk enough to go out and collect mementoes of his fallen sailor-comrades to send back to their families. His unit commissar rescued him from execution.

The ordinary people of Greece had the same reckless, courageous zeal to fight the Nazis, but they were not fortunate enough to have a government which expunged traitors in high places. The Greek Minister of War, according to Betty Wason, practically ushered the Germans into the country. Other officials in Athens, euphemistically called "fifth columnists," toadied to the conquerors.

Miss Wason, a young and somewhat naive American radio and newspaper correspondent, tells in the first part of her book about her own experiences in the last days of free Greece and the early days of Nazi occupation. In the second and more interesting part of her book she carries on the story of Greek resistance as she has learned it from underground sources since she got out.

Her picture of guerrilla activities, although necessarily hazy, is the best that has come out. The Gestapo is not so clever after all, for there is a brisk and continuous spy travel in and out of Greece. Some of the Greeks who have become pals with the Nazis actually are compound fifth columnists working for the forces of freedom. Some of the most decorous priests are underground leaders. Three thousand British troops who were left in Greece have joined the guerrilla bands in their devastating raids on trains and arsenals—raids which are planned as carefully as any battle, with Greek girls paving the way for the ambush by being kind to the Nazi guards and giving them too much *ouzo* to drink. The Greek people still consider themselves at war with the Nazis.

The penalty for being caught is, of course, execution. But the Greeks seem to be as little concerned about death as the Russians. After all, there are so many forms of death all around them—from famine, from exposure, from concentration-camp tortures, and mental death from insanity—that the German threat of execution is not a deterrent. Miss Wason estimates that a tenth of the normal population of Greece already has died from starvation.

Miss Wason is so enthusiastic about Greeks, both ancient and modern, that her book has the flavor of an uncritical eulogy. She does not investigate the reasons why Greek resistance was crippled by intrigue among the leaders, nor

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does she question whether King George's present government-in-exile in London is truly representative of the Greek people. She accepts the Yugoslav warrior, General Mihailovich, as a great man who knits together the Balkan rebels across national boundaries; perhaps so, but some think differently. Miss Wason lifts a corner of the veil over the dark continent of Europe, but there is much more to be told.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

A Fighting European

MAX NORDAU: A BIOGRAPHY. By Anna and Max Nordau. Published by the Nordau Committee. \$3.75.

THIS biography has the fragrance of a bouquet of flowers picked in the garden of memory. But it is much more than that. It pictures a cross-section of the spiritual life on the border line of two centuries as it was reflected in a strong personality in whom manifold knowledge and poetic inspiration harmoniously blended with the love of mankind. By profession Nordau was a physician, a sociologist, a philosopher, a journalist, a playwright, and an art critic, but first and foremost he was a champion of freedom.

Whether we believe in progress or not, there is an unmistakable trend of history manifesting the endeavor of man to be ever more free from both the tyranny of nature and enslavement by his fellow-beings. This struggle for freedom gave birth to the positivism of the nineteenth century, striving to get rid of shackling survivals. Unlimited faith in rationalism explains the unparalleled success which Nordau's "The Conventional Lies of Our Civilization" achieved all over the world sixty years ago. But the author's wisdom surpassed that of his era. Twenty-five years later, in the preface of the fifty-ninth edition, Nordau himself renounced the belief in the irresistible force of reason by admitting that "the feelings stand guard over the 'conventional lies.'" Two others of his books, "Paradoxes" and "Degeneration," in which he continued to attack many sacred cows of prejudice, provoked furious replies even from G. B. Shaw. Nevertheless, Nordau was a better judge of Richard Wagner's megalomania when he wrote, "German hysteria manifests itself in anti-Semitism, that most dangerous form of persecution mania, in which he who believes himself persecuted becomes himself a savage persecutor and stops at no crimes."

Nordau's *œuvre*, securing him a prominent place in the history of human thought, is but one of the pillars on which his fame rests. After the pogrom of Kishinev and after the Dreyfus affair he became interested, through Theodor Herzl, in the Zionist movement. To Nordau, Zion, the "City of God," meant a community where truth, freedom, and justice rule. He supported wholeheartedly the desire of the persecuted Eastern Jews to create, as he termed it at the First Zionist Congress, a "Jewish National Home." Through his relentless, unselfish work he became, together with Herzl and Zangwill, a recognized leader of the movement. He was, indeed, its prophet when in addressing a hostile audience of Berlin Jews he uttered this warning: "A day will come on which Zionism will be as much needed by you, you proud Germans, as by those wretched *Ostjuden* whom you fear and hate. A day will come on which you too will beg our help

and be suppliants for asylum in that land which you now scorn."

Three years after his death, Tel Aviv, the symbol of his successful efforts, became his resting place. Now his widow and his daughter have put a wreath on this grave. What they have written is not only a truthful account of the interesting life of an interesting personality, not only a vivid picture of Nordau's accomplishments, but a literary accomplishment as well. The great artistic ability of both authors becomes manifest in the objectivity which reveals no suppression of their emotional relationship with their subject; yet they have not written a eulogy. It is a graceful, captivating biography of a great European who was born in Hungary, became a German author, lived in France, was exiled in Spain, fought for Zion, and remained a true humanitarian all his life.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

Fiction in Review

BURDENED by its uningratiating title, by the fact that it is a novel by a newspaperman (for we have little reason to think that journalism is a good training school for fiction), and even by a dust-jacket whose quaintness is maniacally designed to drive away readers, Ira Wolfert's "Tucker's People" (L. B. Fischer, \$3) is the surprise literary package of the season—the most thoughtful and talented novel I have read this year. Mr. Wolfert is correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance, a Pulitzer prize-winner in reporting, and author of "The Battle of the Solomons," but he turns out to be that rarest of creatures, a newspaperman with a notable gift for creative writing. "Tucker's People" is an outstanding novel, the simple statement of whose theme—the numbers racket in Harlem—gives no hint of its emotional and intellectual scope.

"Tucker's People" is a study in gangsterism; its characters are all racketeers, politicians, hangers-on, police, and their families. But this is no Damon Runyonesque novel of the underworld. Mr. Wolfert talks out of his head, not out of the corner of his mouth. If he writes about gangsterism, it is as an aspect of our whole predatory economic structure, and at least by implication his novel is as much a novel of legitimate American business methods and business people as it is of racketeering. Tucker himself had his start in industry as it exists with full benefit of the law; unemployed, he began as a scab, to progress through union racketeering and bootlegging to become czar of the policy game in Harlem. Leo, another of Mr. Wolfert's leading characters, owned a garage before he got caught up in numbers: an honest man, his commodity was space, he sold air surrounded by four walls. What Mr. Wolfert is saying is that gangsters are very little different from their legitimate brothers. They have the same amount of principle, they are driven by the same fears and insecurities, "cutting the world to measure as they can and cutting themselves to measure where they have to." Keep piling pressure after pressure upon people—emotional and economic pressure—and you drive them to destroy themselves and one another; and in such a society the distinction between right and wrong becomes at last a mere legalism.

But "Tucker's People" is not a crude thesis novel. There is

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no mention of economic or political theory, not a single slogan or call to reform. In the sense that Mr. Wolfert is attacking the entire system of capitalism, he has of course written a "radical" novel, but it is in the sense that his method is the method neither of pamphleteering nor of rabble-rousing but the method of anatomizing society by anatomizing people, that his novel is truly radical. Which comes first, a good society or good people? Mr. Wolfert makes no attempt to answer simple-minded questions. He is a diagnostician; he has no easy cures. But at least he cuts through the whole bleary notion that all you have to do is drop the "Communist Manifesto" in the social slot machine and out will come a whole society of smiling Workers and Peasants. It is significant—indeed, it is of the essence of Mr. Wolfert's view of the unhappy condition of modern life—that his novel draws so heavily upon the insights of psychoanalysis. The fact that his use of what he has learned from psychoanalysis is too heavy-handed—too theoretical and too clinical to serve the best purposes of fiction—may diminish its effectiveness; it in no way invalidates, as an approach, Mr. Wolfert's modulated conception of the relationship between group and individual.

In the last months of Russian victories on the battlefields there has been quite a spate of "radical" novels. As I think back on them, it occurs to me that one thing all their authors have in common is the need to protest their own virtue. In one way or another the novels of Joseph Freeman, Ruth McKenney, Michael Blankfort are all of them long wails of self-justification: "I am in favor of the poor people," "I

apologize for my own success," "I am in favor of justice," "I am honest," "I try to be good." But logically enough, Mr. Wolfert protests not at all. He is completely out of his book, and consequently, in the fine paradox of art, he is everywhere in his book—and its best creation. Yet unfortunately, respect and fondness for the author of a novel, while so rare these days as to be startling, are not sufficient substitutes for respect and fondness for his characters. And although we understand Mr. Wolfert's racketeers and feel sorry for them, there is no character in "Tucker's People" whom we love. It is the prime failure of the book, my major qualification in recommending it as a really enjoyable novel. Nor do I think this is due simply to the difficulty we experience in identifying ourselves with gangsters; after all, we are not Moors, but we can identify ourselves with and love Othello. I hope that Mr. Wolfert's inability to involve us deeply, personally, in the fate of his people is not a permanent weakness in his creative endowment but, like his mechanical use of psychoanalysis, part of the self-consciousness of a first novel, which will disappear as he continues to write fiction.

It is a wryly enlightening experience to read Ilya Erenburg's "The Fall of Paris" (Knopf, \$3) in the same week with a novel like "Tucker's People." Mr. Erenburg's account of the French defeat is a novel chiefly by virtue of the fact that it is such inaccurate history—another of those literary demonstrations that the Communist Party is the only solution for the ills of the world, and another instance of the vital connection between a writer's prose and his political purpose. For Mr. Erenburg's vague, discontinuous, lifeless, impressionistic prose is the perfect instrument of his political partisanship. It is such a befuddling prose, it so clouds the sequence of historical facts, that I very much doubt whether any but a reader fairly well acquainted with the complex history of modern Europe would realize that in 530 pages on the history of France between 1935 and 1940 there has been hardly a mention of Russia, except as a flag on the horizon, and except for one oblique reference to a newspaper headline, not a single mention of the Soviet-Nazi pact. It is Mr. Erenburg's one-eyed view of what happened in France in this period that while the French workers under Communist leadership clamored to destroy Nazism and die for France, they were sold out by the league between fascism and democracy. All his characters are puppets. On the one side, the side of betrayal and reaction, they are the puppets of ambition, confusion, gluttony, and sex; on the side of the Communists they are the puppets of innocence, courage, self-sacrifice, and even virginity. And what makes confusion twice confounded is that sprinkled among Mr. Erenburg's large cast of fictional characters are several historical figures—Blum, Laval, Daladier—who are intended, I suppose, to give the note of verisimilitudes to Mr. Erenburg's creations.

The difference between "The Fall of Paris" and "Tucker's People" is obvious. Perhaps more interesting is a comparison between "The Fall of Paris" and Aldanov's "The Fifth Seal." I remember that "The Fifth Seal" was thought by many people to be dead because it was anti-Soviet; certainly it was full of political despair. Well, "The Fall of Paris" is full of political hope. Also it is pro-Soviet. But it is one of the dead-est books I have ever read.

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RECORDS

OUR text for today is this paragraph from a recent review: "Vladimir Golschmann, who conducted the fifth and last of the season's Serenades at the Museum of Modern Art last night, would seem to be the legitimate successor to Pierre Monteux (rarely heard here any more) in the French style of orchestral interpretation. Only one of the works . . . was of French origin; but all were rendered with that care for tonal delicacy and rhythmic solidity, for sensuousness, logic, and emotional dignity that mark the work of the best French orchestral maestri. For balance, precision, and an authority at once gracious and steely we have had no one like him here in recent years."

Words to make my tongue hang out of my mouth as I rushed, first, to Carnegie Hall to hear Monteux's first broadcast concert with the New York Philharmonic a few weeks ago. As it happened, I retained a twenty-year-old recollection of the silvery sound and beautiful finish of the Boston Symphony's playing under his direction until Koussevitzky's arrival; and on records recently there had been a couple of fine-sounding and well-proportioned performances with the San Francisco Symphony. I went, therefore, with expectations of good things to be heard; and these expectations were satisfied for a few minutes by the sound of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the opening of the Overture to "Euryanthe." But then I began to hear things which made me wonder whether I was imagining them, until I knew beyond possibility of doubt that I really was hearing a coarseness and raucousness from woodwinds and brass individually and in groups that was without precedent in my experience of major orchestras led by major conductors. And there was no mistaking the faulty structural logic in the performances caused by the unsteadiness of pace, the disproportionate accelerations and retardations, crescendos and decrescendos. There are possible explanations of the technical defects: with an additional two or three hours of rehearsal Monteux might have achieved beauty of sonority and finish. But the musical defects represented only his own musical judgment, his own sense for structural proportion.

Then Golschmann. There was for years in the Columbia catalogue his performance of the Haydn Symphony

No. 103 with the St. Louis Symphony, which was one of the worst performances on records. A year ago Victor issued a recording of his performance of the Couperin-Milhaud "La Sultane" music; and though one might suspect that Victor's recording engineers were responsible for some of the beauty of sound there was no doubt that the orchestra also was playing very beautifully. Next came the superbly recorded performance of Sibelius's Seventh Symphony, which had every appearance of a copy of Koussevitzky's performance—the result being an effective statement of the work, in which, however, one could perceive the absence of the refinements of sonority, execution, and style that Koussevitzky had achieved. And now comes a Victor set (942, \$2.53) of Golschmann's performance of Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony." The recording engineers were less successful this time: the sound is marvelously spacious and distinct and true to timbre, but hard and brash. Even with its defects it is vastly better reproduction of orchestral sound than comes off the old Victor records of Koussevitzky's performance; but what is poorly reproduced on these records is a performance that is right in pace, relaxed in feeling, marvelously beautiful in sonority and finish; whereas Golschmann's performance sounds as though he had decided this time to do everything differently from Koussevitzky: the first movement is slower, and comes out tensely over-deliberate; the second is much slower, and comes out dragging; the last movement is faster, an attempt at even more breath-taking virtuosity, and comes out over-driven and strained; and the result of this lack of "logic and emotional dignity" and of "balance, precision, and an authority at once gracious and steely," is a lack also of "tonal delicacy" and the like. But it is possible, of course, that all these succulent qualities were there to be heard at the Museum concert.

Also on Victor's June list is a Corelli Concerto in C major for organ and strings, edited by Malipiero, and played by E. Power Biggs with Fiedler's Sinfonietta (Set 492, \$2.63). The music is characteristically engaging and lovely; the performance is straightforward and adequate, except for the heavily insensitive playing in the closing Allegro; and it is reproduced with the harshness of many of the Fiedler Sinfonietta recordings that were made a few years ago. The Concerto takes three sides; and on the fourth side is a little Corelli Sonata

in D major for strings and organ—also quite engaging, adequately performed, and harshly recorded.

Columbia offers Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, performed by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (Set 540, \$4.73). The work makes pleasant listening when it is suitably played; but Mendelssohn is not a composer for the tense, hard-driving style of Mitropoulos; and the orchestral sound which comes off the records is limited in range at both ends and badly balanced, so that the violins are too weak and are muffled and harsh in quality.

On a Columbia single disc (71463-D, \$1.05) Egon Petri plays Busoni's piano transcriptions of Bach's Choral-Preludes "Ich ruf' zu Dir," "In Dir ist Freude," "Wachet auf," and "Nun freut' euch, lieben Christen." The writing for piano is thick and muddy; and further lack of clarity is created at times by the playing and by the poorly balanced recording.

As its record classic for June and July Columbia has chosen another of the outstanding items in its catalogue—the two volumes of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos played by the Busch Chamber Players (Nos. 1-4 in Set 249, \$8.67; Nos. 5-6 in Set 250, \$6.83). The best works of the group are in Volume I; but even the ones I care little for—Nos. 1, 5, 6—I enjoy listening to in these wonderful performances that were recorded (in England) with such clarity, balance, and beauty of sound.

Several years ago my interest in a program that comprised a Bach Toccata, a Mozart Sonata, and Beethoven's "Diabelli" Variations led me to attend the recital of a pianist whose playing I knew nothing about. And what I heard caused me to write: "Set down Webster Aitken's debut . . . as one of the most notable events of this or any season; for it presented . . . a young man who is already a matured pianist, musician, and artist. . . ." Mr. Aitken is to play the "Diabelli" Variations at the Frick Collection on June 27; and it is something you would do well to hear.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Riding High

Dear Sirs: The ban on pleasure driving may be going down well on the seaboard, but on this perhaps selfish issue the Administration is ruining its last foundation of good-will among the middle classes in western Pennsylvania. It is felt here that Ickes has not the guts to stand up to the vociferous Middle West and intends to confine the ban to the East. As this section abounds in gasoline, which is produced right here and shipped west to Ohio, only a few miles away, where it is used without restrictions, the public feels no patriotic issue is involved. Ohio cars pleasure-drive over our hills with abandon, even though they choose to buy our Pennsylvania gas here instead of in Ohio. Not only do Ohio and the other Middle Western states get more gas on their coupons, but the OPA has learned that illegal coupons virtually are flooding the country, and if there is no checkup on pleasure driving the public will get and use them ad infinitum.

The release of restrictions on the recapping of tires and the easing of requirements for new tires has aggravated the situation, as the public now feels that all it has to do is to finagle the gasoline and it can ride high—except for the OPA pleasure ban. T. A. TENOR

Beaver Falls, Pa., June 14

C. O. L. in Canada

Dear Sirs: In the course of an editorial in your issue of May 8 dealing with Prices, Wages, and Taxes, you make the statement that "Canada has met this problem successfully by providing for an automatic increase in wages whenever the cost-of-living index rises 5 per cent."

The Canadian cost-of-living bonus is not quite so simple, nor is it quite so successful as your statement would seem to imply. The bonus is a flat rate paid regardless of the wage rate of the individual worker, and amounts to 25 cents per point rise in the index. The bonus is adjusted on fixed dates every three months if the C. O. L. index has varied by one point or more since the last adjustment.

The main grievances in connection with the bonus are that it has not been applied uniformly to all workers: that is to say, some groups of workers do not receive credit for the full seventeen-

point rise in the index: also the bonus has had the effect of freezing substandard wages in certain groups of unorganized workers. Machinery exists for raising substandard wages, but first the workers must organize, and you must know that Canada has no Wagner Act. Need I say more? W. MCKAY

Quebec, Canada, June 9

Fascist Methods

Dear Sirs: The death of the famous Italian dramatist Roberto Bracco, recently reported in newspapers, recalls the fact that he, like his friend Benedetto Croce, remained a rabid anti-Fascist and that both suffered the consequences. Their homes were invaded by a mob of young Blackshirts and ransacked. But the method adopted against Bracco was particularly brutal; let me tell it as he told it to me.

Bracco was an old bachelor living with his mother. "When she died," he said, "I left her bedroom just as she had lived in it, with the bed made, the familiar things all around, and I used to go to her room once every day to commune with her spirit." One evening there was a knock at the front door; his old servant opened, and a dozen Blackshirts forced their way in. They rushed directly to his mother's room and demolished it. "Those cowards did not hurt me directly, but through my love for my mother."

Bracco was elected deputy from Campania in 1923 on the anti-Fascist ticket. He was threatened and even attacked in Rome because with fearless honesty he represented the convictions of his electorate and his own. He said to me: "My father was an honest man; I am an honest man; I did my duty regardless of opposition and danger, and here I am, now, in poverty. Mussolini has forbidden the presentation of my plays and all sale of my books. I am ruined."

After having published more than twenty volumes and produced plays that were applauded everywhere, he was reduced to utter want. But his spirit never yielded. And perhaps he saw, in his last months, that before long his enemy, the enemy of all real Italians and the destroyer of Italy, would soon get the punishment he so thoroughly deserves. We hope Bracco may have had that last satisfaction. RUDOLPH ALTROCCHI
Berkeley, Cal., May 7

Accurate Reporting

Dear Sirs: May I express my belated appreciation of Clement Greenberg's article *Goose Step* in *Tishomingo* in your issue of May 29. It's the kind of accurate reporting that usually doesn't come out of a war until afterward—when it's too late anyway. If you keep your eyes open and can tell a hawk from a handsaw, it may be possible to find more truth about the progress of the war in a small Southern town than many a reporter has brought back from Guadalcanal or even the gates of the Kremlin. My congratulations to you and to Greenberg. Such observations multiplied may produce a volume not unworthy to stand beside "The Enormous Room" by E. E. Cummings, the best of its particular genre to come out of the last war.

MILTON HINDUS

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 10

Open Letter to Louis Fischer

Dear Sir: Although I am not authorized by Winston Churchill to answer the open letter you addressed to him on India I hope you will not take it amiss if I venture to address you on the same subject.

You suggest that the Cripps offer should be repeated by the British government because "perhaps the parties have changed their mind." If this has, indeed, happened and those "parties" are really unanimous about Indian independence, why don't they, for a change, make a proposal to the British government?

Having been on the spot, you know probably better than I do that India is not a country but a world composed of native states and British provinces. Roughly speaking, there are 45 races speaking 200 languages, and countless castes, and tribes fanatically adhering to their religious beliefs and social rules. Don't you think that an India made independent without a precedent agreement between 79,000,000 bellicose Moslems and 200,000,000 pacifist Hindus would be likely to result in a civil war which would be, indeed, an undesirable sideshow to the world conflagration? There seems to me nothing more dangerous than to apply our European or American political terminology to "Indian independence."

You see "a sharp contradiction be-

tween the Cripps offer of independence" and Mr. Churchill's refusal to liquidate the British Empire. Presuming that you do not share the view of those isolationists who believe that the independence of some parts of the British Empire could be secured only within the United States, may I ask you whether you do not think that Ireland and South Africa are enjoying more independence than a good many sovereign states, in spite of the British "holding their own"?

RUSTEM VAMBERY

New York, June 4

Black Market and OPA

Dear Sirs: I am calling attention to the following case for two reasons: (1) The basis for Prentiss Brown's optimism about the chances of curbing inflation should be publicized. (2) I should like to know whether OPA decrees can be enforced without a complainant's furnishing affidavits by witnesses who would not be willing to admit the guilt of black-market trading and without his receiving unfavorable publicity.

Recently a merchant friend informed his local OPA representative that many of his competitors were regularly selling rationed articles without taking ration stamps in return. He did not have to supply the names, for they were already known to the OPA man. My friend asked what could be done to stop the practice. Nothing, he was told. The OPA was not a police agency. If my friend wished, he might, however, file formal charges with the district office of the OPA, including affidavits of persons who had made such illegal purchases. Something might come of it.

My friend did not file the charges. Perhaps he shared or feared the general prejudice against the squealer. Perhaps he could not see the harm to himself except in the unfair competition and thought it not worth the bother. Perhaps he was just lazy. The important fact is that black-market trading by "legitimate" business houses in this small town continues, although it is well known to the OPA or its representatives.

It seems ridiculous for a governmental agency to wait for my friend to furnish the affidavits when they could be obtained much more easily by the agency's own investigators. I wonder, also, whether Mr. Brown hopes to persuade these business men of the poor sense of their ways by radio appeals or whether he considers their indiscretions unimportant.

FRANK JACOBSON

Winter Haven, Fla., June 10

Still Available

Dear Sirs: *The Nation* of May 22 recalled the publication twenty-five years ago of A. A. Berle's book, "The World Significance of a Jewish State." You may be interested to know that a limited number of these books are still available from the Zionist Organization of America, 1720 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington 9, D. C., for \$1 a copy.

CARL ALPERT

Washington, D. C., May 28

Much Enjoyed

Dear Sirs: Members of our staff have very much enjoyed reading the story *History Without Education* by I. F. Stone in your April 17 issue. The article sensibly treats a matter of great moment in the history of American education.

BELMONT FARLEY,

Director of Public Relations,
National Education Association

Washington, D. C., June 3

CONTRIBUTORS

JAMES BOYD, historical novelist, publishes the *Pilot*, a liberal newspaper in Southern Pines, North Carolina. In 1941 he was a member of the Free Company, a group of ten writers who presented a series of radio programs that won the praise of liberals and the condemnation of the American Legion.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, professor of Applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary, is now in England as a guest of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He is a contributing editor of *The Nation* and the author of "The Nature and Destiny of Man."

F. C. WEISKOPF, a German-Czech writer, worked from 1933 to 1938 on the largest anti-Henlein magazine published in the Sudetenland. Last year he published a novel, "Dawn Breaks."

LOUISE BOGAN has contributed verse and criticism to *The Nation*, the *New Republic*, *Poetry*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and other magazines. She reviews poetry regularly for the *New Yorker*. Her books of poetry include "Body of This Death" and "Sleeping Fury."

ALBERT GUERARD is professor of general literature at Stanford University. His most recent book is "The France of Tomorrow." Others are "Literature and Society" and "Art for Art's Sake."

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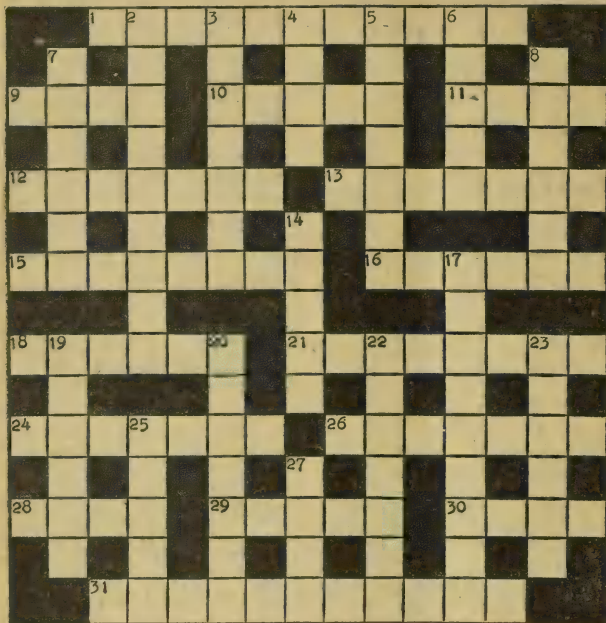
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 19

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 This Victory Garden vegetable is not related to the dog rose
- 9 It grows on one
- 11 Has she a ward robe?
- 11 A cross word
- 12 Spoilt in bondage (two words, 4 and 3)
- 13 Attribute to a writer
- 15 Requisite for a clean sweep (two words, 3 and 5)
- 16 Disliking poetry
- 18 Silent about exercise in a public building
- 21 French windows and casements dispense with this (two words, 4 and 4)
- 24 Choose part of this plate
- 26 Needed to finance mass production, no doubt (two words, 4 and 3)
- 28 By Jove, you never hear it nowadays
- 29 Unsuitable, though there's a short sleep in it
- 30 Just one thing
- 31 Unemployed and unable to make ends meet (four words, 2, 1, 5 and 3)
- 5 Beyond the ocean with some poetry in it
- 7 This is the down to be under!
- 7 If you upset this Indian poet he is sure to rage
- 8 In plenty of time for the bus to this place
- 14 Collision with a tree finally
- 17 Is said to prove the rule, though it appears to disprove it
- 19 Often due to an imperfect cork
- 20 Many men today have exchanged a marital life for this one
- 22 Coal vessel, but no collier
- 23 Thoroughly stirred up, and the purpose in the cane is obvious
- 25 Rising young officer and a humorist at heart
- 27 An old Roman in a disguised coat

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 18

ACROSS:—1 SINGLESTICK; 5 EMPHASIS; 10 STUDIO; 11 MARRIED; 12 FIFTIES; 14 SMITHS; 15 STRENGTH; 17 STURGEON; 20 MOWER; 22 MEASLES; 24 INTENSE; 26 SCRAPE; 27 AIR FLEET; 28 BEST SELLERS.
DOWN:—2 INHERITOR; 3 GAS JETS; 4 ELSE; 5 TASTIER; 6 COURT; 7 EMBALM; 8 FINEST; 13 USING; 16 NEW DEALER; 18 TRENCH; 19 ELEMENT; 20 MONGREL; 21 ENSUED; 23 STARE; 25 RAKE.

DOWN

- 2 Consent qualified, but entirely willing
- 3 Go along in the old days (two words, 4 and 3)
- 4 This night includes many

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